

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen"—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Paclian, 4th Century.

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AN OLD STORY.

If worldly greatness is the chief end of life the Christian Guardian may descend with propriety on the "stagnation" of Catholic countries. If, however, Christ's kingdom is not of this world, the praise of prosperity as a proof of orthodoxy is a virtual denial of the fundamental principles of Christianity. Our readers will remember that we pointed out that material prosperity has never been promised to nations professing the true faith. To assert the contrary is to pervert the teachings of the Gospel. Christianity is not a moral code plus a money-making factory. A nation may dot the oceans of the world with its battleships and exult in its material resources and yet may be far from the way of true progress. Productive industry is not necessarily a sign that people are near to Him Who is our Model. Greece and Rome were, despite their prowess on the battle field and in the realms of art, far inferior to the Jews in all that connotes true civilization. If we apply this principle of "stagnation" to the nations of to-day we cannot see that it helps the Christian Guardian. Japan, for instance, is a full-fledged member of the council of nations and it is pagan. If we point to an infallible Church as the cause of the stagnation of a country, how can we account for the fact that in Catholic Belgium there is more individual prosperity than in any other country? How is it that in Germany, the Centre, the Catholic party, is so united and powerful? There is no stagnation in the Catholic provinces, Rhine, Westphalia and Silesia.

In Canada we fail to see that the devoted members of the infallible Church are inferior to their Protestant neighbors in all that contributes to the moral and intellectual development of the country. Quebec, we are told, is "reactionary." What this much-used word may mean here, we do not know; but we need not tell any man who can see, that they who taunt Quebec with being unprogressive are juggling with words that have no meaning. And the wonder is that some uneducated preachers do not clothe their schemes of evangelization with something more seemly than the rags of assertion and vituperation.

SHOULD READ HISTORY.

It is strange that an infallible Church laid the very foundations of modern civilization. The assertion that Catholicism hinders all advancement is a manifestation of ignorance to the non-Catholic who has read Roscoe, or Hallam, or Milman, and who knows something of the land where a Raphael painted and a Veda sung.

If it be true, as we are told at times, that the Catholic Church is opposed to human enlightenment and bars the path of social progress, why did she, in ages when she exercised great influence, not retard philosophy and science, etc. Speaking of the thirteenth century, pre-eminently the Christian age, Frederic Harrison tells us "that the facts of the thirteenth century should suffice to refute the groundless accusation, which ignorance and bigotry, even here among ourselves, have not hesitated to advance in their embittered hostility against the Catholic Church." This century was an age of freedom. For Northern Europe it is the era of the definite establishment of rich, free, self-governing municipalities. It is the flourishing era of town charters, of city leagues and of the systematic establishment of a European commerce north of the Mediterranean, both inter-provincial and international. It saw the birth of the characteristic feature of modern society, the control of political power by representative assemblies.

THE WHY OF IT.

Dilating on the union by which all the social elements were linked together in harmony, he gives a beautiful picture of the deeds of the children of the infallible Church. This faith, he says, still sufficed to inspire the most profound thought, the most lofty poetry, the widest culture, the finest art of the age; it filled statesmen with awe, scholars with enthusiasm, and consolidated society around uniform objects of reverence and worship.

No reasonable man can be convinced that Newman, Manning, Faber, Allies would desert Protestantism and subscribe to the Catholic Church if she

"stood across the pathway of human progress."

And Cardinal Newman, "one of the world's greatest minds," said:

"I came to the conclusion that there was no medium in true philosophy between Atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind under these circumstances in which it finds itself here below must embrace either one or the other; and I hold this still; I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in one God."

A REMINDER.

May we remind the Christian Guardian that not all non-Catholics look upon the Church as being deficient in intellectual vigor. Draper praised her mental vitality; and Huxley singled her out as the only religion that could stay progress as he understood it. Historians have stripped the Reformers of much of their adornment. Dr. Littledale, instance, calls them utterly unredeemed villains. The founder of Methodism used no honied words when he said in reference to Knox's deeds in Scotland that the "work of God does not, cannot, need the work of the devil to forward it."

VERY TIRESOME.

The Christian Guardian scribe invites us to witness the illiteracy of Catholic countries. Suppose we do exercise our optic nerve, and for the sake of being agreeable see what comes within the field of vision of the writer—what follows? Are we to infer that learning is a proof of the true religion. Knowledge is not virtue. Philosophy cannot see the truths hidden in God Who "dwells in inaccessible light." Intellectual conviction is not faith. A man, though versed in all theologies, may be an accomplished blackguard. Greece, the fruitful mother of art and literature, was a pagan nation. Was it, therefore, the home of true religion? Your logic says yes.

Illiteracy, we need not remind our readers, is not synonymous with ignorance. One may neither read nor write and be truly educated. An individual may carry whole libraries in his head and be lacking in the chief constituent of a sound education. Mere knowledge is not education, and the authorities who are not insouciant on the question of book-learning, declare that, unless schooling makes pupils better, purer within, and sweeter, kinder, stronger in outward conduct, it is unworthy of the name. In a word, character is the chief part of education. Now these countries, which to the eye of The Christian Guardian are illiterate, are distinguished for all the graces and virtues that can enoble and beautify life. These illiterate nations do not take such a prominent place on the roll of statistics of crime as do the enlightened and progressive nations. Catholics are not denounced by medical gentlemen for the crime of prevention of children. "One of them, Dr. Stover, said in 1867, 'that we are compelled to admit that Christianity itself, or at least Protestantism, has failed to check criminal abortion.' And this enormity is not on the wane amongst those who choose and pick their religion and dismiss the Lord's prayer for unity as a mere figment of His imagination. We might go on; but suffice it to advise the writer to learn what civilization means and to take another look at Catholic countries. He may consult Macaulay or Runkle's History of the Popes, and see that, though the human mind has been in the highest degree active during the last two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquest worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that, as far as there has been change, that change has, on the whole, been in favor of the Church of Rome."

IGNORANCE UNLEASHED.

The assertion that Roman Catholicism cannot boast of any really great universities, reminds us that Artemus Ward said "that it is a great deal better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so." This scintillating display of ignorance is blinding. This gentleman reminds us of the Miss Miggs in Barnaby Rudge, who flung her wages, as it were, into the very countenance of the Pope and bruised his features with her quarter's money. And he wishes to be a missionary to the benighted French-Catholics. "No really great universities!" A jest, fair sir, worthy of cap and bells—an argument that should carry shame to the illiterate Catholic. But it is well worthy of a place in the columns of The Christian Guardian, that looks upon the blasphemies of the raging atheists of France as "extreme

but reasonable measures," and out-rids the infidel in its denunciation of the religious of France. It is exceedingly difficult for an editor to smile at and with the Christ-hunters, to approve the rabble that distorted the atmosphere of Rome with ravings against the Pope, and to be a Christian, but this feat is among the achievements of our journalistic friend. And now comes a would-be missionary who declares that Roman Catholics have no really great universities. It strikes us that the Christian Guardian has, or is endeavoring to have, a freak monopoly. But the latest contributor is the victim we think either of environment or of youth and may outgrow the weakness of knowing things that ain't so. We can boast of some great universities—to be exact, of about sixty-five, before the Reformation period, and of a few others since that time. By the way, does our friend know that Luther declared that High schools were an invention of satan, and that, according to an historian, Hallam, the first preaching of the Reformation appealed to the ignorant. Did he ever read that the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Padua, Paris, Bologna, etc., were founded by Catholics and fostered and blessed by Roman Pontiffs. Did he ever hear that the Jesuit educators conquered us, says Ranke's History of the Papacy, upon our own ground in our own homes. But it were tiresome to repeat this oft-told tale. The Christian Guardian has a very bad attack of Catholic-phobia. It should take some remedy—a small dose of history, for instance, and give over the pastime of preaching on the reasonableness of Atheistic measures. "Live with the wolves and you will learn to howl," but why howl at all? An editor has, we hear, something better to do than chronicling puerilities, slandering the religions of the Church and aiding and abetting the Christ-hunters of France.

DR. VAUGHAN TAKES SMART SET TO TASK.

WOMEN SCORED UNSPARINGLY FOR SHIRKING THEIR HOME DUTIES.

London March 29.—Before a great congregation which filled every part of his beautiful church in Farm street, Father Bernard Vaughan yesterday commenced a course of sermons dealing further with the sins of smart society. Many people were unable to gain admittance to the church at all, while the side aisles and chapels were thronged with elaborately gowned women and immaculately groomed men, content to stand throughout the long service.

As the famous Jesuit Father, with a wealth of passionate eloquence, hurled his invectives against the fashionable evils of gambling, the loose holding of marriage vows, and the tendency of society women to avoid their marital responsibilities, women bowed their heads over their prayer books, and men gazed stolidly at nothing before the withering blast of righteous indignation.

Taking as his theme the commencement of the great atonement and the passion of our Lord, Father Vaughan took for his text the first verse in the epistle of the day, beginning with the beautiful words of St. John: "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not."

DRAWS VIVID HOME PICTURE.

Dramatically the preacher led up to his subject by a vivid home picture of the agony of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane. Then, with a sudden rise in his perfectly modulated voice, he brought the act of atonement to Mayfair.

"He made this great act of contrition! What has it done for Mayfair? All these conversations in the boudoir, in the club-rooms, in the drawing-rooms. He heard them, heard every word, saw everything. That heart so pure, so tender, so sympathetic, to be racked by these spiteful words and thoughts. It is your work," in ringing tones; "you drove those nails into that bleeding heart."

"What, Christ might ask, 'is the good of My shedding My blood? Who cares? And the reply to-day is: 'It happened so long ago. Are there not contradictory accounts? Was it true? Was it not merely a good man going through what he must go through, whether he had sinned or not?'"

SIN NOWADAYS EXPLAINED AWAY.

"If ever there was need for a people to study the agony of our Lord, it is we ourselves who need it. We live in a time when the world has discovered that there is no such thing as sin. In churches, in current literature, in drawing-room conversations, in clubs—everywhere we are reminded that we have passed from the shadows of dogma into the illumination of science. 'What we once thought was sin is nothing more than a nervous structure—nothing more, shall we say, than a growing pain, whilst conscience, which reproaches us with sin, is nothing more than a bad dream which should be cast off in the blaze of the twentieth century.'

"In some of the churches," the scathing voice from the pulpit continued, "we are told that there was no fall; that the atonement is a fable,

We like to hear these things. The world indulging its sin is like a naughty boy who hopes there is no God. The world does not like the passion of Jesus Christ. It is not a subject treated of in fashionable churches. Were it so these churches might become empty."

The preacher paused for a moment. In this characteristic way Father Vaughan turned from generalities to a definite sin, though, he added, many people in Mayfair would not like it classed as a sin.

"It would be an injustice, many people might think, to say that purchasing things for which they do not intend to pay is a sin, or ordering beautiful things and sending them back next day after having worn them the previous evening."

"But I am not concerned with this for the moment, I am concerned with greater evils. What of this vile competition with France for the lowest birthrate in Europe; this emulation of America to find excuses for throwing off marriages in order to enter better financial positions?"

The preacher paused for a moment, and a little rattle of intense feeling went round the thronged church. Then the biting voice rose again: "There are women here in Mayfair who forgetting nature's productive source, go to bottles to find concoctions to feed their young. That is one of the causes of the decrease in the number of children, of the terrible infant mortality in our midst. Can we wonder if our doomed country should receive the justice of God?"

CERTAINTY IN RELIGION AS VIEWED BY A PAULIST FATHER.

Every rationalistic, freethinking, intellectual man of the world, having a proper sense of the importance of the persistent questions which religion strives to answer, feels an eager curiosity to learn by what train of reasoning the most honest intellects, professing any positive religious creed, justify their beliefs. Most agnostics would be deeply grateful to a teacher that could convince their minds of the truth of any affirmative religious doctrine tending to solve the awful riddle of existence. The position of the agnostic is that of a baffled man who cannot see his way clear either to theism or to atheism, and who stands still, awaiting such evidence as will direct him right. The first principle of the agnostic is that the burden of proof is on the proponent of any positive or as Huxley calls it, agnostic creed; and the second is that all religions have failed to produce sufficient evidence to convince an open mind. Neither, according to the agnostics, have those who deny the existence of God made out their case, for they have failed as signally as their opponents to prove their thesis.

Theological works designed to establish the claims of this or that sect or church bring no illumination to the agnostic, for they assume the proposition which presents to him the chief difficulty; the proposition, namely, that God exists and that there must be one true Church. This is the reason why the writings of John Henry Newman, one of the clearest, soundest and most learned of modern theologians, do not touch the agnostic's trouble. Newman wrote for Christians. His concern was not to fortify the foundations of religion, but to identify the one, true apostolic Church among the Christian sects. He accepted as premises the divinity of Christ and the authenticity and inspiration of the gospels—the very obstacles at which the agnostics balk.

Rev. Henry H. Wyman of the Paulist community in New York, has just published a brief but well planned book on "Certainty in Religion," in which he aims to meet the honest objections of those who have no religion. The Paulists are missionary priests whose particular work is to make converts to the Catholic Church, and it was in furtherance of this work that Father Wyman, whose intellectual attainments cannot be disputed, wrote his book. It is a strong presentation in popular form of the argument in support of revealed religion, and particularly of the claims of the Catholic Church. In view of the wide variations of belief among Christians, after nearly two thousand years of polemics, it would be idle to assert that Father Wyman has made out his case with the convincing force of a mathematical demonstration; although his line of reasoning has seemed conclusive to some of the profoundest and subtlest minds that have ever appeared among men.

Agnostics, most likely will quarrel with his demonstration of the divinity of Christ which he proves by tests from the gospels, and for this purpose assumes the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures upon the following consideration: "The opening book of the Bible is called Genesis, or beginning, and its contents show that this title belongs to it in a sense in which it can be applied to no other book, since it contains the only consecutive record we have of history from the beginning of the world down to the time of the first patriarch of the Jews. The chief claim for the authenticity of this book, as well as of the other sacred books which the Christian Church teaches us were

divinely inspired in all their parts so as to have God for their author, is that they have always been so received since they were written.

"If these books had at any time been without authority in the Church, or if they had been brought to light recently by discovery among ancient ruins, they might well be treated as archaeologists treat other ancient documents exhumed from the accumulated dust of past ages. But to take the Bible, one of the oldest written documents that exists, and on that always has been and is now an authoritative source of religious truth in a living human society, and to pretend to interpret it in a way different from the traditional way constantly added to by the living organization which originally received it, and today affirms its authority and teaching as unmistakably as when it was first written, is certainly to refuse it that consideration which it deserves; for it is now, as it always has been, a living book."

"We should, therefore, study the Bible in the light with which it has always been surrounded. If it had not always had its own living interpreter, the case would be different. As it is, however, when viewed from the standpoint of the authority which claims it as its own, we behold in it and the Church which possesses it a phenomenon which may well be called a standing miracle."

"It is beyond doubt that the traditional view of Holy Scripture, which has just been set forth, goes back continuously to the time of its authorship. The fact alone gives it an authority which can be claimed for no other book that has come down to us. What, for example, in secular history so clearly reveals the life of a nation as the code of laws which it has put into practice ever since its existence? Who can interpret the laws of a nation so well as its own judges and jurists? If this be true in a merely human society, how much more weight must this argument have in a society which claims to have been established by God himself for the enforcement of laws declared by the Divine Author to be as unchangeable as himself? 'Father Wyman therefore concludes: 'On the whole, our contention is simply this, that Holy Scripture possesses such an incontestable authority that all historical certainty would be shattered if the truth of these documents could be disproved.'"

Agnostics, however—and here is the point of separation between them and all Christian believers—contend that the Scriptures must be criticized exactly as any historical work is criticized, and that, when so criticized, the Scriptures do not appear to justify the claims of those who pronounce them of divine authorship. They dispute Father Wyman's assertion that the Scriptures have always been received as of divine authorship, and assert that the vast majority of human beings, at any one time, have denied the divine inspiration of the Bible. The tradition in support of the claims of the Bible, they say, is neither so ancient nor accepted by so many people as the tradition in support of the inspiration of the sacred books of the Hindus. The issue, therefore, narrows down to a question of fact.

QUEEN MARY'S ROSARY.

Writing in The Tribune, the Marquis de Fontenay tells a pretty story of a rosary which belonged to beautiful Queen Mary of Scotland. She says:

"Among the most highly treasured possessions of the Duke of Norfolk is the identical crucifix and rosary which belonged to the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, and which she wore on the day of her execution at Fotheringhay Castle in February, 1557. It is on historical record that when she ascended the scaffold she was attended by Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle who assisted her to disrobe, and took her chain of gold, pomade, beads, and crucifix. This she handed to Sir Andrew Melville, the loyal and devoted master of her household, and charged him to convey it to the Earl of Arundel as a last token of affection for his (the earl's) father, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, who had befriended her during her long and severe imprisonment, and who had actually been affianced to her in her captivity. This was construed as treason by Queen Elizabeth, who cut short the romance by having him beheaded."

Guarded safely as a sacred relic, the rosary remained in the possession of the successive Earls of Arundel and Dukes of the nineteenth century, when for some extraordinary reason or another it was presented by Charles XI, Duke of Norfolk to his kinsman, Henry Howard, of Corby Castle. For sixty years it remained at Corby Castle, but at length 1833, on the death of Philip Henry Howard, it came back into the possession of the present Duke of Norfolk, who preserved it as his most treasured possession.

The rosary measured fifty-three inches in length and consists of the usual five series of ten beads, with a larger bead between two series. The beads are hollowed spheres of gold wrought each with a simple pattern, in the form of four leaves, with a hatched background. They are connected by small gold rings. The cross, which also is of gold, has a quarter fold section, with delicate chasing of zig-zag and cable pattern on the edges. It is hung with three pear-shaped Baroque pearls, two from the arms, and the third from the foot. The figure of Christ has traces of white enamel. Indeed, the crucifix, as well as the whole of the rosary was formerly beau-

tifully enameled. The partial destruction of the enamel is due to the vandalistic zeal of a servant at Corby Castle. She took it into her head that the Rosary ought to be cleaned, and, without saying a word to anyone, boiled it in hot water, and when taken out most of the enamel was off. I may add that a record of the rosary figures in Andrew Lang's work on the portraits and jewels of Mary, Queen of Scots."

SITE OF ST. PETER'S DEATH.

UNDER THE GREAT CATHEDRAL, SAYS PROF. MARUCCHI, AND NOT ON THE JANICULUM.

A dispatch from Rome states that Prof. Marucchi, the distinguished archaeologist, who showed this year almost conclusively that the death of St. Peter took place in or near the Vatican and the great church that bears his name, and not, as later tradition affirmed, on the Janiculum, where the Church of San Pietro in Montorio stands, has given a lecture in the crypt of St. Peter's, the unquestionable site where the sarcophagus of the great apostle is to be found.

The professor pointed out that the present basilica stands on the very spot on which once stood the great villa of Nero. Many pagan tombs have been found there, proving that the grounds of the villa contained a burying place for the use of Caesar's household. If St. Peter were martyred there with the other Christians who perished in the persecution of Nero, it would be extremely probable that he would be interred in the tomb of one of Caesar's servants, since the epistle to the Philippians proves that Christians were to be found in the household of the emperor.

This would account for the fact that no Christian cemetery grew up around the remains of St. Peter, as often happened around the resting-places of an especially holy martyr. The surrounding pagan tombs would render this impossible.

Prof. Marucchi quoted authorities which show that from early in the second century there is a continuous and undoubted chain of witnesses to the tradition which makes it certain that the body of the great apostle was really to be found there. St. Gregory of Tours, who came to Rome as a pilgrim, describes how he descended and saw the sarcophagus. But after the ninth century the tomb was walled up, probably in fear of the Saracens, who were then sacking the country.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

After a lingering illness Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas P. Thorpe, one of Cleveland's most prominent priests, passed away on Saturday, 17th March.

Mrs. Morgan-Morgan, a lady well known in Rome for the past seventeen or eighteen years, passed away the other day. She was a convert, and the wife of a Presbyterian minister.

Pere Monsabre, the famous French Dominican preacher, one of those who followed Lacordaire in the pulpit of Notre Dame, has just died at Le Havre in his eightieth year.

Rev. George A. Guertin was consecrated third Bishop of Manchester in St. Joseph's Cathedral at Manchester, N. H., on Tuesday. Most Rev. Diomedeo Falconio, apostolic delegate, was the consecrating prelate.

It is officially announced that the Pope has accepted the invitation to be godfather to the expected child of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain. It is reported that the Pope has decided to send the Golden Rose to Queen Victoria on the occasion of the birth of her expected child.

After thanking the Lombard pilgrims on one of the last days of February for the generous contribution (\$40,000 francs) which it brought in aid of the French clergy, the Pope said that prayer was still more available, and was necessary in order to obtain from the Most High peace for the troubled Church of France.

The Most Rev. Dr. Kays O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry, who has been ailing a considerable time, died Feb. 25th. Although his death was not unexpected the announcement of it caused the deepest grief. The deceased prelate labored resolutely in the cause of education and temperance. When administrator of Ardstraw East he built four new schools, one in Newtownstewart alone costing over £1,000, the expense of the bulk of the work being paid off without external help.

The Holy Office has issued a decree notifying the Catholics of France that the so-called Archbishop Vilatte is excommunicated, and that he can be reinstated only by the Pope himself, and French Catholics are warned to have no dealings with him. Decrees of excommunication will also be issued against Vilatte's helpers. Fathers Ruelle, Roussin and Dubams, all three already under censure of the Church for other reasons than the happenings of the moment.

Miss Grace Waring, who held a very responsible position in one of the federal courts of Omaha, Neb., has recently resigned her position that she might enter the Convent of Mercy for the purpose of consecrating her life in religion. Her resignation was a surprise to all her friends, and it was learned that recently she had been received into the Catholic Church. Her father is a retired Methodist minister, while she herself was a member of the First Congregational Church.

GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUKE DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STAIRS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THREADS OF DESTINY.

Just around the corner, as you turn toward Buttevat, lived the little woman whom I had so confidently recommended to the Yank as an amateur nurse. She was small of stature, and somewhat faded in beauty, both by reason of the transforming power of time and the more destructive agencies of trouble and want. Yet there was a strange, pensive look in her face, as of one who lived altogether in the past; and a tone of quiet resignation, as of one who had parted with the interests of life and was looking habitually toward eternity. This feature, however, did not prevent her from being cheerful, and even happy; and no one could suspect from the bright way in which she spoke that there was a deeper and holier feeling in her heart. You should come on her unawares to know that that steady gaze into the fire, or that abstracted look through her little shop-window, was that of one who saw all earthly things rounded in the circle of eternity. She was never seen on the street, except in the early morning, when she was the first to take her place in an obscure corner of the church to hear early Mass. Even then no one noticed her, as she glided through the street with her black and shawl folded tightly around her and covering her head. She studiously avoided all village gossipers, and therefore was never implicated in a quarrel. At first this was resented as a sign of exclusiveness and pride. Then it was unnoticed or noticed only to be respected. She had two children—Teresa, or Tessie, the eldest, just breaking into womanhood; and so perfect a picture of her mother, as she had been in her youth, that friends who had not seen them for a long time used to address her as "Nora,"—her mother's name. Her younger sister, Kathleen, was of a different type. For whereas Tessie was grave, even to solemnity, and seemed to have inherited her mother's pensiveness with her beautiful features, Kathleen was so vivacious, so fond of being out of doors, and romping and playing, that her mother always spoke of her as "that Tomboy." Several times I was required to lecture her severely on her somewhat I always broke down in the attempt. Her look of demure gravity would disarm a more unrelenting Mentor; and besides, I knew she could quote against me several little lectures that I imprudently gave in school, to the effect that they should cram into their childhood years all the sunshine and happiness which could find for that the advanced in life and walked under shadows not of their own seeking. But they were both sweet children, as I told the Yank; and Tessie, who had passed through the usual curriculum of studies, was now learning such accomplishments as music, painting on glass and plaques, fancy needlework, etc. I have some specimens on my own walls of her beautiful handwork.

They were extremely poor. The wretched little shop, with its window blocked with packages of Colman's Mustard, Cadbury's Cocoa, etc., did not realize in its stock these splendid advertisements. A few red herrings hung from the ceiling, and a few strings of onions. There was a make-believe of two or three gorgeous canisters, on which "Tea" was printed in crimson and gold letters. A few tin pipes and a dozen or two of candles completed its equipment. He who feeds the ravens had concern also for his children; and he who clothes the lilies wrapped these little ones from the cold. But it was pathetic to see how they strove to be always neatly clad. The efforts of the poor to conceal poverty are always pathetic. And it was only when you saw beneath the spotless pinafores the carefully inserted patch on the blue serge, or the darn on the sleeve, or the slight broken shoe, that you knew how gallantly these brave, simple souls were fighting to keep up appearances under the perpetual friction and disintegration of great poverty. And when sometimes I expressed my wonder that under such attenuated circumstances they were able to survive, one word always solved the puzzle to that good mother's mind, and that was—God!

I am sure it was out of pure sympathy that I proposed Nora Leonard as nurse to the wealthy American. I broached the matter also to herself, rather in a tentative way, and in the hope that the Yank might change his mind. "I was hoping to see my way lately to get something for you to do," I said to her, a day or two after my interview with the invalid. "Well, then, Father," she said, "I would be very glad. The nurse wouldn't mind Tessie staying at home a few days to mind the shop." "Oh," I said, "Tessie is getting such a grand young lady now, with her long dress and her hair turned up, that we can't stand her at all."

Tessie was poring over a book on a desk near the window. She was bent down over it, so that the coils of her rich, auburn hair, so like her mother's—but there were silver threads among the gold in the latter's—were plainly visible. She blushed scarlet, for girls are very sensitive just then when they are leaving behind them the irresponsibilities of childhood and assuming the duties of the larger life. "I'd just as soon," said her mother, "that she knew nothing of business. I hope God has something better for her in store."

"Business," I thought, as I looked around the bare and desolate shop. "This is a big sacrifice, indeed!" "I tell you now," I said, "as I often told you before, that Kathleen will be a nun."

reverence?" said Mrs. Leonard, raising herself from the counter. "I promise you she has something in her head besides a convent. But you're spoiling that child, your reverence, out and out. You're taking such notice of her that we'll never get any good out of her."

"She's worth the whole box and dice of ye put together," I said. "Mark me, she'll have the veil on her yet." "Wisha, thin," said Mrs. Leonard, "I'd make a present of her to any one of these nuns that do be coming here from Texas, or South Africa, or California. They're welcome to her, with my blessing."

I did not like this disparagement of my little favorite at all, and I told the mother so roundly. "She won't go to South Africa, nor to Texas, nor to California," I said, angrily. "We want our best little girls at home. And leave it to me! You may call me Davy, if I haven't that young lady, sure and safe, in one of our best Irish convents before many years."

"Well, God bless your reverence," said the grateful woman. "I'll leave her to you and God, and she'll be in good hands, I warrant. But what was the situation your reverence was going to get for me?"

"I wanted you to go to the hotel and nurse the strange American gentleman that's sick there."

She started back in surprise and alarm. "Yerra, is it me to be a nurse, Father? What do I know about nursing?" she said.

"You know quite as much about it as any other woman," I said. "Every woman is, or ought to be, a nurse."

"'Twould be well in me way, indeed," she said, with a little toss of her head, "to go fixing and bindin' and sootherin' a sick man. Maybe," she said, with a little stifled laugh, "he'd want to marry me in the end."

"He might do worse," I said, gravely. "Well, thin," said she, "I'm not the woman for him. I got enough of that before."

And as the old, pensive look came into her face, the melancholy retrospect of the unhappy past, the spirit of humor and bantering died away, and left her but a woman of sorrow. "In any case, 'tis all over," I replied. "He is on the way to recovery now, and will soon be off to America again."

"I hope he'll take a good wife with him," she said. "Sure the people say that's what he ken for." "And you won't go?" I said at parting. She shook her head sadly. "No wonder, poor thing! She had had some bitter experiences of life. If any one had told the young belle of the country-side, Nora Curtin, that she would wind up her days as a little shop-keeper or huckster on the side of the street in Donerally, she would have deemed it an insult. And if any one had told her, on the morning of her marriage, that Hugh Leonard would lead her such a life that she would gladly pray for her own death, not his, she would have called them ravens of evil and prophets of misfortune. Alas! one of those worthless, heartless fellows that should be whipped at the cart tail as women of Marblehead flogged the scuttling Captain. It was pretty well known that Nora Curtin did not care for him. It was whispered that her heart was elsewhere. But she married to please her father; and her young husband was so proud of his prize, that he vowed by all that was sacred in heaven or on earth to be kind to her and to show his independence, and that beyond the hopes of her, and all few years and he tired. He spent his days on the mountains coursing, and his nights on the river poaching. He would be a gentleman. Were not all the Leonard gentlemen? He was told that he had "demanded" himself by marrying a small farmer's daughter. He could not give up his gentlemanly habits. He was caught and fined heavily again and again. He laughed at it; and to show his independence, he appeared at every fair and market in the neighborhood in shooting-jacket and yellow gaiters. "Then, two little boys, their only son, died; and what more cared Hugh, when he could not leave his farm to a 'Leonard'?" He became reckless, bet heavily on race horses, and lost. And, at last, he sank down to the level of a sot, spending his days in the tap-room of a rural public house, pipe in mouth, the bottle by his side, and the blackened cards in his hands. He speedily won the reputation of being the best hand at 'Forty-five' in the country, and he was proud of the distinction. Meanwhile, the inevitable dissolution was proceeding at home. Broken fences, repaired with a furze bush, gates hanging from the hinges, cart wheels minus their tires here and there in the yard, thatch rotting on the roof, great rents in the slated roof of the out-offices—all told after demand for rents overdue. Leonard became indignant.

"How dared they? Eviet a Leonard? Never, so long as powder and shot were sold, etc., etc."

"Bad—to you, you spalpeen," said a candid friend, "you couldn't hit a haystack with thin hands of yours shakin' like oollywobbles. Give over the farm to your wife, you fool, as you can't manage it yourself."

Then, one day the end came. They were fung out into the world; and with their wrecked furniture had to seek shelter in a half-ruined laborer's cottage. Some months of misery elapsed, during which the snug old farm ran rapidly to ruin. And then Hugh Leonard was on his death-bed. At the last moment he consented to forego his pride and sell the farm. But even in these moments his pride came uppermost and forced him into an injustice from which his family were yet suffering.

For a "friend" was allowed to his bedside, who dined into the ear of the dying man, that he should forget his devoted wife even in that solemn oratory.

your grave whin she'll pick up with the first gallivant that comes across her. Tie up the money for your children, Hugh, so that she can't touch it."

And so he did. Tied it up with all the red-tape and sealed it with all the seal-wax the law would allow. Then called in scorn by his neighbors, died. And it was pitiable to see that poor woman divesting herself of every comfort to have Masses said for his soul. It was years before the truth dawned on her. It was only the pinch of poverty that revealed it; as she found that the very interest on her children's money was unavailable for their support. Then the saddest of all her married life broke over her soul, like a torrent.

"Well, thin," she said to Tessie, when I had gone, "that was a queer thing intirely to come into the priest's head. He knew enough of me and me sorrow to wish me dead, sooner than married again."

"'Twas his anxiety about us, mother," said the saintly girl. "We must be praying, he says. Sooner or later the clouds will lift."

"And so this futile attempt to tie together the threads of these two lives that had fallen into my hands was doomed to failure. But in the attempt I pulled open the cabinets of history, so long locked that their hinges were rusty; and I saw there the parchment-rolls of records that are now almost forgotten, and yet are being revealed. And if here and there, there are gouts of blood upon them, I shall make them as pale as possible; and I shall try to smooth out the blisters left by human tears."

CHAPTER IV.

ASTRAEA AND HER TEMPLE.

Gloom, deep sepulchral gloom, as of Phlegethon, hung down on the city of Cork, the evening of October 21, 1829. It was not only dark that skies were dark and weeping, anticipating the rain and sombre aspects of the approaching November; but a heavy shadow was over the city, as of some great event transpiring, or some dread horror being enacted in its midst. And such was the case. In the dingy courthouse, dimly lighted with tallow candles in tin sconces, and heavy with the din of hummering, an advocate of the law was putting forth all his powers of eloquence; and satisfying his employers, the greater part of his audience, and his own professional conscience, by driving into the jaws of death his first batch of victims, the four unhappy prisoners who stared out despairingly from behind the iron spikes of the dock. The voice of the man, clear, modulated, precise, emphatic, was the only sound heard in that chamber of death. It rose and fell in waves of sound that seemed to the doomed men like the undulations of the bell that was tolling for their execution. And there was a tone of triumph in it, that said plainly: "Death for you, my prisoners; and your corpses the stepping stones to the assurance of success for the ringing tones. There was no pause, no waver, no trembling—only the deep tone of the prison bell, marking the inevitable hour. Those who heard it said: "No use in sending that case before a jury! It is a waste of time! These men are already convicted!"

And what was all this about? Well, it was the old, old story, with which we are all so familiar in Ireland—the story of injustice and revenge; cruelty and rapine, and consequent hate and reprisals. Men will never learn that yeoman gets wrong; but then you have statesmen, jurists, philosophers, political economists, conjecturing in Parliamentary speeches and learned folios the answer to the eternal riddle: "Whether is worst, the child accused, the child accused's mother, the mother worst, the child accused, or the mother and the other!"

It was the lesson of every Greek drama; but we have not yet learned it. But how easy the transition! How swift and close the cause and consequence! It was the time of the Whiteboy or Rookite agitation. We, who barely remember hearing our fathers speak of it, retain but one dim, troubled memory of that fearful time—a sudden thunder of tramping horses at midnight, a flash of white-shirted riders against the dark, the sudden halt at some doomed house, the awful summons to the sleepers, the flash and report of pistols, the sudden order to close up; and again the tread and trample of the ghostly horsemen, as they flashed by on their errand of destruction through the night. When the morning dawned, a few peasants and laborers, here and there, leaned lazily on their spades, and stared in noisily and wonderingly at the yeomanry as they rattled by. Their deeds were atrocious, it is said; and the terrible vendetta was held in fear and horror by the people. (One of my teachers had in his possession until quite recently, a kettle, in which were placed smouldering sods of turf—the "seed of fire"—which the farmers were compelled to place outside their doors at night for the Whiteboys to shatter, and no one dared look under pain of death. The kettle was to be found under a hedge in the morning when it had done its deadly work.) And yet these latter rather seek to excuse them. The tradition is, that the people were wrought to a pitch of madness by the brutality exercised toward them. The English King had come; and the excitable people, in a paroxysm of loyalty, had rushed deep into the sea at Kingstown to embrace his feet. The English King had gone; and sworn a solemn oath that he would lay down his crown and vacate his throne, sooner than grant them emancipation. In every farmyard in Ireland the tithe-proctor was busy, distracting from the poor for the support of an alien and hostile clergy. Martial law obtained throughout the land, and men were

roving bands of mercenaries and young rascals. Here, in this parish, is shown the field where a poor woman hid a hunted rebel beneath a flock of sheep, and here the tree where an innocent man was swung up by the troopers; and here, pointed out still in whispers, is the grave of an informer. (Quite close to this village, at the Cross of Brough, in the bed of Sko hanagh river, two balliffs, or tithe-proctors were killed. The perpetrators of the evil deed fled to America, disguised as women; but two respectable girls of the farming class, one of them, the tradition says, a noble type of Irish womanhood, were arrested and hanged in Cork. The only evidence against them was that of two children, a boy and a girl, aged seven and eight years, who swore they saw these girls closing their doors, as the crowd swept by.) Very old people, on their deathbeds, speak of that disastrous period as the "bad times." It remains for some impartial historian to apportion the blame equally between gentry and rebel, landlord and tithe-proctor and Whiteboy; yeomanry, who, under the protection of the law, wrought murder and havoc amongst the innocent; and outlaws, who, against the law, took a fearful and an appalling revenge. Between the two were the innocent, and law-abiding, and inoffensive population, who were victimized by both. These were the respectable, well-to-do farmers, who, tried to suffer injustice in silence, and who, as in the case we are going to mention, were marked for vengeance by landlords and Whiteboys alike.

If ever you come to Donerally, and your journey should be from east to west, you will pass a white house on the left-hand side of the road, just beyond the ancient graveyard of Temple-Ruadhan, and just above the ancient castle of Ballinamona.

Here, Edmund Burke came to school when he resided with his relatives over there at Castletownroche; and here lived, at the time of which we write, a landlord and a magistrate, named George Bond Lowe. We know little of him, except that he was thoroughly hated by the peasantry around, and his life was sought; more than once. He has left amongst the people the memory of a wanton libertine and a detested tyrant; amongst the gentry, that of an intrepid and fearless magistrate. So history is written; and so it remains, and will ever remain, a rather dubious discredited art. You can hardly believe a Guelph about a Ghibelline; and take not the verdict of the Bianchi against the Neri. But about the fearlessness of George Bond Lowe there is no question. He was never fired at, but he pursued his enemies; and in nearly every case captured some would-be assassin, and had him promptly executed. Once his horse was shot beneath him. He arose, leaped the hedge, was again fired at, fired in return, and shot one antagonist, pursued the other, and grappled with the assassin, and his single-handed, and he was promptly hanged in Cork.

Not long after, the carriage of a Dr. Norcott was fired into at the bridge of Ballinamona, and his footman and groom severely wounded. His carriage was mistaken for that of another obnoxious landlord, Admiral Evans of Oldtown. Clearly then something was wrong in this parish of Donerally. It would never do that in the nineteenth century gentlemen cannot go to dine without a supper of musket balls and slugs, from blunderbusses. Some action must be taken, prompt and decisive. But how? We cannot go round in coats of mail and chain-armor, or with a posse of special constables behind our carriages. Something more expeditious must be sought; and it must be final and decisive, but above all, judicial. We are representatives of law and order; and our actions must bear the test of a strictly legal investigation. Nay, would it not be better to throw over the responsibility on Astraea herself? She hath the scales and the sword. Let her weigh in the balance and execute judgment. But on whom? These masked and white-clothed assassins elude our vigilance. We cannot see them by night. Somebody must mark the victims, and then—?

That "somebody" is never long wanting in Ireland; and he was promptly forthcoming in this case. A certain Patrick Daly, with "me cousin" Owen, and some others, is quite ready to swear (for a consideration) to the existence of a foul conspiracy, having for its remote object the extermination of all Cromwellian landlords; and for its immediate and pressing purpose, the removal of three marked men—Admiral Evans, George Bond Lowe and Michael Craugh. And how many might be implicated in this plot of Hecate? No less than twenty-one, of whom the Catiline is one Leary, an old man of seventy years, and hitherto of unblemished reputation. It is solemnly sworn before a senate of magistrates held in this very room where I am now writing, that "Leary was the captain, the leading conspirator; that in a tent, at the parish of Rathclere, he produced by all his agreement, his signature by the first consented to murder Admiral Evans, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Craugh. Several signed the paper, and consented to shoot the three."

Here then was the whole affair in a nutshell. The conspirators are unearthed, twenty-one in all. The sleuth-hounds of the law are put on their track. It will be a Macabean holocaust. Twenty-one corpses, hanging in the frosty air of a November morning, will assuredly strike terror into the hearts of the disaffected. It is quite true that these Dalys are utterly disreputable ruffians, whose word or oath no man would believe. It is also true that Leary, with his burden of seventy years, paying £230 a year by sheer, honest labor to the landlord whose murder he was sworn to be compassing, was a man of the highest rectitude. And so of the others. What matter? Astraea is blindest, if not blind. And is there not a beautiful old Cromwellian doctrine, handed down from generation to generation

"If you can kill the nits you are safe from lice?" This, of course, only applied to babies—the spawn of rebels. But why may we, too, not extend it to parents and grandparents? Surely the converse is equally true: "If we exterminate the lice, there is little to fear from nits?" Alions, then!

As so, on this dull October afternoon, Doherty, Solicitor General, "a man of fine physique and gentlemanly preparation, bearing on his quizzing with sense," is bearing on his quizzing with all the tact and determination of a sleuth-hound of the law. This is a sleuth-hound, to be tried by a Special Commission, sent down by Dublin Castle. The panic-stricken gentry cannot wait for the ordinary Assizes. The case came before Judge Grady at the last sittings in the summer; but his Lordship clearly did not believe in the prisoners' guilt, for he said, with much solemnity and significance, "that he perceived of that famous person, some charged with having participated in this conspiracy. If bills in this case should go before the grand jury, and he was not certain they would be besought that they should not be found without their having received the weightiest consideration." And out of an immense jury panel of one hundred and thirty, also gathered those of the county gentry, who were selected by that famous person, I am gratified at seeing such an array of the rank, property, and influence of your great county, assembled together upon this occasion, rallying around those laws which, no doubt, it is their bounden duty to support. . . . With respect to the finding of two grand inquests, even their decision will fall, unless the petty jury coincide; and when I see before me such a jury, I feel confident that the subject will undergo the strictest scrutiny. . . . I will call your special attention to the case of Leary, who, removed from the temptation of poverty, remains aloof in comparative seclusion, sending out his less guilty emissaries to execute his bloody edicts. If the jury believe these facts, his is not a case that will excite the greatest sympathy. It is likely he will find many to speak for him as to character; but if the facts against him be proved, what will character avail? Of what avail is it, that he be industrious in his pursuits, faithful in his contracts, and sober in his habits, if foul conspiracy and midnight murder can be laid to his charge, and traced to his suggestions? There is a reign of terror, that coerces character. I do not antic-

ipate that any such will display itself here—that the high-minded gentry, the impartial magistrates, or independent yeomanry of the county will stoop to such a mode of conciliating a disgrace, and paltry popularity. "High-minded gentry!" "Impartial magistrates!" "Independent yeomanry!" Where then were the prisoners' peers? Where, but set aside, and rejected, as they always have been? The very walls of that courthouse, could they speak, would echo as their first articulate sound: "Stand by!"

Nay, in the whole vicinity, not a peasant or a laborer was to be seen. The gentry filled the jury room, overflowed into the benches of the court and out into the avenues. They thronged the steps, and stretched along the streets, where cavalry and yeomanry patrolled in rank and file, sentinels of justice, and symbols of power. But the frieze-coat of the peasant was nowhere to be seen; nor the long, deep-hooded cloaks that wrapped the mothers, or sisters, or wives of the men sent apart from those they loved. It was the Red Terror again, translated from the Seine to the Lee. A look or a nod of recognition, and they, too, might be looking from between the spikes of that dreadful dock. And this terror originated in the panic of the landlord class whose dread drove them hither in crowds as if to seek mutual support. Fear is more fatal than hate. And hence they thrust for this banquet of blood. It is all well here, for here are the cavalry and yeomanry, and here are our lusty selves, side by side. But what shall it be, if the accused go free, and we have to return to our isolated chateaux—barred windows and loaded pistols there by the black mountain or the lonely river amongst the nests of Whiteboys and rapparees? No, there's but one thing clear—to secure a judgment that shall make the country white with terror from the Glen of Aherloe to the sea.

And so, all day long on that eventful Wednesday and Thursday, approval after approval came upon the witness-stand and swore coherently and categorically to the guilt of these four men behind them. Why should they not? Were not £720 worth grasping even at the price of awful perjury? Are there not desert places away in unsurveyed America or in aboriginal Australia where their names shall never be heard, and Nemesis, the ever-pursuing, the all-seeing, cannot find them?

Two counsel were set apart by the judges for the prisoners. They were able men enough to argue out a breach of promise case, or get probate of a will refused in the Four Courts. Here, they were powerless as infants to deal with those rascals, hardened in iniquity and trained in their devilish vocation. A practised lawyer would have seen through them at once. Chief Justice Grady at the last assizes warned the Grand Jury not to bring in bills against these prisoners on the mere evidence of the informers. But this is a Special Commission—and its speciality is to try—not to convict these unhappy men. McCarthy, leading counsel for the prisoners, "a well-meaning but

awed him; he had to address a jury of gentlemen, and there was a general conviction in the air—all around that something must be done. Clearly, he must do his duty and no more, which generally means it is not done at all. For, why did he not produce the informers' witnesses? They flung it in the face from the dock, and told him plainly he had betrayed them. The junior counsel, Pigot was a learned man, an eloquentist, more or less of a dilettante but attitudinizing before a cheval-glass in your library is not the best way to prepare for the arena. No man, not even the poet, needs to be dowered with the scorn of scorn, the hate of hate, so much as an advocate pleading on Thursday night and death.

On Thursday night the case for the Crown closed; the case for the prisoners was never opened. But on Friday morning, as the Solicitor General had anticipated, witnesses were called as to character—the weakest defence that can be made in a court of justice. Dr. O'Brien, parish priest of Donerally, who built the parish church and convent yard, testified to the good conduct of the four prisoners—to the special respectability of Leary, Mr. Harold Barry, a Catholic magistrate and a sturdy, masculine character, gave similar evidence, was examined and cross-examined by Doherty. Evidence invulnerable and positive—such a man could not be guilty of such a crime. You appear sympathetic, friend. May it not be that you are in the conspiracy yourself? What if we should discover that you, Deputy Lieutenant of His Majesty, hold another commission as Captain of the Whiteboys? Harold Barry turns scornfully on his heel, and leaves Doherty, "a gentlemanly man, of fine appearance," somewhat disconcerted. Others, witnesses as to character and conduct and general good repute, come on the witness-table—some, less than others, of the highest honor, landlords and magistrates, who broke through the iron regulations of caste and creed to testify against judicial murder. Lastly, an old man stepped on the table—Leary's landlord, and father of the Michael Craugh whose life, it was said, had been conspired against. He was about the same age as the prisoner, Leary; and, as he mounted the steps, their eyes met. What shall it be, the other, and tenor, who stood side by side for fifty years, met our obligations nobly (witness these £230 annually paid by that man in the dock) cursed these mountains together, fished that river side by side, broke bread and ate salt in that whitewashed cottage above the Arweg. Are we now to part? The traditions of his class, his love for his son, his own safety, pull one way. He swears, "that believe these men guiltless of the charge against them. No evidence shall ever convince me that Leary had had, act or part in any attempt on the life of my son." "Noble words! and noble old man! If there had been a few more of your type the tragic history of Ireland would never have been written. What a ray of sunshine these words shot across the gloom of that wretched courthouse! How the prisoners must have felt—Death now is easy after such a noble vindication!"

And it was death! Judge Torrens, a dark, sunken frown on his face, charged home against the prisoners. The jury did not even retire. After five minutes' consultation they returned their verdict. Guilty. Torrens assumed the black cap, and sentenced the four prisoners, Leary, Shine, Roche, Magrath, to be executed on November 14th, following. As they left the dock, Leary cried: "We are murdered! There is no justice here! There is nothing for us but revenge!" Quite so! Judicial murder! Revenge! Our corpses swinging here in the air of a wintry morning, and your brains blown out there under the black mountains of Limerick. A pretty cycle of events, is it not? Cause and effect; effect and cause, ad infinitum! So runs the whole ghastly genealogy of Irish history!

Cromwell begat massacres and burning; and massacres and burning begat reprisals and reprisals begat Penal Laws; and Penal Laws begat insurrection; and insurrection begat the Union; and the Union begat outlaws; and outlaws begat Whiteboyism; and Whiteboyism begat informers and judicial murders; and judicial murders begat revenge, et deo capto. Surely Astraea hath left the earth. Not yet! She is called back prompantly for just a little while; and by a voice she cannot disobey.

TRIBUTES TO THE CATECHISM.

The famous—or infamous—Diderot, who in the latter part of the eighteenth century, displayed such furious hatred of religion, really esteemed it and could not refrain from glorifying it. This is clear from an incident related by M. Benezee of the French academy. "I went one day to Diderot's home to chat with him about certain special articles that he wished me to contribute to the Encyclopedie. Entering his study without ceremony, I found him teaching the Catechism to his daughter. Having dismissed the child at the end of the lesson, he laughed at my surprise. 'Why after all, can I give to my daughter's education in order to make her what she should be—a respectful and gentle daughter, and later on, a worthy wife and good mother? Is there, at bottom—since we are forced to acknowledge it—any morality to compare with that inculcated by religion, any that repose on such powerful motives?'"

A similar tribute was paid by that arch-infidel, Voltaire, himself. A lawyer of Besancon introducing his son to the philosopher of Ferney, assured him that the young man had read all his works. "You would have done better," replied Voltaire, "if you had

He was a to stoop and thin were only with his coat being thread-bare at trace of the strong feature the gray eye brows. Those toward the dingy old man. There was a d counting room glass. Through medium the watchful eye saved sudden room. Those never knew the grim old their directing or any of that busy out turned to. He deserted. In His arose from shade that crossed turned back a small parcel opened it a few crackers the paper a He was gu light rap a drew his gl inclined to deceived him again—rat. "Come in nothing sug prompty. A hand then the d was standi girl with a pink frock. "How do ing vision. an I, thank a little bob a fascinatin "Where growled the "I come little maid glass under. She laugh you was a self. You you?" The girl witchery of they are g said. "The child an' he clap better'n I had He hasten the remain "My lun you have from." He was ing this comed down. He swered. "My me here 'an' there' might get lunch an' I'm to man papa an' he o "round." The ch again," afraid of believe. But furth "Com old man "She sn "It is Me said. "If I have any plea don't wa to-day— besides, out then papa has 'bout a most sumeak brud she leand chair th "Wh asked. "My Mister him? "Ye you to "It is Me said. "I would An' I lanch, didn't shame he laugh after I feel hu She was just a lookin minute into the she was board looked eyes. He "E not a took divide. Then into grave. "M "D sayin "I dryly The "Ma lived it's whalsh show "No said

THE MILLIONAIRE'S CALLER.

He was a tall old man with a slight stoop and thin gray hair. His garments were shiny with wear, the sleeves of his coat being fairly slippery in their thread-bare state. But there was little trace of the infirmities of age in his strong features and the sharp glances of the gray eyes beneath the shaggy brows. These sharp gray eyes turned toward the dingy old clock over the dingy old mantel. It was just noon. There was a door that opened into the counting room, and its upper half was glass. Through this transparent medium the old man could keep a watchful eye on his employees. It saved sudden incursions into the outer room. Those clerks and book-keepers never knew when the sleepless eye would be directed in their direction. There was no loitering or any other form of relaxation in that busy counting room.

From the clock the old man's gaze turned to the door. The desks were deserted. It was the luncheon hour. He arose from his creaky swivel chair and crossing the room pulled down a shade that covered the glass. Then he turned back to his desk and producing a small parcel wrapped in a newspaper, opened it and disclosed an apple and a nice pickle. Yes, you must. Papa says it isn't polite to refuse a lady. That's when mamma offers him the second cup of coffee. The old man took a little at the cheese and crackers. "Rather extravagant," he growled. "That's just what papa says to mamma sometimes," cried the child. "An' mamma says she guesses he'd have hard work to find anybody who could make a dollar go further than she can. We have to be awfully careful, you know what we eat, an' the rent. Why, mamma says she's always afraid to look the calendar in the face for fear rent day has come 'round again. Where do you live?"

"I live in a house uptown," he answered. "Can you swing a cat in it?" "Swing a cat? In our rooms, you know. They're the tinniest things. We're on the fifth floor—but the janitor's a real nice man. He asked me to ask my papa if he'd trade me for two boys. An' papa said to tell him that he might do it for the two boys an' a couple of pounds of radium to boot. An' I told papa wasn't very anxious to trade. An' he pulled one of my curls an' said he wouldn't trade me for all John Ramsey's millions twice over. That's the man papa works for. Do you know him?"

The old man had frowned and then suddenly smiled. "Yes, I've met him," he replied. "He's very rich, papa says, an' he lives all alone in a great big house an' he hasn't any little girls, an' he needs somebody to take care of him, an' all he thinks about is money, money, money! It's too bad to be as rich as that, isn't it?"

The old man looked hard at the child. "Money is a pretty good thing, isn't it?" "I guess it is," the child replied. "But mamma says it's only good for what it will buy. It's good for clothes and what you eat, an' the rent. Then man papa works for is very, very cross an' he can't bear to have children 'round."

The child laughed again. "Do it again," she cried. "I ain't a bit afraid of you. I know it's all just make believe. Please can't I come in a wee bit further?"

"Come in if you want to," said the old man a little ungraciously. "It always pays to be polite," she said. "That's what mamma tells me. If I had said, can I come in, without any please, you might have said we don't want no little girls around here to-day—they're such a nuisance. An' besides, I was a little tired of stayin' out there all alone. 'Cause, you see, papa had to go to the custom house 'bout some 'particular, an' I'm most sure I heard a big rat under the desk brashin' his whiskers."

She came quite close to him and leaned against the ancient harlequin chair that stood by his desk. "Who is your father?" the old man asked. "My papa? He's Mister Fenton, Mister Russell Fenton. Do you know him? He's a very nice man."

"Yes, I know him. And did he tell you to come in here and see me?" "Mercy, no!" cried the child. "He didn't say nothin' about you. He just said I was to keep very quiet an' he would be back as soon as he could. An' I said, 'Ain't you goin' to eat your lunch, papa?' An' he said no, he didn't have time; an' I said it was a shame to waste a nice lunch, an' he laughed an' said, 'You eat it, but after I heard that rat I didn't seem to feel hungry.' She looked at him and her dark eyes sparkled. "Please will you watch through the door real close just a minute? If the rat sees you lookin' he won't come out. Just a minute," and she turned and trotted into the counting room. In a moment she was back again with a long pasteboard box. "Here's the lunch," she said. She looked at him and half closed her eyes. "Let you and me eat it," she said. He shook his head. "Eat it yourself," he muttered. "Can't eat it all," she cried. "I'm not a pig. It's very nice. Mamma took extremely pains with it. Let's divide. What's yours?" He hesitated. Then he pushed his apple and crackers into view. She looked at the display gravely. "My papa had it once," she said. "Had what?" "Dyspepsy. He couldn't eat hardly anything, neither."

"I eat quite enough," the old man dryly remarked. The child looked at him curiously. "You're pretty thin," she said. "Maybe I'd be pretty thin, too, if I lived on apple an' crackers. An' now it's my turn. See this." And she walked the cover off the box, and showed the neatly-packed contents. "Now," she said, as she drew out a sandwich, "I'll trade you this for two

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THE PAPACY THE CENTRE OF CHRISTIANITY.

We spoke recently of Dr. Briggs' article in the North American Review, and dwelt on some of his statements. But as the article is a very remarkable one, and as on the one hand it concedes so much to the Catholic position on the Papacy, and on the other hand objects to so much in the Papacy as to think his remarkable concessions make his subsequent objections and suggested changes illogical and inconsistent. But of that hereafter. Dr. Briggs says, "The Papacy has a much firmer basis in a number of texts in the New Testament and in Christian history than most Protestants have been willing to recognize. While he thinks Catholic controversialists 'have warped the meaning of several passages in the New Testament in the interests of the most exaggerated claims of the Papacy,' he thinks on the other hand that "Protestant controversialists have minimized the importance of these texts and emptied them of their true meaning." He continues: "Jesus, in His vision of His Kingdom, when Peter recognized Him as the Messiah, said (Matt. xvi, 17-19): 'Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jona. For flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee. But My Father which is in heaven; and I say unto thee: Thou art Peter. And upon this rock I will build My Church. And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. I will give unto thee the Keys of the Kingdom of God. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' In any other way than as referring to Peter have I ignorantly failed. St. Peter was thus made by the appointment of Jesus the rock on which the Church was built as a spiritual house or temple; and at the same time the porter of the Kingdom, whose privilege it is to open and shut its gates. The Church is here conceived, as a building—a house constituted of living stones, all built upon Peter, the first of these stones, or the primary rock foundation. It is also conceived as the City of God, into which men enter by the gates. These conceptions are familiar in the Old Testament, as well as in the New Testament. The significant thing here is the primacy of St. Peter."

Here Dr. Briggs talks like a Catholic theologian. Many have been the attempts to explain the word "Rock" in the text quoted above, "thou art Peter (a rock) and upon this rock I will build My Church," in some sense other than as referring to Peter. But Dr. Briggs very frankly admits that "All attempts to explain the 'rock' in any other way than as referring to Peter have ignorantly failed. St. Peter was thus made by the appointment of Jesus the rock on which the Church was built as a spiritual house or temple; and at the same time the porter of the Kingdom, whose privilege it is to open and shut its gates. The Church is here conceived, as a building—a house constituted of living stones, all built upon Peter, the first of these stones, or the primary rock foundation. It is also conceived as the City of God, into which men enter by the gates. These conceptions are familiar in the Old Testament, as well as in the New Testament. The significant thing here is the primacy of St. Peter."

These lengthy quotations will enable the reader to see Dr. Briggs' idea of the nature and divine origin of the Papacy—his ideal Papacy. He next takes into consideration the real Papacy finds some faults in it—or thinks he does—and suggests some changes in it in order to have it correspond with his ideal. We will consider some of these faults and suggested changes.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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Catholic Record, London, Canada

TO THE CATECHISM.

—or infamous—Diderot, latter part of the eighteenth century, displayed such furious indignation, really esteemed it a disgrace to refrain from glorifying in the clear from an incident near Buzeeze of the French Revolution. He said to Diderot's home him about certain special he wished me to contribute to the Catechism. I found without ceremony, I found the Catechism to be a Having dismissed the child of the lesson; he laughed at me. "Why after all," he better foundation can I daughter's education in her what she should be and gentle daughter, and a worthy wife and good mother. At the bottom—since I had to acknowledge it—any compare with that inculcated, any that repose on motives?"

"ANGLO-SAXON."

Occasionally we have some very peculiar despatches from Rome. About a week ago a correspondent cabled the announcement that the prominent "Anglo-Saxon" prelates now there have presented to the Holy See...

It goes on to say that the Catholics in the United States, Canada, Ireland and Great Britain number in all about 45,000,000. On the strength of this the young man asserts that better representation is asked for the "Anglo-Saxons" in the Sacred College...

THE CATHOLIC RECORD congratulates Mr. R. D. Gunn, K. C., of Orillia, on his appointment to the Bench, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Judge O'Meara of Ottawa.

THE REV. G. R. McFaul, Baptist missionary in the city of Ottawa, is very proud of the fact that he has drawn into his conventicle two French Canadians of that city.

At the last meeting of the Orange Grand Lodge of Ontario the sum of \$400 was donated to the work of "converting" the French Canadians...

READER, SMITH'S FALLS.—The person to whom you refer is an excommunicated priest. The literature he has put upon the market brings him a goodly revenue.

SCIENCE AND DOGMA.

There are a great many men and women of our day who are bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church because they are convinced that it is opposed to science. Volumes without number can be found on the shelves of any non-Catholic library in which the so-called warfare of the Church against all scientific knowledge is loudly proclaimed to the world.

Any one who has followed the trend of religious thought in our country for the past twenty-five years must stand amazed at the frequency with which

belief in the virgin birth of Our Lord and Saviour has been denied in so-called Christian pulpits. Moreover, men who still profess a belief in religion proclaim that it must have no dogmas and no creed. Now, this unreasonable opposition to dogma and to creed is the more surprising as science has its definite dogmas and creeds, just as well as religion.

THE FRENCH CURE. A REMARKABLE PICTURE FROM A RECENT BOOK OF THE ROLE OF A PARISH PRIEST IN RURAL FRANCE.

In the course of a review of "Gray Mist," a novel of Brittany, in the North American Review of February 15, "Ex Attache," described as a man formerly in the diplomatic service and thoroughly versed in European politics, draws a beautiful and convincing portrait of the French cure as he is found in the hamlets and provincial towns of Brittany.

Not many years ago, at least not so many as to be beyond the reach of some now living, a very extraordinary event came to pass in a small town of Ireland. As to whether or not the occurrence may be strictly called miraculous, the reader will be the arbiter.

Not for miles and miles, and from the first minute when the scourge appeared, the Cure "took hold"—as the sailors say—and governed the sick and the well alike, as no other could have done—almost with a rod of iron.

What they will do without him now it is difficult to say. Yet without stipend from the State, or from his parish, without even church or rectory, how can he remain, unless financial assistance comes from devout Catholics

To sympathize with suffering, one must have suffered; but to compassionately pity the sinner, one must be pure—Perreyre.

in other and less impoverished parts of France? Not only will the people suffer cruelly from the loss of the one mentor and friend to whom alone they accord their whole trust, and from whom they have derived so much moral and material support; but the government also will be subjected to no end of difficulty through the disappearance of their most useful agents for the maintenance of order.

VATICAN MISREPRESENTED.

DOCUMENTS OF PAPAL NUNCIATURE PUBLISHED IN GARBLED FORM.

The Osservatore Romano publishes the following note from the Vatican: "In regard to the alleged revelations in the Paris Messidor on the subject of the documents taken from Mgr. Montagnini (the secretary of the Papal Nunciature, who was expelled from France), it can be stated that the latter have been misrepresented and need to be corrected."

Paris.—The facts revealed in the correspondence seized at the Papal Nunciature here, after the expulsion of Mgr. Montagnini, Secretary of the Nunciature, and published in the bulletin of the return to documents at Messidor, only pertain to the Abbe Joinet. Further publications are expected shortly.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH CATHOLIC INTEREST. I want to say that our Catholic laity should at all times keep in touch with Catholic interests, which in the domain of faith and morals should be for them interests of paramount importance.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SUPER-NATURAL.

Not many years ago, at least not so many as to be beyond the reach of some now living, a very extraordinary event came to pass in a small town of Ireland. As to whether or not the occurrence may be strictly called miraculous, the reader will be the arbiter.

One of the priests of the town, a young man, had such a reputation for sanctity that he was commonly called "the holy priest," as he never was seen passing from church or school or cottage of the sick without his breviary in hand. On one occasion, and the last, he was on his way to visit the ill or dying when he suddenly stopped in great distress, and blood began to flow from his mouth.

THE GOVERNMENT WILL SUFFER. "What they will do without him now it is difficult to say. Yet without stipend from the State, or from his parish, without even church or rectory, how can he remain, unless financial assistance comes from devout Catholics

Everyone knows how beneficial fruit is, when eaten regularly. Fruit is nature's laxative—the finest kidney regulator—and the ideal skin tonic. Unfortunately, the medicinal principle of fruit occurs only in minute quantities. In order to consume enough fruit to relieve biliousness, one would also consume a large amount of woody fibre or pulp, which would upset the stomach and impair digestion.

These are "Fruit-a-tives" the wonderful Liver Tablets you hear so much about. "Fruit-a-tives" cure the most obstinate cases of non-action of the bowels, biliousness, headache, sleeplessness, nervousness, and neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica and neuritis. They are the greatest blood purifying medicine in the world, while their action on the skin, in clearing and beautifying the complexion, is nothing short of marvelous.

others to pray for me. At this time I noticed that he carried a missal on his arm, and, having regained some little courage, I asked him why he did so. "My greatest solace in Purgatory," said he, "is due to the care I took over the daily Mass. Then," said I, "how do I know now but that this is all a dream?" "By God's permission I will give you a proof." He touched my arm and vanished. I shrieked with agony, and my servants rushed to my room on hearing the sound. I rose, lit my lamp to examine the arm, and a strange mark was apparent. I went back to bed, but not to sleep. I still thought to account for the vision by fancying that the broad daylight would show the wound to be something common.

Let a stronger and safer authority than ourselves supply the answer. Listen again to the words of His Grace: "It is too much to expect that a press purely secular would in all instances give us the Catholic point of view, even though we Catholics are quite convinced that we have justice on our side. To do this a Catholic press is necessary."

Not a "Good Protestant." As a proof that M. Briand never said anything about hunting Christ out of France, a Canadian Protestant paper recently asserted that the French Minister is a "good Protestant and hence could not make use of such words."

What Catholic does not recognize without reflection the wisdom of this suggestion? Who does not see that failure in this grave duty begets in difference from which emanate almost all the evils which Church and people are called upon to combat? To this cause in large measure may be attributed the present troubles of the Church in France. And it is the same cause which threatens the stability of the Church in our own country.

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THE MEDICINAL VALUE OF FRESH FRUIT JUICES

One of the Greatest Wonders of the Age. Hundreds Have Been Made Well by Taking Advantage of an Ottawa Physician's Discovery.

Everyone knows how beneficial fruit is, when eaten regularly. Fruit is nature's laxative—the finest kidney regulator—and the ideal skin tonic. Unfortunately, the medicinal principle of fruit occurs only in minute quantities. In order to consume enough fruit to relieve biliousness, one would also consume a large amount of woody fibre or pulp, which would upset the stomach and impair digestion.

An Ottawa physician discovered a way to get around these difficulties. He pressed the juice from apples, oranges, figs and prunes—and then forced one more atom of the bitter principle from the discarded orange peels. This formed a new compound, having all the curative effects of fresh fruit—and

in a highly intensified degree. These valuable tonics and internal antiseptics were added and the whole pressed into tablets.

These are "Fruit-a-tives" the wonderful Liver Tablets you hear so much about. "Fruit-a-tives" cure the most obstinate cases of non-action of the bowels, biliousness, headache, sleeplessness, nervousness, and neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica and neuritis. They are the greatest blood purifying medicine in the world, while their action on the skin, in clearing and beautifying the complexion, is nothing short of marvelous.

By keeping in touch, therefore, with Catholic interests, the Catholic laity will keep itself free from the contamination of the "insidious sophistries of the times. But how shall the laity, beset with the cares of life, recognize in the conflict what are the Catholic interests? Whether shall they turn with safety for light and guidance?

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SHEET STEEL BRICK METALLIC ROOFING CO. TORONTO, CANADA.

The Church Decorators TORONTO. OUR DESIGNS have just been accepted for the elaborate decorations of "The Church of Our Lady," Guelph.—the largest contract of the kind ever awarded in Canada. Recently completed works: St. Mary's, St. Francis and St. Joseph's Churches, Toronto, and St. Patrick's, Galt.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Meeting People Who Can Help You. Young men often shrink from meeting people of prominence...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Our Guardian Angels. "I wish all Catholics thought more of their guardian angels," said the Rev. Father Langlois...

CURES FOR UNREST OF MASSES.

In a sermon preached by Coadjutor Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, at the dedication of St. Patrick's Church...

A Good Answer.

The following bit of dialogue is recorded in a letter from an Indo-China missionary to our always interesting contemporary, the Lyons Missions Catholiques...



CHILD can clean house with "SURPRISE" Soap. It loosens up the smoke and dirt and fly-specks on woodwork and paint...

THE HERD BOY'S RICHES.

German literature contains many beautiful pieces. Here is one: In a flowery dell, a herd-boy kept his sheep...

LET US NOT FORGET.

As Catholics we should remember that in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass we have not only a repetition of Christ's Passion while on earth...

WASHING Without RUBBING.

Here's a machine that washes clothes without rubbing—and all it takes is a few minutes. The New Century Washing Machine...

THE WANDERING TRAMP WHO STEALS A NIGHT'S LODGING IN YOUR STRAW STACK.

The wandering tramp who steals a night's lodging in your straw stack may prove a very costly visitor if he should forget to put out the match after lighting his pipe...

PROFESSIONAL.

HELLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLE. Barristers. Over Bank of Commerce, London, Ont.

WINNIPEG LEGAL CARDS.

DR. STEVENSON, 381 DUNDAS STREET, W. London, Specialty—Surgery and X-Ray Work. Phone 611.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

The true gentleman... is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearsome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be content with the ordinary.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE.

In all parts of the Dominion have testified to the efficacy of Vite-Ore in relieving and curing Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Affections, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anemia, Sores, Ulcers, and worn out conditions.

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AUGUSTIN BIRRELL ON CONVERSION TO ROME.

Antigonish, Canada. We have already quoted from The Via Media, one of the essays in the first series of "Obiter Dicta," but there are some other passages of the same essay which we should like to lay before our readers.

"It was common talk at one time to express astonishment at the extending influence of the Church of Rome and to wonder how people went about unaccompanied by keepers could submit their reason to the Papacy, with her open rupture with science and her evil historical reputation. From astonishment to contempt is but a step. We first open wide our eyes and then our mouths. It used to be thought a sufficient explanation to say either that the man was an ass or that it was all those Ritualists. But gradually it became apparent that the convert was not always an ass, and that the Ritualists had nothing whatever to do with it.

"It is when a person of religious spirit and strong convictions as to the truth and importance of certain dogmas—few in number it may be; perhaps only one, the Being of God—first becomes fully alive to the tendency and direction of the most active opinions of the day; when, his alarm quickening his insight, he reads as it were between the lines of books, magazines, and newspapers; when, struck with a sudden trepidation, he asks, 'Where is this to stop? how can I, to the extent of a poor ability, help to stem the tide of opinion which daily increases its volume and floods new territory?' then it is that the Church of Rome stretches out her arms and seems to say, 'Quarrel not with your destiny, which is to become a Catholic. You may see difficulties and you may have doubts. They abound everywhere. You will never get rid of them. But I, and I alone, have never submitted my creed to be overhauled by infidels. Join me, acknowledge my authority, and you need dread no side attack and fear no charge of inconsistency. Succeed finally I must, but even were I to fail, yours would be the satisfaction of knowing that you had never held an opinion, used an argument, or said a word, that could fairly have served the purpose of your triumphant enemy.'

"At such a crisis as this in a man's life, he does not ask himself, 'How little can I believe? With how few miracles can I get off?'—he demands sound armour, sharp weapons, and, above all, firm ground to stand on—a good footing for his faith—and these he is apt to fancy he can get from Rome alone.

"No doubt he has to pay for them, but the charm of the Church of Rome is this: when you have paid her price you get your goods—a neat assortment of coherent, interdependent, logical opinions.

"Mr. Matthew Arnold's friends, the Nonconformists, are, as a rule, nowadays, bad logicians. What Dr. Newman has said of the Ritualists is with a verbal alteration) also true of a great many Nonconformists. More-over, there are those among them who have very little grasp of principle, even from the natural temper of their minds. They see this thing is beautiful, and that is in the Fathers, and a third is expedient, and a fourth pious; but of their connection one with another, their hidden essence and their life, and the bearing of external matters upon each and upon all, they have no perception or even suspicion. They do not look at things as part of a whole, and often will sacrifice the most important and precious portions of their creed, or make irremediable concessions in word or in deed, for mere simplicity and want of apprehension."

"We have heard of grown up Baptists asked to become, and actually becoming, godfathers and godmothers to Episcopalian babies! What terrible confusion is here! A point is thought to be of sufficient importance to justify separation on account of it from the whole Christian Church, and yet not to be of importance enough to debar the separatist from taking part in a ceremony whose sole significance is that it gives the lie direct to the point of separation.

"But we, all of us—Churchmen and Dissenters alike—set out our opinions far too much in the same fashion as ladies are reported, I dare say quite falsely, to do their afternoon's shopping—this thing because it is so pretty, and this thing because it is so cheap. We pick and choose, take and leave, appropriate and reproduce in a breath. A familiar anecdote is never out of place: An English captain anxious to conciliate a savage king, sent him on shore, for his own royal wear, an entire dress suit. His majesty was graciously pleased to accept the gift, and as it never occurred to the royal mind that he could, by any possibility, wear all the things himself, with kingly generosity he distributed what he did not want amongst his Court. This done, he sent for the donor, to thank him in person. As the captain walked up the beach, his majesty advanced to meet him, looking every inch a king in the sober dignity of a dress-coat. The waistcoat imparted an air of pensiveness melancholy that mightily became the Prime Minister, whilst the Lord Chamberlain, as he shipped to and fro in his white gloves, looked a courtier indeed. The trousers indeed had become the subject of an unfortunate dispute, in the course of which they had sustained such injuries as to be hardly recognizable. The captain was convulsed with laughter.

"But, in truth, the mental toilet of most of us is as defective and almost as risible as was that of his savage Court. We take on our opinions without paying heed to conclusions, and the result is absurd. Better be without any opinions at all. A naked savage is not necessarily an undignified object; but a savage in a dress-coat and nothing else is, and must ever remain,

a mockery and a show. There is great elasticity about a dress-suit. In the language of the logicians, the name of each article not only denotes that particular, but connotes all the rest. Hence it came about that that which, when worn in its entirety, is so dull and decorous, become so provocative of Homerio laughter when distributed amongst several wearers.

"No person with the least tincture of taste can ever weary of Dr. Newman, and no apology is therefore offered for another quotation from his pages. In his story, 'Loss and Gain,' he makes one of his characters, who has just become a Catholic, thus refer to the stock Anglican Divines, a class of writers who are, at all events, immeasurably superior to the Ellicotts, and Farrars of these latter days: 'I am embracing that creed which upholds the divinity of tradition and Land, consent of Fathers with Beveridge, a visible Church with Bramhall, dogma with Bull, the authority of the Pope with Thornydyke, penance with Taylor, prayers for the dead with Usher, colubacy, asceticism, ecclesiastical discipline with Bingham.' What is this to say but that, according to the Cardinal, our great English divines have divided the Roman dress-suit amongst themselves?"

CENTENARY OF LONGFELLOW. CATHOLIC TONE OF THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND POET'S WRITINGS DID MUCH TO OVERCOME PREJUDICE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

This week the centenary of the birth of the poet Longfellow was celebrated all over the United States. The celebration was especially notable in Portland, Maine, where the poet was born, Feb. 27, 1807 and Cambridge, Mass., where he lived while he was professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, and where he passed away.

Many acclaim Longfellow as the greatest of American poets, says a writer in The Pilot. Still others set James Russell Lowell above him. It would be an ungracious task to enter into the discussion. It is honor enough for any man to be the best beloved of his country's poets and of this title none can dispossess Longfellow.

Our purpose here is rather to speak of the Catholic spirit which animates so much of his poetry, and which had its share in dissipating anti-Catholic prejudice so strong in America at the outset of his career. Longfellow was of united Pilgrim and Puritan stock; and a graduate of Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Me. His emancipation from the prejudices of heredity and environment began with his two years abroad in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany—1826-28—while he was qualifying for the chair of Foreign Languages and Literature in his Alma Mater; and was completed in successive tours of Europe, after he had attained the higher place in Harvard University, and in his studies of medieval literature.

It would be hard to exaggerate the ignorance and bigotry prevailing in the United States, but especially in New England, in regard to the Church, in the '40's, '50's, of the last century. But the people were earnest. They had not as many books as they have now; but they read more earnestly. They even read poetry; and a new volume from Longfellow was an event of public interest. Few went abroad then, whence many go to-day. Many were lettered, to a certain extent, but few were cultured. If a broad, liberal culture bring not a man into the Church, at least it emancipates him from false and vulgar notions about her. He cannot be a great literary scholar without seeing her beauty, and to see it is to love it. Consequently, Longfellow found many of his most congenial themes in Catholic history and legend, and because he was their own and their beloved, his compatriots listened and thought it over, and, insensibly, became most just to the Church, which was still small and poor but destined to a great development among them.

Note the kindness with which they took to "Evangeline"—whose undiminished popularity after sixty years is a sore trial to British Protestants in the maritime provinces of Canada. Yet "Evangeline" is the story of the pure and peaceful lives of the peasants of Acadia, of the noble and self-guardianship of his little flock, of the ideal of Christian womanhood, nourished by the Sacraments and intent on good works Evangeline is always lovely.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—Shone on her face and enlured her form, when, after confession, Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her. When she had finished, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

This to men and women who had been taught to believe that confession was an invention of anti-christ! "Kavanaugh," a prose story, hit at the political as well as the religious prejudices of old New England; for it took its name from the first Catholic governor—and the last, thus far, since he was, in a manner, an accident—of the State of Maine, who was not only a Catholic, but of Irish blood. The Kavanaugh School in the Cathedral parish, Portland, is named for him.

We are not surprised that like the English Wordsworth, his poetic soul was enraptured with the vision of the Blessed among women. Perhaps nothing that he has written is more familiar to Catholics than Prince Henry's soliloquy on entering Italy:

"This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land, Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer, with the exquisitely expressed and perfectly accurate appreciation of the place of the Virgin Mother in the Church.

It is more striking to note his grasp of the ascetic and mystical element in the life of the Church as in the story of the Sultan's converted daughter; and her religious vocation, as told by the Abbess to Elsie. The former was in youth the beloved of the Minnesinger, Walter Von Vogel-

weld. How her father thwarted the dream of innocent love, and how she fled to the cloister rather than marry another, is tenderly told. Then

This happened many years ago. I left my father's home to come like K. sithrine to her marriage. For blindly I entered it so. And when I heard the convent door behind me close, to open no more, I felt it smite me like a blow. Through all my limbs a shudder ran. And on my bruised spirit fell The dampness of the earth. As night-sir on a wounded man, Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began, I felt the agony decrease, By slow degrees, then wholly cease, Kidding in perfect rest and peace! It was an apathy, not dulness. That weighed and pressed upon my brain, But the same passion I had given To earth before, returned to Heaven With all its overflowing fervor.

How should a non-Catholic understand these things, or write of the House of God and the Mass as Longfellow writes in the introduction to his translation of the Divina Commedia?

Longfellow's poems of home and the affections are tender and pure; and have an enduring place in our literature. "The Building of the Ship," with its magnificent closing invocation, "The Church," Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" among the greatest of American poems of patriotism. He has left an enduring memorial to the American Indian—and incidentally to the Catholic missionary—in "Hiawatha."

Honor and love were the portion of the poet's declining days; and gratitude, too, from his Catholic compatriots, who look on his work as a great factor in the reconstruction of the non-Catholic American mind in regard to the Catholic Church. Sometimes the question arises, how could he seem to see the light so clearly and not follow it all the way? It is among the mysteries kept for the long leisure of the Life Beyond.

DR. TORREY AND THE BIBLE.

At one of his Convention Hall meetings Dr. Torrey, revisited, let himself loose on the bible. Among other things he said, referring to the scriptures: "The devils hates the book! During the Dark Ages he got it out of the hands of the common people and the hierarchy of the Catholic Church interpreted it for them."

The Convention Hall apostle evidently has occupied his time so constantly with study of the scriptures that he has entirely overlooked history. He, no doubt, imagines that during the so-called Dark Ages the original Methodist Book Concern was turning out bibles by the ton and the mammoth presses of the yellow journals were grinding out their sensational grist by the carload. However, when this learned theologian addresses an audience of even medium intelligence he should bear in mind that there are those present who know that printing was not invented until the fifteenth century; they know, too, that had it not been for the devotion of the "lazy monks," adepts at the pen, the bible would, possibly, have been lost to posterity. It was only after the bible came to be generally circulated that the devil got hold of it. Then satan said, "Those doctors who have made a life study of the word of God are fakers; they know nothing of the meaning of the book. Interpret it for yourselves; you know as much as they."

Whereupon at the behest of his satanic majesty, every man who felt like it put his own understanding on this passage or on that, and the word of God was torn and mutilated, words were changed, portions expunged. Sectarianism began to appear, and since the days of Martin Luther, has gone on. The Protestant plan of individual interpretation gives to any one the privilege of announcing to the world, "I am the only one who knows; all others are wrong."

In proof of this we have a statement made by the evangelist himself at this particular meeting. He said: "A Catholic woman who attended my church in Chicago came and wanted to join my church. 'But I want you to hear my confession,' said she. No, I told her, I could not do that; she must go right straight to headquarters. She must go to Jesus."

Supposing a Catholic woman had said to Torrey, "I want you to hear my confession," which is not in the least probable, if he considers himself an apostle, did he not hear it? By what authority has he removed from the bible the impressive words of that same Jesus to whom he urged the woman to go? Is it not recorded in the Protestant version that Christ said to His apostles, "As the Father has sent Me, I also send you. . . . Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained?" Did not he wish to convey a meaning not to be found in the words? Perchance Dr. Torrey reads it that when the last of the original apostles should be called to his reward he was to carry our Saviour's words with him to heaven, and thereafter they should be as "sounding brass."

While our divine Lord intended that there should be but one shepherd and one sheepfold, the devil, always in conflict, has filled the hearts of men with self-consciousness and they have gone on and established human religions—hundreds of them—not one of which will stand the test of apostolicity, Catholicity or perpetuity.

But did our Saviour intend the bible to be the "common man's book," as Dr. Torrey claims? Is it all there is to religion? Is every man to be his own interpreter? We are not given so to understand by the book itself. Our blessed Lord once did tell the people to search the scriptures. So the Catholic Church has ever urged the faithful to search the scriptures. They have done so, and there is no true Catholic who does not know quite as much about this "common man's book" as does the gentleman who intimates that Christ's Church in early days did the work of the devil.

RELEASED "IS GOOD TEA" The more particular you are, The better you will like it. The fine quality of Red Rose is most appreciated by those who are the most particular. Notice the clear, amber color in the cup and the delightful fragrance when poured from the teapot. Will you try a package to-day? Ask your grocer to send you one!

Private interpretation, as taught by Dr. Torrey, has brought about a condition which is aptly described by Cardinal Gibbons: "One body of Christians will prove from the bible that there is but one person in God, while the rest will prove from the same source that a trinity of persons is a clear article of divine revelation. One will prove from the holy book that Jesus Christ is not God. Others will appeal to the same text to at His divinity. One denomination will assert on the authority of the scripture that infant baptism is not necessary to salvation, while others will hold that it is. Some Christians, with bible in hand, will teach to do there are no sacraments. Others will say there are but two. Some will declare that the inspired word does not teach the eternity of punishment. Others will say that the bible distinctly indicates the dogma."

No, no, Dr. Torrey, the bible is not clear as a rule of faith. Everyone should read it, we admit, but when doubt appears, the reader should go to the priest, as the litigant goes to the lawyer or the sick man seeks the doctor, and have the rough places made smooth; go, as the people were urged to do under the old law, "to the priests of the Levitical law. . . . and do whatsoever they shall say."—Catholic Union and Times.

THE POPE PLAYED DOCTOR.

LEO XIII. SOMETIMES TURNED TABLES ON LAPPONI.

Among the many stories told of Dr. Laponi, who, until his death a few weeks ago, was chief physician to the Pope, Leo XIII. turned the tables on him. Laponi was a strict disciplinarian in medical matters, and Leo was a difficult patient. He often complained of the restraints Laponi placed on him and sometimes insisted on having his own way, says an exchange.

One day when the Pope was suffering from a very severe cold, he insisted on holding a prolonged and important reception, despite Laponi's protests. When it became plain that the Pope's determination could not be shaken, the doctor as a last resort, handed him a little box with several tablets in it, imploring him to take one whenever the symptoms of the cold became distressing. The doctor further took up a position in the audience chamber, half hidden behind a tapestry, where he could watch his patient closely and jump to his support if he should show any signs of collapse.

As the audience preceded the Pope forgot all about the box of tablets—at least Laponi failed to see him take any of them. Presently Laponi thought the Pope was becoming hoarse, and he coughed rather loudly so as to attract the Pope's attention, and when he caught his eye made a gesture suggestive of taking a tablet from the box and swallowing it.

The Pope instantly turned to one of his secretaries standing near by. "Call the doctor to me," said he. Laponi sprang to his side. "Doctor," said the Pope, "I notice you have a very severe cough. I am greatly grieved at it. But I have here some tablets—and he produced the box from the fold in his robes—"which I am told are splendid for a cold. Let me prescribe one for you. You will do me the pleasure of taking it at once."

What could Laponi do but take his medicine. The whole gathering, however, understood the situation, and for once a papal audience was interrupted by a burst of laughter.

A POPULAR APPOINTMENT.

Many and sincere are the congratulations extended during the past week to Mr. R. D. Gunn, K. C., on his appointment to the judicial bench, not only from his immediate neighborhood, but from all over the province. The wires here have been busy conveying the "best wishes" from men prominent in Church, State and Bar. Mr. Gunn was born in the town of Barrie in 1863, received his education at private schools and the College Institute there, and is also a graduate of the Law School, Toronto. He commenced the study of law under Mr. H. Sturtevant, K. C., and later was articled to the late Justice Lunn. He was called to the Bar in 1889, and in partnership with Mr. John McCosh, commenced practice in Orillia. The partnership dissolved after four years. In his professional capacity he has been connected with all the important cases of litigation in the district. In accepting the present promotion, he sacrifices an immense practice, extending through all the northern counties. He was created "King's Counsel" by the late Sir Oliver Mowat, in 1894. Mr. Gunn is prominent in social circles, taking an active interest in the Knights of Columbus, the C. M. B. A., C. O. F., and Sons of Scotland. Mr. Gunn has always been a consistent Liberal and for years has done work in the ward bearer in the late Dominion election, and though, like his predecessors, unsuccess-ful, the contest served to still further emphasize those qualities which have gained for the subject of this sketch the respect and confidence of the electorate, irrespective of creed or politics. Judge Gunn is a direct descendant of the "Clan Ranald McDonald," hence the name should be a family name for the many famous sons it has given to the Church, State and army. The illustrious statesman, the Right Rev. archbishop McDonald of historic fame, was a grand uncle, as also the famous Captain Miles, Governor of Solikiri, a great grand father. Another grand uncle directly connected with Canadian history was Attorney-General A. J. McDonald, aide-de-camp to Sir

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DIED. MOONEY—At Alameda, Sask., on Feb. 7th, 1907, of tuberculosis, John F. Mooney, aged twenty-four, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mooney, Greenvale, Kinz Co., P. E. I. R. I.

MURRAY—In Weston, Ont., on March 17th, Mrs. Marjorie Murray only daughter of Mrs. John Whelan, aged forty-two years. May her soul rest in peace. Interment at St. Joseph's Cemetery, Weston, Ont., on March 19th, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Joseph Napoleon Melhargy, a native of Clarendon, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

Graduation Exercises. Graduation exercises were held at St. Joseph's hospital, Chatham, Ont., on Tuesday, March 19th, on which occasion diplomas and medals were conferred by Miss Lillie E. Burns, Amherstburg, Ont., and Miss Florence F. Darling, Chatham.

The lecture room was decorated in yellow and white the colors of the school, and a profusion of flowers. An interesting programme of vocal and instrumental music was rendered. Rev. Father James, O. S. F., who presided as chairman, and Dr. Charrier, R. V. Bisy as organist, gave suitable addresses. The graduates were the recipients of many choice bouquets from their numerous friends.

NEW BOOKS. "Essentials and Non-Essentials of the Catholic Religion," by Rev. H. G. Hughes. The Ave. M. Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. Price 75 cents.

"Homes, Healthful and Beautiful." Under the able caption, the Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ontario, have put out, probably one of the best home books on home decoration ever issued in Canada. While designed primarily as a catalogue, the book is handsomely illustrated with numerous cuts of the interiors of rooms in colors, and as well as containing complete information on wall decorations, is filled with many valuable suggestions both pictorial and otherwise on tasteful decorating. It is a book which needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

"Homes Healthful and Beautiful," is gotten on in the form of an edition de luxe, and is too expensive a book to distribute promiscuously to every one who might write for it. It is a book which is well worth the price of the book, and is intended to discourage those who would write for it merely to gratify an idle whim.

The decorative work in this book is well worth reading, copy will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

THE DECORATION OF OUR CHURCHES

This is a topic on which a great deal of interesting and instructive matter might be written. The time is surely ripe in Canada for some one of experience to advise a few guiding principles to prevent, if possible, the spoiling of so many churches at the hands of the so-called decorator.

The Church should be most beautiful. The sanctuary should be a place of special attractiveness. The side altars scarcely less beautiful, and the body of the church should be painted and decorated with an intelligent appreciation of the effect as a whole. We have all had cause to deplore the inappropriate coloring of many church interiors with their ornamentation devoid of ecclesiastical feeling. Correct work of the kind is not necessarily costly, but however plain it requires special skill. The true designer will consider most fully the architectural surroundings. His color scheme and ornamentation will be in harmony with the proportions of the structure and the quantity of light therein, and, above all, the work should have a true Catholic inspiration.

Too often do we find the very opposite to all this, hence the good fortune in having in our midst a firm in every way capable of carrying out intelligently the decoration of church interiors. It is known as "The Church Decorators, Toronto." The work executed by this company during the past year speaks volumes for their ability in this special line. They do nothing but church work, and making it their business to study, are in a position superior to any others in Canada to carry out churches in any part of the country, whether they be simple parish churches or costly cathedrals. Their designs have been accepted for the elaborate decorations for the Church of Our Lady, Clush, the largest contract of the kind ever awarded in Canada.

During recent months they have decorated St. Mary's Church, Toronto; St. Francis, Toronto; St. Joseph's, Toronto, and St. Patrick's, Galt, and it is with every assurance that we can speak of them as a firm to be depended on for enduring and beautiful work. Their office is 86 Wellington St. West, Toronto.



Catholic Order of Foresters Ald. Chas. S. O. Boudreault, Chief Ranger of St. Jean Baptiste Court, Ottawa, and Benjamin J. Asselin, Recording Secretary of St. Basil's Court, Brantford, have been appointed Organizers for the Ontario Jurisdiction, and are at work at present, in the interest of Catholic Forestry. If Recording Secretaries in the Province think they deserve the attention of a Provincial Court Organizer, their wishes will be considered, when application is made to the Provincial Secretary or to the Provincial Chief Ranger. V. WEBB, DR. B. G. CONNOLLY, Prov. Sec., OTTAWA. RENFREW, ONT.

Just Out The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance. By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid

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VOLUME The Cat LONDON, SATU OPINION OF We wonder w bell's brand of hostility of the We fail to see gentleman sho lego of free thou to private ju the principle the helps to proteo sect. Mr. Cam religious ansa ignored. If sec Gould, are not why should th Without any power religioo dividal opini opinion may r eyes of his a opinion) is val the claims of p one thing to s a wayward fa statements ar Campbell give a new trail to conventicles ar come between How can the there be no li with full aut definitive sent Mr. London, p Prof. Peck, p said: "That in th divinity devot bling away the faith, and whe of agnosticism anvils, there is the contemptl Church that d to age; that rook of its con to the waveri the serene a authority."