WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. TRUE THE

A REAL PROPERTY.

SHEMUS DHU.

2

THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

-CHAPTER XXIII -(CONTINUED.)

The conversation between the two friends was long and low, interrupted now and then by Connel, with some exclamation of surprise or of inquiry The peddler's travelling companion, Eugene, who was the foster-brother of Fergus, fatigued by his journey from Galway, had fallen asleep long before Shomus Dhu had ceased to sp ak. When he swoke, the two men were still engaged in earnest conversa tion, and he thought that he had slept during hours. The peddler, seeing Eugene attentive, said to him :

You may occupy your time as you please until nightfall. Be prepared then for a perilous journey: we start for Galway the moment the sun sets."

"Be it as you please, Shemus," returned the young man. "I am willing and ready to assist you in every enterprise with heart and hand. " But will it not be late for Fergus?"

"We have thought of him, Eugene," said the ped-dler." "There is no danger until night. His safety, and the safety of others not less dear to us, depends upon our promptness and bravery."

"I would do much for you, Shemus Dhu, for I know you to be an honest and true man; but for none would I venture as much as for Fergus," said Eugene. "This stranger who appears to be your chief care, may be your friend-he may be my frierd, but I must know more of him-I must prove his friendship before I peril my body, preferring his interests to the safety of my dearest friend, my young companion and fosterer, Feigus O'K-ane."

"You have always obeyed me, Eugene," said the reddler, in a voice which told that he had the rower to enforce obedience.

"I have," replied the young man; "and without gain I have, at your command, run risks of life for this young man, about whom I know nothing save that you say he is your friend."

"Aye, and your friend, and the friend of us all. Eugene More," said the Black Pedlar. "He is Godfrey O'Hallorau's son; will you obey his wishes?"

"If this be true, Shemus," said the young man, deeply affected, I will obey him with my heart's blood Let me soon have an opportunity of proving it, Shemus."

"You will have the opportunity this night. You will conduct him to Galway."

Shemus Dhe and Connel left the young man to reflect on the pleasing prospect of signalizing him. self in defence of his young master, the O'Halloran.

CHAPTER XXIV.

On the same morning on which the scene related in the last chapter occurred, Henry O'Halloran and Eveleen were earlier risers than Connel, though it was unknown to him. Eveleen, as was her custom, was the first of Connel More's household to appear on the little green fronting his cabin She was not dressed with the precise neatness with which she appeared to her father's guest on the morning previous-the first day of their acquaintance. She then had put on her holiday, or visiting dress, to do honor to the stranger within her doors. This was what the common courtesy of the country, or rather the innate courtery of her own mind towards a stranger, especially a stranger of the dignity of Henry O'Halioran, suggested. She thought nothing more was expected from her than the formality of one day's stiff and distant respect for the stranger; and in this belief, with the joyou ness of her free young heart, she folded her dress of ceremony on the evening before, laying it up for some chance occasion of honor; and in the morning she put on her every day garb, best suited for indoor duty, or for the chase, fishing, and any other occupation which her out door customs demanded. Eveleen was enthusiastic and warm by nature. Taught principally-and this was the better part of her education-in the school of her own natural feelings-feelings which were little checked, thanks to her father, by the cold, formal habits of society-Eveleen was accustomed to rise early. She was

the first every morning, of the househeld of Connel, who appeared in the common room of the cabin, After she had awaked the servant girls, who slept heart, bursting to get free. What has made you there, and had given them commands concerning thoughtful, and rendered you distant and reserved, their daily duties, her habit was to visit the out- to me especially, Eveleen? Come, my child, tell it houses around, to tend the cattle and poultry secured in them during the night, or to join Fergus on some expedition of amusement or of usefulness. Fergus was seldom absent on those occasions; for though the state of the weather-subject to many changes in this humid climate-often prevented tell you; I know it not myself; do not ask me, their trip in the wood or on the lake, yet he was ever sure to be up early, and to join the female soci- | taiuk !" ety of the cabin before breakfast; they engaged in their different necessary occupations, and he scated Eveleen upon a moss-grown stone, and taking a near the fire, employed in fitting his weapons of the seat near her. "Be calm-hope for the best; God, chace, mending his nets, or, with chisel and hatchet making and repairing the wooden utensils which they required. On the morning of the visit of Shemus Dhu to the cabin, Eveleen had been out at an hour before Connel was summoned to his visitors. She had looked to the outhouses and their inmates; she did not remain long with them. It was the Sabbath morning, and after giving some directions to a little girl who atrended her. she alone took the path which led to Tullykeane, the village of the Castles of the Two Hags. The morning leen, starting from her sent with an energy which promised as fine a day as the preceding. The sky terrified the old woman. Her manner-the expreswas clear, the air was fresh ; the thrush whistled sion of her countenance both changed. She stood from the half-covered boughs, as if rejoicing for the her flue nostrils expanded, her lips curled; her temporary possession which autumn still held of hair, in the suddenness of her movement, escaping the year. The robin greeted her as she passed, from the bruid, fell in wildness upon her fair She felt not these signs of joy around her. She shoulders; her blue eye became daikly brilliant threw not, as was her want, corn or crumbled bread with feeling, her face was crimsoned—it was not to her winged friends. She stepped not lightly the colour of shyners or of shame, it was the united with a countenance radiaut with health and bloom excitement of conscious integrity and of offended from the crisped leaves. She walked quickly, but vanity. "Do you strive to deceive me, Kathleen, with a thoughtful countenance. Care was on her or are you ignorant? Ob, no! you yourself sug brow, and grief was at her heart. She had gone on gested the feelings, which will be either my happi a mile in this mood, when she was met by an ness or my misery. Have I not known him long old woman of the next village, who loved her with | Have I not given to him the first feeling of love, more affection than the common love which the virtuous old feel for the beautiful and innocent tinued to love him at home and in our sports, in young. Eveleen had watched over this old woman grief and in joy, alone and among many. night and and her only daughter during an attack of malignant fever; her constant care restored them both to life. The old woman's love for Eveleen was gratitude, the deep, lasting gratitude which the Irish feel for favors received; and what favor greater than the boon of life? The old workan came unawares poon Connel's daughter. Eveleen started, when she heard the well-known voice say: thought then that I loved him less than I loved "God's blessing and the Virgin's be with you, child! Whither go you, Evel en?" "To seek you, Kathleen Bawn," answered Eve-leen, hurriedly. "You know the hermit of Kilrany better than I. I must speak with him. You will will bring me there, good mother?"

whilst she sobbed upon the shoulder of her old friend, she felt comforted. "But I must go, Kuthleed," said Evelcen, in a

calm but resolute voice. " I must, indeed, see the cannot say." bormit this morning? "Why, my child?" asked Kathleen. "Tell. to

your poor old woman the cause of your grief. She is feeble, yet she may help you by her counsel: You | fluence which he has over your concerns, and that were accustomed to come to me for advice when you were in trouble; you found that I could assist you. I will yet be able to help you; and to whose peace, unless to Eveleen's, my preserver, would I sacrifice my own, even my heart's blood?"

Evcleen was affected by the feeling of the old creature. It is true that she hap, oftener than once, experienced the benefits of listening to Kathleen's advice. But the occasions on which she consulted her were those of childish hopes and fears. From the time she became acquainted with Kathleen-it was only a few years back she wondered at her knowledge, her prudence; but she wondered more that she never had reason to regret following her counsel, though it was often opposed to her own desires, and to the views she took of her own in. terests. The success of the old woman, in producing by her counsel effects favourable to the real in. terests of her young friend, and of others who advised with her as being knowing and skilled, prose more from a shrewd observation of their character, of their circumstances, relating to time, place, and companions, joined to her own long experience of human passion-for she had been only a few years in the country; she was of Galway, and there she had taken part in many trying and interesting scenes-than from any extraordinary taleut, natural or supernatural, which could make her capable of discovering the object and end of her acquaintance's feelings. All who knew her, respected Kathleen Bawn of Tullykeane. Yet there was none of them who thought, even at a time in this part of the country represented as superstitious, that she had more knowledge "than what was good and fit to be used." Eveleen had, up to this time, given her her whole confidence. She had been benefited by her affection and by her judgment. She had often, when Connel was melancholy, and after trying uselessly her own powers to arouse him gone to Tullykeane, even in the darkest nights, and brought the "wise woman" to Portarah, and found that her words could brighten the gloom which hung over her father. Her own cares she had always unbosomed to the old woman; she told her little hopes and fears, and she felt consolation, and saw brighter visions of happiness start up before her whilst she listened to her advice. There was something wonderful, even mysterious, in the influence which this old woman possessed over the feelings of her acquaintances, especially of this beautiful young girl. But now Eveleen was reserved. She blushed to think that she had a secret to conceal. It was the first time that she feared to disclose her thoughts, and yet she knew not well what it was that dis turbed her. Even if she were willing to tell Kathleen, she could not. The cause of her uneasiness was indistinct; the object which interested her was confused; the thought of it was surrounded with doubt and fear; and if sometimes a gleam of hope shot across this gloom of thought, or if a quick sensation of anticipated happiness ran through her mind, it passed so suddenly that it left her heart doubly dark and dismal. A few days ago Eveleen was a playful, innocent girl, whose views of the life before her were bright as sunshipy-merry as the laugh of her ewn cheerful heart; and now she was suddenly a thoughtful, melancholy young woman, to whom the roughness of life's ways were beginning to be known. The world was no longer to her a fairy kingdom ; her existence was changed -Evoleen was in love. The old woman perceived the embarressment of the blushing girl whilst she hung down her head : she saw that there was something deeper and more lasting than usual in her grief. She guessed quickly at its cause, and she guessed aright; for she drew her information from the changes which had occurred in Connel's house

hold during the last few days, and from the conversations she had had with Eveleen relative to them "Evelcen," said the old woman, with a mourn-

ful shake of hea h-ad-" Eveleen, my darling, I blame you for not opening the thoughts of your heart to your friend. I know what it is which than her companion-she knew who Eveleen really grieves you. I know what is now full in your was, and she knew who the hermit was. heart hursting to get free. What has made you "We may go down, Eveleen," said the old womto me especially, Eveleen? Come, my child, tell it to me yourself, and let me think that my best beloved has still a confidence in her Kathleen." "Oh! mother, Kathleen Bawn," said Eveleen, throwing herself into the arms of the old woman "if you know it, do not ask me; if I could I would Kathleen. Oh, what will Connel-what will Fergus "Sit down, my child," said Kathleen, placing who protects the innocent and deserving, will assist you. Connel and Fergus love you well; they know your virtue and gooduers. They will not oppose your happiness. But, avourneen, it is a short time since you felt thus. You should think long, for your happiness depends upon it. You should know him well, and be sure that he is worthy of your sincere affection." "I should know him long!-I should think well upon his merits !- say you, Kathleen ?" said Evewhich a child's heart could have? Have 1 not conday, better than any-with more, yes, with more than a sister's love? Oh! yes, often has Father Lewis told me that my love for him was inordinate Often at my prayers have I felt the thought of him come between me and heavenly feelings. I strove the saints and angels of heaven. I could then put his image gently from my heart, and I could still feel peace and happiness in my devotions to God; but now----Ob, Kathleen! I fear I am lost! I tremble to tell you that better than which I love him l" "Just heavens !" exclaimed the old woman, clasping her hands with an energy equal to Eveleen's. "Can it be, Eveleen, that you know the secret of of your birth-that you know you are not Fergus's sister ?" could not then, but now I recollect them all. D'Arcy told me in the woods, and I heard Connel's Kathleen, if you know what I have suffered since Ercleen received with warmth the old woman's I heard that fatal secret from Connel, you would in Rome had not a single copy left. Father Curci's in the Rivisia Europeo: but it made no noise in that

"For your weal-it is for your weal, my second daughter," s id Kathleen. "I will bring you to the hermit. It is fit now that you should know the inyou should be guided by him."

Thus saying, the old woman preceded Eveleen through the woods at a pace unexpected from her years. Eveleen followed, guided in her way more of the paths, which she was then accustomed to use. She heeded not the obstacles which occurred in a straightforward direction, the acclivity of the hill the fallen tree, the shaking bog, the fissures of the rocks which she passed. Onward the old woman went, and onward Eveleen followed. Both were silent, wrapt in their own individual excitement of thought: that of the one was still a secret; the other's thought was the safety of Fergus, her first her only love. In this manner they left Tullykeane behind. They entered the woods and rocks of Clunabrina, and they came to Knockshanballa, or "the hill of the old village," at whose foot and the opposite hill of Danesfield, or Gurtaloughlin, that is, "the field of the Danes," lay the woods and lake of Kilrany, the place of the hermit's residence. They had not been met by any person since they left Portarah. The villages by which they passed were quiet as the dead ; there was no noise, no smoke not even the bark of a solitary dog, to tell that they were inhabited. As if by mutual consent, yet in deep silence, both rested upon the hill which overlooked Kilrany. The sun had not yet fully risen upon the scene, but there was enough of its rays to show the landscaps in light and shade. On the hill from whose side they looked, was built the village of Knockshanballa, consisting of thirty or more cabins, scattered among the large trees which shrouded them ; preserving, however, a regularity in their distance from each other, and in the formation of the s reets which separated them. The bill was gently sloped to the margin of the loke of Kilrapy. Here and there it presented a young flourishing sapling, the aftergrowth of some monarch of the wood, rising healthy and slender from the hewn or decayed trunks of trees around it. There were a few old oaks, spreading, in full vigour, far and strong, their crooked boughs at the foot of the hill, woich tradiiioz ary tale had caused to be spared in the innovation of agriculture, which had been levelled their old companions. The waters of the small lake, which lay calm and glistening under the first stray rays of the rising sun, just laved the roots of these trees. Around it, on the opposite sides, was a marsh of some extent, in which bulrushes and flaggers grew uncontrolled ; patches of green pasturage, in which a few sheep were grazing at the time, reached from the marsh to the woods around; and all was surrounded by one continued impenetrable wall of trees of every kind. If you abstracted from the sheep quietly nibbling the short grass, and from the streaks of fallow and stubble which alternately diversified the hill, giving a character of some cultivation to the place-at least divesting it of the roughness of en uninhabited wilderness-you might well fancy the scene before you to be one of old romance, told in connexion with some daring deed of knight-errantry-the rescue of some forlorn lady -the death of some giant-the invocation of some gentle spirit of the lake, or of some terrible genius of the wood-so placidly did that little lake sleep under the sun's rays, almost unnaturally calm; so heavenly green was the hue of the low ground arcund it; and so gloomy and impenetrable were the tall trees, whose embrowned foliage spread-a

dark, leafy sea-to the very tops of the mountains. These effects of the scenery, or of its romantic associations, did not attract the attention of our female friends. They looked listlessly upon the lake, and the woods, and the rocks. Their souls were wrapt up in expectation of their interview with the hermit.

Eveleen feared to meet him. It was a try'ng circumstance to tell her worldly love, her young affection, to one upon whom she always looked as austerely religious; and to ask his assistance to give success to these earthborn affections. Kath leen felt yet more anxious, because she knew more

publisher had placed the names of the Propaganda review of limited circulation. Meanwhile Curci was embrace: the tears started from her eyes; and pity me-you would assist me. I know you can- publisher had placed the names of the Propaganda whilst she sobbed upon the shoulder of her old you would bring me to the hermit of Kilrany. I and the office Civilla Cattolica-to which Curci had have beard that he is connected with me and with been a contributor-on the list of Roman agents. my affairs-whether for my weal or for my woo I These, however, have declined to offer it for sale, and have made their refusal public. In the afternoon the agent's stock was replenished; and it may almost be said that a stream of purchasers poured trouble he can find out the Christian name and the

"IS THE WORK AN APOLOGY OR & DEFENCE OF HIMSELF ?"

Fr. Curci will not have it accepted by the worldby the example of Kathleen than by any knowledge as a gratification. For such a purpose he declares. he would not write a book, not even a single page. His aim is higher, and worthy the attention of as many as sincerely love their religion, who deplore the conflict existing in their country, and who wish to see it ended. While thus seeking to place the origin of the book above the range of self-defence, he admits that it was an event or fact personal to himself, which caused him to write the work.

WHEN CUBCI CEASED TO RE & JESUIT

he came under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Florence, in whose Diocese he lived. The obedience owing by a priest to bis Bishop or Archbishop was owing by the Rev. C. M. Curci to Monsignor Gastaldi. The Council of Trent decrees that a priest who contemplates the publication of a book on a religious subject, or on a subject connected with religion, shall submit it, previous to publication, to his ecclesiastical superiors for their revision. Had Curci continued a Jesuit, he would have sent his work to his Superior, or General, Father Beckx, for revision and approval. This was nothing new to the writer; he had been accustomed to do it previously. The Archbishop learning that Bev C. M. Curci contemplated writing a work on a question-connected in some way with religious matters, intimated to him the obligation he was under of submitting it to revision and approval. This counsel was disregarded by the ex Jesuit, who, in fact, seems to glory over his conduct. Never in his life, he says, has he had equal liberty in writing.

He studied not to abuse this liberty, but, nevertheless, he used it in its fullest amplitude. If his book had not had official revisions, he has had two friends, learned and plous ecclesistics, who secured him from making notable mistakes. These, however, as he says, do not take away from himself the responsibility of what he wrote. He will reply to Holy Church for what he has written, when the occasion shall arise, with full and filial submission By the Church he means its spiritual authority exercised by its public and legitimate organs. He declares that, considering the experience he has had he does not feel disposed to take any account of confidential insinuations and mysterious communications, from whatever side they come. This being his position with regard to the Archbishop of Flor ence, and the revision of his work, Monsingor Gas taldi published in the Florentine Catholic journal a prohibition against the publication of the work in his Diocese,

WHAT APPEARS MOST LIKE A DEFENCE.

occurs in the 7th chapter, entitled "Of the Event which has given occasion to the present Writing.' In the discussion of the Italian invasion of Rome. he tells us he naturally took a part. On this a personage very highly placed in Rome was heard to exclaim : "and who is this monk (frate) who comes to mix himself up in things which in no way belong to him ?" He, Cruci, considered that the honor of God, the service of the Church, and the good of souls, concerned him as a priest. Otherwise he would not have been a monk from boyhood, and much less cease to be one in his old age. These three objects filled his soul. In following them out he has been brought to his present condition.

HIS EXPULSION, and such he says it has been, from a Religious Institute to which he owes what he is, whatever little, which he has always loved, and which he loves still with most sincere affection, although decreed by legitimate authority, was, he says, worked up by that occult and mysterious agency which he calls the current occasionally, by which he means the zealots (who appproach the Vatican), as he names them in other places throughout his work, and who are in favour of the Temporal Power He defends himself from the charge of turning round in regard to this subject He who was formerly its supporter,

preaching in Milan, when the order came " that closed, as he thinks, his poor ministry of speech. In July the daily journals took up the letter, and made much of it, considering that its writer gave it importance. Curci asserts that with very little almost be said that a stream of purpose points into the store without ceasing. The question first surname of the Pontifical official who, from the second is to the Rivista Europea. The fact was afterwards ad-mitted in the Vatican. This publication was made says, the ex Jesuit, through the influence of the zealots, to get him out of the way. And then he burst into his own personal characteristics, and ex. hibits a considerable share of pride. He was in Sorrento when

> THE GENEBAL'S LETTER REACHED HIM PROPOSING RETRACTATION TO HIM.

His reply was that the General had no right to impose retractations on him, "an attribute which devolved exclusively on the centre of doctrinal unity, which is in the Church." He denies that he has in any way gone against "the proscriptions and disposit. ions of the Holy See and the Sovereign Pontiff in the exercise of his spiritual authority." Before making a retractation, which he believed unjust, he says :- ' I would allow myself to be beaten to powd r ten times in a mortar, before consenting to a retractation." Strong words indicative of a stubborn or a strong mind.

THE SYELABUS CAME INTO THE DISCUSSION.

and Father Curci expressed to the General that he. Curci, would send him a declaration of adherence to that document. A second letter from the General again insisted on retraction, to which the reply was: "That beyond the satisfaction of any man, are placed for me the eternal rights of truth, which is Christ, and who, in His grace, trusted to me never to betray Him." He then expressed a desire for a trial, and to be judged by the ordinary tribunals es-tablished for such cases. This he had not. He discusses the rights of Superiors, and their power to expel from the Orders; of which they are the chiefs. It is easy to imagine how Father Curci regards the question. Describing his General, Father Beckx, he says he is "a most upright man; but of weak will, likewise further weaked by years, and of the ancient Flemish simplicity " He says the General's conduct to him was dictated by the desire " of keep. ing his Order in the Pope's grace."

This Superior has also "a singular piety, and a devoted and blind obedience to the smallest wish, or supposed wish, of the Pope." The General, again is unable to judge of this ex-Jesuit's case, " for he waits upon the hills of Fiesole for the day of triumph to return to his old Gesu at Rome." There is little respect here.

When Father Curci writes that for half a certury he has lived in the Society of Jesus, and always had been, as it were, extraneous to it, we get to understand something of his character.

HE SUFFERED MUCH WITH THE JESUITE ;

nevertheless, he had not entered amongst them to be first amongst them, nor for enjoyment. He always was most contented with them, and he experienced many and sincere affections. And looking forward, as a great benefit of God, to closing his barren and weary life, the thought of separating from them never once entered his mind. But his resignation was suggested by a young secondary superior in Florence early in October. On the 13th, Uurci was in Bome. He saw some Cardinals, and several Prelates, but they all had an unfailing faith in the triumph of the Church, yet he considered this faith as a little languid and somewhat official. We pass over a charge that was made against him of inspiring young men with his ideas on his great question. He visited Cardinal Simeoni and recounts the incidents of his interview. The Cardinal Secretary he describes as a man of no great simplicity, and nothing rougish about him, as his predecessor had. He did not understand politics in the less worthy meaning of the word. The Cardinal said that the Postscript appended to his "Reason" was not satisfactory, and desired a fuller retractation. Father Curci refused, characterizing the demand, with all due respect, as an intolerable violence. "It was pretend-d," says he, "to impose silence on me even in private and

THEY HAVE BROKED THE STRING THAT TIED MY TONGUE

"Seek him not, darling of my heart!" said the old womap. "He is in the mood I have told you of. I saw him even this evening."

"You yourself told me, Kathleen, to seek hem when I was in trouble. You gave me this token, by which you said he would acknowledge my claim upon uis friendship. I know not what it is : but the time is come when I must try its virtue and demand his assistance."

"Eveleen, mayourneen, pulse of my heart! try it not now; speak not to him; he is not in a mood to listen to you," said the old woman, stretching forth her hands and clasping to her bosom the trembling own mouth tell his son that I was not his daughter. girl.

an, after some minutes' consideration. "I know the path which will bring us, unwet' to the hermit's." "I will follow your better guidance,' answered

Evelcen, starting from her own thoughts at the sound of her companion's voice. "But we may interrupt his rest or his devotions, by coming suddenly and unexpectedly upon him Had we not better send to the village yonder and get some person to acquaint him with our visit ?"

It is well," said Kathleen. "See, some person comes from the wood. We will hail him."

"Stop, Kathleen ?" exclaimed Eveleen, catching the old woman's arm as she raised it to her mouth to direct the halloo. "See you not that it is the young stanger, Henry O'Halloran ?" It was Henry O'Halloran. How or wherefore he

was there at such an early hour was unknown to our friends. He had scarcely emerged from the wood, when he threw himself upon a bare rock, and resting his head upon his hand, seemed lost in some deep, engrossing thought. He heeded not the departure of a large wolf-hound that accempanied him. and which, resting a moment at his feet, perceived the woman upon the hill, and bounded across the marsh to greet them. It was Eveleen's own dog, Buscar.

"It is better that he is here," said Kathleen. "He has been with the hermit, and will break our com. ing to him. Let us follow the dog; he leads us by the dry path."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

FATHER CURCI AND HIS BOOK

WHAT HE DEFENDS AND WHAT HE ATTACKS.

Rome, January 5th, 1878 .- Editor of the Pilot :-This ex Jesuit has at length published the work he promised some time ago. A special interest and expectation had grown up concerning the book. Men asked themselves was Father Curci about to be numbered in the list of those who fell away from the Church. Like his predecessor in his Order, Father Passaglia, who also went out from amongst his brethren, he had fallen on a politico religious question. Like him, too, Curci is a learned man. He has spent over 50 years in the Society of Jeaus. As a preacher he was remarkable, in a body where preaching is a special practice. In defence of the Church and of Christian society he had been a noted champion. Thirty-two years his writings in reply to Gioberti attracted general notice. Since then he has been constantly before the public as writer or

of 240 pages, and sells at fifty cents. It was eagerly | compressed " Reason " bought up, and before midday the only agent for it

and not one of the weakest, has become its open antagonist. When the Church possessed that Power, God wished it to be fice. Now facts have changed, and therefore Curci has varied. In '70 and '71 he remained in Rome, he witnessed the growth of the current and while keeping out of it, he preached with a frankness, which appeared audacious to many, in favor of the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff. So zealous was he that it was only owing to the temp rate character of Italian rulers that he was not put in prison. Finding that the deliverance of Rome, by the Providence of God, or the work of men, did nct come about, he withdrew to Pisa, Here he delivered lectures in a college belonging to the Jesuits, and likewise to cultivated laymen. Never during this time did he refer to the Temporal Power. But he continued to think persistently on it. The result of his thought was expressed in the Preface, or Renson, already referred to. As he had foreseen this "Renson" produced the worst effect among the zealots. Yet he declarcs that all those with whom he spoke were of his opinion. He then determined to compress the ideas he had exposed in the "Reason," and prefix this compression ot Vol. 111. of his recent sermons. The advice of a Prelate was asked upon this subject, The prelate advised that a copy of this writing should be sent to the Sovereign Pontiff. This Curci did, through the hands of a Cardinal, in a sealed packet. The Jesuit hud no hesitation in sending this document te the Pontiff. After the Battle of Castelfidardo, in 1860, Curci sent a letter to the Pope in which he showed forth that the false policy of Antonelli would drive the Temporal Power to destruction. It was of this more recent letter that the Pope is reported to have said that it was

"A GREAT IMPERTIMENCE."

In the Lent of 1877, through the workings of the zealots, who desired his destruction, as he imagines, he was prohibited to preach in Milan, where he then was. The order for this came with the "customary harshness" of his Superior general. In 1846 he had been prohibited to preach in the Church of the Gesu at Rome, on account of adverse influences then employed against him at the Quirinal, as now at the Vatican. For 32 years these adverse influences seem to have been haunting him, and they still surround him to his loss. He declares that the order prohibiting his preaching was said to come from the Pope. The story he says was invented, and he accounts for its origin and growth. He relates that a learned Jesuit, in an interview with the Holy Father, praised the efficacy of his preaching in attracting youth. The reply of the Sovereign Pon-tiff was: "When these men put themselves forward to promote certain ideas of theirs, they must be treated as Cato did Carneades."

THE PUNISUMENT OF THE LATTER WAS BANISHMENT FROM ROME

"I know it, Kathleen," replied Evelcen. "Either pacity. He has therefore personal claims to public a sophist, and turned the brains of many young an ex-Father of the Society of Jesus, that people miserable or happy, I know that Fergus is not my fattention, and these claims account for the interest men. On this according to Curri was beaut the miserable or happy, I know that Fergus is not my attention, and these claims account for the interest and the interest and the based to be bas men. On this, according to Curci was based the have sought to read his opinions and his defence. It is termed "The Modern Conflict (or Breach) be-tween the Church and Italy "-- "It Moderno Dissidio Apostolic Benediction, and this occurred in Februiu: la Chiesa e Italia," is a very well got up volume ary last, 20 months after he had sent the Pope his The sensation he has created will soon pass away,

March past saw the publication of that document mentioned.

putting me in a position to speak with a liberly and publicity which I had never been able to imagine even in a dream," It is yet to be seen how long his words will command attention.

When Cardinal Simeoni said to him as he returned the Postcript to him,-" With this there is no intention of deciding anything. In this affair comprising your resignation from the Society, all has been remitted to the judgment of the General. The Holy Father has not wished ever to enter into this matter, nor has he in any way entered into it, and he has not given orders of any kind," Carci's heart rejoiced within him. But the judgment of his superior dashed his pleasant hopes to the ground. The The victim, as he deems himself, cannot describe the heartfelt sorrow he suffered at the great change that was now about to come into his life in the decline of his days. "To the very end I could show," he writes, "that if I adcepted this chalice (of forced resignation, which he regards as expulsion), I did it only because I could not stoop to a retractation, which no one had a right to impose upon me, and which, wholly subported on false suppositions, was repugnant to my conscience as a Christian, and would be turned to dishonor to the Church, and no light harm to our neighbors. The Doctors of the Church teach, that for the dismissel of a person professed," says Curci, " the ordinary cause should be a grave and public sin.

I WAS DISMISSED FOR HAVING REFUSED A RETRAC-TATION.

In which with every evidence I believe a grave and public sin." With retractation, and all that it entails he would not have remained in Paradise! In this devotion to God, the Church, and the care for souls, he sees the cause of the little reputation he had being scattered, the reputation which he acquired in his land by the ministry of words and writing. He is without preparation for this great change, his age is great, he is thrown upon the street, separated from those of his own blood through religious duty, and rejected from those of his spiritual relationship. His relations offer him a home at present, but one of the small ambitions of his life has been to die in an hospital; "and," continues he, "by the way in which I have been placed by Providence, it appears to me almost certain that I will be satisfied."

SCCII IS A BRIEF ANALYSIS OF THE STORY FATHER CORCI TELLS.

Here and there we get indications of his character; we see the man in the page. A stubborn will, an unbending resolution, mark his conduct in respect to his ecclesiastical superiors. In the doctrinal part of his book he walks very cautiously. He is exceedingly careful to commit himself as little as possible, or not at all. . But this subject we will reserve for another occasion. The Congregation of the Index will perhaps be examining his book at present, and their judgment will determine the docpreacher, though more frequently in the latter ca- at the hands of the severe Censor. Carneades was trinal value of his work. It is from his position, as he had been content and submissive in his Order. and the name of Father Curci will be but rarely

P. L. CONNELLAN.