

Rudolf seemed for a while to move in a waking dream, and his dark eyes would kindle and his bent form straighten as his fancy pictured the triumphs awaiting the boy.

Nor was his belief in Carl's future at all shaken by less welcome tidings which, as the years passed, found their way to the Gray House. What wonder that the boy was often careless and erratic, finding the restraint and ceaseless toil of his new life as irksome as the dreary monotony of his days in the village? Or what mattered it since in a short space he accomplished what cost others years of ceaseless endeavor? Thus indeed it seemed when the long days of the professor's waiting were well nigh spent, for the conservatory's highest honors lay easily within Carl's grasp.

There is no telling what impossible things Rudolf dreamed during those last days preceding Carl's home-coming, and, perhaps, because of the seeming nearness of their fulfillment the days seemed longer and lonelier than ever. But, though they lagged drearily enough they passed somehow, and the great day of the professor's life dawned at last. It seemed to him strangely out of harmony with the event it was to witness, for it was that day when the rain fell ceaselessly, leaving great drops heavy on the grass and on the roses in the garden. And, yet at evening when all the street was golden, and the sunset light flooded his room, casting a faint radiance on the dark wood of the polished floor, wherein the carved high-backed chairs were dimly mirrored, it seemed to Rudolf as he sat alone with head bowed low over the keys of the old piano, that his life for the years to be held little in common with the sun shine. It was only that another of his dreams had come to naught, but he was old and the dream had been part of his life. That day there had come from the conservatory a letter which Rudolf had opened with trembling hands, thinking it told of some new triumph come to Carl. It had been short; just a few kindly written words saying that "the boy was young, and it was doubtful but a passing whim," a preface which caused Rudolf to wonder, and then the sentence which seemed to have robbed life of all its brightness, for Carl had left the conservatory just when his brightest laurels hung within his reach to join a troupe of singers.

For a while Rudolf's heart had been hot with anger as he thought of his own sacrifices, so lightly prized, and the art to him a sacred thing, which Carl held at such little worth; but that was soon past, for all else was forgotten in his great grief that little Carl should have gone out of his life, leaving him no word.

Before him on the piano lay the finished score of his last and greatest work, a sonata which he had written as a graduating gift for the boy. His hand had trembled a little that morning as he wrote the dedication. There in the twilight he was to have played it for him, and when the last notes had died away Carl was to have come behind him with the caressing way he loved so well, and resting his strong young hands on the stooping shoulders, murmur words of loving admiration, dearer to the professor's heart than the plaudits of all the world beside. His thoughts dwelt sadly on it now as, half unconsciously, his fingers began to stray among the harmonies of his grand Adagio, sounding so like the Requiem of his buried hopes. But as the music grew louder, dwelling on the air in strains of haunting sweetness that died away at last in one long sobbing note, his grief grew calmer and hope awakened within him once again. His old love for Carl began to assert itself, and even in thought he was very tender of the boy, murmuring sometimes as he thought pleading for Carl against the reproaches which rose unbidden to his lips, "He did not understand."

Every evening he would walk down the rose-bordered path to the little gate, and shading his eyes with a hand which of late had grown more unsteady, gaze earnestly out, out to where the stones of the street gave place to the dust of the road, for Carl must surely come soon.

Carl did return, on one bright evening at the summer's end, for in those days he was constant to nothing; the pity of it was that he should have returned so late, for soon after his home-coming the professor left the Gray House forever. And when they brought the boy to the room where Rudolf lay still and weak, for the end was near, his mind was strangely confused and his memory busied with the past, the far past wherein Carl had no part.

Perhaps the boyish face, white and set with grief, bent low over his pillow may have awakened some dim remembrance of the later years, for he seemed to be striving hard to grasp some memory which was slipping from him. All at once his face brightened, and he said in a voice that was weak but clear, "Little Carl—a great man—now. Thou wert gone—so long." And after a space, "Nay Carl—there is too much of joy—in thy playing of the Adagio. It should go—condole."

So even at the last the Professor must have been busied with those dreams of his, but, perhaps, the next awakening (which came soon after) was happier than the others.

What remains is an old story, for it happened with the professor as with many another, that only death was needed to set the seal upon his greatness that the world might worship at his shrine. Tales of the wonderful village genius, which soon began to be

heard in the outside world, brought many pilgrims to the Gray House.

One day a goodly company of musicians, the greatest of their time, softly entered the room where all of life's pleasure and pain had come to the professor, and where Carl now gave them such welcome as he could, for his heart was heavy. One, the greatest among them, seeing the score of the sonata where it lay dust-covered just as the professor had left it, began to play idly at first, then, as he realized its grandeur, with fire and pathos such as none save he whose hands were forever stilled, could breathe into its harmonies, and a great hush fell upon the room.

Carl sat apart from the rest with bowed head, and as the plaintive notes of the Adagio throbbed and swelled on the air, and he thought how Rudolf's love for him had inspired it all, many things became clear to him whereof he had not dreamed in the boyish care-free days that seemed so long ago.

And though like the others he bowed before the genius which had created such wonderful things, his higher reverence was given to the noble soul so careless of self, so tender of him, which had gone from him forever. Then was born within him that lofty purpose which, gaining strength as the years passed, ennobled all his actions, making his life beautiful as Rudolf's had been, and his career in art, such as one as Rudolf had dreamed for him.

The last notes of the wondrous music had trembled away into a silence, and there followed a reverent hush, more eloquent far than loud voiced exclamations, for all were loath to break the spell. Then the greatest musicians of their time said wonderingly one to another, "In truth this is the work of a master!"

It was something like the glory that Rudolf had dreamed of in the early days of his dreaming.

Out in the old-fashioned garden the birds twittered their drowsy even songs among the lindens, and the rose petals were blown in a pink shower in the quiet corner where the professor slept, heedless at last of blame or praise.

THE ARMENIANS.

Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D., Scottsville, N. Y.

Reverend and Dear Father—Will you kindly state in the editorial columns of the *Freeman's Journal* to what church or churches the Armenians belong? Macaulay, in his essay on "Gladstone on Church and State," speaks of the Armenians as a sect. Does he refer to the Armenians that are now being persecuted? If so, are there many Catholic missionaries among them, and what success has attended their labors.

Yours most respectfully,
Nov. 23, 1895. Subscriber.
The Armenians were the first, who, as a nation, embraced Christianity. St. Gregory, surnamed the "Illuminator," was to the Armenians what St. Patrick was to the Irish, their Apostle. In the year 302 he baptized King Tiridates and propagated the faith throughout the whole country. He died in 332, leaving the Armenian Church in a flourishing condition. His most illustrious successors were Saints Nerses, Sahak and Mesrop. The last named invented the Armenian alphabet and translated the Bible into Armenian.

After the fourth General Council—that of Chalcedon, held in the year 451—the Armenians fell into the Monophysite heresy, which holds that there is but one nature in Christ. In rejecting the authority of the Council of Chalcedon and the Papal Primacy they became schismatics. They continued in this schism for 112 years. After the defeat of the Persians by Heraclius, Byzantine Emperor, in 626, the Armenians returned to the communion of the Catholic Church. This reunion lasted about 100 years, and the schism was renewed at the commencement of the eighth century. To their former Monophysism they added the heresy of Monothelism. The schism thus renewed continued till 1439, when the Armenians were again received into Catholic communion. In course of time, however, they returned to their schism and heresy, in which the great majority of them have continued up to the present time.

The schismatic Armenians number about 3,000,000. In Turkey proper there are 2,000,000; in Turkey in Europe, 400,000; in Russia, 500,000. There about 100,000 Roman Catholic Armenians. The schismatics believe in the seven sacraments, in prayers for the dead, in prayers to the saints, in the Real Presence in the Eucharist, and in the sacrifice of the Mass they use unleavened bread, as is the practice in the Catholic Church. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mary's Place in the Plan of Redemption.
The Rosary of Mary, says Leo X., is the abridged Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is a most complete and explicit revelation; it exhibits in full relief the true place that Mary occupies in the ensemble of the Divine plan of man's redemption, and at the same time it gives to the divine Mother the worship that belongs to her, and declares to us, that, after God, all our hope is to be placed in her. From even a superficial examination of the component parts of the sublime devotion we shall readily see that only the wisdom of Heaven could have devised it, and that it is the will of Heaven that Jesus and Mary must ever be considered as inseparable from each other.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

A MARTYR-MISSIONARY OF SCOTLAND.

The Countess of Cornwall in the Ave Maria.

The recent publications of the Fathers of the London Oratory, and of several eminent English priests and Jesuits, have brought to light many valuable documents concerning the times of persecution in England, and the story of those dark and terrible days has been told in all its thrilling details. It is not so with regards Scotland, where, in spite of recent works on the subject, there is still much that is comparatively unknown, or, at least, obscure. The difficulty of communicating with the Continent, the extreme severity of the persecution, the scarcity of priests and missionaries, — all contributed to increase this obscurity; and the annals of the persecuted Scotch Church are as yet incomplete and confused if we compare them with those of its English sister. Still, amidst the sad confusion of those terrible days certain figures of surpassing heroism stand forth, like stars in a dark night on a troubled sky. Among them is that of a young Jesuit missionary, Father John Ogilvie, martyred at Glasgow on the 10th March, 1615.

Before telling the tale of his short life and bitter agony, it is necessary, if we wish to make our story clear, to review, however briefly, the fortunes of the Catholic Church in Scotland from the fatal day when the ancient faith was officially abolished throughout the country. On the 17th of August, 1560, the Scotch Parliament adopted a Calvinistic profession of faith; and it must be owned that the Bishops who remained in Scotland were too alarmed or too discouraged to oppose a vigorous resistance to this iniquitous proceeding. Their chief, Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, had left the country; and, of all his colleagues, only the Archbishop of St. Andrews and the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane showed sufficient firmness.

A few days later, on the 24th of August, the Parliament completed its evil deed by abolishing the supremacy of the Pope. At the same time a law was passed prohibiting the celebration of, and even the assistance at, Mass under the severest penalties — exile, loss of property, and even death.

The nominal sovereign of Scotland at this critical period was the young Queen dowager of France, Mary Stuart, who had only reached her eighteenth year. The unholy decrees of the Scotch Parliament were never signed by her; but, although she remained steadily attached to the ancient faith, she was too young and too inexperienced to contend successfully with the fanaticism of her people.

The following year, 1561, when she arrived at Leith, she found the land of her birth a prey to religious and political warfare. The treachery of her nobles, the secret enmity of her Elizabeth, her neighbor and cousin; the fanatical violence of the Calvinists, headed by John Knox, — all contributed to render the young queen's position one of extraordinary difficulty. It would have required the intellect of a genius, a will of iron, and long experience of men and things, to steer through these troubled waters with anything like success. No wonder, then, that a girl of nineteen, brought up in a foreign court, found herself unable to cope with difficulties that would have taxed to their utmost the powers of a consummate politician.

If, however, Mary Stuart was unable to re-establish the true faith in her ancestral kingdom, she proved her devotion to the Church by the generosity with which she remained faithful to its teaching through dangers and difficulties, even unto death. In the days of her brilliant youth at the court of France she had known a French Jesuit, to whom she had promised that she would suffer death rather than renounce her faith; and on the eve of her execution at Fotheringay she was able, with a clear conscience, to send him a message stating that she had kept her word.

During her short and troubled reign the unfortunate young sovereign had one friend whose interest and assistance never failed her. Pope Pius IV. followed with keen pain the events that were passing in Scotland; and in 1561 he sent a Jesuit named Nicholas de Gonda to the friendless queen, with instructions to strengthen her in her fidelity to Rome, and to assure her of the faithful affection of the common Father of Christendom.

But Mary Stuart's movements were too closely watched for her to communicate freely with the Papal Envoy. Gonda had only one short and stolen interview with the queen. Several of the Catholic Bishops were afraid to receive him; others were satisfied with writing to him. It is not surprising, therefore, that on his return he should have drawn a dark picture of the religious and political state of Scotland. In this report, published by a German periodical some seventeen years ago, Father de Gonda represents the Queen as closely watched; and, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner in the hands of her own subjects. Treachery and apostasy on all sides, and everywhere the evil influence of the English Government serving the cause of Calvinism.

All through the kingdom the monasteries and convents were destroyed, and the celebration of Mass prohibited save in the royal chapels. De Gonda deplores the apathy of certain Bishops, the apostasy of many priests; but he concludes by praising the courage of a handful of brave men, who still fought on for the defense of the ancient faith; "although," he mournfully adds,

"they are but a few where an army would be needed."

In 1566 Pius V. succeeded Pius IV. on St. Peter's Chair, and continued from afar to watch over the perishing Scotch Church. The queen sent William Chiselm, Bishop of Dunblane, to congratulate him on his election, and at the same time to inform him of her difficulties. In answer the Pope sent the Bishop of Mondovi as legate to Scotland, with a large sum of money for the young queen, and promises of further assistance. But the Protestant lords having declined to receive him, the Nuncio never went farther than Paris; and a portion of the money sent by the Pope was taken to Scotland by Edmund Hay, rector of the Jesuit College in Paris; and by John Beaton, a Scotch gentleman in the queen's service.

The last public ceremony performed in Scotland according to the Catholic ritual was the baptism of Queen Mary's infant son, James, on December 19, 1566. The baby prince was christened by the Catholic Bishop of St. Andrews. After the downfall of Queen Mary and her imprisonment in England, the condition of the Catholic Church became still more hopeless. Countless priests and religious sought a refuge abroad. Thus the Franciscans, to the number of eighty, fled to Flanders; and the universities on the Continent were peopled with Scotch priests. Those who remained in their own country continued to exercise their sacred ministry amidst perils of all kinds. The penal laws were carried out with unsparring rigor; and the missionaries, hidden among the wild hills and forests, could say Mass only at night, and visit their scattered flocks under all kinds of disguises. Our hero, Father John Ogilvie, was dressed as a soldier; a Captain, Father Lindsay, assumed the guise of a shepherd.

After the first moment of bewilderment and panic, the Scotch Catholics, both priests and laymen, seem to have grown stronger for the struggle; and in the year 1608 we find the Protestant ministers ordering extra prayers, "because of the daily progress of papistry and idolatry."

When, in 1606, James I. ascended the throne of England, the Catholics of both kingdoms hoped for better times. They knew that the king himself was a strong Protestant, and especially jealous of his spiritual supremacy; but, on the other hand, he was, they remembered, the son of a mother who had loved the faith even unto death; and, on ascending the English throne, he had spontaneously promised the English Catholics the free practice of their religion. Their hopes were cruelly disappointed. James, whose promises had been made when he wished to obtain the support of the faithful, had no intention of keeping them. He gave full power to Cecil, the bitterest enemy of the Catholics; and deliberately made use of the fines and taxes levied upon the "Papists" to replenish his exchequer. Says an historian: "When James began to feel considerable embarrassment how to satisfy the claims of his own countrymen, crowds of whom had followed him to England, he hit upon the ingenious expedient of transferring to them his claims against the Catholic recusants."

After the Gunpowder plot the condition of Catholics became worse. An oath of supremacy was demanded of them, drawn up in terms so ambiguous that, among the faithful themselves, opinions were divided on its lawfulness. Some laymen, and even a certain number of priests, contended that it denied only the Pope's temporal authority over princes, not his spiritual jurisdiction. At length, however, Rome decided the question by condemning the oath as unlawful.

In Scotland matters were, if possible, still worse. The penal laws were the same as in England, but were, perhaps, carried out with still greater contempt for even the common forms of legality and justice. The Scotch prisons were filled with Catholics, of all ranks and ages, many of whom died of misery and hunger; in fact, the French ambassador in London does not hesitate to write home that the condition of the Church in Scotland was even more deplorable than in England.

In 1607 the Scotch Catholics were required to take the oath of supremacy; and, as had been the case in England, many consented to do so, either because they misunderstood its real import, or because they feared that, in case of refusal, they would be driven from their homes, deprived of all they possessed, and left to die of hunger.

The measures against the Papists were carried out, not only by the officers of the law and by men paid by government, but the lairds and other landlords often took the law into their own hands; and it was no unfrequent event for them to raise a troop of from three to four hundred men, pillage the houses of the Catholics, destroy or carry off their goods, and throw the unhappy "recusants" into prison, where they were left to perish. Father Lindsay, in a letter to Father de Gamache, chaplain to Queen Henrietta Maria, relates several instances of this kind of outrage, and tells how certain lairds used to hunt the Catholics "day and night."

In spite of this cruel persecution, the missionaries never wholly abandoned the country; and among these brave laborers in Christ's vineyard the Jesuits worthily hold their place. Their superior, during James I. was Father James Gordon, a man of great ability and courage, who made many conversions and exercised considerable influence over the Catholics. He was several times obliged to leave Scotland, owing to the violence of

persecution; and returned, after two shipwrecks and many adventures. Finally, he was sent into exile by James I.

In 1587 Father Abercromby and Father William Ogilvie landed in Scotland. The former, it is said, received the abjuration of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I. It is asserted, with sufficient proofs, that the queen had at one time a strong leaning toward Catholicity; but if she were really received into the Church, her conversion could not have been very solid, as she evidently died a Protestant. Be this as it may, Father Abercromby's acquaintance with the queen was enough to expose him to the hatred of the Scotch ministers. He was at length obliged to leave the country, and became rector of the Scotch College in Rome. Father Gordon, writing in 1615, states that in the whole of Scotland there was only one priest left. It is probable that he was mistaken; for the Fathers were so closely disguised and so carefully hidden that their existence was often unknown, even to their own brethren. At any rate, their numbers were greatly reduced; and Father Gordon then determined to send to Scotland two of his own subjects—Father John Ogilvie and Father James Moffet.

It required no ordinary amount of courage and prudence to venture on a mission so perilous. The Earl of Angus, a convert to the faith, who was living in Paris in the year 1610, says in a letter to the Father General of the Jesuits: "I especially entreat your Reverence to send none to Scotland but such as both desire and are able to bear with a courageous heart the burden and heat of the day."

The story that follows will show us whether Father Ogilvie possessed the qualifications required of those who volunteered to serve the desolate Church of Scotland. Fortunately for us, there have come down to us, through the confusion and darkness of those troubled times, documents of rare value, written either by the martyr himself or by his companions and friends, which enable us to follow him step by step through the different stages of his *Via Dolorosa*.

These documents—which have been published by Father Forbes-Leith in his French life of Father Ogilvie, and in part by Father Karslake, a Scotch Jesuit,—consist of an account of our hero's imprisonment and tortures, written by Father Ogilvie himself, and completed by his fellow-prisoners; of the official reports of the trials at Edinburgh and Glasgow; and finally of the testimonies of the witnesses called upon to give an account of his martyrdom with a view to his subsequent beatification. These depositions are corroborated by an account of the martyr's death written by his enemy Spotswood, who, in spite of his desire to blacken his victim's character, unconsciously confirms the other and more favorable testimonies.

—The Stimmen aus Maria Laach, 1878.

—Martyre de Jean Ogilvie, de la Compagnie de Jesus. Leroux, Editeur, Paris, 1885.
—An Authentic Account of the Imprisonment and Martyrdom of Father John Ogilvie, Glasgow, 1878.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Still Another One.

Rev. Dr. Robert Merritt, for the past forty years pastor of St. Peter's Episcopal church, Morristown, N. J., has "gone over to Rome" if reports be true. For more than a month Dr. Merritt has been lying at the point of death and has been frequently visited by Father Flood of the church of the Assumption; who, it is said, received him into the Church. A gentleman fully authorized to speak for the family of the venerable clergyman said regarding the matter:

"Dr. Merritt's well known disinclination to talk for publication about matters which concerned him as an individual is respected by his family, and for that reason, during Dr. Merritt's remaining hours of life, the family will neither confirm nor deny the report of the alleged conversion. Dr. Merritt is a High Churchman, he was a staunch supporter of Dr. De Koven, of Kansas, when the latter was a candidate for a bishopric, and he stoutly opposed the elevation of Phillips Brooks because of the latter's adherence to the so-called Low Church."

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