

Then she flew down the street and called in help, and after an hour the small house was in order, a kind woman installed to supplement Ellie's inexperience, and the doctor had told them that it was paralysis, brought on by overstrain.

Day after day, for a week, poor Ellie, a novice to sorrow, anxiety, self-reproach, suffered the anguish of their keenest pangs. She sickened, her mother grew weaker, her life flickered down lower and lower as the doctor vainly tried to get hold of it and set back the ebbing vitality.

But frail little women have a strong hold on life, and Ellie's mother did not die. There came a Sunday morning when she opened her eyes and smiled out of her long sleep of days, from which she had aroused but partially to take nourishment.

And she turned to Ellie and said in her old way, "I'm afraid I've kept you in, dear. I'll be better soon and you must go to see your friends."

"Oh, Mama, who else on earth do you think I want to see?" cried Ellie. The doctor came and confirmed the hope that Ellie hardly dared harbor: her mother was safe, yet another stroke? As to that no one could say.

FIGHT FOR THE FAITH—CHURCH OF ENGLAND FORCED UPON PEOPLE

Henry VIII, paved the way in England for the new religion which had recently appeared in Germany. Elizabeth embraced it and forced it upon her subjects in her own masterful fashion. It was her worldly interest to bring all into that Church of which she herself was the recognized head.

A servile Parliament was ready at her beck. Laws soon sprang into existence for the conversion of the two islands. Rancor hatred against the Catholic Church in Ireland. The Irish were persecuted for being Irish and for being Catholics with equal intensity of feeling.

The race and religion seemed to balance the scales of their enemies' malignity. Two weapons were chosen for their subjugation—the weapon of poverty and the weapon of ignorance. The laws soon made it impossible for the Catholic to advance along the road to fortune. They forbade him to become or remain the owner of real property. The honorable professions were all closed against the adherents of the old faith.

Whilst little mercy was shown to any class, the blow of persecution fell with heaviest weight upon the gentry. Their properties were confiscated and they themselves forced as beggars upon the high ways.

The second weapon of persecution was not allowed to rust in the hands of the persecutors. As knowledge is power, so ignorance is weakness. It was decided accordingly to reduce the Irish to that unhappy state. The light of heaven was to be taken away from them. Their churches were confiscated for new lights to shine from their pulpits, and the robbed owners were forbidden to build others in their stead.

The Mass was banned everywhere under pain of death. The priest was bidden to quit the country or forfeit his life. He was likened to the wolf by a reward of £5 for either head. Many a priest paid the death penalty in those evil days for his unshaken fidelity to conscience.

The law that would banish the priest had no hospitality for the schoolmaster. They were then, as now, joint workers in spreading knowledge; and they were ordered to cease work together, or give up their lives. The priest took his life in his hands when he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in the glen and the

mountain pass, where his forefathers were free to roam. So did the schoolmaster when he taught the little flock under the shade of the prickly hedge. The old religion was to be driven beneath the earth. The Catholic sky was an Egyptian darkness. There was no silver lining to the cloud of gloom that then enshrouded Erin. It seemed impossible for hope to live in any breast.

Yet hope did live, struggling patiently amidst the sorrow and the oppression on every side. The unwavering perseverance that bound the Gael to the faith in those trying days had its reward at last. The firm grip of persecution gradually loosened, and crushed liberty began to breathe freely. The nation's life returned slowly. Her stiffened limbs began to recover their lost elasticity and power.

Persecution had only chastened and perfected the Irish people. The gold had been tried in the furnace and had proved true. Faith and piety went on together increasing. Ireland became in time the evangelizer of the nations. Her sons have carried the faith into foreign lands. The Church in Australia is a splendid record of their labors. Canada is enriched by the sacrifices they had made.

The United States have been civilized and moralized by the Gael. Her work, too, may be seen in South America among the lineal children of Portugal and Spain. Nor is her influence unfeigned in the Dark Continent, chiefly ruled by Briton and Boer. In England she has done much to raise up the drooping spirits of the faithful few who escaped the sword of persecution in the sad and stormy days. Out of their scant earnings the Irish emigrants have built schools and churches in every town in this island.

Let us now turn to the Sister Island and see how she fared in those dismal times. The sight we behold there is indeed a picture of sorrow and surprise. It seems incredible a people so brave and, in the past, so religious should have yielded up their God-given treasure without a fierce struggle. And yet no deep traces of a fierce struggle can be found.

The old faith was lost in England for want of cooperation among its members. There was, it is true, some resistance offered to the tyranny of Henry VIII. There was a revival of this spirit in the reign of Queen Bess. But it was not the resistance of the nation. It was the work of a small minority of ardent and militant spirits.

Some were cowled into acquiescence by the ferocity of the persecution. Some were apathetic and poorly instructed. And some hoped that the storm would blow over, and that the ship of Peter would be seen once again riding safely upon the spiritual waters of England. It was a sad miscalculation. In that violent tempest the ship of the fisherman was wrecked beyond repair. It was broken in pieces and buried in the turbulent waters upon whose surface it had floated for well nigh a thousand years. When the storm of persecution had spent its forces the old religion of England had disappeared, and its place was taken by a hypocrisy. A few lonely believers in the creed of their fathers could still be found moving about with their heads down as if they were criminals. A wandering priest might be met paying stealthy visits to the few surviving members of his once large and devoted flock.

Such was the ruin of the old faith which lust and greed had wrought in the land called "Mary's Dowry." Had the majority been as the minority, England would not now be reeking with heresy from shore to shore. The old religion would still hold the field. Our ears would not hear the din of a Babel of creeds. One fold and one shepherd would be acknowledged in every home in England. Minds now agitated by doubts would be resting in peace. The nation's morality would be standing at a height no man living hopes to see. It needed but zeal for God's honor and union among the faithful to make an early end to the so-called reformation.

The military forces were too small to resist a combined civilian uprising. The king had nothing in those days that could be called an army. The weapons of warfare were rude contrivances, and discipline was little better than a name. Union and vigor would have made an end of the persecution.

The opportunity was lost, never to be found again. Have we no lessons to learn from the loss of our holy religion in Great Britain and its preservation in the Green Isle? There are stirring times in front of us.

The enemy may not appear among us in all the ferocity of Elizabethan modes, but he will not be on that account the less dangerous to our spiritual welfare. He may not close our churches, but he will endeavor to seize our schools. We have had but skirmishes with him up to the pres-

ent. Hard fighting is still before us or the abandonment of our faith. What shall we do when the trumpet sounds for battle and our eternal happiness is at stake?—Rev. J. R. Donworth, in Catholic Light.

THE PLAINT OF A GENTLEMAN

The Anglican Bishop Weston of Zanzibar, Africa, complains to the Archbishop of Canterbury of conditions in the Anglican Church. The letter is the plaint of a gentleman the depths of whose character are sounded with sorrow at the awful contradictions in a sect which is vainly attempting to reconcile contraries. In manner, the letter is that of a noble man; in mind, it is an awful, though sad, avowal of a conscience whirled by the chaos that rumbles and tumbles outside of the colossal calm of the Catholic Church.

The dreadful pronouncement is not that of a man that tries to find a reason for his attitude, but it is a heart-scalding representation that shows the thousand causes that heaved it to the light. Every word is stamped with solemn regret that the story of the church to which he gave generous allegiance should manifest such wretched force in itself and such crippled agencies in its work.

His first period to his superior shows that anger has no part in his purpose, and seals the arraignment with unmistakable candor. With the poor Bishop of Zanzibar it is a bitter question of principles and not at all a dispute with a person. "At the outset," he says, "while asking your kind attention to my complaint, I beg that you will forgive me if in any word or phrase seem to forget the differences of age and experience that separate us."

This is the voice of a loyal heart torn with contending forces and not the concoction of a rebel. It is more of a profound prayer for truth than even a philippic against falsehood. In hearing his fierce tirade against the illogical character of Anglicanism, we would naturally suppose that he would forthwith enter the safe portals of Catholicism, but we are reminded of the fact that there is a difference between conversion and conviction. Conversion is a gift of God; conviction a gift of last year.

"Seven Oxford Men," last year, gave to the Anglican Church a work which was duly and gratefully received by Canterbury and its subordinates. The work is called "Foundations," and attempts to create harmony between principles of the English Church and modern thought. The seven vice acres, of course, in the first place, agreed to differ so that the unfortunate Episcopal Church in its members might eventually differ and agree. The book is a mosaic constituted of the seven diverging and discordant minds that did its fashioning.

At this latest explosion of Canterbury the troubled soul of Zanzibar's Protestant Bishop directs its arguments. "The Foundations," says substantially that the Old Testament is not a history of what God did, but what religious men thought He did. If this should stand, away with it as an uninspired work, touching heaven at no point and the human at every angle. Such a canon of criticism is a whole battery of devastation for Holy Writ. How, in the name of all things sacred, could there be after these words, even a fanciful reason for the existence of the Church of England? From turret to foundation stone it was supposed to be constructed from the words of Scripture, and here, with one fell blow, the sacred volume is destroyed as a merely human record that is not good history and even poor fiction.

There would be no need to go farther and review in detail the sequence of such a judgment upon the merely earthly character of the Old Testament, as it would make ancient history in a day of the parading pomp of the English Church. Yet the seven solons continue their work of destruction in declaring that at His baptism "Christ suddenly realized a vocation to be the last of the Jewish prophets." Here is His divinity eschewed. A spasm of spirit is announced instead of the unchanged and unchangeable God, knowing His mind from the beginning and gloriously proclaiming it to the end of the ages and after forevermore.

The catechism of the seven furthermore declares that Christ did not come into the world to die for us, but His death was the result of unavoidable circumstances—our dear Lord to the contrary in direct speech saying, "I lay down my life as I please, and I take it up as I please." Here the redemption in one word is declared an accident, and not the loving design of the God of Love. We can say, in fact that His murderers are to be thanked and not Himself the willing victim of Calvary.

In continuation, hear this horrible blasphemy: "Christ was mistaken in what He thought about His second advent, thinking that the world would not outlast St. John." As a consequence of all this, the seven held that Christ did not found a church, nor ordain sacraments, and that His sacred body was returned to corruption.

Now, if all of these diabolical blasphemies were so, whence, may be asked in simple truth, did His Grace of Canterbury get his authority, obtain the sacraments he offers to his dupes, or receive power to preach a Christ that was, but is not, since His



WOOD TILE OR LINOLEUM—QUICKLY AND EASILY FREED FROM GREASE AND DIRTY WITH— Old Dutch Cleanser

body was a pinch of dust kindred to ours?

The troubled Bishop of Zanzibar writes forth: "What is there left in the Deposit of Faith that we are here to hand on to Africans?" This book, accepted as said by the authorities of Anglicanism, gives as a resume of its doctrine the fact that the Episcopal Church is a meditating power between various and temperamental ideas. This means nothing except that foibles and fables, fancies and facts, follies and fallacies, bits of truth and scraps of infamies are all compounded together in that queer amalgam of Episcopalian plum pudding and set before the multitude as a dish for the king and parliament.

The serious Bishop of Southern Africa finds no comfort in the word "mediary church," for he declaims against it as being a "society for shirking vital issues." He cries out in his anguish, "What is it that the Church is mediating when she includes within her borders a man who believes that Christ is virgin-born and a man who calls Him the son of Joseph? Or a man who believes that Christ is his infallible guide, and a man who holds that Christ was serriedly mistaken about the need of a church and ministry? Or a man who believes that our Lord's glorious manhood is the fountain of grace, the temple of the Holy Ghost, and a man who teaches that the manhood has ceased to be whole and complete, the body having gone to corruption."

"I do not see," continues the puzzled bishop, "what it is that is here 'mediated' by the church." Growing personal, the bishop examines his conscience in the light of his oath, in which he solemnly declared that he would banish any erroneous doctrine from the domain of his authority, and asks how he can do this if the Episcopal Church is in itself a hurly-burly of strange things. Regarding the bolus of the seven advising "our young men to make experiments to reconcile the faith with modern thought, the Bishop becomes a doubting Thomas and declares "that these experiments will neither start in faith nor finish in reason." What a pass it has come to in the Episcopal Church when weaklings in authority cry out to the groundlings, whom they should guide and govern, to try to do what crooks and mites cannot—reconcile the irreconcilable.

Here is a word that shows that the Catholic light shines in the darkness and the darkness does not recognize it. The Zanzibar bishop speaks as a Catholic when he says "The Moslem's dependence upon his book, his traditions and his prophet will be broken not by a debating society, but by the living, speaking Church of the Infallible Word Incarnate."

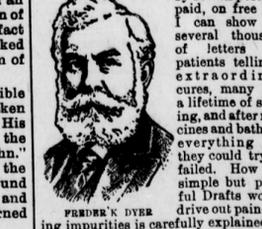
Glorious words! May God give him the light to see his way to Bethlehem, where the Catholic Christ cheers with His close touch hearts that are troubled, minds that are confused, and souls that are clouded. May God be praised for giving us the truth, that we can never thoroughly appreciate until we learn the sad state of heretical souls that know not where to find rest, by missing the unerring hand of Christ as He guides safely to glory. The Catholic in the field of doctrine has no turmoil and stress, but calm here that forecasts rest eternal. We should have one

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great sorrow, that we have not done more for our generous Benefactor in proclaiming Christ's truths in our lives, when we see dark Africa in England instead of England in Africa.—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE VOICE OF SOCIALISM

ANTI-CATHOLIC PRESS IS AN OLD ENEMY UNDER A NEW NAME, SAYS LEADING WESTERN DAILY

In an editorial entitled "The Voice of Socialism" the Los Angeles Times, a leading Western daily, says:

An old enemy under a new name is making its noisome presence known throughout the country. For years a publication issued at Girard, Kan., under the misnomer of "The Appeal to Reason," ranted at all opponents of Socialism. Revelation of graft, hypocrisy and insincerity on the part of the management effectively crumpled the paper, and though it is not dead, its influence has been nullified. But the cold-blooded money making management was skilled in making capital out of venomous attacks on established institutions, and under a different guise lent its support to The Menace, a weekly published at Aurora, Mo., the avowed purpose of which is to do as much harm as possible, with the use of whatever misrepresentation and lies seem suitable, to the Catholic Church.

The reason for its animus is transparent. The Catholic Church is one of the most influential and substantial opponents of Socialism in the world. If the authority of the Catholic Church were crushed the Socialists would find many avenues opened that are now closed to their proselytizers. The Church is fundamentally opposed to the principles of Socialism, and the whole of its powerful organization has been put into operation to check and drive back the disciples of Marx and Engels.

The Socialists have long been furious at this masterful opposition, and they have been helpless against it. But The Menace came to lead a flank attack on the Church. That paper has made an effort to conceal its Socialistic affiliation, but authoritative information from the "inner circle" reveals the machinery, and shows that the leading lights of "The Appeal to Reason" are aiding The Menace—but keeping themselves under a bushel, as it were.

The Menace publishes anything, regardless of truth, that directly or indirectly may reflect discredit on the Catholic Church. The testimony of deposed priests is given circulation; the wildest stories are told in the yellowest language—as for instance that the Knights of Columbus are a Catholic militia, armed, drilled and ready to attempt to seize the United States any time the Pope issues the order. What rot! The Menace charges that the Catholic Church dominates the Federal Government, that the purpose of the Church is to ultimately seize and destroy the United States, and intimates that all Protestants will be converted or burned.

The Socialists are making the same sort of attack against the Church as they make against all who oppose them. In every political campaign it is seen that they make any charges, irrespective of any truth, that will seem to discredit their opponents. And in this campaign the vileness of their charges is restrained only by the postal laws, for everything vicious that can be sent through the mails has been and is being published. The Menace, knowing the class to which it caters is concerned with sensations and not with facts, never takes the trouble to verify or prove any of its statements. Any excommunicated Catholic, any priest who has been sent from the Church, anybody who has a wild tale to tell is immediately accepted as indubitable authority and put forward as a competent witness to impeach the Catholic Church, Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, priests, convents and laymen.

The Menace is frank enough to admit that it finds its business profitable, although it is "in the work for love of the country." It may run on for years—and then, as with "The Appeal to Reason," one of these days somebody connected with the management will put a revolver to his head rather than bear the exposure of graft and hypocrisy, and a great many people throughout the country will learn how completely they have been hoaxed.—Standard and Times.

A DISHONEST TRANSLATION

A London correspondent of the New York Sun recently gave a list of some books that had been placed upon the Index of prohibited books, including in the list a translation of the "Imitation of Christ." This may seem strange at first sight, but Andrew J. Shipman, in a letter to the Sun, explains what is the significance of the inclusion of "The Imitation" among prohibited books. "There is," he writes, "an edition of the 'Imitation of Christ' upon the Index, and it is probably the one referred to in the Sun's letter from London. In this astonishing translation nearly everything relating to the Church, the Sacraments and the religious life was distorted from the plain meaning of the original Latin, into the fourth book, which treats of the Blessed Sacrament, was completely omitted. There was every reason for it to go on the Index as being a mutilated and dishonest offering of the original work."

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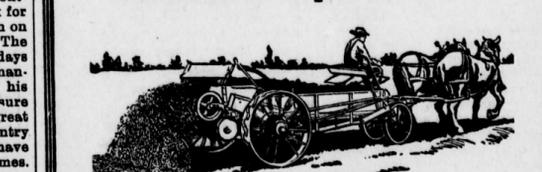
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