Sacred Heart Review

A long time ago, in a village not far from Brussels in Brabant, lived a little shepherdess called Micheline. She was snepheraess called shieneline. She was an orphan, had never known a mother's love, or indeed the love of any human being, for the old aunt with whom she dwelt was avarieious and unkind, and poor little Micheline was brutally treated, ill fed, ill clad, and forced to work from daybreak until night taking care of the sheep in the lonely woods, where in winter, when the ground was covered with snow, the howling of the wolves used to fill her with terror. And that was not all, for after her mis erable supper, when she was weary and exhausted, she had to spin and weave far into the night by the light of a smoky lamp, until overcome by sleep she would let spindle and distaff fail from her fingers stiffened with cold.

But she grew up a sweet and gentle girl, and not once did she utter a word complaint against the aunt whose in justice and cruelty were inconc and never did she omit to offer up Pater and Ave for her when morning and evening she devoutly recited her

prayers.

Micheline had reached the age of sixteen, and in spite of the faded which concealed her golden hair, in spite of the expression of suffering which saddened her face and veiled the light of her blue eyes, in spite of the coarse rags which enveloped her graceful figure, she would have appeared ex quisitely levely to any one who would take the trouble of looking at her for minute, and one could not help thinking that among the dames of fashion in their velvets and jewels, she would be a queen of beauty, if one ray of happiness illumrosy lips. But was it possible, was it likely that capricious fortune would likely that capricious fortune would seek her out in her obscurity? Dare she ever dream of any other destiny than to continue as she had done for so many years, to wander all day long in the where the wolves howled and in the evening to be met at the door of the hut by her aunt, always with reproaches

sometimes with blows!

In the same village lived Norbert Thieuloy, only son of the Baron of Thieuloy, a rich vassal of The Sire Lobermunde. As the baron understood all the resources of the earth he was able to make his yield many measures o grain, and in his stables were many well-fed horses and oxen; and being lighted up with pride he despised those who were less fortunate than himself, and for

the poor, he had no pity.

Norbert was brave and handsome, tall of stature, strongly built, and could with the greatest ease, with one arm, place scaling-ladder against a breach, or with one stroke pierce through and through the most terrible boars of the forest.

The Lord of Lobermunde had mad Norbert one of his bodyguard of archers but as no war was going on at the time, he appointed him head forester, relying on his strength and courage to keep his land free from all dangerous animals.

On Sundays at the hour of Mass when Norbert appeared on his way to the church, in his handsome uniform, his oow on his shoulder, his sword at his side, and a falcon's plume in his hat, all the young girls hurried to their doors hoping to attract him by their beauty and Sunday fineries; but he took no notice whatever of neither glance nor smile did they receive from him. With icy indifference he passed on his way, because his heart was no longer in his own keeping, he had given it forever to the poor. little ragged shepherdess. Norbert in his daily walks through the forest had often noticed Micheline and her sheep in the dim recesses of the mysterious woods, and as time went on, and she was there in all changes of weather, rain, snow and heat, carefully tending her charge, he began to feel a certain pity for her. He had never approached near enough to recognize her features, for she in her sweet humility, whenever she perceived the splendid form of the forester, hid herself behind some hedge, feeling that her wretched rags were not fit to approach a being so superior to herself as he was with his fine leather doublet, crossbow and sword, and the falcon-feather in his hat. With trembling admiration she would watch him pass giving encouraging words to his dogs, and soon disappearing in the depths of the forest, while she, emerging from her hidingplace, listened to the far-off sounds of his ivory horn.

It chanced one day that Norbert, while pursuing a wounded fawn, suddenly came face to face with the little shepherdess, and she had no time to hide. It was the first time he had ever seen her sweet and modest face, and he stood fascinated as though by a supernatural apparition, mute, motionless, for gettin: his quarry, forgetting everything, filled with confusion, filled with confusion with co

aid, her heart beat painfully, she could scarcely breathe and to keep herself from falling had to lean against a tree, closing her eyes.

Then Norbert, the proud archer of

the guard, almost as much confused as herself, came forward and spoke to her. His voice sounded so soft and gentle that Micheline, accustomed to the harsh words and threats of her cruel aunt, thought she was listening to the Christmas hymns of angels of which she had sometimes dreamed. A She took courage, opened her eyes, her great blue eyes fringed with long, dark lashes and lookng at Norbert answered him with such sty, that when he went away he left his heart in the keeping of the poor little shepherdess.

Henceforth for a smile of Micheline he would give up his cross-bow, his fine sword, his toque of falcon plumes; he would pass without noticing or attacking the antiered stags, the wild boars, ever the wolves, but there was no need of any such sacrifices, for the timid shepherdess

no longer feared or avoided him.

One evening on quitting the forest
Norbert sought his father and told him of the great love he conceived for Miche line and asked his permission to make

her his wife.

From the first words of his son the fathers' pride took alarm, and in a violent passion he declared that he would

never consent to such a mis-marriage and then followed a torrent of contempt-uous remarks about her poverty, her occupation, her rags! It was a greatrial for the brave Norbert to find his father so implacable, and a still greater trial to hear the invectives which he launched at her who was all the world to him. He cast aside his pride, and kneel-ing before his father, he wept bitterly, but the Baron remained inflexible before this great sorrow and humiliation.

en Norbert arose, and drying the vain tears which covered his face said: "Father, since you will not be moved by my sorrow you will see me no more; I will follow my lord to the wars where the arrows fall so thick and fast that even the swallow in her lightning flight can not escape them, and it can not be long before I fall with my death-stroke." "Well," answered the proud, hard-hearted father, "rather than see a low-

born baggage come into my house and take her place at my table, let it be as

And now these two lovers had to part, and both shed bitter tears, for it was a parting without hope, an eternal adieu! And when Norbert finally left her, it was with slow and faltering steps, constantly turning to cast a last look on her whom he would never meet again; for was he not going to the plains where the arrows rained thick and fast?

As for Micheline, her life, illumined for a short space by the love of Norbert, became still more desolate than at first, for then she had not known the happiness which she had found so sweet, and which vanished so quickly like a beautiful dream. And once more, silent and sorrrowful she pastures her sheep in the great woods, more gloomy and sombre than before, and all hope and joy seemed lost to her forever! Then, while her sheep, all unconscious of her sorrow, gambolled joyously in the deep grass, she knelt than at first, for then she had not joyously in the deep grass, she knelt down and lifting up her voice prayed: "Oh, Most Blessed Mother, from

the time that I learned to speak, never let a day pass without repeating with great devotion, at morning, at noon, and evening, the Angelical Salutation in your honor, and up to this day, oh, most holy Virgin, although my aunt treats me hardly, as you can see from the heights of your dwelling in Para dise, leaving me often to suffer hunger and thirst, and making me go every day, even in the rain and snow, to mind the sheep in the dismal woods, where sometimes I am very frightened; up to this day I have never asked of you any favor except to keep me from sin; therefore, to-day I hope that you will grant me the favor I ask of you. I ome most humbly to your feet, earnes ly beseeching you to cast a glance of your blessed eyes on the plains where the arrows rain thick and fast, and with your holy hand turn them aside from my love, Norbert, and obtain for me the happiness of being one day his wife. And if you grant me this favor, every day God gives us of life we will you more and more, and return thanks

One day after she had repeated this prayer perhaps for the hundredth time with a confidence that the long weeks of waiting could not weaken, Micheline elt weary and exhausted scorched by the sun's rays that pierced through th spaces between the trees, and sinking on the ground under a pine tree she on the ground under a pass of the fell into a deep sleep, lulled by the breeze that gently fanned her fevered brow and cheek. When she awaye the sun had almost disappeared, and she neard in the woods the partridge calling their young, and the rooks croaking in the branches above her. The distant sound of the Angelus bells was borne on the still air, and her sheep were gathered around her, wondering why did not lead them home. She She arose hurriedly, when she observed the coarse texture of her gown all covered with the most beautiful designs in silvery cobweb, as though fairies while sh slept had been embroidering it. pity, she thought, that I can not preserve this lovely piece of work, this design which has fallen from Heaven.

Then an idea struck her—and gather-ing a number of pine-needles she marked out the design with them in the most ingenious manner. The work was difficult, delicate and tedious, so that when, followed by her frightened sheep, she reached her aunt's hut, it was almost dark, and cruel words and hard blows awaited her. But the pain of her body was nothing to the sorrow of her heart for the continued absence of Norbert.

The poor child, from the miserable straw bed on which she laid her aching limbs, cried out in an agony of supplica-tion, "Oh, Blessed Virgin, oh, most merciful Virgin, why dost thou not hear my prayer? To be always weak and famished, to hear nothing but brutal words, receiving at the same time hard blows; to see no more my sweet kind Norbert, not even to know if he is living or dead, is too much for a poor little creature like me, and I feel that if you do not soon come to my aid, courage and strength will fail me, and I shall die. And so oh, Virgin most powerful, I

implore you hasten to my aid! After her prayer she slept, and all night long in er dreams she was weaving the silvery thread of the virgin in the most elaborate designs of roses and designs and designs and designs of roses. in the most elaborate designs of roses and daisies and eglantines and the thousand beautiful flowers which the of God has scattered over the

earth for the pleasure of His children. When she awoke in the morning, although still suffering from the beating she had got from her aunt the ight before, she felt, without knowing why, less unhappy than usual. The sky seemed more blue, the air more clear, the sound of the bells sweeter, the flowers in the woods more numerous beautiful, all nature seemed

rejoicing! Thus animated with re-awakened hope ntered the forest, distaff in hand, her sheep trotting before her, and blushed on finding herself singing the refrain of ne of the Christmas hymns she loved so much. She soon reached the group of pines under which she had slept the evening before and sitting down she again studied the delicate net-work of which the pine-needles still

held in place on her robe. Suddenly as though inspired, she began to spin feverishly with the linen

thread, reproducing with great exacti-tude the exquisite designs she had seen in her dream, and which she had before her eyes as a pattern on her coars gown. Doubtless the white-winger angels who act as pages to the Queen of Heaven directed her agile fingers, for before night she had a piece of lace finished of such rare beauty that no one had ever seen anything comparable to it. And Micheline looked at her own work, silent and wondering, hearing in the depths of her heart a voice which whispered that the powerful aid of the most merciful Virgin had come to her, and that the poor, despised little shepherdess was surrounded with the shepherdess was surrounded with the dazzling light of a miracle—one of those

dazzing light of a miracle—one of those miracles which reward the faith of the poor and at the same time shows to scoffers the power and mercy of God!

Three days after, on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, the Countess Gudule de Lobermunde went in grea state from her castle to assist at Mass in the parish church. The Countess was a noble and beautiful woman, in the flower of her youth. With a tender afection she loved her brave husband, Lord Godfrey de Lober munde, and she sought to please him in every way, not despising the little adornments which she knew gratified him. Hardly had she taken her place in her sculptured pew, than she found her eyes wandering from her illuminated missal, and could not fix her attention on he prayers, so fascinated was she with a veil which draped the statue of Our Lady. It was of lace so transparent and beautiful that it resembled frost work, and she thought that surely there was

nothing like it in the world.
"Oh," thought she, "how pleased my dear lord would be on his return to see

After Mass she went into the sacristy to see the priest and ask him to tell her the secret of the beautiful lace. said it was the offering of a poor little shepherdess who had woven it herself.
"Oh then," said the Countess, " yo

must send her to me, and I will give her plenty of work, and pay her well, so that she will not need to herd sheep any When Micheline came to the castle to

obey the call of her sovereign lady, she was dazzled by her beauty and grandeur, surrounded by her ladies in waiting, all young and beautiful, and richly attired and she felt how immeasurable was the distance between them and her. She trembled and scarcely dared to raise her eyes, wishing that she could hide anywhere.
The Countess understood her embar

rassment and spoke to her kindly asking in what school she had learned to make

Micheline answered that she had never been to any school, but that the most Blessed Virgin taught her in her sleep, and that is why she gave her first piece of work to her for her feast. Then the Countess said:

"You must make me a robe of the same lace to wear when my lord comes home from the wars." But to this the little shepherdess objected thinking that all work should be for the Holy Virgin; but the Countess reasoned with her thus:

"I have always loved and honored the Queen of Heaven, and never neglected one of her feasts. I am sure it would not displease her to have you make me this robe. as it is to honor my husband's nome-coming I want it, and he has always been her faithful knight. And besides," added the lady, "when God has given you such a talent, you must nger tend sheep in the forest, you must come and be enrolled among my ladies-in-waiting, and take your place with them. I will have you instructed in all that is requisite, for your changed

Oh, but who will take care of my

aunt's sheep?" exclaimed Micheline.
"I will send her money enough to pay
a person to mind them," said the Counts: and so it was arranged. The little ragged shepherdess was seen and a new member was added to the Countess' ladies. Micheline adapted herself wonderfully to her new surround-Micheline adapted ings, she worked industriously, and never lost a minute in frivolous amusement or idle conversation, but improved her opportunities, so that in a short time she became as refined as though

she was nobly born. She confided the story of her love to her kind mistress, who promised to exert herself to bring it to a happy issue when the war was over. Now one day there arrived at the castle a courier in great haste, his horse covered with foam from hard riding. He came to announce the welcome news that Lord Godfrey of Lobermunde was on his way home, with such of his command as had lived

through the war. Micheline prayed the lady to ask if Norbert was still living, but the courier said he did not know. Great sadness fell on her at this, but the Countess bade her be of good cheer, as in a day or two at farthest they would know, and it would be good tidings she felt sure.

At length the wished for day arrived. Countess Gudule bade her ladies dress in their robes of state to receive their Lord, and she herself, wearing the peautiful lace made by Micheline, was oremost amongst them, as and busband followed by a gallant train of busband squires appeared. When foremost amongst them, as her beloved knights and squires appeared. When he had embraced her affectionately, he

exclaimed with admiration: "But, my love, you are more splendidly attired than the Queen of France Where did you get such a wonderful robe ?

The Countess smiled, and replied "It is the work of one of my maidens, one who is affianced to Norbert the archer," saying which she motioned to Micheline to come forward. When Lord Godfrey had seen her dazzling beauty and shrinking modesty, all arrayed in silk and jewels, he laughed scornfully and said

" My dear wife, this is an impostor, who has played on your credulity; for Norbert has confided to me the story of his love, and it is to a poor humble shepherdess he has given his heart, and I have promised him that she shall be found this very day; and I myself will dower the bride for the first and bravest of my guards. Come forward, Norbert."
As the gallant archer advanced, he recognized at one glance the modest

mien which no trappings of fashion could conceal, and in another minute he was kneeling at her feet. The Countess explained the transformation, the priest explained the transformation, the priest was bidden, and the Mass of Thanks-giving was also a Nuptial Mass. In time Norbert succeeded his father as first vassal, and inherited all his pos-

Micheline in the midst of luxury never lost the virtues which adorned her youth. She taught all her daughters the art of making the beautiful lace, and established schools for teaching the same to poor girls; for the lace of Brussels had become famous, and every lady of fashion wanted some of it; even a queen would consider her outfit in-complete without this lovely and most costly lace.—Translated from the French by E. McAuliffe.

THE STOLEN ROSARY.

TRUE STORY BY REV. RICHARD W ALEXANDER IN THE MISSIONARY.

Sunshine and balmy breezes, swee with the odor of spring blossoms, made the May afternoon like a dream of lost Eden. The Southern city of Richmond was all astir in the beautiful weather the streets were filled with active me and gay women, who, with alert step and face that reflected the cloudless sky were on pleasure, or on business with that elasticity and vitality of move ment which the glorious day had evoked even since early morning.

On a side street stood a little church and now as the sun went down, the doors and now as the sun went down, the doors stood wide open, and passersby could look in from the pavement, and note the altars, beautifully adorned with long white tapers and vases of fragrant flowers. There were two altars, one of which was crowned by an exquisite marble statue of the Blessed Virgin with a halo of electric stars over her head. The fragrance of roses floated down the aisles and out into the street, and appealed delightfully to the senses of a young girl who was passing by. She looked in, and impelled by curiosity, hesitatingly entered.

She had never been in a Catholic Church before, and remembering all the dangerous things she had heard, of the ways of "Roman Catholics," she slipped into the pew nearest the door, so that in case of danger she might instantly

There was only a small congregation present, and all seemed so earnestly en-gaged in their devotions, that she found herself actually unnoticed. She breathed freely, and began to listen to what was said, for the whole churchful was repeat ing at certain intervals some sentences of prayer over and over again. She dis covered they were led by a single voice far away, and she located what she thought was the minister, at the foot of the shrine, where the marble Madonna stood like a vision. In vain she tried to eatch the words

that were so ften repeated : only thes

came to her ear:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God—!"

Over and over again they fell on the air, and while more words were said, they died away in an indistinct mur-

Unconsciously she murmured then Suddenly her eyes caught a broken chaplet lying in the pew before her chaplet lying in the pew before her. She had no idea of connecting it with the prayers she heard, but it was a curiosity, and stealthily she snatched it

up and slipped it into her pocket. Noticing there was a stir among the people, she hurriedly arose, and fled into the street, quite excited at her own bravery in entering a "Popish Church without meeting opposition or challenge; and determined to make an interesting story of the whole adventure that night

among her friends. Sure enough, to a party of young people that evening, she detailed the episode, and told graphically of her visit to the church, the scene she beheld, and as the party refused to believe drew out the broken rosary to prove her

story.

The "superstitions of the benighted Catholics were commented upon, and the rosary was passed from hand to hand in curious examination.

The party dispersed, and our heroire, taking the chaplet, at last went to her room to retire for the night. She threw the beads on her dressing table, and then with a sigh of relief, that she could pray to her Heavenly Father without such popish mummery, fell on her knees, to say her night prayers. Strange! They had left her mind! Nothing could she utter but-

"Holy Mary, Mother of God !" Again and again did she essay the familiar words of prayer. Her memory was a blank; she could say nothing, but

Holy Mary, Mother of God !' Startled and worried, she tried again, with the same result, and finally had to bandon the effort in disgust and affright.

"It is that old Catholic rubbish that has bewitched me !" she cried, and

But she could not sleep: she tossed on her pillow, and ever and again, the mur-mur of the words in the little church came to her unwilling ears.

morning found her nervous and jaded, from want of sleep and the strain on her mind. She tried to perform her usual duties, but again, like the restless moan of the sea, came the words, as if far off multitude were saying them Holy Mary, Mother of God!"

Half sick with conflicting emotions, she waited till evening, and then in terror and in secrecy, she thrust the broken chaplet into her pocket, and made her way to the Catholic Church, to leave the miserable thing where she

found it. She reached the church-no one wa there, and hurriedly she entered the pew where she had found the broken Gladly she threw it down, and rosary. turned to flee with a relieved heart when her eyes rested on the marble Madonna, with its pure, exquisite face, and its "meekly folded hands."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God!" fell from her lips unconsciously. And then came the stroke of grace. The scales of came the stroke of grace. prejudice and heresy dropped from her eyes. She believed! The Mother of God was a reality! Christ's Church was a haven of peace founded on a rock! Her soul had been actually pursued by

Sacred Heart.
She became an earnest Catholic, and

lived and died an example of that fervor, which wins and amazes, while it fills us

with admiration.
Oh, blessed Mother of God! Thy fair loveliness is part of the beauty of Paradise, yet, let some little ray fall on the children of Eve, bereaved of Thee, that those who know Thee not, may find Thee, and finding Thee love Thee, O Holy Mary, Mother of God!

AT THE GREAT EUCHARISTIC CON-GRESS AT COLOGNE.

At the Irish section of the Eucharistic Congress which is being held in Cologne, Germany, under the presidency of Car-Germany, under the presidency of Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Delegate, Father Ambrose Coleman, O. P., of Dublin, Ireland, read a paper on "Mass in Penal Times in Ireland." The section is under the presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, Bishop of Achonry. In the course of his paper Father Coleman said:

It is a remarkable historical fact that for two hundred and twenty-two years the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was forbidden by law in Ireland, and it is an equally remarkable fact that during that long paried of represention the Holy that long period of persecution the Holy Sacrifice never ceased to be offered up in every part of the land. No other country in the world can point to such a glorious record. In other countries, it is true, penal legislation against the Mass existed for an equally long period, but with the important difference that in some of them, such as Norway and Sweden, the faith was completely stamped out of the people after two or three generations, and in others, such as England, only a remnant of the people ined Catholic to the end; wherea the Irish people were just as Catholic to the end of the period as they were at the beginning, patiently bearing all the disabilities incurred by reason of their religion, a nation enslaved at the hands of a handful of bigoted Protestants, who possessed all power, influence and

IN 1781 THE PENAL CODE WAS FIRST RELAXED.

In 1781, when the Penal Code first be gan to be relaxed, the whole population of Ireland, then estimated at 2,750,000 was Catholic, with the exception of English, Scotch and Continental Pro testant settlers; while in England, at the same date, out of a population of 6,000,000 there were only about 60,000 Catholics, some thousands of whom were Irish immigrants. England for the two centuries previous had been a Protest-ant nation; Ireland had remained, as it emains to the present day a Nation of The first endeavor to plant Protest-

antism into Ireland was made in the reign of Edward VI., under the euphemism of introducing the English Liturg That this meant the banning of the Ma Liturgy was clearly seen by the then Catholic Primate, George Dowdall, who made a vigorous stand for some time for the true faith, and then left the country in disgust, saying that he "Wolde I bushope where th'olie Masse was abol-ished." The attempt was an utter fail-ure, and on Mary ascending the throne shortly afterwards the old religion was restored. It is to Elizabeth that we must attribute the introduction of Protestantism in a permanent form into Ireland. In 1559 the Act of Uniformity was passed, or supposed to have been passed, in a packed Parliament in Dub lin. By this Act, the Book of Com Prayer was made obligatory on all the

clergy and people, and all "Popish rites and superstitions," meaning of course, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, were forbidden by law. The act remained in force in Ireland, with the exception of the short reign of James II., till 1781—that is, for a period of two hundred and twenty-two years.

THE ACT DEPRIVED THE PEOPLE OF THEIR PASTORS

The immediate effect of the Act was to drive the bishops and priests out of all the churches of the country, in the remote parts, where Elizabeth's power was not felt. Their places were taken by a crowd of horseboys and pemakers and others, n whom could not even read, who acted as nominal ministers, and were supposed to perform Divine Service. The clergy, seeing the people deprived at one stroke of all their places of worship, were forced to begin the practice of saying Mass in private houses, and of converting barns, stables, and ordinary cottages into chapels. These were known in Elizabeth's time, and down almost to our own days by the name of "Mass houses" and the priests are referred to in the State Papers as "massing-priests."

On the death of Elizabeth the Catholies were filled with the hope that they should enjoy toleration under her successor—James I., son of Mary Queen of Scots. And so they took possession of many of the churches that remained, and began to say Mass in them. This did not escape the vigilant eye of the Lord President of Munster. Writing from Waterford, he says: "Masses infinite they have in their several churches every morning without any fear. I have spied them, for I chanced to arrive last Sunday, at 5c'clock in the morning, and saw them resort out of their churches by heaps." The hopes of the Catholics were doomed to disappointment, and a most vigorous persecution followed for the next few years. Some years later a proclamation was issued against the clergy, the Lord Deputy intimating that the "Late intermission of legal proceedings against them has bred such an extraordinary insolence and presumption in them that he was necessitated to charge and command them in his Majesty's name to forbear the exercise of their Popish rites and ceremonies." The Lord Deputy complains in a letter to Primate Ussher, that this proclamation was ill observed.

CROMWELL PARCELLED OUT THREE FOURTHS OF THE COUNTRY TO BRIT-ISH ADVENTURERS.

During the terrible Cromwellian country was parcelled out among the English soldiers and adventurers, and the great bulk of the people were driven into Connacht, the poor Catho-

grace. Mary, the Mother of God, had won another convert to her divine Son's their religion. Even in that away. their religion. Even in that awful per-iod they heard Mass on every opportunits that off-red. A letter from a Cap-uchin Father, who visited several of his brethren at that time, throws a remarkbrethren at that time, throws a remarkable light on the situation. A pathetic instance of the hardships borne by the priests at the time is that of an old Dominican Father, who during the Cromwellian period, had to hire himself out to one of the English planters as a shepherd. Exposed in this occupation to all the vicinsitudes of the weather, he completely lost his sight, and then, attired as a common beggar, with a wallet on his back, and led by a little boy, the poor old man, revergenced as a common beggar. poor old man, reverenced as a messen-ger from God, made his way from house to house, spending the last days of his life hearing the confession of the people and consoling them in their affliction.

Not until 1782 was the Act of Uniformity, the principal weapon all along in the hands of the persecutors, virtually repealed by the Act of Parliament (21-22 George III.) by which priests, on taking the Oath of Allegiance, and registering the names, ages and places of abode, were allowed to exercise their priestly office without being subject to the penalties of pre-vious years. But the Act restricted them "from officiating in any church or chapel with a steeple or bell, or at an funeral in a church or churchyard, or at any from exercising any of the rites or cere-monies of the Popish religion, or wear-ing the habits of their order, save within their usual place of worship or in private houses, or from using any symbol or mark of ecclesiastical dignity or authority." The immediate effect of the Act was the building of churche and chapels without steeples or bells in more open places than formerly, most of which have long since disappeared t make way for the noble ecclesiastical structures we see everywhere around us in Ireland. But it must not be thought that by the passing of this Act of Parliament all the difficulties consequent or Catholic worship were at an end.
PROTESTANT LANDLORDS REFUSED TO

LEASE LAND FOR CATHOLIC WORSHIP

OR EDUCATION.
The bigoted and intolerant Protestant landlords, who possessed practically all the land in the country, could not be induced, in numberless instances. grant sites for Catholic churches and chapels, and very often in the lease given to Catholic tenants there was clause against the sub-letting of land for the purpose of building any Catholic school. Again, in the Pro ant part of the North, which had just seen the formation of the Orange Society

based on deadly hatred of everything Catholic, it was impossible to build even a humble chapel for fear of its being wrecked or set on fire. Most Rev. Patrick McGettigan, who died Bishop of Kaphoe in 1861, used to relate that in his childhood he was often placed on the summit of a high rock to signal the approach of the priest-hunters, whilst in an adjoining hollow the parishioners were assembled around the tem-porary altar on which the Holy Sacra-

nent was offered up..

As he advanced in years he became one of the acolytes whose duty it was to hold the candles in their hands, and prevent them from being blown out by wind, for there were no candlesticks on the open-air altars of those days. another instance, coming home to our selves, I may refer to the case of my own naternal grandmother, who, when a ch had to hear Mass every Sunday and festival in a field in all kinds of weather with the rest of the parishioners, while a priest said Mass in a hut in front, the people having to endure this hardship because no landlord would give a site for a chapel. This parish, I am glad to add, possesses at the present day the finest parochial churches in Ireland. THE MASS "ARK OF CARRIGAHOLT

To give another instance; I am well acquainted with a gentleman, a pro-minent merchant of the South of Ireland, who as a boy used to serve Mass regularly in what was known as the "Ark of Carrigeholt." This was a structure, built as a travelling van on wheels, with large glass windows all around, through which the priest and altar could easily be seen. It was devised as the only possible me abling the people of the parish of Carriganolt to hear Mass. The local land-lords were so bigoted that none of them would allow a chapel to be built on their lands, and prosecuted and evicted tenants who allowed Mass to be said in a temporary shelter for the priest. The van was forbidden to enter any of the lands occupied by the tenants; hence the only place where the people, prising several thousands, could Mass was at the cross roads, the Ark being placed at the junction of the

roads, and the people kneeling in four distinct groups along the four roads. The present illustrious Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Moran, devo'ed several years both in Ireland and in Australia to embody in his historical writings the living traditions that linger round these humble monuments of penal days. No other historian has done half so much as he has to illustrate the ecclesiastical history of the times of persecution. In 1731 an order times of persecution. In 1731 an order was issued by the Privy Council in Dublin to all the Protestant Bishops to send in an account of all the Mass-houses and popish schools in their dioceses, and the number of priests and friars officiating therein. Very detailed reports, from which has been gathered a mass of interesting information, were sent in by them, and are to be found in the Irish Record Office, Dublin. Only mud huts were tolerated as places of worship, and where, owing to the e rancor and aggressiveness of local magistrates, these were thrown down, the people had to betake themselves once more to the rock altars and the fields. THE VIRULENT PERSECUTION OF 1744.

A virulent persecution arose in 1744, wing to the invasion of Scotland by Prince Charles Stuart. Many priests were thrown into prison; others fled to Dublin, and Mass had to be celebrated once more in holes and corners. state of things lasted for nearly a year, when a disastrous accident touched the heart of the Lord Lieutenant and moved him to allow the quasi-public celebration of Mass once once. The accident, of Mass once once.

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