

the wards are there is abso- of the council, of the city de- have any re- position of the y, though they ment asking w Corporation

entative Com- taken occasion w Corporation for a redistri- a system of which justice this fair de- y the council, the Orange rule. The council, it has over- ggedness, for the proposed e strenuously by the Irish the Liberal e so evidently oped that an will prevent Tory majority iniquity to be.

MONASTIC.

recently pub- of the Protestant of the order been in exist- Mount Jericho, already dis- annoyance to , two in num- monastic life, order is not to work is merely their locality. er is the Rev. formerly a but who be- Church work, Father Hugh of his monas-

reat hostility ous orders by antism, and iversally until omb, being a istical history, at the monas- a great aid to e is shared by now, especi- ically inhe- monasteries at ound Brother- en but he ad- mits monastic life n Brother Cuth- left the order, that the order only two who himself and n in it. The Jericho, Mr. y temporary, establish a new monasteries at as arrange- with Bishop of that parish several young come novices. ublishment at ring over to Belgian set- erable colony

the English or American branch of Anglicanism.

These approaches to the outward forms of the Catholic Church have borne fruit in numerous conversions in the past, and their natural effect will be to bring about many more in the future, though it is an anomaly to attempt to engraft them on the Church of England, which is essentially Protestant and non-Catholic, though Ritualists endeavor to create the belief that it is merely a branch of the Universal or Catholic Church. They overlook entirely the truth that the Universal or Catholic Church is essentially one—one in doctrine, and one in obedience to the supreme head of the Church, the Pope, who is St. Peter's successor. No patch work of adopting a Catholic doctrine here or a Catholic practice of devotion there will supply the lack of this necessary unity.

Many of those who have from time to time made the effort to give to the Church of England the character of Catholicity by these futile methods have come to see their mistake, and have become Catholics, like such men as the late eminent Cardinals Manning and Newman, and many must follow their noble example.

There was a notable illustration of this tendency a couple of months ago in the conversion of a prominent member and one of the founders of the Protestant Episcopal Order of the Good Samaritan established within the past year in New York in connection with the Church of the Redeemer. Mr. George W. Davidson, known in his order as Brother Aloysius, is the convert referred to. He is the third prominent member of the Church of the Redeemer who has become a Catholic within two years, one of the others being the rector of the church, the Rev. Mr. Adams, who became a Catholic in 1893.

THE REMEDIAL ORDER.

As we go to press everything in political circles in Ottawa betokens confusion and uncertainty. That the Conservative Government, as constituted a few weeks ago, has gone to pieces, there is no question. While some contend that the Remedial Order had much to do with bringing this about, others claim that internal jealousies and bickerings in the Cabinet was the main cause. The latest developments lead strongly to the conviction that Sir Charles Tupper will be the coming man, Sir Mackenzie Bowell having entirely failed in the work of reconstruction. In an interview which took place between these two gentlemen on Monday the present Premier laid down as a condition of his retirement that the Hon. Messrs. Foster, Montague and Haggart should not be given positions in the new Cabinet. To this arrangement the prospective Premier would not agree. And so the matter stands at present. The present week will doubtless clear the political atmosphere.

Of one thing we feel certain: no matter what may be the outcome of present troublous storm in the Conservative Party; or whether the affairs of State be placed in the hands of the party led by the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the Catholics of Manitoba must receive their rights. What they claim is based on eternal justice, and no Government, be it Conservative or Liberal, can afford to ignore their claims.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Kit," the clever editor of the Woman's Department of the Toronto Mail and Empire, thus pays her respects to one of the "escaped" variety: "I utterly disbelieve your impudent charges against nuns, priests, and convents. I have the most profound respect and reverence for the good women who consecrate their lives to religion. I will not allow these columns—as long as I have charge of them—to be utilized for the purpose of attacking any form of religion. I have the contempt to justify myself by throwing mud on the form of faith which he has cast off. Those of my readers who may take advantage of these remarks to raise a 'no Popery' cry must clearly understand that they will be summarily dealt with in the waste-basket. I am not in sympathy with 'escaped nuns,' escaped monks, or escaped lunatics."

W. J. H. TRAINOR, the head or Supreme President of the A. P. A. of the United States, has given notice that he will issue an official circular to the members of the association, in which he will inform them how they are to vote at the next national elections. Concerning President Cleveland he says:

"It is doing no injustice to Mr. Cleveland to assert that if the United States had been a Papal country and the Pope a temporal sovereign our President could not have given more recognition to the Papacy as a temporal power than he has during his present term of office."

He names also certain Senators

whom he similarly accuses of assuming a pro-Papal attitude, and one hostile to the patriotic orders, meaning, of course, those associations which are doing their best to create religious disension in the country, and to make religious convictions a disqualification for office, contrary to the Constitution of the country. He claims that there is a large number of members of Congress who belong to the A. P. A., but he can only name a few, so we may suppose that this is merely A. P. A. bluster and falsehood, for both of which the society is notorious. The only Governor whom he can mention as an A. P. A. Governor is W. O. Bradley of Kentucky, the lynching State of the Union, and we may fairly infer that the A. P. A. is the foster mother of lynching and lawlessness. Trainor recommends ex-President Harrison as worthy of the A. P. A. support. It is evident that the A. P. A. is fishing for a complete alliance with the Republicans, but though the latter make the alliance in some States, the Republicans in general continue to repudiate any connection with the intolerant crew.

SOME of the Protestant religious papers profess to be very much scandalized by the Pope's notice conveyed to Don Carlos, the young king of Portugal, that if he came to Rome on a visit to King Humberto, he would not be received by the Holy Father at the Vatican. Under the circumstances the king of Portugal abandoned the plan of his intended visit to his uncle and to Rome. The papers referred to say that this shows that the Pope claims the right "to control the purely civil relations of nations," and that the Church is therefore not solely a spiritual power, and that it should be treated as endangering the authority of the State. It is strange that these papers would not see that their own sects interfere with the authority of the State when they make pronouncements against the lawfulness of certain marriages permitted by the laws of the land, and against the laxity of divorce legislation in the United States. When the civil authorities violate the laws of God it is within the province of the Church to rebuke them, and she does not go beyond her sphere by so doing. In the warning sent to Don Carlos he was simply given to understand that as a Catholic monarch he could not conscientiously give what would be regarded as an approval of the Italian king's robbery perpetrated against religion. The act of robbery by which Italy took possession of Rome was deservedly rebuked by the Holy Father, and he has real authority to administer such a rebuke, but when the Presbyterian and Episcopal assemblies and general synods deal with the questions of marriage and divorce, their authority is fictitious, since it comes to them from no higher source than their own assumption.

From the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen we learn that the All Saints Episcopal Church of that city had on Christmas day a representation of the Cave of Bethlehem on the night of the nativity of our Lord, similar to that which is found in most Catholic churches during the Christmas time. The cave and manger with the Infant Jesus, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph were represented with the usual accessories. Far from having any objection to offer to such a representation, calculated as it is to excite devotion and love toward our Blessed Lord, we are pleased to learn that Protestants are beginning to learn the use to which Catholics put images of our Lord and His saints. We only desire to ask how the rector of the Church reconciles all this with the statement which Protestants of all kinds have been reiterating for three hundred years, that the use of sacred images is an act of idolatry and a violation of the "second commandment." The Canon Rector of the Church was on hand on the occasion explaining everything to the children who visited the crib.

ANOTHER lynching outrage took place in Kentucky on the 28th ult., which shows in a shocking light the degree of barbarity to which that State is sunk. A mob of seventy-five men attacked the house in which a faithless wife and her paramour were living. These two and a little daughter of the woman were the only occupants of the house, and when the mob appeared at the door, the little girl was sent out to plead for her mother's life, but though she asked earnestly and with tears, she was rudely repulsed by the inhuman assailants, who threatened to subject her to the same fate which was to be inflicted on her mother. They then fired several shots at the house to bring the man Dyer out, but not succeeding they set fire to the house. Dyer was thus forced out by the heat, and as he was running towards a cornfield he was shot down, and the woman was burned in the house. The child was allowed to escape. Notwithstanding that the man and woman were a guilty couple, it is a horrible outrage on humanity that a mob should take the punishment of vice into its hands, and carry it through so atrociously. Kentucky is fast becoming brutalized by the continued perpetration of such enormities as this.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Rev. William Barry, D. D., known personally to many in the United States since his visit thither, a few years ago, and still more widely known through his writings, spoke thus eloquently of the Resurrection of the Catholic Church in a recent sermon at the London Oratory:

"The most astonishing event in our century is the resurrection of the Catholic Church. A hundred years ago, to human eyes, all seemed lost. It was the hour of rationalism—that power of darkness which boasted that it was the light. On high sat the lawless one, exalting himself against all that was called God or worshipped. A whole nation wrote upon the tombs of the departed: 'Death is an eternal sleep.' The Vicar of Christ was led away captive, and died far from home. Churches were closed; children left without baptism; the clergy exiled in thousands or sent to the scaffold, or done to death in popular tumults. Men of whom the world was not worthy, 'had trial of cruel mockings and scourings—yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment.' Being destitute, tormented, afflicted, they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." A multitude of them were thrown naked upon our shores; and who can tell the sufferings which, in every part of the civilized world, were undergone by those whom the reigning anti-Christ charged with being followers of Jesus?

"It seemed that the Last Day was come. The Holy Catholic Church, once the Lady of Kingdoms, glorious and fair to behold, sat down in the dust by the bier of her dead Pontiff. A whole generation grew up which knew not the name or the grace or the life of the Carpenter's Son. The hearts of men failed them for fear. The fine gold was dimmed; the holy place lay desolate. And the best among Christians had spirit only to suffer. Had the issue depended on them, all indeed was lost for Christendom and the future."

"We look round around again, and behold what a change! *Surge, Altum, nare Jerusalem!* Great is the power which makes itself manifest in weakness. Rationalism, measuring with its petty line the depths of God, is dumfounded. Science, learning what it did not know before, lays its hand on its mouth. The feeble understanding in which man rejoiced, not praising the Giver, has stumbled and hurt itself at the doors innumerable of this strange, romantic, mysterious universe. It dares no longer to say, 'That alone shall be known which I have ascertained.' With the spoiling of her goods there has come also to the Church a great blessing. She stands free from the charges wont to be made against her—of consecrating legal or illegal tyrannies, and seeming to ally herself with the mighty against those who had no shield from the oppressor. She like-wise counts among the poor; she has gone back to the Catacombs with their simplicity of adornment, their multitudes who are rich in faith but have little else. She is not in the houses of kings; she is known as the Church of the Democracy. Yet because she has been tried by fire, and life that established her faith, 'I know thy works and charity and know thy faith and thy patience,' therefore has her light come as at the beginning, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon her."

Is there anything finer in pulpit orance Cardinal Newman's "Second Spring" of England's Catholicity, at the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England?

Make The Most of Your Lot.

If we listen to our self-love we shall estimate our lot less by what it is than by what it is not; shall dwell on its hindrances and be blind to its possibilities; and, comparing it only with imaginary lives, shall indulge in flattering dreams of what we should do, if we had but power; and give, if we had but wealth; and be, if we had no temptations.

We shall be for ever, querulously pleading our difficulties and privations as excuses for our unloving temper and untruthful life, and fancying ourselves injured beings, virtually frowning at the dear Providence that loves us, and chafing with a self-torture which invites no pity.

If we yield ourselves unto God and sincerely accept our lot as assigned by Him, we shall count up its contents and disregard its omissions; and, be it as feeble as a cripple's, and as narrow as a child's, shall find in its resources of good surpassing our best economy, and sacred claims that may keep awake our highest will.

Don't run after a lie. Just let it alone and it will run itself out of breath.

A MARTYR-MISSIONARY OF SCOTLAND.

The Countess of Courson in Ave Maria.

The judges before whom Father John Ogilvie appeared were eleven in number, most of them barons and lords. Spottiswood took his place among them. A certain number of Catholics, chiefly of humble rank, accused of being the Jesuit's accomplices, were brought up at the same time before the judges. Some of them grew alarmed, and owned that they had seen the Father say Mass.

As to our hero, he was in full possession of his mental and moral strength. He promptly answered the judges' questions as to his birth, parentage, profession, and religious order; owned that he had come to Scotland "to unteach heresy," and that he received his jurisdiction from the Pope, the representative of Christ. When questioned about the Gunpowder Plot, he retorted by reproaching them with their own disloyalty toward the king, when, "on the 17th of September, 1596, with a great band of armed men, you wanted to kill the king along with the Council in the Parliament House." The scene here alluded to by the prisoner had actually taken place in Edinburgh twenty years before.

They then spoke of Father Garnett. "He was innocent," answered Father Ogilvie; "and would not for the whole world have betrayed the name of one who made sacramental confession to him."

"He is a martyr if he died for the seal of confession." "If the things are true which he wrote from the prison, and which the ambassadors of two kings and a great many other gentlemen have witnessed to in writing, . . . he died happily and holily, and was innocent of the Gunpowder Plot." He added, with a touch of that quaint abruptness so characteristic of Father Ogilvie's quick and bold spirit: "I will mind my own business now as he did his then. Every man for himself and God for us all."

It was about twenty-six hours since the prisoner had touched any food: he was feverish and exhausted, although his courage kept him up. Some of the judges, having noticed that he was shivering, sent him to warm himself near a fire. Here he met a Highlander who began insulting him because he was a Jesuit, and who would up his abusive speech with the words: "If it were not for the respect I have for many noblemen present, I would send you straight into the fire." Nothing daunted, the prisoner merrily replied: "If you should decide to put me into the fire, it could never happen more conveniently than now, as I am very cold." The bystanders joined in the laugh excited by the Jesuit's irrepressible good temper, and the man himself amicably promised to do anything he could for him.

A ridiculous attempt was then made to prove that the prisoner was not what he gave himself out to be—a son of the noble house of Ogilvie—but a native of Glasgow; and his supposed mother was sent for, and called upon to recognize her child. She stoutly declined to do so; and among the reasons she gave was that her own son was a *half-brother*—that is to say, a dull-headed fellow—whereas the prisoner before her was remarkably sharp and clever. "And so," adds Father Ogilvie, "I have my laugh at those who had their laugh at me."

On being taken back to the Tolbooth, the confessor was fastened with two large rings to a lump of iron about two hundred pounds in weight, shaped like a pole. Meantime Spottiswood wrote again to London to the King's chamberlain, Murry, urging the necessity of making Father Ogilvie confess who had received the sacraments at his hands; hinting at the existence of vast conspiracies, and asserting that there were then in Scotland a Papal Legate and twenty-two Jesuits under his command.

These manifest falsehoods were well calculated to work upon the king's suspicious temper, and to urge him to deeds of violence. The Catholics who had been arrested as Father Ogilvie's accomplices were now tried and condemned to death, but subsequently reprieved and banished. They were chiefly persons of small means and humble position, whose arrest was not likely to bring Spottiswood much profit or glory; whereas if he could succeed in implicating persons of considerable rank in the supposed conspiracy, he felt that he could count on a speedy increase of his own fortunes and of the king's favor. With this object in view, he obtained leave to submit his prisoner to a most painful torture, commonly known in Scotland as the "boots," or the "stocks."

In his own account Father Ogilvie, probably from humility, passes rapidly over this particular phase of his bitter passion; but the witnesses whose testimony was collected with a view to his beatification, give us a touching picture of his demeanor during this period of excruciating suffering. The "boots" consisted of four pieces of iron fastened together so as to form a kind of case, into which the victim's leg was introduced and tightly compressed, either by means of screws or by pieces of wood that were hammered in between the iron case and the leg. The pressure was so great that it generally happened that the limb was utterly crushed.

Father Ogilvie endured this fearful torment with marvellous courage. He was questioned all the time as to the names of those who had heard his Mass, who had received him in their houses, assisted and befriended him in his missionary

work. Loyal to his friends, the descendant of the warlike Ogilvies proved himself, as his ancestors had been, "stout and manful." He opened his lips only to pray, or else, wonderful to relate, to joke! The witnesses to whose precious testimony we have referred give us a moving description of his gallant bearing under that fearful ordeal. We feel inclined to weep rather than to smile when they tell us how he laughed pleasantly and merrily while his bones were being crushed by the cruel iron.

Once a sudden twinge of pain forced an involuntary cry from his lips, whereupon a man present told him that he should be tortured until the marrow had been forced out of his bones. Father Ogilvie then stretched out his leg and bade the executioner continue his work to the end. Now and then he was heard to murmur in loving accents: "Lord Jesus, in whom I trust, grant that I may be found faithful! Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Even Spottiswood and the Protestant ministers marvelled at their victim's cheerfulness and courage. The fame of his patience spread far and wide, and we are informed that many Protestants begged to be instructed in a religion that could inspire such heroism.

The Privy Council of Scotland judged that Father Ogilvie was a prisoner of sufficient importance to be summoned to Edinburgh; and though Spottiswood was evidently unwilling to relinquish his prize, he was at last obliged to obey the orders sent to him; and the martyr was transferred from Glasgow to Edinburgh in December, 1611.

In order to weaken the favorable impression produced on the public mind by Father Ogilvie's extraordinary firmness, the cowardly and unscrupulous Archbishop caused reports to be spread to the effect that the brave martyr had at last given way under torture, and betrayed his friends and benefactors. Consequently a large number of Catholics of the poorer classes mingled with the crowd that flocked to see him pass when he left the Tolbooth. The Protestants through hatred of a Jesuit, the Catholics through anger at his reported weakness, equally loaded him with abuse, and pelted him with snow and mud, as he rode, maimed and bruised, through the streets of Glasgow.

Here again Father Ogilvie's marvellous energy and spirit enabled him to bear, not only the outrages of his enemies, but what was far more painful, the unmerited contempt of his friends. "I rode on gaily through the streets," he tells us, "as if I cared naught for it." A woman in the crowd having loudly cursed the prisoner's "ugly face," Father Ogilvie turned round and smilingly invoked the blessing of Christ on her "bonnie countenance," whereupon she protested that she regretted what she had said. "The heretics," adds our hero, "took notice that I gave back blessings for curses, and was good humored with those who were angry." The long journey from Glasgow to Edinburgh—a distance of about forty miles—must have been a painful one performed in the depth of winter by a prisoner whose strength and power of endurance had already been tried by the most fearful tortments.

On December 1611, Father Ogilvie arrived at his destination. His relentless enemy, Spottiswood, had hastened to Edinburgh before him; and, on arriving, the prisoner was lodged under the same roof as the Archbishop. He was, however, subsequently transferred to the Castle of Edinburgh, probably because the instruments of torture were kept there. These were shown to him daily, and he was threatened with a succession of frightful tortments if he persisted in his refusal to betray his friends.

At first he was allowed to receive all those who wished to see him; his enemies hoped that by this means they might in time discover the persons whose names he so resolutely declined to reveal. He was ready to speak of his religion to all who came to see him, and willingly related the story of his conversion and that of his religious vocation; but on other and more dangerous subjects his lips remained sealed, and he repelled all attempts to make him speak, with a good temper and dry humor that, under the circumstances, are irresistibly touching. "If I would betray myself," he writes, "they promise me liberty and rewards, and if I should turn heretic, the promise me a provostship at Maffat and a grand marriage."

On the 12th of December the confessor was made to appear before a commission of four members, to which Spottiswood was added. They questioned him closely about his friends and benefactors, the places where he had lodged, etc. Father Ogilvie answered with much spirit that he would "not slay the innocent by his own supidity"; adding that he could not answer their questions without losing his soul, offending God, and ruining his neighbor. His enemies next invoked the authority of the king: "All things which are due to the king I will render him," replied the priest. "I have committed no crime. If I have done anything, let them prove by witnesses that I have offended against the whole state or part of it. Since you can not do anything of the kind, why do you annoy me?" "Then I was commanded to depart," continues the martyr; "and they considered by what torture they would compel me to reveal everything."

The torture which was decided upon by the humane commissioners of James I. was a horrible one—deprivation of sleep. "For eight and nine whole nights," writes our hero, "they forced me to keep awake with

styles, pins, needles, and pinchings; threatening me with extraordinary tortures, and promising me great rewards."

Father Ogilvie's historians, whose information is drawn from the testimony of contemporary witnesses, give us particulars for which we might seek in vain in the martyr's own brief account of his sufferings. During these eight days and nine nights he was unceasingly tormented by a band of executioners, who took their turn in torturing their helpless victim. They stuck needles under his nails, struck him, pinched him, twisted his arms and legs, and occasionally trampled him under foot. In all the annals of our English martyrs we find no instance of a torture so protracted, of sufferings so refined and so cruel.

"At last, on the ninth night, as the martyr seemed in a dying state, a doctor was sent for, who declared that he had only three hours to live. His tormentors, who wished to spare his life in order to tear from him the information he so resolutely refused to give, allowed him to sleep for a few hours. They then roughly awoke him, and dragged him before his judges in a pitiable condition—weakened in mind and body, utterly confused and bewildered from pain and want of sleep. In a very short time, however, the Father recovered his extraordinary presence of mind; he had come out of this fearful ordeal physically exhausted, but with an unbroken will, and a resolute heart to suffer to the end whatever his enemies might have in store for him."

"The report of my watchings had spread all through Scotland," he writes; "and many were indignant and compassionate my cause." A certain gentleman who had been present during the torture threatened him with still worse tortments, and then the martyr indignantly cried out: "Bloodthirsty monsters that you are, I make no account of you all in this cause! Act according to your heretical malice; I care nothing for you."

"I can and will willingly suffer more for this cause than you, with all your friends, are able to inflict. Consume bringing up such things to me. Rather put them before weak women. Those things do not terrify but enkindle me. I laugh at them just as at the cackling of so many geese." After a time the man whose cowardly attack had called forth this burst of indignation returned and asked the Father what he most wanted. "A bed to sleep on," was the prompt reply.

"On the following day the commissioners returned. 'I was so weak,'" writes the martyr, "that I scarce know what I said, or what I did, or in what place I was." Nevertheless, his brave spirit had not deserted him; and when his enemies had the impudence to remind him of their "cleme- nency in giving him the 'watchings' instead of the 'boot torture,'" he vehemently replied: "You have almost extinguished and killed the sensitive part of my brain by the watchings; what more harm could you have done to me except taking my life?" As they threatened him with still more cruel tortments, he said, with a touch of his old playful spirit: "Try your boots. With God as my guide, I will show you that in this cause I care no more for my legs than you for your leggings. I do not trust in myself, but in the grace of God. And therefore do not try to make me add to or take anything from my words; but let them quickly do what, by God's permission, they are going to do to me. I sue for nothing; one thing only I beg for—that they do quickly what they are going to do."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON.

The ED CATHOLIC RECORD, London:

Dear Sir—The suggestion of "Augustine" in your issue of 11th inst. that Catholics should help to enlighten their Protestant neighbors, as to the reasonableness of the demand for Separate schools, by posting to them the Catholic papers they are in the habit of taking, is an excellent one, and I have begun to act upon it. Allow me to impress another point upon your Catholic readers. Every intelligent member of the Church, worthy of the name, and of his high privileges, should not only place himself in such a position that he could at a moment's notice give an enlightening Protestant a reasonable and inoffensive explanation of the principal grounds of his religion, but should be specially ready to prove calmly, and by documentary evidence, that it be Protestant evidence, it can be had, that the usual slanderous accusations against the Church and her members have no foundation in fact. But even the best of talkers and reasoners often cannot get a hearing from his closest Protestant friend, yet that same friend will read a small book handed to him when a good chance offers—say, for instance, when he blunders on Catholic teachings or practices in his conversations—whereas a big book would quite frighten him off the subject. The book "Catholic Belief," converted me from Protestantism, and "Plain Facts for Fair Minds" is quite as good, if not better. They are both very small, and cost but a few cents, and no doubt you could supply them to any enquirer. My Protestant friends take them readily and read them too, and they admit, as a rule, that they did not conceive that our position and religion were so difficult to refute. These books will convert thousands if only the laity will stir themselves everywhere in Ontario and scatter these splendid little messengers of the Faith. Yours etc.

Polycarp.