

Legend of the Passion Flower

(FROM THE "PASSION")

It was a very lovely and charming girl who, one summer night, told me this strange tale in a garden in Toledo. As she explained the mysterious conformation of the flower which gives its name to this legend, she carried its leaves and petals one by one to her lips, plucking them asunder.

"If I could but put into the story some of the gentle charm, the ingenious candour with which she made the narrative, you would be no less moved than I was. But since that may not be, here, at least, is what I have retold of it:

In one of the darkest and most tortuous streets of the imperial city there stood, many years ago, hidden between the high Moorish belfry of an old church on one side, and the sombre walls of a nobleman's dwelling on the other, a miserable little building, as dingy and darksome as its owner, a Jew, called Daniel Levy.

Rancorous and vindictive and full of hatred was Daniel Levy, yet a great hypocrite. According to public opinion, enormous wealth was his. But every day he might be seen under his gloomy portal, mending old ploughs, old harness, metal buckles. Great was the trade he piled in this kind with the peddlars of Zoodovora and the old clothes women of Portigo.

Despite his hatred toward every Christian, he never passed a mighty seigneur or a venerable religious without repeatedly removing his greasy cap from his bald head, which shone white as ivory. Nor did elient ever step into his hovel without being met with an obsequious eagerness, accompanied by the humblest smiles.

This spite of Daniel Levy's had passed into a proverb in Toledo. That humbleness of his was known throughout the town. One and the other were proof against the heaviest trials and pleasures of the most mocking sort; of the latter his neighbours were not clear.

Above the Jew's workshop there opened an old Moorish window, a relic of ancient Arabic architecture, over whose framing and lace-like stone carvings there hung the green vines which clothed ancient ruins. Behind that window, that broke alone the expanse of the cracked and stained wall, lived the old Jew's daughter Sarah, basking in its pale light.

When the neighbours passed Daniel's door and Sarah sitting behind the blinds of the window above it, their eyes would fall on the old man bonding over his anvil, and they would exclaim in marvel:

"From such a root how can so exquisite a blossom have sprung?" Sarah's beauty was marvellous indeed. Her black eyes, under their fringing lashes, were brighter than the stars in black skies. Her lips were like emeralds against the whiteness of her skin. She was sixteen, and already there seemed to hang about her that faint sadness which comes with an intelligence which has matured too soon.

The richest Jews in the town had asked her hand in marriage, but she remained alike impervious to the flattery which pursued her and to the desire of her father that she should be protected and cared for before his death. She wished to retain her liberty, she said, and otherwise to all proposals she remained disdainfully silent.

One day one who had sought her love in vain said to Daniel: "Do you know that your daughter is talked of among our brethren?" The Jew raised his head for a moment from his anvil, the continual hammering for an instant ceased. Impatiently he asked of his interlocutor:

"And what say they of her?" "They say—they say—that know I?—many things. They say among others—that your daughter is in love with a Christian."

Here the young man stopped that he might judge the effect of his words. Daniel Levy raised his eyes once more, looked at him fixedly in silence, then, returned to his task, exclaimed: "And who shall assure me that this is not calumny?"

"Those may assure you who have seen them talking together on the street while you have been at the meetings of our rabbins!" cried the young man surprised that neither his affirmations nor his insinuations had seemed to make an impression on Sarah's father.

Daniel, without ceasing from his work, his eyes still bent upon his anvil, took up a small file and began polishing a clasp, with a little iron nail. "And so," he muttered, "some Christian dog should have pretended to rob me of my daughter, the flower of my tribe, the staff of my old age! And you, all of you, you think that he could succeed! Ha, ha, ha!"

The file rasped and bit into the clasp. "Ha! 'Poor old Daniel,' they will all say 'he's in his dotage. Why should that decrepit old rascal have so beautiful a daughter since he is not capable of protecting her from the covetousness of the enemy? Ha! ha! Do you think, perchance, that if my daughter has a lover—which might very easily be—that Daniel will let his treasure be stolen from him? Do you think that he will not know how to take his revenge?"

"I know," answered the Jew, rising and laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "more than you do; more than ever you shall know until the hour to speak shall have come. Fear not. Go to! our brethren to assemble at the earliest opportunity—to-night, between one and two o'clock, I shall join them. Go."

As he spoke Daniel Levy pushed his interlocutor out of the door. Then he gathered up his tools and rapidly began to close the bolts and bars. The creaking of the hinges prevented a sound from reaching his ears that came from above. It was caused by the abrupt falling of the blind before the window of the beautiful Sarah.

It was the night of Good Friday. The inhabitants of the town, after having attended the services in the cathedral, were sitting quietly by their fireplaces before retiring to their slumbers.

It was very still throughout the city. Only the distant voices of the sentries around the palace, or at times the moan of the winds through the narrow streets, broke the silence. Down by the bank of the Tagus, at the foot of the windmills which seem interested in the very rocks which support the town, a ferryman's barque rocked gently.

The ferryman seemed to be waiting impatiently, when he saw a woman come rapidly down the narrow paths which lead from the walls of Toledo to the river.

"It's she," he muttered. "That whole accursed race is up and around to-night, one would think. Where on earth can they be holding their devilish meeting that they take my boat instead of crossing the bridge, near as it is? There's no good brewing among them that they thus avoid the soldiers at Saint-Servant. Well, as long as it fills my pocket I don't care for the rest!"

He settled himself in his skiff and took up his oars, and when Sarah, for she it was, had dropped into her seat he loosened the boat from its moorings and began to row quickly toward the opposite shore.

"How many have crossed already to-night?" asked the young girl as they left the bank a little behind, and speaking as though of something to which allusion has been made before.

"I could not count them! A whole band, I should think it was to be their last meeting."

"Do you know what project they have in their mind, and why they have left the city at this time of night?" "I know nothing. But I am very sure they are waiting for some one—and for no good cause."

After they had exchanged those few words Sarah dropped into anxious, silent reflection.

"There can be no doubt," she thought, "that my father has discovered all, and is preparing his vengeance. I must know where they have gone, what they are doing, what they will do. A moment's delay might lose all."

The boat had touched the farther shore. "My good man," said the beautiful Jewess, throwing a few pieces of money to the ferryman, "may I ask if this is the road they took?" and she pointed to a narrow footpath which led upward through the rocks.

"That is the road, and when they reached the Moor's Head they turned to the left, and then disappeared. The devil may know where they were going!"

Sarah took the direction indicated. Her figure might be vaguely seen at intervals at abrupt turnings of the rocky and precipitous pathway. When she had reached the Moor's Head her slender shape stood out for a moment in sombre outline against the dark sky, then was lost to sight in the darkness.

It was the ruin of an ancient Gothic temple, antedating the period of the Arabic conquest. Thorns and weeds and parasitical plants grew athwart the crumbling and scattered stones which marked the site of what had once been the atrium, and broken capitals of columns and roughly-sculptured courses lay prone among this growth. Of the temple itself only the lateral walls remained standing and a few arches covered with ivy.

Sarah, guarded by her presentment, soon reached the spot which the ferryman had pointed out to her. She hesitated a moment, not knowing which side to turn, but at last she directed her steps toward the ruins of the old church.

And her instinct had not played her false.

walls of the church, and by the light she saw some of the men making efforts to raise a heavy cross, while others were winding a crown of thorns, and others, again, sharpening enormous nails against a stone.

Then she remembered that more than once she had heard her race accused of mysterious crimes. She remembered all those things which had seemed at the time but the fruit of calumny. And now there could be no doubt. Before her eyes stood the instruments of martyrdom, only awaiting their victim.

Filled with a holy anger, supported by her faith in the God whom the man she loved had revealed to her, Sarah abruptly issued from behind the underbrush which concealed her. The men, at sight of her, broke into cries of surprise, and Daniel approaching his daughter with a menacing gesture, exclaimed hoarsely:

"What are you doing here?" "I am here to throw your infamy in your face. You count in vain your victim—unless you wish to wreck your vengeance upon me! The Christian you await will not come here, for I am his betrothed and I have warned him of his danger!"

"Sarah!" shrieked the old man. "Sarah! You are not speaking the truth? You cannot so have betrayed us as to violate the secrecy of our religious rites! If you have done so you are no longer my daughter!"

"No, I'm not your daughter, for I've another father—one full of love towards his own! No, I am no longer your daughter since I am a Christian!" At the sound of these words, which the girl had pronounced with the indomitable courage of a martyr, Daniel, staggering with fury, threw himself upon her, and seized her by the hair, dragged her to the foot of the cross, which seemed to open its arms wide to receive her.

"There she is!" he cried, addressing those who surrounded him. "I give her up to you. She has sold both her honour and her faith."

The next day, when the bells of the Cathedral were ringing out a joyful and Easter Alleluia, Daniel Levy opened the door of his workshop, and, looking up with his sternal smile at the papers by, began anew to hammer at his anvil. But the blinds of the Moorish window above were never more raised, nor did human creature, from that time on, ever again behold the beautiful Jewess Sarah.

Very long afterwards a shepherd one day brought the Archbishop a flower such as no one had ever seen before; and in which were out-lined all the emblems of the Passion. It was a strange flower indeed, and it only bloomed up on the dismantled ruins of the old church at the place called the Moor's Head.

Researches were made at that spot, and the skeleton of a woman, was found, and near it the instruments of torture of which that strange flower reproduced the shape.

No one knew whose mortal remains these might be. But they were long held in veneration.

To-day the flower has become common. But from that time on it has been piously known as the Passion Flower.

Not long ago Mr. J. M. Barrie dined with a well-known London doctor, and had asked three popular editors to meet the famous Scotch humorist. During the dinner Barrie was more than usually constrained and silent; so much so that when the party broke up his host expressed a hope that he was not feeling unwell, and that he was not at all "Barrie."

"You see it's this way. I never dined with four editors before to-night, and I find it rather depressing."

Look at the people, you pass on the street. Their faces tell the story of their lives. They tell the story of their joys and sorrows, of their refinement or coarseness, of health or disease.

Three-fourths of these people are not exactly well. They are not all "sick," perhaps, but many of them are suffering from some quite hale and hearty consumption has set its stamp of pallor and emaciation on many of their faces. Dyspepsia has drawn lines of fretfulness and worry about their eyes, and mouths. Impure blood is showing itself in blotches and pimples. One man has "a little trouble" with his kidneys. Some of the women have constipation, and the other ill that constipation brings.

And the most common of all is that most complaintive one. Very likely it has been through the other things shown dyspepsia, saltiness and bad blood. Consumption has drawn lines of fretfulness and worry about their eyes, and mouths. Impure blood is showing itself in blotches and pimples. One man has "a little trouble" with his kidneys. Some of the women have constipation, and the other ill that constipation brings.

SETS AN EXAMPLE.

Annual Meeting of the Ottawa Catholic Truth Society.

A Satisfactory Report of the Year's Operations—Some Excellent Results Pointed Out—Addresses Election of Officers.

OTTAWA, Nov. 19th. The annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa was held yesterday afternoon in the Academic Hall of the University, Mr. Joseph Pope president, in the chair. The first item of business was the presentation of the secretary's report, showing that during the past year 315 bound volumes, 1,180 pamphlets and 1,325 leaflets, a total of 6,151 publications were circulated, making a grand aggregate of 31,517 publications put into circulation since the establishment of the society four years ago.

The report deplored the death of Sir John Thompson, the society's first president, and one of its promoters; and made mention also of the death of four other members, Messrs. J. O. Higgins, Peter Dunne, Alexander and Walter Brophy, Major General Herbert's departure was noted, and also the fact that he had become a life member of the society. The society was not in evidence in the press during the year, nothing having occurred acquiring its intervention. Congratulations were indulged in over the fact that "ex-priests and escaped nuns" have given Ottawa a wide berth since the establishment of the society, while it was regretted that a lot of bad literature was circulating principally among young people, reading with falsehood and mockery of the Catholic religion.

The secretary said: "We must acknowledge the spirit of fair play exhibited by the Ottawa papers which intolerant of bigotry, invariably discontinue any attack upon our religion, and cheerfully give publication to the society's correspondence."

The treasurer's report disclosed a healthy financial condition, yet one which a number of those present thought might be improved by a large membership, and a good deal was said on that score.

THE LATE PREMIER. After the official reports had been adopted, the president addressed the meeting. Referring to Sir John Thompson he spoke of him as "a witness to the power of Catholicity."

Mr. Pope then related an incident which has not heretofore been mentioned. On the afternoon, ten years ago, that Sir John Thompson was sworn in a minister of the Crown, when he left the council chamber, he went immediately to confession, the next morning he received the Holy Communion, and thus fortified, approached the duties of his high office.

It is known that on the last Sunday he spent in Ottawa, he and his two sons received Holy Communion, so that both on the threshold of his official career, as well as at its close, he showed how clearly he recognized the reality of things unseen. "Quietly and unobtrusively were these acts performed; little did he think they would ever be disclosed to the world. Yet his eminence has made them known and they speak to us trumpet-tongued of the power, and the fulness, and the beauty of that religion which could so regulate a life absorbed in no ordinary degree with the affairs of this world."

Mr. Pope spoke of the signs of the times as presaging a great Catholic re-action. He referred to the growing influence of the Pope in the high politics of Europe, to the intolerable condition of affairs in Italy, where the Government is crushed with debt and undermined by secret societies, to the crash which is inevitable, and to the restoration to the Pope of that sovereignty which is his by the prescription of 1,000 years. He bared his hopes of a Catholic re-action mainly on the manifest change of sentiment nearer home, and he cited the deference and respect with which the Pope's recent appeal to the English people had been received. But not only in what is conventionally known as orthodox Protestant circles were signs of returning consciousness perceptible, in the region of "advanced thought" light was breaking. Some of the leaders of this school appear to be visited by the mingling, more or less pronounced, as to whether there may not be something in revelation. As men of trained and cultivated minds, we cannot doubt their ability, once they are convinced, of the existence of revelation to discover what such a revelation is to be found. They must argue that if God has revealed Himself to man, if He has confided His revelation to a visible church, that church must possess certain credentials by which it may be known. One note, above all others, which these men will look for, will be that of authority with corresponding unity of doctrine and continuity of belief. Where, asked Mr. Pope, are such tokens of a supernatural origin to be found save in the bosom of that mighty institution which has existed for nearly 2,000 years? Changeless amid a changing world, she teaches always and everywhere the same doctrines, professes the same faith and administers the same sacraments. Her voice has penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth, proclaiming her mission to mankind.

Far from depending upon the kingdoms of the world, she is so

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serenely conscious of her divine origin and support, that she accepts all the decrees of all her pontiffs from Peter to Leo, and declares, in the face of Heaven and earth, that they are all infallible. What possible danger can there be of confounding a Church such as this with the pale and feeble counterfeit by which she is surrounded?

Senator Scott moved, seconded by Consul General Riky, a resolution expressive of the loss sustained by the cause of Catholic truth through the death of Sir John Thompson.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Rev. M. J. Whelan; Vice President, Rev. Father Constantine; Secretary, William O. De Brisay (re-elected); Treasurer, Dr. MacCabe (re-elected); Committee, Messrs. F. B. Hayes, Joseph Pope, V. L. Scott, John Gorman, J. A. J. McKenna, Wm. Kearns, D. Burke and J. Mundy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Late Colonel Baldwin.

Sir—I had no idea of offending any one in my sketch of the late Colonel Baldwin—I related what I had heard from several people who lived in Toronto, at the time, when the transaction occurred which made him a poor man for life. I always heard that Colonel Baldwin ordered a new outfit, because the first outfit was rejected not by Colonel Baldwin, but by the volunteers, who refused to wear the regimentals, as being neither ornamental nor useful. "A Subscriber" says the goods furnished were all according to samples. That may be. But Colonel Baldwin knew very little about samples. Professional men as a rule, or men brought up to the Church or to military life, are very poor hands at sampling goods.

John Henry Boulton, who is mentioned as the counsel for McElderry, was one of the worst and most bigoted Orangemen in the country. He was second in importance and influence to Ogle R. Gowan his contemporary, the founder of Orangemen in Canada. It appears there were two trials. At the first we have it authenticated that "Chief Justice Sir Adam Wilson declared the suit was really a matter belonging to and which affected the government."

In the second trial: Chief Justice Sir John B. Robinson addressing the jury said: "We think the evidence in the case shows the defendant (Col. Baldwin) acted as a servant of the government, and not his own account, that the plaintiff (McElderry) was cognizant of the fact; the policy of the law therefore protects the defendant from personal responsibility. A Toronto jury addressed by John Henry Boulton thought otherwise, and gave judgment against the Colonel, who was compelled to commute his half pay as Captain and to deprive his widow and children who were minors of an annuity as long as they lived. Mr. McElderry may have been a very strict Catholic and as honest as the sun, in all his dealings. I merely relate facts of history as they were given to me by credible witnesses. The Ontario Government must have shared in the legal opinion pronounced by two chief justices, Sir A. Wilson and Sir J. B. Robinson, that Col. Baldwin was not personally responsible to the first contractor. A few years after his death by a unanimous vote in the Toronto Parliament, the sum of \$3,000 was awarded the widow and children of Col. Baldwin, as a partial indemnity for the losses sustained.

An amusing story, and one that might have ended tragically but fortunately ended farcically, was often told by old residents of the Queen City. It occurs to me just now in connection with the name of John Henry Boulton at one time grand master of the L. O. L. At the time that several hundred Irish emigrants were engaged in digging the Welland Canal, very good Canadian rye could be bought for 25 cents per gallon. It stands to reason that all these amongst the navvies, who had not seen Father Mathew before leaving home, were accustomed to indulge more freely in the abuse of John Barleycorn than at any period before or since. They were all in receipt of good wages, and when creed or country was the question of the hour, they were all, whether under the influence or quite sober, as inflammable as black powder, Father McDonough a man of fierce determination and powerful physique seemed appointed providentially to look after their interests both spiritual

and temporal. Single handed he kept down the factious spirit that on more than one occasion threatened bloodshed by setting Corkiganest Connaught and Munster against the Far Downs. The rumour of the earnings of a red herring through the shanties, that the 12th of July was to be commemorated by Toronto Orangemen, at Niagara Falls, the chief attraction of which would be the burning in effigy of Daniel O'Connell and the Pope of Rome, well ignited the blazing villages would be sent whirling down in the catarrh. Soon a motley crowd in red flannel, waistcoats, straw hats, some with picks and others brandishing rifles started across the country and reached Queenston a little after noon. The Orangemen had already arrived at their destination, and were seated in the dining hall of Niagara's most ambitious hotel. A sumptuous repast was spread before them, the chaplain had said grace, when to their utter astonishment if not dismay, a six footer in straw hat and red flannel appeared at the door rifle in hand. "Good morning gentlemen," he said, "as I'm an Irishman myself I thought I'd make myself home among you."

"Take a seat" said Mr. Boulton who sat at the head of the table. "What part of the turkey will you have?" "Be jabbers I'll take it," said the navy and reached over for the dish. "What" said Mr. Boulton "do you dare?" At that moment a half dozen red shirted men appeared at the door. When they entered a dozen more followed, their hurried steps, and shouts were heard on all sides around the windows to the front and rear. Queenston was swarming with straw hats and red flannel shirts. That 12th July at Niagara was a fast day for the Williamites. There might have been bad blood perhaps and worse results than the loss of a dinner. But Father McDonough, on hearing of the general desertion of the Canal works, had his suspicions aroused. He had his best horse brought out, and jumping into the saddle, he rode with might and main, to what he already fancied might be a scene of carnage. No violence had been offered to either party however. The Orangemen were merrily downing quills to their excursion boat, and told to make no delay on their return trip. As they were not accustomed to fasting, the loss of their dinner if it did not ruffle their temper might injure their health.

DIVYUS.

THE MCCARTHY CASE.

Another Dispatch Confirming This Remarkable Recovery.

Had Bright's Disease—Was Glean up to Dio—Got Well—Calls Dodd's Kidney Pills His Doctor and Says Cured.

Special to The Register. Ottawa, Nov. 26.—A dispatch from Richmond reached the Citizen and Free Press here and copied by both of them was the first news, to a wide circle of interested friends, of the recovery of Mr. J. McCarthy, harness-maker, of that place, from a hopeless condition of Bright's disease. His friends had expected to hear of his death at any time. Inquiry direct with Richmond confirmed the fact that his shop was open and that the late patient was hard at work.

"It is true that he owes his life to Dodd's Kidney Pills," was asked. "Yes. He gives them a ready all credit, for he had quit the doctors and took no other medicine," was the answer.

"Mr. McCarthy had been running down for some time from Bright's disease and deciding after hearing of another remarkable cure in the same vicinity, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills." "He was not disappointed, and after a few weeks recovered his shop."

Such were the replies corroboratory of the original dispatch concerning this remarkable cure. It seems only necessary for any person despairing of life to let go all other remedies and use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Out of over a million boxes sold there has never been a complaint that Dodd's Kidney Pills has disappointed expectations.

Mr. McCarthy calls these pills his doctor, and so they are; and are used at present in a million homes in Canada.

The other day a lady was asked by some little girls to come and look at a bridal party of dolls, at whom toilet they had been assisting. On viewing the pretty gathering, she ventured to inquire, "But where is the bridegroom?" "Oh, we don't want any men," was the prompt reply.

SKEPTICISM.—This is unluckily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Secretive Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.