

The Catholic Record.

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

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London, Saturday, December 8, 1900.

TRUE TO DUTY.

Hats off to Chaplain O'Leary! Men of all denominations have not been slow to express their pride at his valiant and unselfish work during the South African war. One wonders that the Father, who is not in the bloom of youth, has stood the campaign so well. With his regiment on the march and in the firing line, sharing their fatigues and perhaps emergency rations, he has given evidence of sterling pluck, and, what is better, the devotion of a true ambassador of Christ. It may not be a small consolation to know that his services are, even in an age that is not prone to remember, not forgotten, and the faithful accomplishment of the onerous duties of chaplain rank with the very best deeds that have made history within the last few months.

We are glad his friends—and they are legion—are subscribing a competence, and hope he may be long spared to enjoy the ease and retirement he has earned.

WANTED: FAIR PLAY.

The Catholic priests who are engaged in the work of missions to Protestants continue to give encouraging reports of their success. One thing they have to contend against is not so much the antipathy as the colossal ignorance of the most elementary ideas of Catholic doctrine. We have not a word to say to the poor people who are, in their progress to the Church of Christ, hindered by the bogies of an antiquated prejudice. That they wish for truth we believe: and we are convinced that the kindly light will guide them yet over the ferns and morasses of doubt and error, into the haven which has given peace and rest to so many of their forbears. What we do not understand is why the preachers leave their flocks in such ignorance. Perhaps they do not know better, but that, in an age of cheap books and penny catechisms, can scarcely be alleged as an excuse. Our friends who preside over the destinies of the various vapory forms of Protestantism should realize that the intelligence of the age demands that, when touching, in their leisure moments from political disquisitions, upon Catholicity, they should equip themselves with some knowledge of its tenets. All we want is fair play.

SOME PEOPLE WE HAVE MET

Many good people say that Catholic papers are bigoted. If they were editors they would turn out copy brimming o'er with good will and charity. It might be colorless—wishy-washy—of the impressionist school, but it would be perfectly conformable to all the rules of good breeding. For our part, however, we admire the stamp of Catholic that is afraid to resent a calumny, and that is not afraid of standing up for the faith, even though it may shock the feelings of those who believe, no matter the cost, in concord.

We have lived long enough to observe that the staunch Catholic is—for all the world loves a brave man—respected by his separated brethren. The flabby, out-of-elbows Catholic may be quite a correct figure in a drawing room or at a tea party, where he excels in the art of talking nothing to the specimens of the female sex who read everything and know nothing and talk scandal, but in practical life he is—and deservedly so—rated as a nonentity, or as one upon whom no dependence can be placed. It happens at times that these individuals, finding themselves without the wherewithal to have their trousers creased, pose as Catholics out of a job. But none wants to employ them because they cannot be trusted. The man, who barbers his faith on the mart of cowardly silence cannot reasonably be expected to be true to his employer. And then the walk-in rings with their clamor that Catholicity is a bar to their advancement.

We have heard it before this, and we believe it is the cry of the unskilled, of the amateur politicians or social dawdlers and of those who endeavor to place upon other shoulders the burden of their own avoidable burdens.

Outside of these who are up to their necks in the tomfoolery of Masonry we believe that the majority of employers are in business, not for sentiment or philanthropy, but for money. Hence the men whom they welcome into their employ are those deemed capable of advancing their interests, of taking an interest in their business, and who have proved themselves trustworthy members of the community. It goes without saying there is at least a possible doubt as to a hickory Catholic possessing these requirements. He may have, but the wide awake business man will prefer an honest and rugged Catholic to the one who shuffles through life with a "don't wake the baby" air and with the accommodating disposition to be a door-mat whenever occasion requires it.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK.

It is wonderful that Protestants cannot rarely come together without maligning Catholicity. Perhaps it is because their attenuated creed leaves them little to talk about, or because their ignorant bigotry blinds them to all social amenities. One should expect that a concave of American Methodists, assembled presumably for the discussion of things most likely to forward or to retard the advancement of their peculiar views, should be characterized by dignity and moderation of speech, or have at least a due regard for the truth. But the American Methodist Bishops, we are sorry to say, have degraded a representative assembly to the level of a ward caucus, and have given vent to the most pitifully foolish talk we have ever seen in a public print. The various speakers rang the changes upon the old calumnies that have long since been banished from decent polemical literature. We do not, however, imagine they believe them. If they do, they must be living in an intellectual wilderness, or gifted with a marvellous gullibility.

And these same individuals, crying out on the house-tops for liberty of thought, are shackled by the fetters of prejudice and unfair hostility that prevent them from learning at least what are the doctrines of Catholicity. At a time when the principles of the Reformation are indeed being pushed to their uttermost limit, and are, according to their own admission of a few months ago, sweeping those of their own communion into the vortex of infidelity, it is passing strange that the preachers should neglect the affairs of their own household and devote their attention to those of which they are ignorant. Perchance they were seduced from the path of rectitude by the siren of Notoriety that has captivated so many of our ministerial brethren. But, whatever the cause, we deplore that the Methodist Bishops have seen fit to give utterance to statements that stamp them either as prevaricators or as gentlemen whose manifold duties debar them from study and investigation.

The first speaker who made "Rome howl" was a prelate with the significant name of Goodsell. His address, as reported in the columns of the Free Press, of London, is a weird and wonderful affair, abounding in allusions to superstition and priestcraft, and in declarations that Methodists—the Saints defend us—are going to wipe out the Papal system. The next speaker, a Dr. Dress, was even more amusing. In addition to a luxuriant imagination he has a grasp of logic that speaks volumes for his philosophic training.

What tribute, indeed, can be paid to the acumen of the divine who attributes the Franco-Prussian war to the definition of Papal Infallibility, because the one came after the other? In anti-Catholic meetings everything is allowable and the orators desire no better reward than the plaudits of the ignorant. And it is all the more inexplicable when we remember that Methodism, despite its early work amongst the poor and for temperance, has, in the judgment of the scholarly Bishop Spalding, contributed more than that of any other sects to undermine faith in Protestantism and to produce the widespread and almost universal religious indifference and doubt which at present prevail in the United States. Its teachings and methods have impressed the masses

with the idea that Christianity is an experience, and not a dogmatic system of faith; that it is what the individual feels it to be, and not what its history proves it to be; and, consequently, that the final test of religious truth is to be found in the moods and sensations of the soul. Thus it seeks to rest Christ's historic religion upon the fervid imagination, and the results are necessarily disastrous.

The same Dr. Dress indulged also in nonsense about the alliance of statecraft and priestcraft against human liberty and human progress.

The expressions that fall from the lips of anti-Catholic orators has as much meaning as the "free thought" and honest enquiry of the infidel.

We might, were not the theme too common-place, point out how the Church at every stage of the world's history has proved herself to be the firm and consistent friend of all that could enable man and promote his welfare. But it would have little effect upon our friends. "The mind of a bigot," says Wendell Holmes, "is like the pupil of the eye: the more light you pour on it, the more it contracts."

If there is any progress in the world to-day, that is, the progress that is not based on the trophies of commerce or on armies, but on the virtue of men and women—on obedience to law—on the purity of the family—it is due to the Catholic Church. Even those who owe us no allegiance have asserted time and again that Catholicity is the only safeguard against the immorality and infidelity that seek to sap our national foundations.

One word more and we have done. Our Methodist friends are, in their crusade against Rome, very fond of claiming kinship and friendship with the other sects. The following quotation, taken from the works of Rev. Sidney Smith, who wrote at a time when Methodism had immeasurably more influence than it has at present, may convince them that the claim is not highly appreciated: "In routing out a nest of consecrated cobblers and in bringing to light such a heap of trash as we were obliged to work through in our articles upon the Methodists, we are generally conceded a service to the cause of rational religion. Give us back our wolves again, restore our Danish invaders, curse us with any evil but the evil of a cunning, deceiver Methodistical populace. Whenever Methodism extends, boldness and rough honesty are broken down into meanness, prevarication and fraud."

We do not quote that angry invective with approval. We append it merely as a deterrent to the enthusiastic admiration of our friends for the other sects.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

Pope Leo Urges the Necessity of a Christian Revival.

In his Encyclical Letter on "Jesus Christ the Redeemer" briefly announced in a recent issue the Holy Father says that although it is not possible to look to the future without anxiety, and the dangers to be feared are neither light nor few, the sources of evil, private and public; being so many and so inveterate; still, through God's goodness, the end of the century seems to afford some ground for hope and comfort. Despite all the attractions of the world and so many obstacles to piety, at a single sign from the Roman Pontiff a great multitude of pilgrims thronged *ad limina sanctorum Apostolorum*. Who could fail to be moved by this spectacle of extraordinary devotion towards the Saviour? This fervor of so many thousands of men joining with one mind one heart from the rising to the setting of the sun in acclaiming and exalting the name and the glories of Jesus Christ would readily be deemed worthy of the noblest days of Christianity. Would that those flames of the old Catholic piety which had, as it were, been bursting forth developed into a great fire, and that the excellent example set by many pilgrims might move the rest of the world. For, what was so necessary to this age as the restoration to States, far and wide, of the Christian spirit and the ancient virtues? The misfortune was that others—and they were numerous—closed their ears and did not listen to the admonitions which arose from this renewal of the religious spirit. If they had known that nothing could be more wretched than to have left the Redeemer of the world and abandoned Christian customs and teachings, surely they too would arise and, changing their course, seek to extend the Kingdom of God on earth the office of the Church, and now that special opportunities were offered during the Holy Year the knowledge and the love of Jesus Christ should be more largely diffused by teaching, persuasion and exhortation directed not so much to those who listened atten-

tively as to all those unhappy people who, whilst retaining the Christian name, spend their lives without faith and without the love of Christ. He Who once restored nature, fallen through sin preserves it and will preserve it forever. "He gave Himself a redemption for all" (1 Tim., ii. 6); "In Christ all shall be made alive" (1 Cor., xv. 22); "and of His Kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke, i. 33). Therefore, according to the eternal design of God, the entire salvation of individuals and of society as a whole depends on Jesus Christ, and they who desert Him, by this fact blindly and madly determine upon their own destruction, and at the same time, as far as they can affect it, cause human society, tossed about by a great storm, to fall back beneath the burden of the evils and calamities from which the Redeemer in His mercy relieved it. Now He desired that the mission confided to Him by the Father should be perpetuated through the ministry of the Church established by Him in the most conspicuous way. Whilst on the one hand He made her the depository of all the means of man's salvation, on the other He solemnly ordained that men should render obedience to her as to Him, and should earnestly follow her guidance throughout life. "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me." (Luke x. 16)

The law of Christ must then be sought absolutely from the Church; and accordingly, as Christ is the way for man, so also is the Church—He of Himself and by His nature; she by the office conferred on her and the communication of power. Therefore whoever looks for salvation outside the Church have gone astray and are laboring in vain. And the case is almost the same with States as with individuals; they too must end disastrously, if they depart from the way of the Son of God, the Creator and Redeemer of human nature, is the King and Lord of the world and has supreme power over men singly and collectively, and the public weal is ill provided for wherever his due place is not assigned to Christian institutions. Christ, being abandoned, human reason is left to itself and deprived of the strongest support and the brightest light. Then men easily lose sight of the end intended by God in the establishment of human society which consists chiefly in the citizens being enabled through civil intercourse to secure their natural well-being, but in entire harmony with the attainment of that highest, most perfect and eternal good which is beyond nature. By a confusion of ideas both rulers and subjects were led away from the true path, for they needed what was wanted—a sure guide and support. And did we not every day see States which labored hard to ensure and increase public prosperity distressed and suffering in many respects, and these of the highest importance? True, it is asserted that civil society suffices for itself, that it can get on well enough without the aid of Christian institutions and attain its end by its own efforts alone. Hence it is sought to laicize the work of public administration, so that the traces of the ancient religion are daily becoming fewer in civil affairs and public life. But those who are responsible for this do not perceive well enough the effects of what they are doing. For, the laws that are evil being given up, the ideas must lose their chief authority and justice collapse—two bonds of the strongest kind which are essentially necessary to human society.

In like manner, when the hope and expectation of eternal happiness has disappeared, there is a disposition to thirst eagerly for earthly goods, and every one endeavors by all the means in his power to grab as much of them as he can for himself. Hence arise the jealous rivalries, envy, hatred, the horrible schemes, the desire to create mad ruin everywhere. No tranquility abroad, no security at home; civil society disfigured by crime. Christ the Lord must be restored to human society as to His possession; all the members and parts of the social organization must draw and drink from the Fountain of Life which proceeds from Him—the legal enactments, the national institutions, the universities and schools, the marriage laws and the family, the palaces of the wealthy and the workshops of the toilers. And let it be borne in mind that upon this largely depends that civilization of the nations which is so much desired, for it is nourished and promoted not so much by those comforts and resources which affect the body as by those things which concern the soul—praiseworthy morals and the cultivation of virtue. His Holiness begs of all Christians to do what they can to know their Redeemer as He is and the pontiff specially appeals to the clergy to exert their zeal for this purpose as far as possible in the pulpits and the schools, and wherever opportunity offers. In conclusion he says: "But as we are writing that of which we can hope to obtain only through Divine grace, united in fervor and in earnest prayer, let us beg of God to show His mercy, not to allow those to whom He has redeemed by the shedding of His Blood to perish, to look favorably upon this age which

has greatly sinned but has also suffered greatly in expiation of its faults, and, lovingly embracing men of every race and nation to remember His own words, "If I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." (John xii. 32).

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

In the third chapter of Genesis when God had pronounced sentence of death against Adam and Eve for their sin, He immediately addresses the serpent and says "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." (Gen. iii. 15)

This has been called the Proto-Gospel because it contains the first promise of a future Saviour. It can be easily remarked that there is a distinction made between the woman who was to come and the seed of the woman. "I will put enmities between thee and the woman and thy seed and her seed." The seed of the woman who was to destroy the power of the serpent could be none other than Jesus Christ and consequently the woman in His Virgin Mother. Between that Mother and the serpent there were to be eternal enmities and this, as was foretold by God, in connection and in regard to the sin of our first parents, viz., original sin. By that original sin there was a bond of friendship, a connection made with the devil. On the other hand, "enmity" means that there be no communication, no fellowship, no connection of any kind, but on the contrary, separation, aversion, opposition. If "the woman" the Mother of the Redeemer, had been stained for the Redeemer, had been defiled, there would immediately have been established between her and the Evil One a relationship or bond, and the enmity predicted by God could not be said to exist between them. For God did not determine time or manner. He simply predicted enmity; which way of speaking means that, be perpetual, and that therefore there was no moment when "the woman" was not the enemy of the serpent.

When the time arrived for the fulfillment of the great Promise we find that the angel Gabriel and also Saint Elizabeth, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, confirm what had been foretold from the beginning. When the archangel comes from heaven to announce to the Virgin that she is to be the Mother of the Most High, before making his mission known, he salutes her, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," and Saint Elizabeth without being previously informed of the great event, cries out to her "Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed in the fruit of thy womb." There is attributed to Mary in these words a plenitude of grace without any restriction, a fullness of grace which must include every favor which God could possibly confer on a beloved soul. Logically these sacred words imply also a plenitude of time, that is, there was no moment in the whole life of Mary when her soul did not possess the fullness of grace. When the angel says to Mary "The Lord is with thee,"—the Latin version reads "The Lord with thee"—he undoubtedly implies that there was no instant, past or present, when the Lord is not united to Mary; that at no time was there a separation by reason of sin.

In the Scriptures there can readily be observed the contrast between Eve, the sinful, and Mary, most holy. The very first word of the angel, "Hail," in Latin, "Ave," means rejoicing and contrasts with the sorrow inflicted upon Eve. "Full of grace" is supposed to be the sin which Eve committed. "The Lord with thee" is the union of her soul with God compared with the awful separation of Eve from her Creator by reason of her sin. "Blessed art thou" is the glorious benediction which is opposed to the curse pronounced upon Eve. Need be pointed out that this opposition between Eve and Mary would not have existed had perfect, could not have existed at all, had Mary been even for an instant infected by sin. Mary Immaculate pray for us.—Visitor.

A CLERICAL FAMILY.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, of Westminster, England, naturally enough comes in for notice in Mr. Clement Scott's Free Lance. After describing the Cardinal's appearance— he calls him "the handsome Cardinal"—his reception and his self denial, he says: "With the exception of two brothers, Colonel and Reginald Vaughan, of Courfield, Ros and Glen Irothy, Abergavenny, all Mrs. Vaughan's children, have become priests or nuns. Teresa Vaughan joined the Sisters of Charity in 1861, who were then in Park street, Westminster. She offered herself to the Superiores, Sister Chastelain, who, noticing at once her symptoms of delicate health—and her symptoms of consumption—made her reception apparently out of the question. Teresa, nothing daunted, exclaimed: "If I cannot live as a Sister of Charity, let me, at least, die as one." Her wish was granted, and Teresa Vaughan was the first Sister of Charity who died in England. Of his brothers, four en-

tered the Church—Bede, who died Archbishop of Sydney; Bernard, of the Society of Jesus, rector of the Holy Name, Manchester; John, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, and Keneim founder of the House of Expiation, now in South America collecting funds for the new Westminster Cathedral. In addition to the four brothers who entered the ecclesiastical state, the Cardinal has two uncles—William, Bishop of Plymouth, who was born in 1814, was consecrated by Cardinal Wiseman in 1855, and Edmund, a member of the Redemptorist Congregation. To this fairly formidable list of clerical relatives must be added two nephews, sons of Colonel Vaughan, of Courfield."

ERRONEOUS NOTIONS ABOUT CONFESSION.

Sacred Heart Review.

In a recent issue of the Nineteenth Century, Lady Wimborne, whose somewhat excited over the "Romanizing" tendency of the Ritualists in England, particularly over the introduction by the Ritualistic "priests" of the practice of private confession, goes out of her way to make false statements about confession and its influence. While we thoroughly agree with Lady Wimborne that no branch of the English Establishment has any right to resort to the practice of confession, since no so-called "priest" of that Establishment has the power of absolving repentant sinners, we must correct her statements regarding the confessional. She says:—

"It cannot be necessary at this stage of the world's history to urge the dangers and the perils of the confessional—the weakening of moral fibre in the character, the inevitable tendency to view sin as a matter to be settled by the performance of a penance and by a man-granted absolution, not to speak of the graver but none the less certain dangers which have in every country been connected with it."

In contradiction of what Lady Wimborne here says we may, almost in her own words, answer that "it cannot be necessary at this stage of the world's history" to advance any lengthy arguments. Every good Catholic knows what confession is to him or her—what a consolation, what a power against evil. Numerous Protestant authorities may be cited to show that the idea which is held by Lady Wimborne and her kind, regarding confession, is utterly erroneous. The purity of the Catholic Church, remarkable when compared with the Scotch, English, or any other Protestant people, or even with that section of the Irish people which is not Catholic, has been ascribed by no less an authority than the historian Frobenius, who had no love for the Church, to the influence of the confessional. Aside from its divine establishment as a part of the sacrament of penance, the need of the confessional is felt by religious people of all kinds. It is asserted of the late Henry Drummond, who stands high among the confessors, that he heard the need of laying bare their souls to somebody. We have no doubt that every good minister has had many experiences with people who felt the lack in Protestantism of a confessional. We are reminded in this connection of the words of a Protestant paper, Christian at Work, some years ago, on this very matter, which are diametrically opposed to those of Lady Wimborne, and which show that that good lady is not supported unanimously in her contention that "it cannot be necessary at this stage of the world's history to urge the dangers and perils of the confessional." Before quoting these words let us say that we grant "perils and dangers" in the practice of confessing to men like the Ritualistic ministers of the Protestant Establishment, who, whatever their good intentions, have not the training necessary to perform this function of father confessor properly and safely, are not bound by the laws with which the Catholic Church has hedged about the sacredness and secrecy of the tribunal of penance, and, above and beyond all, have not the power given by Christ to the apostles and their successors to forgive sin. The Christian at Work says:—

"There is no question that the confessional as a means for relief to a sin-burdened soul has its advantages. It must be a great relief to one bearing the burden of some peculiar sin, to be able to go into a closet and there, through a small screen door, whisper into the ear of a faithful priest the story of the sin, and ask what he shall do. To be sure, there is the feeling in Protestantism, 'Go and tell Jesus.' But even here perplexity and doubt sweep over the soul as the question arises: 'What must I do? What can I do?' The agonized cry often comes up from the troubled soul that seeks relief, but in vain. We thus throw out the subject for the consideration of those having interest in the matter. Of course many may say, 'Go and tell the minister.' But what one would confide the distressing secret. No far as the Roman confessional is concerned, it is inseparable from the dogma of priestly absolution with which it is connected. But it would undoubtedly be a great source of comfort at times if some sin-burdened one could find some judicious friend who could serve him in this critical time of spiritual depression and conflict."

God accepts with more pleasure the offering of one who patiently endures the weariness occasioned by want of sleep, than a whole night spent in prayer by another who, full of health is able to watch without fatigue. St. Gertrude, O. S. B.

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE

BY CHRISTIAN FAHRE

XXI.

The cloud that had suddenly overcast Dyke's prospects regarding his invention, instead of brightening, became darker, until it burst upon him one morning in the reception of a letter from a person that he did not know, and which, owing to his own frequent change of abode, was some time after date in reaching him.

The letter told him that Mr. Patten, whom he had so trusted and depended upon, had but used that trust and depend, since for his own gain and the aggrandizement of an influential company to whom he had imparted all the secrets of Dyke's invention; that a patent had been obtained in their name for what Dyke had conceived, and that Dyke's very efforts, which he had been so painfully and determinedly making during the past four months, had actually gone to feed the success of the company.

"I write you all this," the letter went on to say, "because I know this second Patten and hate him thoroughly, and I have also heard something of your hard-working, honest life. It has been proposed even to dupe you still further by keeping you in ignorance of Patten's treachery, and have you continue to canvass the country. All this I overheard yesterday; for your sake I am sorry that the revelation came to me so late. I do not know that you can gain any redress, as might and money are hard to be over- come, and this company has enough of both to save themselves and to protect even this wretch Patten."

That was all, save the utterly strange signature, and Dyke read it over and over like a man trying to make out himself doubted Patten, the man's actions and statements being strange and unsatisfactory; but his doubts, wanting proof, had taken no tangible form, and he had sought to dismiss them.

Now they all came before him and gave vivid color to this written accusation; still, he would not believe it; the consequences to him, should it be true, were too dreadful. He put the letter into his pocket and ordered a conveyance. By hard driving, he reached the station, whence he knew Patten was to board the train for New York. It was only the night before he had received a message from him to that effect, and there was nothing in its plausible tenor to indicate an iota of the treachery he had already perpetrated.

His horse was in a foam of perspiration, though it was a sharp bracing winter day, and Dyke himself was little better from his hot thoughts as he drove into sight of the rude depot, where a few straggling passengers awaited the coming of the down train. Springing from his wagon, and throwing his rein to a loungee, he bounded on the platform of the depot, for already the whistle of the approaching train sounded, and the few passengers were stirring themselves in preparation. Among them was a little, nervous, wiry man; he threw uneasy glances on all sides of him, and fairly started when, flushed and perspiration-covered, Dyke strode up to him.

"You can't go aboard this train, Mr. Patten," said the young man, "no aboard any train until you settle accounts with me."

"But I must, Mr. Dutton," pretending not to see in this summary check anything more than an ordinary detection of business. "Our interests demand my presence as soon as possible in New York."

"Your interests may," said Dyke, with a fine, sarcastic emphasis, but my interests demand your presence here." The train pulled into sight, and Mr. Patten stooped for his valise beside him; but Dyke grasped his shoulder, and made no further effort to board the train, seeing which, Dyke said, with a quietness that was so stern it was almost as terrible as his anger: "Come with me."

brought upon me. Answer me, Patten; have you sold the interest you pledged to me, to this company? Are you their hireling?"

He caught Patten by the throat as he spoke, and his eyes had the glare of frenzy. "Spare me," whined the cowering man, now in mortal fear for his life. "Spare me, Mr. Dutton, and I will tell you all." Dyke relaxed his grip, and listened to what quietness he could extract to the account of a duplicity which not alone had stolen from him the work of a score of years, but cruelly impoverished him and destroyed by one fell blow every bright hope of his future. He had assented to the broken and hesitating statement by questions that the deceiver, through fear, was forced to answer, and he knew now the full extent to which he had been duped; and as he looked at the whining, cowering wretch before him, and realized the bitter indignities which he had suffered, it seemed as if a demon rose within him, and impelled him to crush this author of his ruin. Twice he clinched his hands and lifted them as if about to strike, but each time that restraint which came to his aid, and he suffered his hands to drop.

"Go," he said at length, when he had mastered his passion sufficiently to speak; "go and complete your infernal treachery. I spare you only because you are too contemptible to suffer at my hands."

He opened the door, and Patten, glad of the opportunity to escape, darted forth. Dyke paced the room to quiet himself and to think; but all his thoughts revolved themselves into the same stern facts—the loss of the combined savings of Meg and himself, the ruin of all his future prospects, and the hopelessness of any redress. Still, something must be done, if nothing more, something to keep Meg from knowing the extent of the blow, and with no very clear thought as to what he should do after he reached New York, further than to consult a lawyer, he went out to ascertain the time of the next train down.

In New York, the lawyer to whom Dyke applied was one of the first in his profession, and he became singularly interested in the young man's deplorable story; but it was a hopeless case, and he said so frankly. Not all his skill could avail to take it into court, and if it could, nothing but Dyke's simple word of mouth was to be adduced as evidence against Patten; Dyke had not even a voucher of any kind for the secrets regarding his invention which he had imparted, nor a paper to show that Patten was pledged to his interests. It was simply a case of cruelly misplaced confidence, and, as such, there was no help for the poor ruined victim.

The young man did not answer when the lawyer delivered his opinion; he sat looking straight at the finely cut intelligent face before him, with an expression that, inured as the lawyer was to harrowing looks on the faces of his clients, moved him to the soul. It corroborated so painfully all the sad facts of the case heard. That Dyke's was no common nature he well judged, and prompted by his sympathy, and by the fancy which he had taken to the young man, he said: "Since your circumstances have suffered such a reverse by this treachery, will you accept a position in a large business house here? The remuneration may be somewhat small at first, but it will increase with the development of your business qualities."

Dyke hesitated. The proposition. It would give him work for mind and body, and provide for him that subsistence for which he scarcely knew where to turn now; it might also, after months of close economy, restore to his aunt a portion of the savings he had so miserably lost. He could possibly find a little farm among the mountains, induce Meg to make a longer stay with her relatives, and not yet undecieve her with regard to his expected success. So he accepted the offer, and in a week, having completed his few arrangements, he and his wife and the few junior clerks in a large wholesale commission house, and his letters to Meg and Ned, without being in the least untruthful, were so carefully worded that neither dreamed of the bitter and blighting change which had come over his prospects.

XXII.

The winter and spring passed, and Ned—who in every trying hour, and sometimes she had many of them, comforted herself by thinking of the summer when she should go home, as she fondly regarded the little mountain farm—had begun to count the days that must elapse until June arrived, the time she had set for her departure. Her remuneration was, as Mrs. Mowbray had said it would be, quite liberal, and even more than that, for Mrs. Doloran had frequent impulses of generosity, in which she made the young girl handsome presents. Ned happened to suit her whimsical disposition, and even to win by her gentle, reserved demeanor a little of her affection, though these facts did not restrain any of her abundant requirements. And Ned had been as saving as the veriest miser; not a cent went for any purpose save the one of hoarding in order to be able to pour into Meg's lap all of her little earnings. Not that she thought Meg needed it, but it would be an outlet for that affectionate gratitude which impelled her to make some return for all the love and care that had been bestowed upon herself.

Dyke wrote as infrequently as ever, and his carefully worded letters gave her no intimation of what he was doing. She supposed that his long sojourn in New York was in the interest of his invention, and that when she saw him in the summer time, he would give her all the particulars he omitted to write now. So, as the summer came on apace, and Rabadabad assumed all its summer glories, inviting the guests, of which the house was wellnigh full, to constant outdoor pastimes, Ned seemed to grow as gay-freighted as any of them. Her eyes frequently sparkled with pleasure, for she was constantly thinking of her summer visit. How she pictured every object in the surroundings of her mountain home—the mountains themselves, the lofty objects of her childish fear and wonder; the wood, to the trees which she had given in her childhood a human individuality; the little farm, with its patches of late ripening vegetables, its rade barn, and its two stupid, patient cows; the house itself with its few low, roughly ceiled rooms, and lastly, warm-hearted, loving Meg and Dyke. She saw them all, and thinking of them

so much by day, she dreamed frequently of them by night. In her last letter to Dyke, a letter written in the early part of May, she wrote very joyfully of her expected visit, reminding him that there were scarcely four weeks until the arrival of the time appointed for him to come for her. It had been part of Dyke's plan to obtain a vacation of a few weeks, during which he would take both Ned and Meg home, and enjoy with them a brief season of repose and happiness, continuing, however, to conceal from them his misfortune. But, on the very day that Ned's letter came, he was informed of the promotion to a department of the business which would require his closest personal supervision; the increase in his salary was not large, but the promotion itself was a compliment to the young man's business tact and integrity; and his friend, the lawyer, whose interest in the young man was so warm, strongly counselled him not to refuse. It seemed to be much the better course despite the disappointment it would entail upon Ned and himself, and after a night's deliberation he accepted.

Then he decided to write frankly to Ned; he could not keep her in ignorance longer without telling untruths, and Dyke's white soul shrank from such a course. So he broke his news to her very gently, very tenderly, but very honestly, and, however, letting her know the poverty of his financial circumstances, and he concluded with: "The blow was very hard at first, Ned, but thank God, I am recovering, and even all this wrong; if a man keeps his heart right, it makes little difference after all what befalls him, for life is so short, and God is overhead to protect and support us."

"I am so sorry for your disappointment and for my own, for, like you, I had been counting the days which must pass until we were once more together in our little home; but my own brave sister will bear this as you have borne other things, and perhaps in the course of another year our wish may be gratified."

"Jaks" (by Jaks was meant the hired man who had married Dyke in the care of the farm) "has married, and he and his wife are living in our little home, and will take care of us for us."

"My heart fails me to tell Aunt Meg what I have told you, and she is so easily satisfied so long as she thinks I am doing good, if nothing more, something to keep Meg from knowing the extent of the blow, and with no very clear thought as to what he should do after he reached New York, further than to consult a lawyer, he went out to ascertain the time of the next train down."

With a tender, brotherly remembrance, the letter closed, and Ned, with a full flow of delight and expectation, had flown to her own room to read it; now she felt as if her heart would burst with agony. So rudely shattered all her summer hopes; but it was not that thought which gave her the keenest pain; it was the thought of Dyke's bitter blow. She remembered so well what he had said to her that morning nearly a year ago in Westwood Place, that if he failed, how poor he and Meg would be; he had failed, and consequently she must now be poor, and she was even struggling in his poverty to remunerate for Ned's support, and despite all that she said about the affection of her other nephews. She flew to her trunk and brought forth her hoarded savings; they amounted to a little over such a sum, even though she did not know whether it would be of much assistance to Dyke. But she should have it immediately, and she gathered up the shining pieces and put them into her pocket, and then she remembered how she would get them to him; she was ignorant of the forms of sending money, and could only think of giving it in charge of some of the servants who occasionally went to the city.

But she shrank from that plan, for the certain gain of the person to whom she might intrust it, and feeling some repugnance to acquainting a servant with her business. She also shrank from asking Mrs. Doloran, fearing that lady would learn as she had her own questions, and she thought of Mr. Carnew; he would know and direct her, and though she hesitated a little to approach him, because of the gravity and reserve which always marked his manners, she felt assured he would treat her graciously, and not being a woman, he would be unlikely to concern himself more than was necessary with her business.

So, to Mr. Carnew she applied, finding him in the library, and astonishing him not a little by her errand, which she explained in a very straightforward and modest manner. "I can give you a check payable to the order of your friend," he replied, "and you can enclose it in a letter." "Thank you, that will do," and she pulled out her little purse. He drew up the check on a city bank, payable to Dyke and Dutton, thinking within himself as he wrote that Dutton—whom he remembered the instant he heard the name, as the country-looking fellow to whom Ned had introduced him—was Ned's lover, and that he was worthless and unworthy enough to take this poor girl's earnings, for Ned had told him nothing of the circumstances that might render sufficiently laudable Dyke's acceptance of her gift. And he pitied her, and at the same time had a sort of contempt for her; contempt that she had so little character as to love this worthless fellow; but he suffered none of his feelings to appear, and he handed her the check with charming courtesy. "Thank you," she said again in her simple, modest manner, raising her clear, frank eyes for a moment to his, and taking her way gracefully out.

He watched her, admiring her in spite of himself, and feeling for an instant as though she were like a secret pang that she had a lover. But the next moment he laughed at his odd fancy, and turning to his books again, forgot her for the time.

that had something of their old childish cramp still, to his lips before putting them away with the bulky parcel of her personal adornments but that he stopped her, saying, laughingly: "No doubt the young lady will come to terms without requiring so many gifts."

He was nothing loth to go upon the errand, for he had his own secret reason for wishing Ned not to take her final departure from Rabadabad. Did she do so, it might entail upon him some trouble to keep constantly informed of her whereabouts. Ned's temper, according to its old fashion, was quickly succeeded by penitence, and calling to mind the many favours she had received from Mrs. Doloran, and remembering also that the lady, owing to her whimsical mind, was hardly responsible for what she said, and that she, on accepting the position, had been warned of the trying nature of her duties, she was full of remorse for her crying heartily, and looking almost as lovely in her tears as she had done in her temper.

He delivered his errand in a very pleasant, kindly way, and she was delighted anew by these proofs of Mrs. Doloran's goodness. "Take them back," she said, "and tell her that it is I who crave forgiveness for having forgotten my place so far as to make that hasty, angry speech. Tell her I am very, very sorry."

And the pretty month quivered again, and the eyes filled once more, and Odette hurried back with her message, in order to be out of sight of so much beauty in such touching distress. In the exuberance of her delight, Mrs. Doloran forgot herself to Ned, and in a little while, during which the company were on the pinnacle of amused expectation, she returned, with one of her ample arms about Ned's waist, and her face expressive of the utmost satisfaction. "So, Ned's journey to Albany was amicable and settled, and the next day, promising to return in a week, but being assured she might remain two months, she was driven to the station by Donald Macgillivray."

Mrs. Doloran, however, was exceptionally reasonable, and even kind, on hearing Ned's request. They were alone when the girl told her, the latter being careful to choose the time, and the words, and her tone of gentleness, said Ned might take a month, and insisted on presenting her then and there with a sum of money which was more than sufficient to defray all the current expenses of her absence. And Ned went to bed that night thankful and happy.

But the next morning, when the whole company was assembled on the lawn after breakfast, and Mrs. Doloran attacked by a sudden indisposition which, not sufficient to confine her, but which rendered her unusually whimsical and fretful, began to revert to her promise of a month's absence made to Ned the night before, she regretted extremely having given any such pledge. Who would take Ned's place in the city, latter was gone; who would be the city, and Ned's obligations, and uncomplainingly but that this poor, tried lady's companion had been during all those months? No; she could not do it, and impelled both by her peevishness, and by the hope of badgering Ned into her room, when he next came to Albany. What was it that was taking you there? "Everybody in the company looked up, and looked directly at poor Ned; even Alan Carnew sat with a book before him; he was the more interested, as this was the first intimation he had of Ned's intended journey, and not knowing whether she meant to take her final leave of Rabadabad, he waited anxiously for further developments.

She was sitting slightly in the rear of Mrs. Doloran, whose eyes were darting at her, and she answered only loud enough to be heard by that lady: "I am going to visit an old and very dear friend."

Captions Mrs. Doloran was not at all satisfied with the reply. "Going to visit an old and dear friend," she repeated, in her loud unfeeling voice, "that is all very well to say; it sounds very sweet, and very true; but he is an old and dear friend—a very dear friend, no doubt. I dare say he is a samson that called on you here, a little while after you came; now be frank, Ned, and tell us all about it; you are going to do it in a very sly, quiet manner, coming back to us as if nothing at all had happened; or, perhaps, you are already married."

Would nothing stop this woman's tongue? Ned was bursting with indignation; surely no remuneration could pay for such insults as these; but Mrs. Doloran was mounted on one of her favorite hobbies, and she was going to ride it until she was tired. "I do not doubt in the least but that you are married; you are so quiet, and so sly, and so just like what a married woman would be, and I can endure no more; her whole fiery temper was aflame. She rose from her seat forgetful of everything but that she was the butt of most heartless insults. Her large, leonine eyes sparkling with anger, her cheeks of the richest crimson, and the firm indignation poise of her graceful form as she stood excited universal, though secret, admiration. Alan Carnew's eyes were piercing her through, as she said: "It may belong to wealth to insult the poor, Mrs. Doloran, but it is a base womanhood which insults the defenseless of her sex. Her voice trembled painfully while she spoke, but the firm poise of her person did not once yield, and when she had finished she walked away with the mien of a queen. "By Jove!" said Mascar Ordote, seated on the other side of Mrs. Doloran, "I never felt so much like applauding any man in my life; that girl has the right kind of spirit!" A remark which Alan Carnew echoed in his secret heart. Mrs. Doloran, with her wonted sudden change of temper, had gone into a passion only from her peevish and wanton attack upon Ned, to fear and dismay lest Ned should leave her altogether. "Go after her, Mascar," she pleaded, "tell her I am sorry for all that I said, that she can have two months to visit her friends in Albany; and here, take her these as peace offerings."

must have been at the very least a couple of hundred dollars, and she would have poured into Ordote's hands more of her personal adornments but that he stopped her, saying, laughingly: "No doubt the young lady will come to terms without requiring so many gifts."

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is there, and increasing. All the hospitals and charities, and all the schools which include girls among their pupils—for the Mohammedans do not think it worth while to instruct girls—are in the hands of the Catholics, and a suffering native knows whence alone help will come to him in his time of need. "By their works ye shall know them," is not this the first step by which to recover our lost ground?

There is one marked exception to the general rule that no Christians are made from the native Arab tribes. Southwest from Algiers is the village of St. Cyprien des Atapps, founded by Cardinal Lavergie, and peopled with young Arabs rescued by him during the famine of 1867. It is exclusively an agricultural settlement under ecclesiastical control, has a population of two hundred and three inhabitants, a church, a mission house, and an establishment of Sisters, and it is a high state of prosperity. It is most interesting, and shows what can be done with Arabs by means of religion.

There is one uncivilized native tribe which has the custom of tattooing the forehead with the sign of the cross, and of observing a holiday, the 25th of December, which is always called "The Birthday." Yet they have no tradition of ever having been Christian in the past, though there seems every probability that they must have been, ages ago.

All over Algeria and Tunisia one sees the uttering faith and work of the Catholic Church. The faithful parish priest, the savior of his flock, consecrating his whole life and asking for no earthly reward, and the religious orders in their schools and hospitals doing glorious work for God. One order is of special interest there, as its work is centered in Africa—the "Fathers of the Desert," or "White Fathers," as they are called, founded by Cardinal Lavergie, their headquarters at Carthage. The dress is white, and they wear white in Africa, either a white hat or a red fez, and live as nearly like the natives as possible.

Their missionary work among the black tribes is crowned with extraordinary success, for their conversions number thousands. Even as late as 1886 these dusky-skinned Christians were ready to die for their faith, preferring to be burned alive rather than to be traitors to their Master. It was my privilege to meet several of these missionaries— one Pere Delatrea, famous in the world as an ardent biologist, as the excavator of ancient Carthage was wholly superintended by him; but his greater zeal is the real work of his order. It was inspiring to see the enthusiasm of these monks. One with a rare spiritual face said to me, with deep feeling: "People often commiserate us on the hardships we undergo; they should not do that; we do not feel it in that way. Some time the little things are troubling, but never the great ones." In the meetings of the order, when names are announced of those chosen to go on missions, there is hearty applause, clapping of hands at each name that is read, and congratulations given to those to whom the chance for active service has been allotted. Yet it means farewell to all friends left behind, and a life of absolute self-sacrifice and labor for souls under conditions about as hard as could well be imagined.

The Catholic Church in Tunis is a mighty force for good among a large Catholic population, principally Italian and French, and there are great numbers of works of education and charity under her guidance. There again I saw something of the work of one unassuming priest attached to the cathedral. He was only one of the many—for one finds such priests everywhere—all over the globe—lives of absolute consecration to our Lord's service such as is rarely found outside the ranks of the Catholic clergy. The face was of the finest Italian type, the very ideal that artists seek for the faces of their saints, for far beyond the mere beauty of feature was an expression of spirituality, that unmistakable look of entire consecration to our Lord's service which would have been striking enough to beauty even a common face. There was always to be found at his post, ready with words of help for all who approached him, rich or poor, friend or stranger. My experience was always the same, such Christian kindness and sympathy offered to me without stint from the clergy everywhere, no matter in what country I found myself. Three vivid pictures remain in my mind of this holy young priest, all within the walls of the Tunis cathedral.

Just outside the sacristy door, one day, I saw him seated while the most wretched looking, old, ragged man knelt at his side, the very picture of misery, pouring out his tale of woe—for woe indeed it was, for he was bowed down with grief. But the old man knew where to go for help in his time of dire need; the peace and consolation that heaven only gives, offered to him by means of this young priest. Another day I found my young saint—as he always seemed to me—in the sacristy surrounded by a group of visited old women, while he patiently listened to all they had to say, and I am sure, helped them. The last picture I have of him is in the midst of a group of little Italian girls, giving them a lesson in catechism, and he seemed truly inspired by the Holy Ghost as he pointed to the great crucifix above their heads, and in his eloquent Italian brought home to those fresh young hearts the mighty meaning centered there. J. G. R.

Perfectly healthy people have pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood and makes people healthy.

Of the terrible periods of starvation that swept over Ireland, beginning in the year 1845, the famine of '48 will be remembered as the most disastrous and devastating. While the sufferings in the congested districts of the large cities were widespread, yet, to counterbalance this, there was in these plighted an organized system of relief conducted along both public and private lines. It was in the small hamlets among the isolated tenant farmers that the famine wreaked the greatest havoc for among those people there were philanthropists to give aid.

The cabin of Shaun Mall was situated on a barren tract of land, in mountain region, some twenty miles northwest of Cork. There lived with his wife and child for five years that had caused since the death of Capt. Sanderson. This marked an epoch in Shaun's history, an uneventful life for the old captain and his ancestors for generations had been lords of the broad domain that surrounded Sanderson Manor, typical country "squire," of a period, the captain was a hard drinker, and ardent sportsman, a poor business man. His estates were so heavily encumbered at the time that his son despaired of reclaiming them, and consequently they fell into other hands.

With the passing of the old Shaun lost his position as guardian for the manor house was boarded after the sale and the Sandersons moved away. Many a time after while tilling the soil of his story on the mountain side, he sighed over the good old days of the easy life. It was hard work, and the days were far away, and he would with certainty whether the crop would be bad.

It had been a weary enough struggle since the first famine year, but starvation away, but now, with the failure of the potato crop through blight, the end seemed very bright, the half-decayed potatoes that from the ground, but Shaun knew this was almost as bad as starvation, and that they must soon be starved and decayed vegetables. Even this source of food was exhausted when little five-year-old Mary fell ill. The first day of the week Shaun sat by her bedside, less, a despairing glare in his eyes, and his pale, bearded face, with both mental and physical. Maggie, his wife, with a wistful look on her wan face, sought to cheer him, with words of hope as to her work; but in the gray dawn, when she thought that sleeping, she stole softly on her cabin. When she followed found her leaning against the ledge, sobbing as if her heart were broken.

"Come, Maggie, machree, 't sure it'll do ye no good to this way. I was thinking 'n' just whin ye wint out, 'n' daylight comes I'll try it."

Drying her eyes confusedly, she led her back to the dwelling, while he eagerly gazed on her.

"A good many years ago, 'n' I had a chance to do a fine great 'n' good of Cork. At the time I was thinking 'n' just whin ye wint out, 'n' daylight comes I'll try it."

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The cabin of Shaun Malia was situated on a barren tract of land, in the mountain region, some twenty-five miles northwest of Cork. There he lived with his wife and child for the five years that had ensued since the death of Capt. Sanderson. This death marked an epoch in Shaun's hitherto uneventful life; for the old captain and his ancestors for generations back, had been lords of the broad domain that surrounded Sanderson Manor.

With the passing of the old family Shaun lost his position as gardener, for the manor house was boarded up after the sale and the Sanderson family moved away. Many a time afterwards while tilling the soil of his stony farm on the mountain side, he sighed for the good old days of the easy-going captain. It was hard work, the markets were far away, and rent day came with certainty whether the crop proved or bad.

It had been a weary enough struggle since the first famine year to keep starvation away, but now, with the failure of the potato crop through the blight, the end seemed very near. For awhile they managed to subsist on the half-decayed potatoes that they dug from the ground, but Shaun knew that this was almost as bad as starvation, and that they must soon be made ill by the decaying vegetables.

Even this source of food was nearly exhausted when little five-year-old Mary fell ill. The first day of her sickness Shaun sat by her bedside, motionless, a despairing glare in his eyes, and his pale, bearded face haggard with both mental and physical anguish. Maggie, his wife, with a wistful smile on her wan face, sought to comfort him, with words of hope as the night wore on; but in the gray hours of dawn, when she thought that he was sleeping, she stole softly out of the cabin. When he followed her he found her leaning against the window-ledge, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Come, Maggie, machree," he said, "sure it'll do ye no good to be actin' this way. I was thinkin' uv a plan just whin ye went out, an' whin the daylight comes I'll try it."

Drying her eyes confusedly, she allowed him to lead her back to the dwelling, while he eagerly unfolded his plan.

"A good many years ago," he said, "I had a chance to do a favor for a great an' good man—a priest now he is in the city of Cork. At the time he told me if I ever needed a frind to write him. Maybe he's forgotten me, but I'll do no harm to try an' see."

So, whin the daylight breaks, I'll walk to the village, an'—altho' God knows I'll go against me to do it—I'll beg the price uv the paper an'—I'll beg the price uv the paper an'—I'll beg the price uv the paper an'—

"It's a long way to the village—a good eight miles," she said, dubiously; "an' ye're not strong."

"Yes," he answered wearily, as he sat on the side of the bed where the sick child lay tossing uneasily, "it's a long way, but it's our last chance. We must try and save her."

With the first glint of the rising sun he made ready to depart, and he kissed the child before leaving. Maggie followed him to the door and laid her hand on his coat sleeve with a pathetic little gesture:

"Are ye sure ye have the strength, Shaun?" she said. "Ye know Pat Murray, the old man, started for the village two days ago, an'—"

Shaun looked at her curiously as he noticed her hesitation.

"I know what ye mane," he said. "They found him along the road yesterday. But don't worry. I'm strong, an' I'll be back to night, with the help of God. Good by!" She stood at the door, crumpling her worn apron in her hands, and watched him until he was swallowed up in the hazy mist of the dawn that covered the valley and made the landscape a nebulous blur. A cry from the sick child drew her into the cabin. She smoothed the little sufferer's tangled auburn locks and moistened her fevered lips with water. Then taking her in her arms, she crooned a soothing air until the child slept.

It was night when Shaun returned dragging his feet after him as if they were weighted. He stumbled toward the bed, and lay on it with a long drawn sigh of weariness, closing his eyes that he might the more thoroughly enjoy the sense of rest that came to him. Maggie came close to him with evident anxiety to hear the result of his errand. After awhile he opened his eyes and spoke:

"I sent the Squire Bagley—him that used to visit at Sanderson's—and I told him that I wanted sixpence to post a letter. He gave me a shillin', an' I bought this for her."

He pointed with his thumb towards little Mary, and Maggie noticed for

the first time that he held a package in his hand. She opened the parcel and found a sixpenny loaf of dark bread, and then she broke some of the loaf into water, treasuring the crumbs as if they were gold. Before feeding the mixture to the child she offered some to Shaun; but he would not eat any and turned to gnaw the sodden potatoes that were on the rude table.

Another day dawned with no change in the situation. Towards evening a gale began to blow, followed by a cold, pelting rain—a hint of the approaching winter. Here and there the rain dripped through holes in the worn thatch and fell in monotonous splashes on the earthen floor of the hut. The scanty nourishment that had been given to little Mary seemed to have served no purpose but to feed the fever that was consuming her, for after nightfall she commenced to rave violently. Towards midnight the air grew very chilly and Shaun put a fresh piece of turf, of which he had a plentiful supply, on the smouldering embers in the huge stone fireplace.

The wind wailed dismally down the chimney, and, as if in answer to an unexpressed thought, Shaun shook his head dejectedly, saying, "No, there's no use thinkin' that anny one would venture out to night."

A few minutes later there was a knock that came to the door. Shaun and Maggie both rose to their feet and listened. The knock was repeated.

"It's the answer to me letter," said Shaun, trembling with agitation as he started toward the door to unbar it. A tall, heavily-cloaked man in riding costume stepped in, in the wake of a gust of wind driven rain and dead leaves. He shook the rain from his coat and took in the outlines of the room as best he could by the turf light, his eyes at last resting on Shaun.

"You are Shaun Malia?" His voice, proportioned to his physique, was deep and resonant.

"I am," said Shaun. The stranger walked over to the door, and after peering out for an instant, set the bar in place. Then he continued:

"You wrote to a certain priest in Cork asking for assistance. He was on the point of sending you some money when I came to him, a fugitive from justice on account of a political offence. I had to leave for America, I mediate; I could not take shipping from Cork, so I determined to ride through these mountains on horseback to Limerick and sail from there. He gave me the money that was intended for you, and he told me that I might take refuge with you to night, and tell you that he would send you relief as soon as he could—within two or three days at the longest."

Shaun recoiled as if he had been struck. "Two or three days!" he muttered, weakly, clutching at the door post for support. "Two or three days!" Larid fires of anger burned in his sunken eyes, and grasping the stranger roughly by the coat lapel he drew him over to the bedside of the sick child:

"Will death wait two or three days? Can ye tell me that, you that was so ready talkin' what was her to save yer self? Oh! but ye're a brave man to come an' tell me."

"Shaun! Shaun!" cried Maggie, clutching his arm in alarm. "don't be talkin' like that. The priest had a right to do as he pleased with his money, for 'twas not ours. An' sure he knew best anyhow. Don't be abusin' in the man that comes to our door for shelter."

The stranger, surprised at Shaun's outburst, remained silent, gazing with an expression of sympathy at little Mary, who tossed and muttered in the throes of her fever. Then, when Maggie hesitated, he began, speaking slowly:

"I'm very sorry. Of course I did not know that things were as they are. But it is not yet too late, and if you will accept—"

"No, no!" said Shaun. "Don't mind what I said. I'm not right in the mind, I guess, since she took sick. Maggie is right, for the money didn't belong to me."

"Hark!" said the stranger, and he stole out into the darkness. Commanding silence by a gesture of his hand, he listened intently for a few moments and then came back to the group at the bedside. He spoke with out any evidence of excitement:

"It is as I suspected; my trail has been discovered and I have been pursued. There is a company of soldiers down there in the roadway; even now they are surrounding the house. Of course I can't free myself of blame for harbouring me and save your child's life by giving me up to the soldiers. There is a reward offered for me; if I am captured in here it may go hard with you."

Shaun stood an instant, dazed with the sudden turn events had taken.

"If ye can't escape," he said, his eyes once more following the outlines of the one room of the cabin, "an' it'll mane life to her, I—, O God! help mane! I can't be a thraitor!" He said me; I can't be a thraitor!" He said me; I can't be a thraitor!" He said me; I can't be a thraitor!"

"Come on," whispered Shaun: "there's a way to escape. Off with yer cloak an' up the chimney. It's wide enough to hold ye, an' it's built rough inside, so ye can climb. Go to the top an' stay there until the soldiers lave. Maybe they won't find your house."

"But," said the stranger, making ready to talk.

"Hurry," said Shaun, stripping off the stranger's cloak and throwing it under the bed. "In with ye now an' up; an' may heaven speed ye!"

The stranger disappeared from view in the yawning black hole above the fireplace, and an occasional chip of plaster falling told of his progress upward. The hammering at the door redoubled; and Shaun, quickly removing his coat to make believe that he had just risen, withdrew the bar and let the searching party enter. Two officers came first, followed by a file of soldiers.

"Well," said the elder officer, "you seem to be mighty hard sleepers here; it took you a long time to open that door."

"I ax yer pardons, sirs," said Shaun. "We have sickness here an' I'm not overly nimble myself."

"We are in search of several treasonable acts against Her Majesty's government," said the officer. "We have every reason to believe that you are harboring such a person, in defiance of the law. But before searching the premises I will inform you that a reward of £50 is offered for information that will lead to this man's apprehension."

Maggie sat by the bedside soothing the sick child. The little sufferer began to call her father's name in a piteous tone of voice and he hurried to her and kissed her, whispering terms of endearment in her ear.

"Well, what do you say to my proposition? You need the money; your child requires attention; we will capture him anyhow."

Shaun sat at the head of the bed, staring at the wall with a strange, blanched face.

"I need the money an' she needs it," he repeated, absently, fingering the bedclothes. Maggie looked at his face and became frightened at its expression.

"Shaun! Shaun!" she cried. He buried his face in his arms and a half smothered sob was heard. The soldiers looked on curiously.

Suddenly Shaun rose to his feet and shouted hoarsely: "Search the place; don't tempt me anny more; I can't tell ye anything."

It took but a few minutes to examine the room. The cloak worn by the fugitive, still wet with rain, was taken from under the bed. Shaun looked on with a stolid face. Preparations were then begun to start a roaring fire in the fireplace, so as to smoke the fugitive out if, as they suspected, he had taken refuge in the chimney. Suddenly several shots were heard and a soldier ran in, saluting the commanding officer, and said:

"Sir, a man on horseback has just ridden through our lines on the roadway below. We fired on him, but did not succeed in wounding him."

"Curse the luck!" said the officer; "we shall never find him now among these mountain roads. Put to your saddles and after him; we must do our best."

Then he addressed himself to Shaun, saying: "The finding of the criminal's cloak here in your dwelling looks bad for you, my man; but in view of your unfortunate condition, and the consistent, though in this case reprehensible, sense of honor you have manifested, I have decided to overlook your part in to-night's business."

In a few minutes the cabin was cleared of its unwelcome visitors, and Shaun and Maggie, uttering prayers for the escape of the unfortunate they had harbored, sat down to await the coming of daylight. But weakness, coupled with the exciting events of the night, proved too much for them, and after a while both slept.

Sunlight was streaming in through the window when Shaun awoke, and outside a blackbird was lustily warbling his last song before flying to the south. The sound of strange voices blended with the song of the bird, and Shaun, throwing open the door, looked out. Two gentlemen were coming up the path from the roadway. One of them was a stranger to Shaun, but in them was a gray-haired, kindly-faced man in clerical garb, he recognized his friend of long ago—the man to whom all Ireland turned in the dread years of famine—Rev. Theobald Mathew.

"Thank God?" "Thank God!" was all that he could utter as the priest came towards him and grasped his hand.

"I was afraid that you had forgotten me, until you sint word last night," he managed to say at last.

"No, indeed, Shaun," said the priest; "I have often thought of you, and often prayed for you, since that time when we met in Cork."

Turning to his companion, he said: "Dr. Burnham, this is Shaun Malia, of whom you have heard me speak. He was a gardener in Cork when I was a young priest there, and one day I asked him to do some work on the grave of a dear friend of mine, Father O'Neil. I was away for over a year, and when I returned I learned, quite by accident, that he had cared for the grave all of that time. And he thought that I might have forgotten him!"

Father Mathew laughed—a merry, contagious laugh it was—and the doctor said:

"Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry."

"Won't ye step inside?" said Shaun.

The two visitors entered and the doctor made an examination of little Mary while Father Mathew learned from Shaun and his wife of the escape of the mysterious fugitive. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they awaited his decision.

"It is a condition of malarial fever brought about by improper food and exposure," said the medical man, "and there need be no fear of an unfavorable prognosis if she receives proper treatment and nourishment."

"That's the point," said the priest. "Now, Shaun, I have made arrangements with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor needs a hostler and a gardener, so, if you can come to terms with him, the position is yours."

Father Mathew, smiling expectantly, looked from Shaun to his wife. The little woman overcame with joy, buried her face in her apron and sobbed hysterically; while Shaun, with a lump in his throat and his heart beating as if it would burst, could only say:

"God bless you! It's more than I deserve."

One afternoon, in the early autumn, about a year after these events took place, Shaun was trimming the hedge in front of Dr. Burnham's lawn when one of the servants handed him a letter. It was addressed in a bold hand and bore an American postmark. A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to Shaun's mind.

"It must be from him," he said; "now I'll find out his name."

He eagerly tore the envelope open and found inclosed two slips of paper. One of them was a draft for \$100, and on the other, written in the same bold handwriting, were the words:

"A birthday present to the little girl, from one who has had reason to know and appreciate the honor of Shaun Malia."—John A. Foote in the Catholic World Magazine.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. Love of Solitude and Silence. Thou wilt find in thy cell what thou wilt find less abroad.

There is nothing truly great save goodness.—Bossuet.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be dreaded disease, Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now a quiet sleeper, and believe they will cure me, nearly well, and will be without them for any money."

Thousands Like Her.—Fena McLeod, Thousands Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL three or four times a day.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debilitated from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain from them. They need only take a few drops of water. If they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It is a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL three or four times a day.

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CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Eyes, Chapped Lips, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Eyes, Chapped Lips, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Eyes, Chapped Lips.

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Christ's Church should be derived by lawful succession from the apostles...

It is to be remarked that this list does not include the clergy of the American Episcopal Church...

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has returned recently from a trip to England...

The first Catholic Congress of Australia was held in Sydney in September...

The Cardinal spoke eloquently of the past triumphs of the Church and expressed confidence in the brilliancy of the future...

The new United States Minister to Italy is Mr. Meyer, who served for many years as a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives...

A letter appears in the Irish papers addressed by Mr. John E. Redmond, Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party...

Mr. Redmond speaks confidently to the effect that the first and most conspicuous result is that the "Parnellite split is at an end."

The London Tablet publishes a list of twenty four Anglican clergymen who have been converted to the Catholic faith...

which was heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, declaring that faction must cease.

The fact is that the most successful experiment ever attempted in politics was made by the people of Ireland during the last election campaign...

The machinery which worked so happily was that of the new organization of the United Irish League.

Every candidate put forward was required by the Convention to sign the Nationalist Parliamentary pledge of fidelity to Nationalist principles...

A representative of the Directory was present at each Convention, but Mr. Redmond notes that his instructions were to take no part in the proceedings...

In consequence of this, it is said, orders have been given by the Government against the interference of the friars in politics...

The Church has the inherent authority to inflict even very severe penalties on those who contumaciously violate the laws of God or the laws and rights of the Church...

As a national interdict has such far-reaching effects, it is only the highest authority in the Church or in a particular country which can inflict it.

The people of Great Britain are not so set against Home Rule as one might imagine if Lord Salisbury's utterances were alone taken into account.

The issue at the last election was not Home Rule, but the maintenance of the Empire. On this question the verdict of the electorate was unmistakable...

It is a fact that the present Government of Ecuador has in many ways manifested hostility to religion, and this has been the cause of many protests issued by the clergy...

Again, it has been remarked that the 380 Unionist members elected received an aggregate vote of 2,860,852, while the 187 Liberals received 2,055,951 votes.

They have certainly the right to do this; but we may be sure that it is not true that they have exercised any unlawful methods...

Only a short time ago the college of the Jesuits at Riobambo, one hundred miles south of Quito, was attacked and destroyed by the partisans of the Government.

The clergy have opposed these doings, and the people are showing their loyalty to religion by entering bravely into the contest to re-establish the reign of order and faith.

After many years of negotiation, a union has at last been effected between the U. P. (United Presbyterian) and the Free Churches of Scotland.

A story is going the round of the press to the effect that the friars of Ecuador are engaged at present in a conflict with the Government...

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Some years ago Ecuador was governed by a truly Christian President, Dr. Gabriel Garcia Moreno...

During Garcia's administration prosperity reigned in the country, and religion was respected; but since then the Republic has been torn with dissensions...

Preparations are now being made for the assembling of another great Convention of the Irish people in Dublin on December 4.

Every candidate put forward was required by the Convention to sign the Nationalist Parliamentary pledge of fidelity to Nationalist principles...

A representative of the Directory was present at each Convention, but Mr. Redmond notes that his instructions were to take no part in the proceedings...

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as time passed by. The Established Church of Scotland has in the neighborhood of 1,550 congregations.

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fourth Sunday of Advent and Christmas Day, comprise the time of Advent. These four Sundays with their respective week-days are a symbol of the four thousand years which intervened between the fall of our first parents and the birth of Christ.

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fourth Sunday of Advent and Christmas Day, comprise the time of Advent. These four Sundays with their respective week days are a symbol of the four thousand years which intervened between the fall of our first parents and the birth of Christ. During this long period, Almighty God sent His prophets to foretell the coming of the Saviour Who should redeem mankind from the sins and degradation into which the world was plunged in its fallen condition. As the time approached, the prophecies of Christ's coming were more clear, and it was revealed to the prophet Daniel that the long expected event would take place within seventy weeks (of years) or four hundred and ninety years "from the going forth of the word to build up Jerusalem again," which was utterly destroyed when the Jewish people were carried into captivity into Babylon. This decree of restoration was issued by King Artaxerxes in the twentieth year of his reign, and the prophecy indicated that in the middle of the last of these weeks of years, the victim and sacrifices of the Jews should cease, and that Christ Himself should be there after the true Sacrifice of the world who should conform the covenant of God with man.

In this sense are taken the prophetic words, "In the half of the week the victim and the sacrifice shall fall, and there shall be in the temple the abomination of desolation; and the desolation shall continue even to the consummation and to the end;" and, "He (Christ) shall confirm the covenant with many in one week." (Dan. ix, 27.)

These predictions were intended to make the Jews prepare themselves by works of penance and the practice of all virtues, for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; for to Him God the Father "hath given power over all flesh that He may give eternal life to all whom He hath given life." And this is life everlasting, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom God has sent." (St. John xvii, 2, 3.)

If we approach Jesus with true contrition and humility of heart during this time of preparation for His coming, He will be ready to receive us joyfully as the Good Shepherd of the gospel took gladly upon His shoulders the sheep which had strayed away from Him, and which He found after a diligent search.

We should be led to Jesus rather by motives of love than by those of fear of punishment, for though it is undoubtedly well that we should be brought to God even by motives of fear, those of love make our union with Him more complete. Christ Himself has told us that we must fear Him who can destroy both soul and body by condemning them to the eternal punishment of hell, rather than those who can kill only the body. This is a motive indeed why we should serve God, but it is a motive far inferior to that of love for Him who is infinitely perfect, and therefore who possesses all the qualities and attributes which deserve our love.

He is infinitely amiable in Himself, and, besides, we should love Him for His bounty to us. From Him every good and perfect gift comes to us in our hour of necessity, every grace which will enable us to resist temptation, and, above all, our redemption from sin and the power of the devil, without which we should still remain children of wrath. It was this thought which raised in the hearts of all the Saints that intense love for Christ which was their characteristic, as in the case of St. Paul who said, (Gal. ii, 20) "And I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me. And that I live now in the flesh, I live in the faith of the Son of God who loved me, and delivered Himself for me. I cast not away the grace of God."

To receive the riches of God's grace during this holy time, every Catholic should be reconciled to God through the sacrament of penance, which is the appointed means of recovering God's friendship, and should receive the Holy Eucharist, without which heavenly nourishment our souls pine away and die from the want of God's grace and favor.

Trial stimulates growth in human virtues. Trial in the form of doubt is good. Without doubt we might have mental lethargy, but we would never possess the healthy vigor of scholarship. Trial in the form of labor is good. Without having to work we might become good eaters and good sleepers, but we would never be strengthened by the virtue of industry and endurance. No man should ever for a moment entertain the thought that his affliction is the indication that God has marked him as a failure. Let such remember that affliction is only a signboard that points to wider usefulness.—Rev. W. R. Rogers.

STALE SLANDERS.
Which Bigots Are Wont to Gloat Over.

The following able and convincing paper on "The Syllabus and the Inquisition" was read before the Australian Catholic Congress by Rev. Father Ronnetal, S. M.

Our enemies say: "When you are in a minority you clamor for equal liberty to all; but no sooner are you in the majority in the State than you deny to others what you had claimed for yourselves." This is a very sweeping and daring assertion made by non-Catholics, especially when we recollect the words of a Protestant writer: "The spirit of persecution is the original sin of heresy." Then let us examine the views of the Church towards liberty of worship.

It is a strange thing that we Catholics, who in all ages have suffered so much for conscience sake, and who walked to liberty in the blood of millions of our martyrs, should be so often accused of being liberal and anxious to interfere with the political and religious rights of our fellow citizens. The world might at least remember that the first time liberty of worship was proclaimed it was the act of a Catholic—Constantine the Great. The liberty of worship is different from liberty of conscience in this that the latter applies only to the interior dispositions of man, while the former refers to exterior acts of a religion.

LIBERTY OF WORSHIP WHEN ALLOWABLE.

How far does this liberty of worship apply to the different states of society? Is it to be proclaimed at all times? Does it extend to all sorts of sects?

Will it be safe to say that everyone is at liberty to follow exteriorly what inwardly he believes to be right? At first sight we would think that this liberty is to be denied to nobody. Still this principle will not stand the search light of reason. If, owing to circumstances of birth or education, to social environments, a man happens to be a Fetishist, will you claim for him the right to offer human sacrifices to his idols? Or if he be born a Hindu, will you, when he dies, allow his widow to offer herself a willing holocaust on the grave of her departed husband? I believe that even our greatest champions of liberty would not dare to go so far in their contentions.

Does it mean the right to practise and profess any religion so long as we do not interfere with other people, and that man ought not to condemn what God tolerates? God tolerates thieves and murderers, is that a reason why governments ought to be blind to their doings? A man may not interfere with other people, and meanwhile, under the garb of religion, preach doctrines subversive to the society and the family; and a government has a perfect right, nay, a duty, to protect society against the ravings of religious madmen. Does it mean at least so far as a man professes to be a Christian he ought to be allowed to abide by and preach his own views? But what, if that supposed to be Christian, like the Abingensians and Hussites, added persecution and war to his preaching?

CARDINAL GIBBONS' DEFINITION.
Liberty of worship is well defined by Cardinal Gibbons, and his definition will throw a good deal of light on the other hypothesis I have to face, so I will give it here: "A man," he says, "enjoys religious liberty when he possesses the free right of worshiping God according to the dictates of a right conscience, and of practising a form of religion most in accordance with his duties to God. This religious liberty is the true right of every man, because it corresponds with a most certain duty which God has put upon him."

No government has a right to interfere with the religious belief of the subject who sincerely holds that he is right, who does no injury to anyone, and who does not attempt to force his belief on other people. The government, above all things, must be the keeper of our liberties and the guardian of our rights.

If in a state all the subjects belong to the true religion, the duties of the government are easily defined. It is bound to protect religion, and to prevent any one injuring it either by writing, speaking or plotting. But if all the members of a community belong to an heretical sect, will not also the government, for the sake of peace, have a duty to protect that sect against the interference of any other, and even against the introduction of the true religion of Christ?

RIGHTS OF GOVERNMENTS.

In the first case, by interference, the government would act against the fundamental principle of the sect's existence, viz, liberty of thought, and in the second it certainly has not the right, much less the duty, to prevent the diffusion of truth, and to keep its subjects in darkness with regards to the means of reaching their eternal destiny. No doubt the first duty of a government is to see to the temporal welfare of the people, but as all authority is from God, God cannot give any Government the right to put any hindrance in the way of the propagation of truth, and the establishing of the true religion. But what about a mixed community, whether the Catholics be in the majority or not? The government is bound to give to all equality of civil rights, and to all the same advantages for the education of their children. Even if in such country the Catholic religion was the religion of the state, the dissentients must be tolerated, and not interfered with so long as they do not try to upset the peace of the community. They have a right to tolerance, for, as Fenelon said to James II., "Grant civil

liberty to all, not in approving everything as indifferent, but in tolerating with patience what Almighty God tolerates, and endeavoring to convert men by mild persuasion." This is in perfect accord with our idea of faith. The government cannot force its own religious views, even when true, on any of its subjects. It cannot put error and truth on the same footing as regards protection, for error has no right by itself to be protected, but it has a right to tolerance so long as the man in error has not been disabused and enlightened.

Such, I believe, are the real views of the Catholic church in reference to religious toleration. From them we can deduce clearly that in a Catholic community that will abide by the principles of the church, and will be guided by reason, there is no room for persecution or oppression. All the citizens can enjoy the same civil rights, all have a claim to their views being respected and tolerated, all can live at peace with their neighbors without ever allowing the habit of bigotry to destroy that happy union which ought to exist between the children of one common Father.

But non-Catholics will offer to this thesis two strong objections. They will say: "Your church is the most liberal of all churches; it is antagonistic to all our modern liberties. Only look at the Syllabus, and remember the Inquisition. The Syllabus is the most intolerant page that has been written in modern times, and the Inquisition the most cruel tribunal the world has ever seen." These objections require some explanation.

THE SYLLABUS.

In the Syllabus I shall examine only a few propositions that go counter to the ideas of liberty, such as we find them in our present society.

The following proposition is condemned: "It is lawful for any man to embrace and profess the religion which he thinks to be true, trusting to the light of his reason." This proposition is condemned and justly so. It is simply a repetition of Pius IX's protest against those "who maliciously desire to derive all religious truths from the sole light of reason, and declare that a man has a primordial right to render to God the honor and the worship which he considers the best according to his own caprice." Man has no absolute right to do so. He has the right to search the evidences of religion, and his duty to worship God as He desires to be worshipped. To claim the right to worship God as we please is to deny the existence of one true religion, established by God for the guidance of man. The right of reason is not to make a religion of our own, but to search for the true religion.

In proposition 78 we read that: "In a community where all the subjects are Catholics the sovereign should not allow the free exercise of false religions." I have already partially explained this statement, which you may call very liberal. You will object to me as a counterpart to this. What would you say if in a Protestant community the ruler forbade the introduction of Catholicism? The two hypotheses are very different the one from the other. If a burglar enters a house at night will you give him the same right to defend that house against its proper owner that you give the owner against the burglar? If a nation possesses the truth, has it not a right to protect it against intruders? And if intruders have despoiled the owners, have not the owners the right to come back and claim their property? However, this may not trouble our ever sensitive idea of liberty and equality, for although per se, a false religion has no right to toleration, still, owing to circumstances, and for the sake of peace, the legislator may tolerate false religions when it is in the interest of the people that he should do so.

"The Holy Father," says the author of "La Chiesa e lo Stato" "does not condemn the hard necessity in which the state would be to tolerate and give liberty of worship to her erodid religions. Such community is not in its normal state with regards to revelation, and the government must accommodate itself to circumstances. But what is condemned is, that this state of things is the best and the most conformable to modern progress." Differences of circumstances do not alter the principle. The Pope, says the Civiltà Cattolica, in answer to Mr. Gladstone's May 29, 1868, does not condemn the liberty of conscience and worship in se, but he condemns those who pretend that such liberty is the right of every man, and that this right must be proclaimed in every well-constituted society. The Pope condemns the right to the thing, while Mr. Gladstone makes him condemn the thing itself.

Such are the tenets of the Syllabus toward the subject we are treating, and they do not appear to be opposed to, but rather sanctioned by sound reason.

Protestants and Infidels of all shades unceasingly point to

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

as a stain on the fair brow of the spouse of Christ. They represent it as one of those ignominies perpetrated by her, and for which she will never be able to find any excuse; nor can she wash away the stain by her name to the end of time. They speak of its horrors as recorded by Llorente, forgetting that Llorente is essentially a biased authority. A traitor to his country, and a traitor to his conscience, he finds his delight in misrepresenting everything Spanish and everything Catholic. He himself admitted that in order that his statements might not be contradicted he had burnt most of the

documents referring to that tribunal. And we have proofs, irrefutable proofs, that some of his statements are false.

Was the Inquisition a purely political, or a purely religious, or a politico-religious tribunal? There are masters of minds supporting each of those three opinions. When I say that Dr. Hefele, Leo, Guizot, Lenormant, de Maistre, Rauke, and even Llorente himself, assert that it was a mere political tribunal, we must admit that this opinion has serious evidence in its favor. "The Inquisition," says Rauke, "was the means of completing the absolute authority of the kings." "It was an act of self defence," says Lenormant, "against the dangers threatening the monarchy and the nation, against the conspiracy of the Jews and the Moors." When I see Pombal, the great persecutor of the Jews, speaking of it in the highest terms of admiration, it does not appear to me to have been a religious tribunal, although it had the mantle of religion, and its judges were monks, mostly Dominicans. We must not forget that they were not appointed by the Pope, but by the King. And they were never allowed to condemn any one to death, but simply to hand over to the secular tribunal the man who had been found guilty.

PROTEST OF POPES.

The Popes soon discovered the cruelty of the tribunal, and we see them protesting against its rigid actions. Pope Sixtus IX., says "Chambers' Encyclopaedia," protested against the doings of the tribunal, but, notwithstanding his protest, the Spanish crown maintained its assumption. Then the Popes, feeling their protest unavailing, were compelled through prudence to tolerate what they were powerless to suppress. Seeing this, Paul III. exhorted the Neapolitans to resist its introduction into their country. Pius IV. addressed a similar exhortation to Milanese.

Only a few remarks on the working and the number of victims of the institution, and I have done.

1. The Inquisition had no right to bring to its bars any man who had always been a Jew or a Moor. Their powers extended to Moors (or formerly converted Moors) or to the Christianized Jews.

2. Clement VII., by a special decree ordered that the properties of the Moors should not be confiscated but retained for their children.

3. The celebrated auto-da-fé were represented as public meetings where Bishops, priests and lay people were watching the agony of the unfortunate victims in the fire. The auto da fé were nothing of the kind. They were simply the spectacle of those who, having adjudged their errors came publicly to make an act of faith and promise for the future to lead the lives of true Christians.

VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION.

But what about the number of victims of the Inquisition? De Maistre, who is a very careful writer and exact historian, says that the number of capital punishments during the centuries of its existence did not come to 3,000. Mr. Legge, a non-Catholic writer in the Scottish Review (April, 1891) declares that instead of 8,000 mentioned by Llorente for a certain period, he cannot find more than 2,000—an average of forty a year. Compare this with some records of English tribunals. Hamilton, in his history of quarter sessions, gives the jail returns for Easter in 1598. He finds that during that year seventy-four persons were hanged in the jail. James Stevens gathers that if the average, in each country had been twenty a year, this would make 800 a year for the whole of England, that is, 11,200 in the fourteen years against the supposed to be 2,000 for the same period. Mr. Mackay (I continue to quote F. Smith) says that after the passing of the act against witch, under the promptings of John Knox, till the succession of King James I., 17,000 witches were burnt in Scotland, and 40,000 in England perished in the same manner between 1,600 and 1,680. And as Mr. Legge justly remarks, "even in supposing that the victims of the Inquisition would have been as numerous as certain people pretend, they would hardly have afforded the witch hunters spot for fifty years."

It is well to notice here, in passing, that the witches were put to death on the religious grounds. What about the thousands upon thousands of Catholics who at the same period suffered for their faith in England, Scotland and Ireland?

THE BETTER COURSE.

Hence I conclude that instead of throwing our misdeeds of the past at each other's face, we had much better live in union and peace. The historian, in turning the pages of our history, finds many things that do no honor to any of us. In days gone by people had different views, other ideas than our own, and we can hardly do them justice by examining their actions with the microscope of our nineteenth century education. Better than quarrel about what is over, let us live in mutual esteem, helping each other in a world which has none too much happiness, and during a life that is far too short to be mispent in ramblings, quarrels, uncharitableness and disunion.

THREE MASSES.

The Holy See is considering the advisability of extending to the entire priesthood of the Roman rite the privilege which is confined at present to the Church in certain portions of the Spanish dominions of celebrating three Masses on All Souls' Day. The instinct of the faithful tends constantly to develop the logical nucleus of a popular devotion, and nowhere has this been

so marked as in the case of Catholic piety towards the Holy Souls. They are detained for a space in their purgatorial prison house, and they can be helped by our good works and prayers, and especially by the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar, as the Council of Florence reminds us. Devotion to them can take no healthier form than the recitation of approved forms of indulgenced prayer, issued under the sanction of ecclesiastical authority, aimed at the souls of the departed, and the application of the Mass. It is in the liturgy of this last form of piety that the purest and tenderest instincts of the Church display themselves; and devout Catholics are never remiss in adopting these instincts and making them their own. Give them rest forever, O Lord, and let the light that falls not shine upon them!—Providence Visitor.

THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception is one of the most joyous and beautiful festivals that the Church keeps throughout the year. When sin entered into the world, sorrow and pain and disease and death came; and, on most of our festivals, however glad and glorious they may be, there is a minor note in the ecstatic chants, that recalls to us these sorrowful things. But the feast of Mary's Immaculate Conception tells us that when God chose her who was to be the living tabernacle, the nursing mother, the only earthly parent of Jesus Christ—of that Eternal Word, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God—He determined that not for one moment should the slightest shadow of even original sin rest upon her. By a special decree of His omnipotent will He emptied her from the curse and stain of her great forefather Adam; and from the very first instant of her existence she was sinless, stainless, immaculate. This dogma of the Church is often misunderstood outside her pale. People think that it refers to the virgin-birth of Jesus Christ rather than to His mother's spotless, instantaneous, unmarred and unclouded holiness from the first moment of her being. She is like the most spotless lily, the purest, untroubled snow, the clearest sky, the most radiant star; she is like the pure, fine gold that we bring for the chalice, the white, fine linen we use for the corporal, where our sacramental God shall rest; but she is more and holier than any or all of these. Her feast is heaven like with the beautiful holiness of that spotless human tabernacle in which the true, Holy of Holies vouchsafed to dwell. To Catholic Americans this holy day of obligation is of especial interest, as it is the patronal feast of the United States.—Sacred Heart Review.

A GREAT CATHOLIC CONVERT DIES IN ROME.

Rome, Nov. 1, 1900, America, Catholic America, is much the poorer to-day, for she has lost a distinguished son by the death of Mr. Heywood, which we cannot do better than commemorate him here. Only a long friendship and some curious inquiry, made from time to time, enabled me to estimate, in any due way, his exceedingly great merits, and if the spell that friendship and reverence for its privacy have deterred me from speaking freely during his lifetime, the impulses most strongly impelling me now, are in the opposite direction.

He was, I contend, one of the finest, and, in every respect, most remarkable, intelligences which the Protestantism of America has yielded to the Catholicity of Rome, whither he came, after his conversion, to live in the very vicinity of the Vatican, in the old, pre-Reformation embassy of England, the land of his fathers, to the See of Rome.

But before I pass to what I consider as a proof of this, I may quote from one of his tragedies, that called "Herodias," a passage which commends itself by reason of its being a specimen, at least, of his thoughtful literary style. It is a chant by the Heavenly Host:

Light invisible
Light giving Darkness inscrutable;
Source, unprovoked, source all receiving;
Boundless charity, which, yearning, endures,
The poor still is;
Sternness unwavering, limitless, infinite,
Inmovable Firmness;
Omnipotent and sleepless Benevolence;
Vengeance asleep omnipresent;
Ever creating and redemptive Creator, from sin-
labred creation resting forever;
Justice that seeth not, feeleth not; feeling
for an all-sufficing Piety;
Hidden and fathomless Mystery, mysteries
Hidden revealing;
Mysterious grace all pervading; Charity all
centering;
Love invisible, all overcoming;
Holiness, holiness, holiness;
Father of Christos,
Glory, majesty, victory and honor be unto
Thee
Forever and ever and ever.
Amen.

Mr. Heywood was also a novelist, and he was actually engaged in bringing out a novel at the period of his illness. But it is to his essays that I would make my appeal for proof of his passionate and singular penetration, and, consequently, of intellectual powers generally, and of a style fitting his mind in a singularly exact way. These essays appeared as literary studies in the Sunday edition of the New York Sun, during the editorship of Mr. Dana, and it was well said of them, at the time, that they were "sufficient to give that journal as distinguished a character as the Sainte-Beuve gave to the paper with which he was so long connected." At the close of the series, Mr. Heywood published them in a volume, "How They Strike Me, These Authors" (Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1877), a title which was almost as bad as the essays were excellent.

But the world is old enough now to distinguish a great mind, which, for moral, intellectual and social reasons,

has declined to seek an outlet of suitable manifestation.

I quote, more or less in a hurry, and at random, from among the pages of his book of essays, in order to enable one Catholic American reader to judge if his conversion was not the tribute of a remarkable intelligence to the glorious servitude of the faith. Thus: "In one respect only, the intellectual power of Hawthorne seems to have been unrestrained by any definable limits. His vocabulary appears boundless. His thoughts thoroughly elaborated, are presented to the reader in their utmost development, exquisitely shaped, cleanly cut, sharply defined, wanting nothing. A reader of very quick intelligence may, indeed, find this perfection of expression somewhat wearisome. He must passively receive the exuberant and wholly matured product of his author, foregoing the charm of that kind, of co-operation which goes forward, when the reader's reason and imagination are called upon in some way to consummate the idea begotten in his mind by the writer's words. Slower apprehensions and less fruitful fancies, however, obtain only satisfaction from Hawthorne's fulness of utterance. In reading all his writings, you will perceive not more than one or two words that appear like gems, such, for instance, as 'irmitigable,' and this rather from its rarity in other places than from its frequency here. From this mastery of words, this exquisite taste in diction, joined with a keen sense of euphony and of dulcet rhythm, comes no small part of this author's great reputation." (pp. 162-3.)

(Of Miss Thackeray: "This is very graphic; it is also very thorough. Possibly the thoroughness of the description impresses you even more than its vivacity. You are struck by the conscientious exactitude with which every particular of the scene is noted and clearly set forth. While considering it, you forget that this is but a space, and a small space, in the background of a picture which you came to see.")

"This little glimpse of the intense faculty of perception which the book reveals in almost every one of the essays. Where this is not the dominant characteristic, there are others; the clearest imagination, the most objective general criticism. He was dealing with purely literary subjects, and these faculties played upon the authors who are such as Lytton, Black 'George Eliot,' Trollope, Teanyson (whom he very much excoriates), Josquin Miller, Bret Harte, the two Hawthornes, father and son, Motley and Turgidoff who was then a novelty. The very same gifts he applied to philosophy and theology in 'Lady Merton,' and, I believe, I recollect him to have told me, in that which he was preparing for the press before his last illness.

His analytical gifts bear the chief relation to his outspoken plea on behalf of Catholicism, which 'Lady Merton' and his last novel contain, because the disector can bear a better testimony to faith than the positive mind, but the constructive faculties of Mr. Heywood were strong, and doubtless in proportion with his powers of insight, but for the evidence of this can, for want of space, only refer the reader to the poetical passage which I have quoted, and which is a deeply thoughtful and well balanced striving to express the nature of God.

Into the brightness of that "Light invisible" he has gone; to the "Charity all-centering, love invisible, all-overcoming," toward which he dimly struggled in the prime and glory of his manhood when he came to dwell in the religious metropolis. He was the first son of the Puritans who was a Knight Commander of St. Gregory, and a Chamberlain of cape and sword to the Pope of Rome.

The Irish pilgrimage has been blessed twice by His Holiness: once in the Vatican, and once in St. Peter's. It numbers, strictly counted, about two hundred and thirty persons, four Bishops and the Cardinal primate of all Ireland. It has been organized by an Irish Obleat of Mary Immaculate, Father Ring of Inchoree.

The college of St. Bede the Venerable, which Leo XIII. has founded, within the English college, for converts from Anglicanism is daily increasing. It numbers about ten more students this year, and expects not a few more before the re-opening of the Roman schools.

Mgr. O'Gorman, Bishop of Sioux Falls, who enjoys high esteem at the Vatican, has had a private audience with the Pope.

His Holiness is—let it be said, owing to his having had recently to suspend all audiences, for a little rest—very well, and unusually busy in audience-giving and blessing pilgrims.—Wm. J. D. Crooke in Catholic Citizen.

Time takes heavy toll as we pass, one after one, the Janus gated years, but he goes bravely on who bears with him the perfume of his Eden, and the romance of the morning, and the lavish heart of youth.—Benjamin F. Taylor.

THE ONLY PERFECT MOVING PICTURES
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Sacred Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY. BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

CXIV.

We have seen that in his instructions to priests and people Tetzl... taught no such heathenism of self-salvation as Doctor Hodges describes as having been the prevalent system of this time.

The same is true of his answer to Luther's sermon on Grace, which had been drawn up in twenty articles, and directed entirely against indulgences.

(1) Luther denies that Scripture or the early Doctors teach that the sacrament of penance consists of three parts: contrition, confession, and satisfaction.

(2) Luther, says Tetzl, instructs that the confession which is required as a condition of obtaining (meriting) an indulgence is not understood to require genuine contrition.

(3) Luther maintains that a Penance indulgence is harmful, because it dispenses from subsequent good works of penance or mercy.

(4) To Luther's objection, that indulgences make men spiritually slothful in the performance of good works, Tetzl replies that it is a matter of common note that, usually speaking, those who are most solicitous to procure indulgences are precisely the God-fearing, devout and charitable.

Of course Tetzl does not think of denying that many abuse indulgences to the end of spiritual slothfulness and of hardness of heart towards the needy.

(13) No one, says Tetzl, can make satisfaction to God for a mortal sin without the concurrence of the sufferings of Christ.

(14) Tetzl here renews his remark, that an indulgence can not take away the necessity of medicinal penances, and confirms it by the authority of Innocent III.

These answers of Tetzl are sufficient to show, as his instructions to the people had shown, that he founds all the virtues of indulgences, as he every where declares on the pure mercy of God expressed in the Passion of Christ, and conveyed to the soul by means of genuine (wahrhaftige) repentance and confession, or the set purpose of confession (Vorsetz der Beichte).

The favorite family charters is Hood's Pills. You cannot be happy while you have worms. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of worms without pain.

to day, but does not leave us free to treat the crude semi-antiquarianism of Luther as a renewal of Christianity out of paganism.

It is known that while the Church insists that no one can avail himself, on his own account, of an indulgence, not being in a state of grace, yet some maintain, although against the general current of Catholic opinion, that, even though not in a state of grace, he can obtain a valid indulgence for a soul in purgatory, since the benefit is not for himself.

Savonarola, at this time, had only been dead nineteen years. He was therefore an earlier contemporary of Tetzl. His "Triumph of the Cross" has been declared by the Holy See, like his writings generally, wholly sound and Catholic, and has been reprinted by Propaganda as a model of every tract.

Happily all Protestants are not fools in this matter. Mr. Howells is not, nor Dr. Herrick, and I understand that even the bigoted and virulent English Methodist, Dr. Rule, who has written Savonarola's life, is equally decided in refusing to call him a Protestant in any sense.

Charles C. Starbuck. Andover, Mass.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

To the sinner the Sacred Heart appeals: for him He came into this world and suffered and died. His most earnest appeals are to the sinner. He says He came to save the lost sheep.

To those who are abandoned, who are without a friend, the same Heart speaks most strongly. If they will only receive Him, He will be a friend indeed: and will comfort them in all their sorrows and afflictions.

To the poor, the Sacred Heart gladly comes and makes them realize that He while on earth was poor and destitute; and even love poverty, so their souls will not be tangled up with the thoughts of this earth, but left free to worship their Lord and their God with their whole heart and soul.

To the sick and afflicted, the Sacred Heart offers to come and console and to strengthen them to bear their trials; it enables them to turn their trials into real benefits, and make of them means of receiving most abundant graces and blessings.

First and Foremost In the field of medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses actual and unequalled merit by which it cures all diseases caused or promoted by impure or impure blood.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Second Sunday of Advent. TAKING SCANDAL OF CHRIST.

Blessed is he, that shall not be scandalized in Me. (Matt. 18, 6)

Who would imagine that any one could be scandalized in our Blessed Saviour who taught only divine truths, worked divine miracles and led so holy a life? And, yet, it has happened.

The first cause was pride. How could men almost defying themselves, as it were, with vain-glory, believe in a Redeemer who taught humility, practiced humility and promised the kingdom of God to the humble?

He knelt, put his elbows on the bed, buried his head in his hands and began: "Lord, this man whom Thou seest near me is not a sinful man; he is suffering from the evil of the century; he has not been touched by Thy grace; he is a stranger, come from a country where religion is turned to ridicule."

He signified consent by a movement of the hand. I did not go on my knees but with all the fervor that is in me I cried: "Lord, this man whom Thou seest beside me is not a sinful man. Have mercy upon him, for he is a Pharisee, who doubts not for one moment, and that without knowing me, that he is better than I. Thou who hast sent in vain Thy Son on earth to cast out the Pharisee, let Thy grace descend upon this one; teach him that the foremost Christian virtue is charity, and that the greatest charity is that which teaches us that we are no better than our brethren."

A vicious life more frequently than pride, is a poisonous source from which arises scandal in Christ and His holy religion. If the gospel demanded nothing but faith, a mere acceptance of its doctrines as true, in other words, a dead faith, thousands who are now freethinkers would willingly submit their intellects and accept its mysteries.

Thousands of Anemic Girls Hurrying to the Grave. A young lady at Cobourg, Ont., whose case was pronounced hopeless, tells how the regained health and strength—a lesson to mothers.

Alumina is the term used by doctors to indicate poverty of the blood. The prevalence of this trouble is most alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption which annually ravage the country have their origin in this trouble.

TOBACCO, LIQUOR AND DRUGS. Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally.

to its precepts. Let us avoid sin and be conscientious in the performance of the duties of our state of life.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER. Max O'Rell tells this story about himself: I had just returned to the hotel after having given a lecture on the Scotch at the town hall.

"Excuse my costume," I began, but you wished to speak to me on urgent business, and I thought best not to make you wait.

"There is nothing the matter with your dress," he broke in. "This is not an affair of the body, but of the soul. I have come to pray for you."

"And now," said I, "allow me to pray for you." He signified consent by a movement of the hand. I did not go on my knees but with all the fervor that is in me I cried: "Lord, this man whom Thou seest beside me is not a sinful man."

PALE AND BLOODLESS. Thousands of Anemic Girls Hurrying to the Grave. A young lady at Cobourg, Ont., whose case was pronounced hopeless, tells how the regained health and strength—a lesson to mothers.

Whatever Disease is caused by weakness of the stomach or bowels is likely to yield to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

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Courtesies at Home. It is not merely from a desire to please in society that good manners should be studied, but from the wish to consider the feelings of other people.

The Competent Boy. Abram S. Hewitt, a business man whose name is familiar to the country, says he believes that competent boys have just as good a chance to get ahead now as they ever had, but he particularly emphasizes the word "competent."

When you are building a house you must first lay the foundation, and the more solid you get the foundation, the more substantial will be your house.

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His father, believing his surroundings to be the cause of his dissipation, purchased him a commission in the army, and sent him away from his old associates. But habit proved stronger than duty and after a fast career of a few months, the young officer found himself in serious trouble.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. One of the notable addresses at the silver jubilee convention of the Young Men's National Union held at Newark, N. J., recently, was that of Mr. William Hopkins, "Bud Brier" of the Boston Globe and editor of the "People in Print" department in Donohoe's Magazine.

tion, and in notable instances immediately. False prophets very naturally foretell its future, but "the rock" upon which it was built could not be prevailed against, and Christian Charity, baptized in blood and confirmed in martyrdom, survived to see the consecration of the whole world at the altar of its safely sacrifice.

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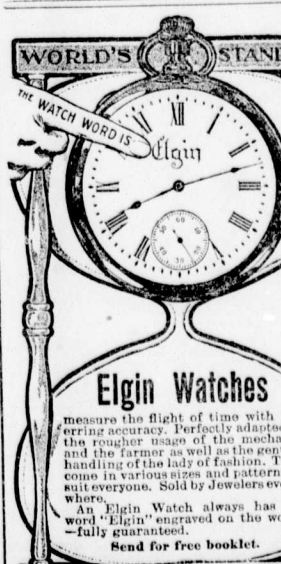
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