

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

NO. 789.

Love's Sacrifice.

Love's Herald flew o'er all the fields of Greece,
Crying: "Love's altar waits for sacrifice!"
And all folk answered, like a wave of peace,
With treasured offerings and gifts of price.

Toward high Olympus every white road filled
With pilgrims streaming to the bliss abode;
Each bore rich tribute, some for joys fulfilled,
And some for blisses lingering on the road.

The pious peasant drives his laden ear:
The fisher youth bears treasure from the sea;
A wife brings honey for the sweets that are;
A maid brings roses for the sweets to be.

Here strides the soldier with his wreathed sword,
No more to glitter in his country's wars;
There walks the poet with his mystic word,
And smiles at Eros' mild recruit from Mars.

But 'midst these hearers of propitious gifts,
Behold where two, a youth and maiden,
She bears no boon: his arm no burden lifts,
Save her dear fingers pressed within his hand.

Their touch ignites the soft delicious fire,
Whose rays the very altar flames eclipse;
Their eyes are on each other sweet desire,
And yearning passion trembles on their lips.

So fair—so strong! Ah, Love! what errant wiles
Have brought these two so poor and so unblest?
But see! Instead of anger, Cupid smiles;
And lo! he crowns their sacrifice as best!

Their hands are empty, but their hearts are filled;
Their gifts so rare for all the host suffice;
Before the altar is their life wine spilled—
The love they long for is their sacrifice.

—John Boyd O'Reilly.

HOLINESS OF THE CHURCH.

Further Reply to the Strictures of Dr. Briggs.

Catholic University, Washington, November 16.

The articles reviewed by me last week do not limit their lament to the supposed inefficiency of the Church as a teaching authority; they complain, moreover, that she fails to give evidence of the holiness that should adorn the bride of Christ. The earnest souls who find so little in her doctrine find still less in her example. "The Church," says Dr. Briggs, "has lost the confidence of the people in its sanctity."

This surely is a serious state of things. Nor is the situation in any way relieved when we ponder the promise of Christ to be with the Church "all days, even to the consummation of the world." What profits His abiding or the indwelling of the Holy Spirit if the people have decided that His mission is no longer her mission, His life no longer her life, His character no longer her character? Granting even that the gates of hell have not prevailed against her, it is bad enough that the gates of public opinion are shut in her face, and worse still that seekers after Christ have been forced to find Him where His body, the Church, is not. The sepulchre is there and the seals, but the real Christianity has gone forth in the life of a new resurrection. Is the last error worse than the first?

Let us admit frankly that there is a deal of room for improvement in the lives of most people: that with an increase of honesty, purity and charity the world would be better off; that Christians, in a word, could afford to become more Christ-like. Make the admission as sweeping as you will, what follows? Is there anything novel in the need of reform? History answers in the negative. The same necessity was felt in the Garden of Eden, and will continue to be felt as long as Adam has descendants. Christ Himself knew that after three years of daily personal intercourse with Him some of the apostles would need reform or get beyond it; but this knowledge did not prevent Him from purchasing the Church with His blood. St. Paul was aware that not all the Corinthians were models; yet he maintains that the Church is without spot or blemish. And much as we admire the "heroic periods" of the Church, we cannot read St. Cyprian or Eusebius without feeling that the rule of heroic sanctity was well confirmed by the exceptions. For all that there was no panic: the Gospel found its apostles, and the faith its martyrs, and every virtue its glorious examples, though some were "alienated" from the Church.

But now, we are told, it is among the alienated, among those who have lost confidence in the sanctity of the Church, that the Christ-like select are to be found. Here at least is novelty enough. We read of the old-fashioned saints that they often had doubts as to their own holiness, and, like St. Paul, were fearful lest, after preaching to others, they should become cast-aways. But the anxiety of the modern elect is not so selfish; what worries them and shakes their confidence is the hopeless condition of the Church on the score of sanctity. Verily they must be aiming exceedingly high; and yet their sight is not sharp enough to perceive the truths at their feet. For they cannot pretend that their ideal of holiness or their standard of judging is higher than that proposed by the Church. And if they acknowledge this, they must admit that the fault lies not with the Church, but with those who fall below what she requires; and if they have gone aside from the Church, with a short measure of sanctity, the short age is on their side and the alleged lack of confidence should take an introspective turn. At any rate, since they are so solicitous about the Church, they might lend her their support and help to "restore confidence."

It is remarkable how much more

common sense is shown in judging human institutions than in the criticism passed by the fastidious "aliens" upon the Christian Church. Every body sees, for instance, that there is a vast amount of political rottenness in our land; yet no sensible American loses confidence in the Constitution. At most, the self-respecting citizen will hold aloof from politics, in which case he displays less zeal for his country and less aversion for corruption than the man who grapples with the evil. In like manner they who are sincere in their love for Christ will cling to His Church simply because it is His. In the shortcomings and sins of its members and its rulers they will recognize a fungus of human weakness which has sprung up in spite of the healthful life of the Church, and which has only to be lopped away in order to bring out that life in vigor and beauty. And what is more, they will make sure, before passing censure upon others, that their own lives are blameless and their intentions upright. Such a spirit of reform is at all times welcome; for it strives not to alienate souls from the Church by shattering their trust in her sanctity, but to make them sharers in her sanctity and thereby draw them more closely to her.

Success will attend this effort in proportion to the skill which the reformer uses in bringing the Church into contact with the age, preserving the substance of what she teaches and commands, yet modifying the accidental forms to meet actual needs. But in this continuous adaptation, which is an evidence of vitality in the Church, a limit must be recognized. It is useless to imagine that the moral teaching of the Church, modify it as we may, will ever completely satisfy the world. We might as well talk of making the two horizons meet. It is equally hopeless to think of sanctifying people in spite of themselves; the service of God and His salvation must be free. When a man stands off from the Church and says, "Make me holy if you can," any answer to such defiance is as senseless as the challenge itself. And when people, as more commonly happens, pursue their own way with a sort of half-readiness to embrace Christianity in case it should ever round to their course, no amount of tacking and doubling will overtake them. This is not mere speculation; it is a survey of actual conditions in which people who are dissatisfied with the Church most often indulge. Failing to note the boundaries fixed by passion, worldliness and indifference, they bewail the narrowness of the Church and "lose confidence in its sanctity."

It is unfortunate, perhaps, that evil in its manifestations overshadows what good may exist in the world. Holiness is not always on dress parade, nor is virtue given to self-advertisement. Filth gathers in heaps on the highway, while jewels remain hidden. Hence it is that moral statistics are always imperfect, and that the vicious side of humanity is uppermost to the superficial view. Within the Church itself sanctity is for the most part secret; but it is none the less real, and people who feel that their confidence in Christianity is waning might easily strengthen it if they would take the trouble of looking for holiness in lowly places. They would find a vast deal more of patient suffering, of generous sacrifice, of manly restraint and of womanly purity among the unknown masses who hold fast by the Church than among the sensitive critics who confide so much in themselves. "This is a practical age," says Dr. Briggs; "the Church is judged by its fruits." Very well, but be sure you get at the fruits before you judge. Be sure that the sins of churchmen and the vices of church members and the general good-for-nothingness of church organization are the results and the only results of fidelity to the Church; then withdraw your confidence and invest it wherever you think best.

Dr. Briggs has applied this gospel criterion in a way that dispenses me from making a distinction which ought to have been noticed before. His allusion to the Protestant idea of salvation without good works, his accusation that "the churches have been slow to engage in Christian work," and that "the Church has limited its conception of salvation too much to the future life," make it clear that he is not talking about the Church. What fruits have been gathered from that first principle of Lutheran morality, and what is lacking in the efforts of the denominations for the relief of humanity, he knows best. He should also know that there is not a single measure suggested in his articles as needful for widening the scope of Christian usefulness which has not been put in practice long since by the Catholic Church. If the building of hospitals, asylums and schools is to be taken as a proof of sanctity, Catholics have practical reasons enough to believe in the holiness of the Church. But they know very well that her sanctity lies deeper—in the design of her Founder, in her sources of sanctification, in the models of holiness to whom she can point as her genuine fruits. From the Catholic point of view it is not true that "the people have lost confidence in the sanctity of the Church."

Catholics are well aware that the age of miracles has not passed, and that

bodily ills are alleviated or removed as frequently now by prayer and faith as in the earlier days of the Church. Even those who have not been so favored know how the sufferings of heart and soul, which are often more painful than disease, find a remedy in the sacraments or are turned into sweetness at the foot of the altar. They understand, too, how the same channels of grace produce exquisite flowers of virtue, of whose existence the world never dreams. For all religion, in the last analysis, is the triumph of the supernatural; and it is no marvel that the world, tied down at its best to the natural, should fail to discern the excellence of anything higher, much less to appreciate the sources from which that excellence is derived. So it is rare that we find writers outside of the Church who can detect with the delicate sense of a Ruskin the hidden beauties wrought by the art of God upon the clay of our humanity, or who, observing the effect, can point without hesitation to the cause. All the glory of God's house is from within; they who view it from without can have but a faint idea of the reality.

Dr. Briggs seems to labor under just such a difficulty. "The Roman Catholics," he tells us, "have held forth the counsels of Christian perfection for the attainment of a chosen few who are called to be saints." But the Roman Church as a body has been content with ceremonial sanctity.

This statement is misleading. One would think that the Catholic Church had set aside the solid wall of the decalogue and contented herself on the one hand with a trellis-work of "perfection," on the other with a frippery of ritual observance. As a matter of fact, the Church says to every one just what Christ said to the young man mentioned in the gospel: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments; if thou wilt be perfect, practice the counsels. She can afford to tell men this because she can offer them the means of attaining the highest perfection. But that the Roman Church as a body has been content with ceremonial sanctity will rather surprise Catholics, who generally find that the observance of ecclesiastical law is a pretty serious "ceremony." There is no doubt a wealth of ritual in the Church that is not found in the denominations. So long as men are not pure spirits, grace must come to them by outward signs, and so long as the senses are open to impression, religion must see that some impressions at least are of an elevating sort, if only to offset numberless others that kindle the soul to passion and sin. But to infer that sanctity, for that reason, is merely ceremonial, is to mistake the means for the end.

Dr. Briggs closes his article with a glimpse of the "more comprehensive and more efficient Church plan," which liberal men in all the denominations are setting about to devise. When this shall come to pass "conformity to Jesus Christ in character and service will be regarded as of vastly more importance than conformity of doctrine, discipline or ceremonial. Then we may hope that the Church will have regained the confidence of the people in her divine authority, sanctity and catholicity." Certainly we may hope it, but the realization will depend in a large measure on the estimate which shall be formed of the character and service of Christ. Is each member of the coming Church to formulate his own ideas on this point? Then there is no need of any Church. Is the Church itself to show forth Christ and the manner of serving Him? Then she can do so only in her doctrine, discipline and ceremonial. Conformity to these will, therefore, be conformity to Christ in character and service. This, at any rate, is what He meant when He told His apostles, he that heareth you heareth Me. This, too, is the abiding principle which prevents Catholics from losing and spares them the necessity of regaining confidence in the divine authority, sanctity and catholicity of the Church. As to the problem of evil among the members of the Church we need no better solution than the one given in St. Matthew xiii., 24, 30, "Suffer both to grow until the harvest." Now the harvest is appointed for God's own time. "Veritas" in Philadelphia Catholic Times.

DIocese of Hamilton.

On Sunday last, Nov. 28, the third anniversary of the dedication of St. Lawrence church, Hamilton, was celebrated. At High Mass, His Lordship Bishop Dowling assisted, and Rev. J. H. Coty sang the Mass. Rev. Father Brady, pastor of the church, being deacon, and Rev. Father Murphy of the cathedral, subdeacon. The Bishop preached an appropriate sermon, and at the end commended the pastor and parish on the successful results of their good work.

In the evening the church was crowded, Grand Musical Vespers were rendered by the choir, under the leadership of J. B. Nelligan. A full orchestra assisted. The soloists were Mrs. Martin Murphy, Miss Scott, T. Murphy, and J. Nelligan.

His Lordship the Bishop was present in the sanctuary, assisted by Rev. Fathers Brady and Murphy. Father Coty officiated.

The collection of the day amounted to \$125. Much credit is due to the pastor and people of this parish for the wonderful progress made during the past three years. Church furniture and grounds have cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000, of that amount this sum of \$11,000 remains to be paid. The parish is a most compact one. It comprises about three hundred families, all of which are within a radius of a few blocks from the church.

THE GREAT CHANGE IN IRELAND.

Wm. O'Brien's Lecture on "The Future of the Young Men of Ireland."

Within the past quarter of a century a great change, political and social, has been effected in Ireland, and, needless to say, the change is vastly for the better. This fact was eloquently emphasized by Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., in a lecture the other day in Cork, the subject of the lecture being, "The Future of the Young Men of Ireland."

Mr. O'Brien claims that even already the work of Irish National self-government has begun. "The victory of which I would speak to you to-night," said he, in his address at Cork, "is not one to be hoped for, or even to be fought for. The victory is here already, and it is summed up in the fact that the Irish masses, from being a horde of helots in their own country, have become its masters. Popular power is still only in its infancy, but the infant is born. It is waxing fat and kicking."

In proof of this claim Mr. O'Brien pointed to the state of things in Ireland at a time within the memory not merely of old men but of men not yet beyond the prime of life. No further back than the sixties the landlord was the great power in parliamentary and municipal and local politics in Ireland. Voting at elections was under the open system. The voter had to declare in public, before any person who chose to be present, how and for whom he voted. Of course the landlord or his agent was there, and the Irish tenant, farmer-at-will—and most of them were "at-will"—who had the courage to vote against the landlord candidate was sure to suffer for it very soon after in the form of rack rent or eviction. It was not to be expected that many would risk such a terrible penalty, and consequently the so-called Irish representation in Parliament was a fraud and a sham. The "Irish" members were landlords or the nominees of landlords, men who in the House of Commons had never a word to say in disapproval of government in Ireland by the Protestant Ascendancy faction. In fact, the whole "representation" of Ireland in Parliament in those days was part and parcel of the Protestant Ascendancy system.

And not only in Parliament but in all the cities and towns of Ireland the councils and local boards—and, of course, the magisterial bench—were manned by the landlord party. If a Nationalist got on a council or board it was only by accident, or as a great favor. Such an event as a Nationalist being made mayor of a town would have been a sensation, in regard to which a question would be raised in Parliament by some of the "Irish" members.

This was the situation politically. Socially the ascendancy of the minority was everywhere the same. "Men (that is, Catholics and Nationalists)," says Mr. O'Brien "looked around for a policeman before singing a national song. Wherever a young Irishman's eyes turned they met some badge of inferiority, some impassable stronghold of alien ascendancy. National treasure (Irish money) went in millions to bedeck a church (the Protestant Established Church) whose predominance was an ever-burning insult to the Church of five sixths of the population. The professions were double-locked monopolies. The bar was a forbidding bed of Castle corruption. Men (Nationalists) had to struggle into the medical profession under every disadvantage of deficient university culture."

Such was Ireland twenty-five years ago. It is vastly different to-day. The landlord and his power have been swept out of Irish politics. A landlord, unless he were a good Nationalist, would have no more chance now in twenty-eight out of the thirty-two counties of Ireland of being elected to Parliament than a Nationalist had in any part of Ireland in the days when landlordism was king. Landlordism as a power in national or local politics in Ireland is dead, and the power of the people has taken its place. There is an overwhelming National majority in the Parliamentary representation; the city and town councils and other public boards all over the country, the Orange North-East corner of four counties excepted, are overwhelmingly Nationalist. Nationalists have crowded into the professions so that Nationalist lawyers and doctors are to be found in every town where less than a generation ago such a thing would be a phenomenon. In the field of education the Irish people have also forced their way onward. In every county there are Catholic seminaries and colleges crowded with young men laying the foundation of successful careers in life in their own native land.

The change is undoubtedly a great and salutary one, and furnishes bright hope for the future of the young men of Ireland. Only one thing is needed to complete the work, and that the most important of all—Home Rule. This is quickly coming. It will be accomplished through the unity and patriotism of Irishmen at home and the sympathy and active aid of the Irish race throughout the world. Without these even the great advocacy and untiring labors of Ireland's powerful friend,

Mr. Gladstone, could have availed but little.—Irish World.

THE NEW HOSPITAL.

To the people of London, and, indeed, to those as well who reside in other parts of the diocese, it will be welcome news that the new St. Joseph's Hospital, a magnificent, thoroughly-equipped and commodious structure, occupying the highest and choicest spot in the city, has been formally opened for the reception of patients. From the very inception of the scheme to erect an hospital, the ecclesiastical authorities and the community of St. Joseph have been actuated by one controlling motive—to make no mistake in its erection—to put up a building embracing all the modern improvements, and containing features which are a convenience to the medical profession and which aid them very materially in the performance of their duties. From almost any point in the city the hospital may be seen, towering above all other buildings, on that beautiful northern eminence of Richmond street. There is perhaps not in the Province another site better adapted for the purpose. Not only is it most healthful, but it likewise possesses a charm for the convalescent peculiarly its own because of the magnificent view to be had from all sides, the pretty Forest City to the south nestling in its myriads of maples, and the east, west and north supplying a picture of pastoral beauty not surpassed in any other part of western Ontario. It is most satisfactory to all concerned to know that the efforts of the Sisters of St. Joseph have been fully appreciated, as the new building is now almost fully occupied with patients. To the sick it will be a haven of rest and of comfort, and kind hands will be ever ready to assuage their suffering, while the most eminent doctors will be in attendance to do all that lies in the power of medical science to procure restoration to health. We need scarcely say that creed, or nationality form no bar to admittance. All who are in need of treatment are welcome within its portals. All are treated with the same consideration, its plan of operations being based on that broad and beautiful and divine model laid down by our Redeemer.

On Wednesday morning of last week the building was formally dedicated and blessed by His Lordship the Bishop of London, after which, at 8 o'clock, he celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Besides a number of the laity, there were present, assisting the Bishop, Rev. Fathers Turgeon and Proulx, members of the Society of Jesus, Montreal, and Fathers Tiernan, Gahan, Noonan and McCormick, of the cathedral.

We sincerely wish the community of St. Joseph most abundant success in this grand enterprise. God has favored their work in the cause of education and charity in this diocese; and as their lives are entirely devoted to His service, may we not hope His all-powerful hand will be ever uplifted to guard and guide and bless them.

ROME AND THE POLICEMEN.

Toronto Globe.

The P. P. A. have gone into municipal politics in Brantford, and the *Expositor* set to work to discover in what particular manner the hand of Rome is on the throat of Brantford. A diligent search was made through the city pay rolls. In the City Hall itself all was well. There was a Protestant clerk, the city moneys were looked after in a thoroughly Protestant manner; Protestant relief was given to the poor, and a Medical Health officer of the right stripe attended to sanitary matters in the manner prescribed in the Protestant text-books. The presence of a Protestant janitor removed the last lingering fear that Catholics might be doing fancy drill in the basement. The fire halls were inspected, with a like satisfactory result. There were nine firemen, and according to the percentage of Catholics in the population, one fireman and a half ought to have been of that persuasion; but it appeared that no person who owed supreme allegiance to any foreign king, potentate or ecclesiastical power had authority to squirt water at either a Protestant or a Catholic conflagration in Brantford.

The search, however, was thorough, and at last the police-force was discovered to be the place where the hierarchy was doing its fell work. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; yet the Protestants of Brantford, in the language of the document circulated by the P. P. A., had ceased to be vigilant, and in conscious strength were either intently chasing the almighty dollar or quietly dozing while they swiftly drifted towards a more tremendous crisis than the city had yet known. There was a Catholic on the force! The liberties of Protestant boys were at the mercy of a man who owned supreme allegiance to a foreign king, potentate or ecclesiastical power. It is impossible to say how many of these boys had been consigned to a Brantford dungeon for whistling "Boyne Water" with intent to intimidate, while nothing whatever had been done to Catholic youngsters who warbled "Garryowen" or "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," with

intent thereby to incite the Protestants of Brantford to commit breaches of the peace. The secret, intolerant and aggressive efforts of the "religious-political organization" to destroy our blood-bought civil and religious liberty were tant of contain no fewer than one Catholic. If such things can happen in free, happy and prosperous Brantford, there is no saying in how many cities, towns and hamlets the hand of Rome is working. It is clear that a great educative campaign against firemen, policemen and clerks who are sworn to obey the foreign potentate is the only thing that can save the country, or at least give the P. P. A. something to do.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Cleveland Universe.

In the course of an address in Baltimore on Sunday, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, His expression to these timely reflections on the interdependence of the rich and poor, and of the desirability of some recognized agency for the equitable adjustment of the relations between the two classes: "The benefactor of the ages to come will be he who reconciles capital and labor. There should be no conflict between capital and labor, for, if the laboring man depends upon the capitalist, so capital in a great measure depends upon the laboring man. Capital would be of little use without the labor of the workingman. The wealthiest men in the land would be poor indeed if they had no friend to greet them or no toiler to labor for them." He expressed the hope that the time would soon come when some well-conceived and impartial tribunal would be established for the settlement of grievances of labor and capital and put an end to strikes, which are so disastrous. "Never are the prerogatives of the capitalist better safeguarded," he said, "than when the correlative rights and privileges of the workman are recognized and vindicated."

Catholic Columbian.

The consolations of the Catholic faith are exhibited in marked degree at the bedside of the sick. There all the courage of a Christian heart needs a strength that human means cannot afford. The doctor may follow the patient's illness until the fatal moment arrives, but then the minister of God is the Angel of mercy and hope whose presence is illumined by the light of faith. The Catholic asks for the priest, as the spiritual physician, sooner than he calls upon the healer of the body, for he understands how much more important it is to cure the sick soul than the disease laden body. "Yes," said a Protestant physician to us recently, "I meet more Catholic priests at the houses of the sick than any other ministers. I think they visit their sick more frequently."

Boston Pilot.

Bob Ingersoll, in his Shakespearean lecture, last Sunday night in Boston, testified unwittingly to Shakespeare's Catholic parentage. "Shakespeare's father," said Ingersoll, "seems to have been an ordinary man of his time and class. About the only thing we know of him is that he was officially reported for not going monthly to church." It was only the Catholics who failed to attend the newly established Protestant services who were thus reported.

Ave Maria.

The duty of Catholics in regard to all forms of organized religious intolerance is pointed out by the *Sacred Heart Review*. It would be well if our contemporary's wise and moderate words could find a general hearing at this time: "The duty of Catholics is plain. We appeal to them, and to the Catholic press all over the country, to put into practice now the Christian principles which we profess. Let us cherish no angry thought nor speak any angry word. Let us live on quietly and peaceably, even under this attack upon our liberties and our common rights; hating none, injuring none, bearing no malice, and having no thought of revenge. Curbing and stilling the natural indignation and resentment that men must feel at such an invasion of their rights, let us quietly await the revulsion of public sentiment, and the return of that better and saner feeling sure to come when the first outbreak of unreasoning prejudice shall have spent its force, and men shall have returned to reason, moderation and common sense. We look forward to that time with calmness and certain confidence, well assured that it is not far off. Meantime it is in our power to disprove, by our conduct and our daily lives, all the false charges brought against us and our religion. There is no people on earth quicker to repudiate injustice once it is recognized than our own. The present revival of bigotry will pass, and the Church will be all the better for it."

God bless the cheerful person—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely! Over and above every social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart, which knows how to lean on Him, are cheerful persons in the house or by the wayside.

A thing done when thought of is never forgotten.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XX.

FAIR FRANCE. "The child needs its mother, And my soul its God." —E. G. de Guerin. "Bon Jour, Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle is up early. It is probably that Mademoiselle desires to assist at Holy Mass."

tances on either side of a broad carriage-road, rise in gigantic splendor, forming, with their leafy boughs, a complete canopy overhead, so thick as almost entirely to shut out from sight the intense deep blue of the August sky. Down the avenue goes Mabel, stepping out in a style and at a rate that is unmistakably British. No French girl would appreciate that amount of bodily exercise—for the sake of pleasure, too, at 6 o'clock in the morning. Outside the ponderous iron gates that close the avenue to the public, Mabel comes to a standstill, and takes a general survey of her surroundings. In front of her, beyond the lane into which the avenue leads, a steep ramp, bordered on both sides by tall, shaggy walnut-trees, and by underwood, chiefly composed of a plant remarkably like Scotch heather, slopes precipitately down to the seashore. The tide is almost at its full height, and the bluest, most sparkling water Mabel ever remembers to have seen in the whole course of her life, is spread out like a sheet of sapphire, upon which are playing the dazzling rays of the morning sunlight, all radiant with prismatic hues. Mabel selects this path, and soon finds herself upon what at Vranaches is known as "La Plage Ste. Anne," probably on account of its proximity to the Chateau bearing that name. Out before her lies the broad sweep of the Atlantic; to the right and left rise the richly-wooded coasts, now with pine-crowned summits, till they seem almost to lose themselves in blue ether, again sloping downward into shady groves of hazel and beach, that kiss the clear waters when at high tide they wash up in some places to the very borders of the woods. At low tide the sands are splendid—a rich yellow in color, and thickly strewn with loveliest shells of innumerable shapes and hues. Following a narrow pathway along a strip of sand, Mabel comes in a few moments upon a bay, which runs inland, still embosomed in woods for three or four hundred yards. The pathway here grows broader, and round the semi-circle formed by the bay, twelve or fourteen feet above the sea, at high water-mark, are built neat wooden sheds, for the purpose of bathing-houses. Of these there are some forty or fifty, more or less commodious, according as they belong either to private families or to the country people, who let them out when required. Steps cut in the rock, or wooded pathways, lead down from these "cabanes" to the water, where the bathing is much more luxurious and enjoyable than at our English water-places. In France few people bathe early in the morning, so that Mabel finds everything very quiet—scarcely anyone is stirring on the shore, or round about it; she has it all to herself, and finding it already early as it is, hot for walking, Mabel seats herself on one of the steps in the rock, as close to the water as possible. "How very lovely!" she thinks—"more lovely than anything in England. What is it, I wonder, that makes it so, for I am sure at Elvanlee the shore is quite as picturesque. I know what it is that makes this so beautiful—it is the coloring, the atmosphere, everything is so wonderfully clear, and the colors are so vivid; but oh! all the same I wish I was back at Elvanlee." A deep sigh, the little English straw hat, with its heavy crape trimming, is tossed almost fretfully aside, while its owner, leaning her head back, stares wistfully into the deep Tyrian blue sky above her. How I hate to be called a Protestant! I suppose they will all cram that down my throat here—a Protestant indeed! When one thinks what their idea of Protestantism is, too—Calvinism, the religion of those "cabanes" to a Presbyterian at once. I won't be called a Protestant! I am not one. How shall I ever make them understand it? Another deep sigh, another impatient gesture—the fair, golden head raises itself slowly, the blue eyes, looking very melancholy, take a long, anxious gaze over the broad expanse of ocean. "Oh! Hugh, dear, dear Hugh, if I was only where you are now! It's so lonely without you, it's so hard to live alone! I thought I was going to be so pleasant to be alone with you, but oh! it's all so changed; I am so lonely, Hugh, so dreadfully, horribly lonely!" Here Mabel takes out a handkerchief, and two or three reluctant tears are brushed away with a good deal of resolution. "Surely Vevea does not believe in that ridiculous nonsense!" (returning to the first train of thought)—"a robe for the Blessed Virgin! I wonder if the foolish, simple creature meant they were going to dress up a doll like the Blessed Virgin?—yes, I suppose she did; and then they will carry it about under a canopy, and kneel down and pray to it—what rubbish! I am sure I do not know why Hugh need ever have imagined I would give a thought to anything so ridiculous! but I wonder how Vevea could have been so taken in, and Mr. Vaughan—ah! that is what is so extraordinary; but perhaps Vevea does not believe in the superstitious nonsense—she can't, that is certain; why did she leave the Anglican Church, then? she could have had all she wanted there." A long, long pause, during which a shadow of deep perplexity settles down upon the grave, thoughtful face. Then two or three more heavy sighs in succession; after which Mabel draws her Common Prayer-Book out of her pocket, together with a very uncommon Ritualistic-looking volume, meant to be an appendix to the former;

and compiled by some reverend gentleman whose wants and aspirations were not to be satisfied by Cranmer's devoted efforts in his behalf. The compiler was no doubt one of those who, while he deprecated the honest use of Catholic books of devotion such as the Golden Manual, or the Garden of the Soul, was not inclined to deprive himself of the prayers therein contained, and had consequently wasted a good deal of time and money in rearranging, re-adorning, curtailing and altering (where he chose to do so) those beautiful devotions, often the compositions of canonized saints, always of men whose choicest strings he was not "worthy to unloose." Mabel takes some time to read through the morning service, at which she has been accustomed every day of her life since her childhood to assist. It is no small trial to her to find herself in a place where the only church is a Catholic one, within twenty miles of her, is a wretched temple, open, of course, on Sunday only, and that in a town five miles from Vranaches. It is not a Church of England, so Mabel does not think she shall make any effort, even when Sunday comes, to go to it. Mabel had not been abroad before, so it did not occur to her, before she left England, that she should not be able to go to church. She imagined, poor Mabel! that her beloved Church of England must be everywhere; indeed, she had never reflected on the subject until, to her consternation on the preceding day, she learned the real state of the case from Genevieve. Probably, had Mabel been aware of it before she left England, she would not have consented to go to Vranaches; but it was now too late to raise any objections. Jessie would not understand them, and Mabel felt it would never do to appear ungrateful for Jessie's kind- ated the visit to her which had originated the additional trial (no insignificant one) with as much courage as she could muster. This was the first morning she had tried a plan she meant whenever the weather permitted her to adopt—to use as her oratory some quiet spot out of doors—the open air, at any rate, would be more devotional than bare walls within. "Pardon! I think you lose your hat," says a musical voice in pretty, broken English behind Mabel. Mabel, fancying herself quite alone, looks round in astonishment, and sees a girl about her own age standing on the sandy platform in front of the cabanes. Turning immediately again to see after her hat, which she has tossed carelessly, as she thought, behind her, Mabel perceives it already floating upon the water just out of her reach, the advancing tide having carried it, unnoticed by herself, from the spot where it fell. "Wait! I will bring you a stick—ah! you give yourself too much trouble," says the pretty voice again, as Mabel takes off her shoes and stockings, and wades into the water after her floating head dress. "I have got it, thank you very much," says Mabel, laughing, as she returns to shore, and nods to her new friend. "Ah! but you have so much wet your feet, and you have no towel; if you will give yourself the trouble to come up here, I will give you one." Thus invited, Mabel, gathering together her belongings, prepares to ascend the rock; but the girl above evidently thinks that what with books, parasol, shoes, stockings, not to speak of the dripping hat, Mabel is overloaded, so she trips down the steps to meet her, and relieves Mabel of more than half her burden. "You read; you have forgot the tide," she remarks, as ascending the steps backwards, she displays to Mabel a pleasant French face, all running over with smiles, with soft dark eyes, dove-like in their exceeding gentleness, yet full of light and brilliancy; a neat little plump figure, elegantly, yet very simply dressed, and a countenance remarkable not for beauty of complexion or feature, for Marie de St. Laurent excels in neither, but exquisite in the serenity and almost childlike innocence of its expression. "What a sweet face! thinks Mabel. "I wonder if she is one of the St. Laurents? I do not know; but she must be Marie; she certainly is like the description Vevea gave me last night." Then remembering she has not answered the question addressed to her, she exclaims—"Oh! yes, it was stupid of me. I forgot all about my hat. I should have lost it if had not been for you. I am so much obliged." "Ah, it is not worth while. See, this is our cabane. I will fetch you a towel," says the young French girl, stopping in front of one of the largest and best-looking cabanes, which she opens with a key taken out of her pocket; then, while Mabel, sitting on one of the lodges of rock, dries her feet, and replaces her stockings and shoes, the girl stands shyly watching her, admiring the fair complexion, and the rich auburn hair she had so often heard of as the peculiar beauty of English women. "You are Inglesh—is it not?" she inquires. "And you are also a stranger here. Could it be that you are Mees Mebelle Forrester?" "Yes, How do you know me?" asked Mabel. "I did think so directly I did see you, breaking off into a low, pleasant laugh. "Ah, I have heard so much of you from Genevieve. Well, then, let me say to you, welcome very much to our dear France!" There is something charmingly gracious in this greeting, as the French

girl, with great simplicity, seizes hold of Mabel's hands, and kisses her on both cheeks. Mabel is surprised, but suffers the salute without opposition, after which she finds voice to say—"I suppose, too, that you are one of the St. Laurents?" "It is right," exclaims the girl gaily. "You have guessed it rightly. I am Marie de St. Laurent, and I do love so much your Inglesh friend, the dear Genevieve. Ah! she so often talks of you. I do feel that I do know you quite well." "Are you going to bathe now?" asks Mabel. "Ah! no; not this early. I will bathe this after-noon, when everybody bathes. You too will bathe, is it not?" "Is it not rather public here for bathing, when all these are full?" objects Mabel, pointing to the cabanes. "I should like to bathe in the morning." "Because?" answers Marie, inquiringly. "Oh! I don't know, only it seems to me it must be disagreeable to have to walk down these steps to the sea in one's bathing dress; and if the tide is out, you must have some way to run." "And in England you do not do that?" "Oh! no; we have bathing-machines, that take us to the water, and we can get into it at once without being seen." "Because you not like to be seen in your costume?" says Marie, looking puzzled. "It is to us quite indifferent. We make up parties de bains, and we do all bathe together, my brothers and my cousins, and my uncles. Oh! it is, I assure you, very amusing." Mabel opened her eyes very wide—she had yet to be introduced to many customs for which she is quite unprepared. "I do not like the idea at all," she protests with British independence. "Because?" reiterates the young French girl, elevating her eyebrows; then she adds, quietly, shrugging her shoulders and laughing her clear, pretty laugh, "but this after-noon you shall see, and then you shall perhaps change your mind. Will you now come with me to my house?—my sisters they shall be so glad to see you." "I am afraid I have not time. I must go home to breakfast," says Mabel. "Ah! your breakfast very early—yes, I remember, as Genevieve; but it is not yet rung out the eight. Will you not come with me a little way? I go to fetch my sisters—they wait for me in the chapel; we shall find there, too, Genevieve." Mabel sees no objection to this, so the two girls leave the sea behind them, Marie leading the way up a steep path through the wood, which winds continually as they advance, gradually opening out and becoming broader, until it reaches the summit, where it concludes abruptly, by a little rustic wooden gate, the entrance into a cemetery attached, so Marie informs Mabel, to the Convent de l'Adoration. "Why do you call it the Adoration," asks Mabel, wondering, as they emerge from the beautifully-kept cemetery, and come in sight of the convent, finely situated on a wooded eminence commanding a splendid sea view. "It is the convent belonging to the nuns of the Perpetual Adoration," answers Marie, reverently, this time speaking in French. "What do they do? Are they like the Poor Clares?" "Oh! no, we have them here, too, in the town, but they are not the nuns of the Adoration. Do you know the Poor Clares?" "I have read a life of St. Claire, and I have a picture of her. I can scarcely believe all of it is true." "Ah! they are wonderful, those Poor Clares," says Marie, earnestly; "if you like we will go to see them one of these days." "Well, but what about the Adoration?—what is it they adore?" asks Mabel, dubiously. Marie casts at her companion a glance of pitying astonishment. "I forget," she replies sorrowfully. "You do not know, of course? They have in their chapel our Good God always to adore." "Always!—our Good God!—what do you mean, Mademoiselle Marie?" asks Mabel, eagerly. "Do you mean something more than we all mean when we say God is everywhere present? I know what you believe about Mass, but this Perpetual Adoration puzzles me. How can God be always there?" "Always, oh! always," repeats Marie, slowly, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, with a look of such rapture that Mabel cannot help envying her. "Ah, Mademoiselle Mebelle, do you not know what is the Blessed Sacrament? Do you not know that our Good Jesus is for ever with us on the altar? Well, then, here in this chapel the Blessed Sacrament is for always exposed; and the nuns take it in turns to watch day and night before our Good God, who dwells within them." "Mademoiselle Marie," Mabel stands still, her face flushing, her eyes full of an eager, yearning expression, which goes to the young French girl's very heart—"tell me now—tell me the honest truth—tell me exactly what is your faith about the Blessed Sacrament?" "Why should I not tell you the truth?" answers Marie, simply. "I believe what our Church teaches us in the Catechism—there is no mystery about it, Mademoiselle Mebelle." "But do you all believe exactly the same? Are there no shades of opinion?"

Does God live in all your churches?—all, without exception?—do all your priests say Mass?" "Without doubt, is it the same for all. We shall not be Catholics if we do not believe all the Church teaches." "Well, then, go on—tell me now what is your Church teaches about the Real Presence. I want to know." "We believe that Jesus, our God, in His human and divine nature, is actually present on our altars, so soon as the words of consecration are spoken in the Mass. At the elevation, the bread and wine become to us the actual body and blood of Christ. These we call the Blessed Sacrament, and we are allowed to preserve this Blessed Sacrament in our churches; that is why we talk of the Real Presence, and the nuns of the Perpetual Adoration have for their sublime vocation to adore always this Blessed Sacrament exposed upon the altar; for in their chapel you can see the Sacred Host, while in our other churches Jesus, though present, is hidden in the Tabernacle, which you will always perceive on the altar. Do you now understand?" Mabel can scarcely say the word, her heart is full of a new and indescribable emotion which she is not altogether able to conceal, for, in contrast to this clear statement respecting the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence, there arises in her mind the confused, mysterious explanation she has hitherto (whenever she has asked questions on the subject) received from the ministers of her own Church (let us say, more correctly, of her own sect); for the Church of England, to do her justice, is perfectly clear about it in her Thirty-nine Articles. "And you, what do you believe?" inquires Marie, hesitating. "I—I—don't know!—that is, some of us—I think we do believe in something like that—not quite the same," stammers Mabel, her sense of truth overcoming her desire not to appear hopelessly Protestant in the eyes of the Catholic girl. "But tell me, Marie," she pursues, eagerly, "you believe Jesus is in there—really, truly, as He was on earth? Why are you not a Nun of the Adoration?" "Ah! the Good God has not given to me that vocation. I will be, perhaps, a Sister of Charity," responds Marie, very simply. "A vocation!" What is that? "I mean a call from the Good God. He does not will that all the world shall be Religious, you know." "How do you know what He wills?" "The Good God speaks to our hearts, and makes our way clear to us by many different means; sometimes it is circumstances that must guide us; sometimes the desire of our parents, but, more certain than all, the advice of our directors. We are always sure to do the will of the Good God if we obey." "Perhaps, though, your director might be wrong. Priests are mistaken sometimes," says Mabel, with a heavy sigh, remembering that she, too, has leaned for years upon the guidance of one man, who has, according to his own account, misled her. "Ah, perhaps—and perhaps! What will you that I say to all the perhaps that may come to pass, Mademoiselle Mebelle?" answers her companion quickly. "The Good God has not made us to be always doubting and wondering what is right and what is wrong. Ah! life would be a mistourne if it would be so. We must have more confidence in the Good God. We know that His Spirit is with His Church, and if we will be but simple and honest in making our hearts known to the priests, who have the charge of our souls, we need not be at all afraid. The Good God will not allow us to be misguided." "Suppose one of your priests, in whom you trust so much, were to change his religion, suppose he were to become—well, say a Protestant?" "Ah! that is not possible," responds Marie. "Mon Dieu! that is not possible." "Well, but just suppose it. What would you do? I particularly want to know." "Mon Dieu! I would be at despair. I would pray much for him. Ah! ciel, how can you suppose a thing so dreadful?" "It would shake your faith, though, would it not? Should you believe everything he had taught you just as before, or would you begin to be a little upset?" "O Grand Dieu, no, no, no, never!" exclaims Marie, clasping her hands in an excited manner. "He did not give to me my faith. My faith it comes to me from our Mother, the most Holy Church. She would not be less dear to me because one of her priests was unfaithful to her."

"Then you would not follow his advice; you would not allow his influence to have any weight with you for the future—what would you do then? you would be obliged to take another director." "Yes, without doubt; but it would not matter. God's Holy Church would still have thousands of good priests left. Monsieur le Curé is my director; if such a thing as you say could be possible, which it is not—but if so—well, he would go away, another would come in his place, and he would be quite as good to direct me. I should have in him all confidence, and I would grieve much for the poor heretic, but I would have no more confidence in him; but because why you ask such horrid question?—ah! it is all impossible." "I was curious to know your ideas, that's all. Is this the chapel? May I come in? I should like to see it—that is, if the service is over. I cannot join in your service, you know." "The Masses are all finished, there will be this morning no more," answers Marie; "yes, come in and let us say un petit bonjour an Bon Dieu—ah! Mademoiselle Mebelle," adds the warm-hearted French girl enthusiastically, and the earnest longing of her heart speaks through her glistening eyes, "if you could know how happy you would be in our Church! I am sure your heart wants the Good God! He is so good! When you have been for a little time in our dear France, you will see how hard it will be for you to live without Him." "What makes you think we are without Him?" says Mabel in a sharply nettled tone. They are standing on the threshold of the little chapel, Marie looking upwards, following with her eyes the rising of a lark towards the glowing sunlight. She does not seem to have heard Mabel's question, but presently murmurs more to herself than to Mabel, *A l'enfant il faut sa mer, en son cœur il faut son Dieu!* Then she enters the chapel, and Mabel follows her. TO BE CONTINUED.

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DECEMBER POPE N Anti-Catholic C Puritanism The liberal American present enlightened appreciate the during the first ce crossed the ocean os religious freedom, menaced to deny that who differed from their fanatical laws surpassed anything meted out to "dis world. Quakers were whipped from their ears were branded and sold diabolical punishment on the plea that they in their plain garb "in disguise," an "Papist" had shown or Pleasant one can a pleasant reception received. In Ch the reader's illustrations of th erance, but he who feel that he can Hemans, who has sa "Ay, call it holy ground. They have left unsta found. Freedom to worship. In a recent essay, Lathrop says: "The them morose, intol and tyrannical. I devotion of their God. For, in their olic faith of their actually abolished Christmas. Think professing to be believe the divinity allowing their be become so warped ment, that they a and ignored the n earth." But if t abolish the joys of bration they were continue the obs Night, on the 5th of This anti-Cathol instituted in Engl seventeenth cent charge of actuali plot "was brought the people gave ve sentiments by a g tion. Whittier de that occasion in a ner. "Popes, bi nals," he says, " board, were par streets and burned the populace, a gr would have doub ready to do the s office for Henry Grace of Canterb have carted abou effigy a Protestan as a Catholic one." The charm of afterwards came t out of the ordinay was continued, an the night of Nov from shore to sh the anti-Catholic Gordon led his through the land been neglected, a know that it is c in America. The Puritan you appreciate the a Night. The Ma flower wreathes lers," had been fr grim bigots of the ies, but as Whitt nized in the g Fawkes' annie their own lineame placently upon actors, and open to furnish tar bar and strong water for one night in th New England, and the fun and m accepted by the st corded as strictly extravagance of Nearly every t New England wa and this was cont out of respect, their own lineame Coffin's History of authorities passe "no offbies be hibited only in the was the death-b boys who had al to the celebration Previous to this demonstration was elaborate manne features having England. There presenting the ties who were to personate the Pr entirely in red horns on top of h pitchfork in his made "exceedin amusement of t gathered. When the first figures were ce the boys danced the heat sugge such songs as the "Look here! The Pope has t That here s Here's the Pop The old prom Well stick a p And throw h "Lay up the fagots Filia et Set em The Pope roasts u

POPE NIGHT.

An Anti-Catholic Celebration of the Puritanical Days.

The liberal American people of the present enlightened century cannot fully appreciate the condition of things during the first years of the history of this century. The Puritans, who crossed the ocean ostensibly to procure religious freedom, immediately commenced to deny that privilege to those who differed from them and enforced their fanatical laws with a cruelty that surpassed anything that had been meted out to "dissenters" in the old world. Quakers were hanged. They were whipped from town to town; their ears were cut off; they were branded and sold as slaves. Every diabolical punishment was resorted to on the plea that these men and women in their plain garb were Catholics "in disguise," and if a real, live "Papist" had shown his face in Boston or Salem one can only imagine what a pleasant reception he would have received. In Chandler's Criminal Trials the reader may find many illustrations of this tyrannical intolerance, but he who reads will scarcely feel that he can agree with Mrs. Hemans, who has said:—

"Ay, call it body ground,
The soil where first they tread;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

In a recent essay George Parsons Lathrop says: "Their zeal made them morose, intolerant, often unjust and tyrannical. It even tainted the devoutness of their attitude toward God. For, in their hatred of the Catholic faith of their forefathers, they actually abolished the observance of Christmas. Think of a body of people professing to be Christians and to believe the divinity of our Lord, yet allowing their hearts and minds to become so warped by human resentment, that they actually dishonored and ignored the natal day of Christ on earth." But if the Puritans could abolish the joys of the Christmas celebration they were glad to accept and continue the observance of Pope Night, on the 5th of November.

This anti-Catholic celebration was instituted in England early in the seventeenth century. When the charge of actuating the "gunpowder plot" was brought against the clergy, the people gave vent to their bigoted sentiments by a gigantic demonstration. Whittier describes the scene on that occasion in an interesting manner. "Popes, bishops, and cardinals," he says, "in straw and pasteboard, were paraded through the streets and burned amid the shouts of the populace, a great portion of whom would have doubtless been quite as ready to do the same pleasant little office for Henry of Exeter, or His Grace of Canterbury, if they could have carted about and burned in effigy a Protestant hierarchy as safely as a Catholic one."

The charm of Pope Night, as it afterwards came to be called, was so out of the ordinary that the celebration was continued, and in each year, on the night of November 5, England, from shore to shore, was lighted by the anti-Catholic fires. Since George Gordon led his "no Popery" mob through the land the celebration has been neglected, and it is not generally known that it is carried out to this day in America.

The Puritan youths were not slow to appreciate the advantages of Pope Night. The May pole, "with its flower wreaths and sportive revelers," had been frowned upon by the grim bigots of the New England colonies, but, as Whittier says, they "recognized in the grim face of Guy Fawkes' anniversary something of their own lineaments, and smiled complacently upon the riotous young actors, and opened their close purses to furnish tar barrels to roast the Pope, and strong water to moisten the throats of his noisy judges and executioners. For one night in the year the youth of the New England towns ran at large and the fun and mischief was properly accepted by the staid colonists and accorded as strictly appropriate as an extravaganza of Pope Night."

Nearly every town and village in New England had its own celebration, and this was continued until the time of the revolution when it was stopped, out of respect "to our Catholic allies from France." In 1774, according to Coffin's History of Newbury, the town authorities passed an ordinance that "no offiages be carried about or exhibited only in the daytime," and this was the death-blow to the hopes of the boys who had always looked forward to the celebration with such delight. Previous to this time, however, the demonstration was presented in a most elaborate manner, all of its original features having been introduced from England. There were the figures representing the ecclesiastical authorities who were to be burned, and behind them came a man dressed to impersonate the Prince of Evil. Robed entirely in red cloth, with huge ox horns on top of his head, he carried a pitchfork in his hand, and with this he made "exceedingly free," to the great amusement of the crowds that had gathered.

When the fires were lighted and the figures were consigned to the blaze the boys danced around the circle that the heat suggested, loudly singing such songs as the following:

"Look here from Rome
The Pope has come,
That fiery serpent dire,
Here's the Pope that we've got,
The old promoter of the plot;
We'll stick a pitchfork in his back,
And throw him in the fire."

"Lay up the fagots neat and trim;
Pile 'em up higher;
Set 'em afire;
The Pope roasts us and we'll roast him!"

When James the First the sceptre swayed
This hellish powder plot was laid;
They placed the powder down below,
All for Old England's overthrow.
Lucky the man, and happy the day,
That caught Guy Fawkes in the middle of his play."

"The 5th of November,
As you remember,
Was a gunpowder treason and plot;
And where is the reason,
That gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot?"

"Hark! our bell goes jink, jink, jink;
Pray, madam, pray, sir, give us something to drink;
Pray, madam, pray, sir, if you'll something give,
We'll burn the dog and not let him live.
We'll burn the dog without his head,
And then you'll say the dog is dead."

While the rhymes offend every metrical law, they must have proved delightful indeed to the old Puritans, who, for want of real "Papist," inspired their souls by burning images of pasteboard and straw. Considering their feelings toward the Church, one is not surprised at the immediate and long continued popularity of this "Pope Night."

Those were not the days of true poetry. A people who could appreciate the verses of Anne Bradstreet, who was known as "the Tenth Muse," probably, as Mr. Lathrop explains, because "no one would ever have recognized her as having anything to do with the original Nine," could not have had a very high poetic ideal. Here is a sample of her work, in the subject of the "Four Ages of Man":

"Lo, how four other set upon the stage,
Childhood and youth, the Manly and old Age;
The first, sun unto phlegm, grandchild to water,
Mostable, supple, cold and moist 's his nature,
The third of fire and choleric composed,
Vindicative and quarrelsome disposed.
The last of earth and heavy melancholy,
Solid, hating all lightness and all folly."

From these lines it may be seen that the Pope Night rhymes were fully up to the standard, and no one can deny that they were expressive enough to suit the Puritan character.

Although in one sense of the word Pope Night is no more, the fact still remains, however, that even now it is celebrated in a modified form in a number of the New England country villages, notably near Newburyport in Massachusetts. Of course the parade has disappeared. No longer the boys march through the streets with fire and drum bearing their mock ecclesiastics that are to be given so joyfully to the flames; but the flames are there still, and the blaze that lights the country from many hilltops is all that is left to remind one of bigotry's glorious celebration. Long before the night of November 5, the boys commence to procure their supply of wood. Barrels and tubs and all kinds of combustible articles that can be borrowed, begged or stolen from the farm houses or the village stores, are carried to some place of concealment in preparation for the great bonfire. Then when the proper time comes the match is applied and the glory of the autumn scenery is illumined by the huge fire.

From the days of the first colony this celebration has come down to the present generation. In many instances even the name of "Pope Night" has been forgotten, and the majority of those who remember it have forgotten what it signifies.

Yet in its transit it has retained its interest for the student of American history, for it is the one remaining relic of the old "Pope Night."—J. R. Meader, in Catholic Columbian.

PRINCE BECOMES PRIEST.

A Royal Catholic who Chose to Give his Life to the Service of the Church.

Much comment has been made in Germany, more particularly in Protestant Saxony, of Prince Max of Saxony, a nephew of King Albert, not yet twenty years of age, having entered the cloister of Eisenach as a monk, at his urgent desire to retire from the world. The step was more surprising as the Prince was hitherto a lieutenant in the dual regiment of grenadiers, his intended career being a military one. His royal highness is the third son of Prince George. His second brother, John George, has just been betrothed to Princess Maria Isabella of Wurtemberg.

The Prince was quartered with his regiment in the town of Ischatz. He is young, talented and highly educated and had just taken his degree as a doctor with unusual honors when he resolved to devote his life to the services of the Church. It is thought that Prince Max owes his decision to become a priest to Bishop Wahl, who, in the last lauding, demanded by special request from the Vatican the repeal of the law of 1870 respecting the Catholic Church in Saxony. He did not succeed, but is very active in the service of the Church, and Prince Max's renunciation is, it is believed, one of the propaganda. The princely priest, who, it should be mentioned, is a Catholic, like all the members of the Saxon royal house, has been already appointed by the Pope, in spite of his youthful age, Apostolic Vicar of Saxony.—Chicago Post.

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THE NARROW PATH.

A traveller from a distant country found himself at nightfall near the entrance to a vast forest; he could neither go back nor yet remain where he was; necessity compelled him to advance through the darkness. As he was about to bury himself in the dreadful obscurity, he perceived an old shepherd, of whom he inquired the way.

"Alas," said the shepherd, "it is not easy to point it out to you; the forest is cut up by a thousand pathways, which turn and cross in every direction, and all, except one, end in the abyss."

"What abyss?" asked the traveller. "The abyss that surrounds nearly the whole forest. But this is not all; it is not safe; it is infested with robbers and wild beasts. There is one enormous serpent, which makes frightful ravages; few days pass without our discovering the remains of some unfortunate travellers who have become its prey. The climax of the evil is that it is absolutely necessary to cross the forest in order to arrive at the place to which you are going. Moved with compassion, I have taken up my station at the entrance of this dangerous passage, to instruct and protect travellers; at intervals along the way are my sons, who, animated with the same benevolent sentiments as myself, discharge the same office. Allow me to offer you my services and theirs; if you choose, I will accompany you."

The candid air of the old man, and the tone of truth in which his words were uttered, gave the traveller confidence. He accepted the offer. With one hand the shepherd seized a lamp and enclosed it in a strong lantern; with the other he took the traveller's arm. They set out.

Having journeyed on for some time, the traveller began to feel his strength decline.

"Lean upon me," said his faithful conductor to him.

The traveller thus supported, continued his journey. Soon the lamp began to shed a feeble light.

"The oil is failing," said he to the shepherd; "our light will soon go out; what will become of us?"

"Have courage," replied the old man, "in a little while we shall find one of my sons, who will put fresh oil in our lamps."

He was not deceived. A light soon appeared at a short distance. It shone in a little cabin by the road side. At the well-known voice of the shepherd, the door was opened. A seat is offered to the weary traveller; some simple but substantial food repairs his strength. After a delay of three quarters of an hour, he continues his journey, accompanied by the old man's son.

From time to time the traveller meets with new cabins, renewed attentions, new guides; he walks thus the whole night. The first rays of dawn begin to illumine the eastern sky, when he arrives safe at the end of the dangerous forest. Now he understands, in its full extent, the service which had been rendered to him by his kind guides. Before his eyes, he beholds a frightful abyss, from whose hideous depths the dull roar of a distant torrent, breaks upon his ear.

"See," said the guide, "this is the abyss of which my father told you; no one knows its depth; it is always covered with a multitude of brambles, which the eye cannot penetrate." Saying these words, he heaved a deep sigh, and, turning aside, wiped away the tears which began to roll down his cheeks.

"What is the matter?" said the traveller. "Why do you appear so afflicted?"

"Alas," replied the guide, "how should I be otherwise? Can I look upon this abyss without remembering the many unhappy victims who are every day lost in it? My father, my brothers and I, offer our services, but few accept them. The greater number of those who walk a few hours under our guidance, accuse us of wishing to frighten them with vain alarms; they despise our advice; they leave us, but very soon they lose their way, and perish miserably. Some are destroyed by the great serpent, others again are buried in this abyss. The only way across the abyss is this little bridge, before us, and we are the only persons acquainted with the road which conducts to it. Pass over with confidence," said he, "turning, and tenderly embracing the traveller, 'in a little while you will have the broad daylight; yonder is your city.'"

The traveller, filled with gratitude, thanked his kind guide, whom he promised never to forget, and advancing at a rapid pace, quickly crossed the little bridge; a few hours more, and he reposed tranquilly in the bosom of his beloved family.

Are not you, also, dear readers, travellers from a distant country? This forest is the world, or the present life; these robbers, are the enemies of your salvation; this dreadful serpent, the devil; this dark and fatuous abyss, hell; all these paths, which traverse the forest in so many different directions are the roads—alas! too numerous—which conduct to eternal misery; the only way, which terminates at the little bridge is the narrow way to heaven.

As for the charitable shepherd who waits at the entrance of the forest, and who offers the assistance of his arm and his lantern to the traveller, you easily understand that he represents the Divine Pastor, who descended from heaven to succor and enlighten every

man coming into the world; the sons who aid the generous old man in this charitable work are the ministers of the Lord, devoted to the care and guidance of the traveller; the lamp which is borne by the Shepherd and his sons, is the light of faith, which according to the expression of St. Peter, shineth in darkness. It is unnecessary to explain to you what is meant by the persons who accept the advice of the old man and his sons, and by those who reject it.

Let us then, like the traveller, walk in the narrow path that leads to salvation, taking the counsels and the guidance of those ordained to give such, for it is written that "he that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved."

REV. JAMES KENT STONE.

Pen-Picture of This Learned Member of the Passionist Order—A Convert to the True Faith, He Has Brought Many Others into the Fold by His Teachings and His Pure Life.

A writer in the Boston Republic gives the following account of Father Fidelis (Rev. James Kent Stone), who read a paper at the World's Parliament of Religions:

A Bostonian by birth, he came of what is considered good old New England stock, and his father, who was an Episcopalian minister, had charge for many years of a church of his denomination in the classic city of Cambridge. The son, born in 1840, after making his preparatory studies, entered Harvard University in 1857, and graduated therefrom with honors four years subsequently. After quitting the Cambridge institution he studied for two years abroad, at Göttingen and Italy, and returning to his native land, his patriotism impelled him to volunteer for the defence of the union.

He served in the army for six months, when he was compelled by wounds to relinquish the field, and after his recovery he sought and obtained a professorship of Latin at Kenyon College, out in Ohio. He entered the army as a private soldier, but won the rank of captain by his bravery, and before taking his professorial chair at Kenyon college he was ordained to the Episcopalian ministry, in which position he has said of himself: "I defended the Anglican reformation with all my soul. I did so upon what I called high ground, in company with such sturdy Catholics (as I termed them) as Andrews and Bull and Hammond. I threw myself back upon the primitive Church, and upheld the doctrinal standards of the Anglican communion as faithfully reproducing the uncorrupted model. I loved the reformed Church, supposing her to be indeed apostolic, both in succession and creed, and not knowing an older and better. I gave her all my devotion (my eyes being blinded) as the mother and mistress of my soul; and I hope to die, as Bishop Ken declared that he did, 'in the holy Catholic and Apostolic faith professed by the whole Church, before the disunion of the East and the West—more particularly in the communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovation, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the cross.'"

At Kenyon Father Fidelis quitted the Latin chair in 1867 to assume that of mathematics, and he was also chosen president of the college. The following year, however, he quitted Gambier, the Ohio town in which Kenyon college is situated, and went to Geneva, N. Y., to assume the presidency of Hobart University, to which the trustees and faculty had elected him. It was while he held this position that he hearkened to and heeded the call of Pius IX., already alluded to, and, following what he considered the only line of duty for him, severed all his Protestant affiliations and sought admission into the Catholic fold. This step on his part greatly displeased his venerable father and gave offence to many of his Protestant friends and acquaintances, but the man who took it was not to be deterred by such happenings from doing what he thought was right, and he went resolutely forward in his chosen way.

The Paulist community, which has always had special attractions for converts of Father Fidelis' stamp, was the organization which first secured him, though he had a strong desire, which has since been happily gratified, of joining the Passionists even then. The non-robustness of his health, together with the fact that the Passionist rule of life is an exceedingly rigorous one, induced the young convert to heed the counsel of those who advised him to join the Paulists, and, his petition being granted, he at once entered upon the study of Catholic theology at New York, and was, in due course of time, ordained to the priesthood and attached to the church of St. Paul, Fifty-ninth street. Soon afterwards he was honored by being appointed master of novices, in which capacity he endeavored himself to the young men who were placed under his care, and he was frequently employed in missionary work, a feature which, as is well known, characterizes in a signal manner the labors of the Passionists.

His old desire of becoming a Passionist never left Father Stone, and, his health improving greatly during the years that he wore the Paulist habit, he determined to carry it into effect, and the consequence was that several years ago he made formal application for admission into the Passionist body, and his petition being favorably acted upon, he left New York and betook himself to Pittsburgh, where in the monastery of St. Paul, he entered upon his novitiate. That

period of probation ended, he was favorably received into the order; employed for some time in missionary work, for which his oratorical abilities especially fitted him, and finally sent to Rome to be perfected in the spirit of the order.

Not so many years ago the American Passionists were imperturbed by their brethren in South America to send some English speaking priests down there to minister to the increasing number of English speaking colonists who were settling in the principal centres of population. In response to this appeal, Fathers Fidelis and Edmund, the latter, like the former, being a convert, his name in the world having been Benjamin D. Hill, were sent to Rio Janeiro, where they labored for some time, but subsequently went to Buenos Ayres, where they succeeded, after long and patient labor, aided materially by contributions forwarded to them by friends in this country, in organizing the congregation which worships in the church situated on Calle Caridad, which is now one of the most popular places of worship in the Argentine capital.

For quite a number of years past Father Fidelis has been engaged in this field of labor, and the periodical reports which reached this country of the success attending the Passionist missions in Buenos Ayres were flattering to the zeal displayed down there by him and his associates. It now appears that he has been recalled from the South American missions, and that for some time to come at least, his field of labor will be in this country, a fact that is highly pleasing to his countless admirers in the United States, who have always been eager to welcome Father Fidelis whenever he visited their neighborhood to delight them with his splendid oratory, instruct them by his profound learning and edify them with his sincere and unaffected piety.

From the day that Father Fidelis severed his Protestant connections and joined the Catholic Church, his eyes have never turned back to the places he abandoned save in pity for those whom he was forced to leave behind him in their ignorance of the truth and the error of their ways. For himself, his mind has never wavered in its acceptance of Catholic teaching, nor his will in allegiance to Catholic authority. He is unquestionably one of the most valuable and valued acquisitions which Catholicity of recent years made in this country, and the influence of his conversion has led many another Protestant into the true fold. Father Fidelis is admittedly one of our best Catholic pulpits orators, and his appearance is any church is sure to attract an immense audience, eager to listen to him. He is a writer of peculiar charm and force, and we have few more interesting Catholic works than those that have come from his pen since his conversion. His associate on the South American mission, Father Edmund, is also a writer of admitted ability, and he excels particularly in religious versification, many of his poems appearing of late years in various American Catholic publications. Father Fidelis' paper made an excellent impression at the World's Parliament of Religions.

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London, Saturday, December 2, 1898.

A LESSON.

We are extremely sorry to note that our contemporary the *True Witness*, of Montreal, is in financial difficulties. For some time past, under the editorial management of Mr. J. K. Foran, it has been a most useful as well as an exceedingly clever exponent of Catholic doctrine. We are glad that there is a good prospect of a satisfactory arrangement of its affairs, and that it will continue as usual.

Those who from year to year allow their subscriptions to run into arrear, some from an unwillingness to pay their honest debts, and many more from a habit of to-morrowism, have doubtless much to do with the troubles of our Montreal confere. If a large number of subscribers to Catholic papers would be a little more thoughtful and extend the same consideration to newspapers that they expect and demand in their own business affairs, it would be most creditable, and would enable publishers of Catholic papers to send a much more useful weekly visitor to their homes.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

We had the pleasure of assisting lately at the deliberations of a society founded for the purpose of converting the heathen. Our name is not on the roll of membership; we were there merely *en amateur*. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The distribution of Bibles amongst the heathen, followed necessarily, if we may judge from the society's computation, by conversions. What influence a written word may have upon the untrained and untutored mind of a pagan passes our comprehension. But theory aside, have such societies succeeded in performing half of the work ascribed to them? They have indeed shipped cargoes of Bibles and expended thousands of dollars, and the result has been disappointing to even the least sanguine amongst them. Nay, even Protestants, eye-witnesses of what they relate, have declared that their methods have only made the heathen worse and Christianity a laughing stock. Many of the ministers who send home flattering accounts of their work rely too much upon their talent for fanciful description. It would perchance wound their feelings if we expressed our idea in more forcible language. We know that amongst them there have been and there are eloquent and earnest men, who are content to labour, even though the soil be sterile, but there are also others whose lives are not exactly in accordance with the principles of abnegation laid down in tracts of Bible societies.

Some years ago a distinguished novelist resolved to view for himself the workings of Protestant missions. From early childhood he was accustomed to look upon them as wide open gates through which poured streams of souls hungry for the "good news," and visions of ministers emaciated and hard toiling peopled his young mind. When manhood came he set out for China, the Mecca of Evangelists. Arriving at a city, Pekin, we believe, he asked a guide to conduct him to the residence of the minister. On he went, through streets bearing evidence of luxury and refinement, and as he looked at them he could not help contrasting the palatial mansions with the poor, poverty-stricken hut of the minister. He had not forgotten the impressions of his childhood. The guide suddenly stops before a magnificent house, and, pointing to it, intimates to him that within he would find the person for whom he was seeking. He cannot believe it, but a glance at a silver door plate bearing the name of the minister convinces him that the guide is not mistaken. He enters and is ushered into a drawing-room. He waits a few moments, and the minister, a jovial looking old gentleman who had found the saving of souls a profitable and easy undertaking, comes in and welcomes him to China. Sleek and well fed, he bears no resemblance to the pictures of the minister con-

jured up by our imaginative and enthusiastic novelist. But no matter, he would see how the work was done. He expressed a desire for information about the mission, and the minister took him into a large outhouse filled with Bibles. "I employ a couple of servants to distribute a certain number of copies in a certain district, and presto the heathen is saved."

Respectable Protestants have long since regarded Bible societies as useless and very expensive. They have exercised no appreciable religious influence upon any country. A recent report gives but eight hundred and fifty converts for all the Protestant missions in Asia, Africa and Australia. This is a poor showing, considering the money spent and Bibles scattered broadcast, and we cannot help thinking of the branch that withers when cut off from Christ.

THE ORIENTAL SCHISM.

General Lew Wallace, the author of the well known work "Ben Hur" which so graphically describes Palestine in the days of our Lord, has issued a new work entitled "The Prince of India, or Why Constantinople Fell," the chief purpose of which is to throw light upon one of the most interesting periods of the history of Christianity—a period which brought about the final separation of the East from the unity of Catholic faith and resulted in establishing Islamism over a large section of territory in which there were at one time flourishing Christian Churches.

The general, though a Protestant, appreciates as few non-Catholics do the great work done by the Catholic Church in civilizing mankind during the nearly nineteen centuries of her existence, and he looks forward with great hope to the day when the schism will be healed which divided the East from the West.

Separated from the centre of Christian unity, the Churches of the East have lost their influence for good, and now the Oriental schismatical priesthood have but little influence over their flocks. This was a result to be expected from the rejection of the divine authority which alone could restrain the passions of men, and at the present day the Eastern schismatical priesthood are in a most deplorable condition, being almost entirely without either the learning which is expected to be found in the clergy, or the virtues which also ought to adorn those who exercise the priestly office.

As a matter of course, where the priesthood have fallen so low in public esteem, it is not in the nature of things that the laity should observe a high standard of morals, and throughout Russia, Greece and the other countries in schism the standard is accordingly low. This fact has not escaped the notice of those high in authority, and it has made an impression upon them which has given rise from time to time to negotiations towards remedying such a state of affairs.

In all those countries where the Greek schism prevails the Church is a mere State institution, and the rulers are slow to let out of their hands the power with which this fact endows them, nevertheless it has been several times announced that the Czar has had it seriously in contemplation to effect such a reunion as took place at the Council of Florence. The doctrines and sacraments of the Oriental Churches are similar to those of the Catholic Church, and if we except the authority which is recognized as belonging to the Pope by divine right as head of the whole Church, they may be said to be identical; but even this point of divergence should not be a serious obstacle to reunion. It was acknowledged by the Orientals before and it is admitted in theory in their liturgies to this day, and we may reasonably hope that it will yet be again admitted in practice.

General Wallace entertains the hope that this may happen under the Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. He says:

"One thing which makes my book especially timely is the fact that Pope Leo XIII. has already begun negotiations looking towards a reunion of the Churches. He has made advances both to the Patriarch at Constantinople and the Czar at St. Petersburg. It will be a fitting crown to the achievements of the present Pope—a great and wise man—if at the end of the nineteenth century he succeeds in healing a breach that appeared to have become final in the middle of the fifteenth."

The only serious obstacle to this occurring appears to be the desire of earthly princes to retain the powers and influence they exercise by their usurpation of an authority which belongs only to him who received his com-

mission from our blessed Lord Himself to feed His lambs and His sheep.

From the fact that in the Russian Empire the Catholic Church is constantly suffering a persecution which varies in intensity according to the times, it might be supposed that the Czar is too hostile to Catholicity to entertain the thought of a reunion, but it is said on good grounds that these persecutions come not from hostility on the part of the Czar himself, but rather from the Patriarch who presides over the Holy Synod of the Russian Church. The Patriarch does not favor reunion because he fears that there would be some curtailment of his authority if the supremacy of the Pope were admitted. In some of the minor nations the Governments also do not regard the prospect of a union with favor, nevertheless there is a decided general movement towards the Catholic Church in several of them, and especially in Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey and Persia. Many incidents also indicate that the two last named Mahometan Governments would encourage the union in their dominions. The Turkish Sultan would undoubtedly prefer it to the protectorate which the Czar claims over the schismatics who are under Turkish rule, and the Sultan has shown many marks of his special favor toward Catholics, a recent one being the appointment of Mgr. Mataedoff, Bishop of Salonica, to be a member of the Provincial Council which has jurisdiction in civil and religious affairs.

The Turkish Nestorians have already in a body given their adhesion to the Catholic Church, and this is only one of the manifestations of how the tide is tending throughout that Empire.

General Wallace's two books which we have named will repay careful reading. They are the work of a man imbued with a firm belief in the Christian religion.

THE P. P. A. AND THE A. P. A.

The doings of the secret association known in Canada as the Protestant Protective Association, and of its twin sister, the American Protestant Association, in the United States, have of late caused considerable attention to be devoted to this nefarious organization. It has not been our desire to advert to the P. P. A.; but outside of our columns it has had so much advertising that it is now quite a force in Canadian, or rather Ontario, politics, and in a few towns, including our own city of London, it has made itself felt by electing its nominees to the mayoralty, and to a controlling voice in the municipal councils.

We have many times stated our conviction that the majority of the Protestant population of Ontario have too much liberality ingrained in them to allow them to be dominated by a no-Popery element, sworn to persecute and ostracise Catholics, and we are yet of this opinion. We shall continue still to be disposed to hold this good opinion of our Protestant neighbors until they convince us by their acts that bigotry and fanaticism are too strongly implanted in their nature to be restrained by any considerations of justice and fair-play. Nevertheless we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there is a powerful faction who are willing to persecute us if they dare. It is upon this element that the no-Popery lecturers like Mrs. Shepherd, Leyden, Widdows, Fulton etc., earn a living; and these are aided by a host of preachers, like Drs. Wilde, Douglas, Austin, Hunter, Rigby, etc., and by politicians like Messrs. McCarthy and O'Brien, who hope to gain political eminence through working upon the worst passions of the motley multitude upon whom they can make an impression.

We must give due credit to the *Toronto Globe*, because it has in the present critical juncture, nobly sounded the alarm, and warned its readers against the mischievous P. P. A. movement. There is no fear that the Protestants of Quebec, as a body, will take part in this movement; and we believe that there is not bigotry enough in the maritime provinces to make it dangerous there. But it is useless to conceal the fact that in Ontario and the North-West, which has derived its population mainly from Ontario, the P. P. A. spirit is powerful, and may succeed in becoming predominant unless it be met with firmness and determination.

The principal means made use of by the P. P. A. to gain recruits is by the circulation of most palpable falsehoods against Catholics and the Catholic Church. They do not hesitate to propagate the most audacious falsehoods

with this purpose in view; and, strange to say, are eagerly swallowed by their dupes, who must, indeed, be woefully ignorant to believe them. There is, of course, a more intelligent class who do not readily believe such things; but these people take advantage of the credulity of their co-religionists so that they may have a strong support to enable them to gain their object, which is political advancement; and it does sometimes happen that even some intelligent Protestants, hearing these absurdities so often repeated, come to believe in them in part at least. We met recently with more than one of these gentlemen who were illustrations of this. One asked us, "Why have Catholics become so aggressive of late?"

This pretended aggressiveness is a pure fiction. It is not reasonable to suppose that Catholics, who constitute only a little over 41 per cent. of the population of the Dominion, and a little over 16 per cent. of that of Ontario, should be aggressive against the great majority of the people, and no such aggressiveness can be pointed out.

The Catholic position on the Manitoba school question, which is much harped upon by our enemies, is not aggressive. It is purely defensive. We make no attack upon the Public school system, as our enemies pretend we do; but we maintain, and we will continue to maintain, the inalienable right of parents to choose the kind of education their children shall receive. The aggressiveness is on the part of those who would deprive us of this right. In this respect the Manitoba Government have been the aggressors, and so are they who raised an agitation in Ontario to hamper the Separate schools by subtle legislation which would make it troublesome to conduct and maintain them. Catholics have no desire to impose their educational convictions upon others, but neither will we submit to have the views of those who are opposed to Catholic education forced upon us under any pretence, whether to close our schools to religion, or to accept a minimized religious teaching such as our adversaries desire to force upon us. We contribute our share to the public taxation, and we have as much right to a decisive voice as to the character of the schools in which our children shall be educated as have our Protestant neighbors in regard to the kind of schools they think it proper to sustain. We maintain that the aggressiveness is altogether on the side of those who would restrain us in the exercise of this liberty, and we confidently appeal to all fair-minded Protestants to assist us in maintaining rights of which we can be deprived only by most gross injustice.

Aggressions against Catholics have also arisen in other matters. When have we heard of Catholics in any part of the Dominion demanding that a religious test should be used in the selection of members of the various Cabinets of the Dominion, though we are, of course, entitled to fair representation in them? But the fact that a Catholic every way qualified for the position has attained the position of the Premiership of the Dominion has elicited violent denunciations in Methodist, Orange Lodges and P. P. A. Assemblies all over Ontario. Who are the aggressors in this instance?

The worst aggression of all, however, is that of which the P. P. A. has been guilty. This society has now thousands of members throughout Ontario who have sworn to oppose all appointments of Catholics to public positions, and to keep Catholics out of employment as far as they are able, and especially not to give Catholics employment if they can find any one else—Jew, Turk or Atheist—to do their work.

The *Globe* says of this movement: "There is no justification or excuse for an anti-Catholic agitation in Ontario. Catholics do not dominate those who make or administer the laws, nor monopolize the offices, and the proposal to exclude them from such share in legislation and Government as they now enjoy is impolitic and outrageously unjust. It is the merest cant to talk of our politics being improved or elevated by saturating them with the spirit of sectarianism, hatred and injustice."

Drs. Douglas, Carman, Wilde, etc., might well ponder whether or not they have perpetrated any of this cant.

Elsewhere the *Globe* tells us that the reason for existence for the P. P. A. in Canada, and the A. P. A. in the United States, is the same—"an alleged conspiracy on the part of Roman Catholics to increase their political power and to monopolize the spoils of office." To sustain these accusations, a forged

document was issued by the United States association, to the effect that the Catholics of the United States should prepare, by arming themselves, to massacre the Protestants and seize upon the Government of the country. This document was published and circulated by the P. P. A. in Canada as well as by the A. P. A. The absurdity of the supposition that nine millions of Catholics should endeavor to massacre or rule fifty-six millions of Protestants, seems not to have occurred to the intelligent population among whom the story was current, and in many localities deputations of Protestants actually waited upon the parish priests asking leave to examine their churches and residences that it might be known whether they had arms therein stored for the purpose of effecting the proposed massacre.

It is scarcely necessary to say that in every instance the search was allowed, with the result that the deputations found themselves in the position of so many escaped inmates of idiot asylums.

We have had even in Canada in years gone by some scares of the same kind, caused by the circulation of similar rumors; but the present P. P. A. movement here has not yet reached precisely this stage of lunacy. It has circulated, however, documents equally false and with intention just as malevolent, to the effect that Catholics have more than their share of positions under the Dominion and Ontario Governments. The statements are utterly false, and the *Globe* has published official reports from the various local departments which show their falsity in the clearest light. In fact, if there is any room for dissatisfaction, it is the Catholics who have reason to complain that they have not the recognition to which their numbers entitle them. We can give here only a general idea of the fact of the case. Last week we published some further details.

The Catholics of Ontario number a fraction of 169 in each 1,000 of population; yet only 125 of each thousand of Government employees are Catholics, the actual numbers being 1,553 Protestants and 222 Catholics. A full return of the respective emoluments is not given, but as far as given it shows that the salaries average very nearly the same per capita.

In the Quebec Legislature there are 10 Protestant members, out of a total of 73, or 1 Protestant for 19,000 of the Protestant population, most of them being for thoroughly Catholic constituencies; while in the Ontario Legislature there are 10 Catholics out of a total of 91, or 1 for each 35,000 of the Catholic population. It must be borne in mind that the Protestants of Quebec are not so numerous in proportion to population as are the Catholics of Ontario, there being in the former Province 100 Protestants to 768 Catholics, while in Ontario there are 100 Catholics to 590 Protestants. There is certainly in all this no appearance of Catholic aggressiveness, but on the contrary there is an irrefragable evidence of Catholic liberality. Putting all together, it is easy to see that those who are constantly boasting that they are advocates of "Equal Rights for all" are in reality persecutors as heartless as Nero or Diocletian, while Catholics, where they predominate, are the true upholders of Equal Rights.

The *Toronto Mail* is of course the apostolical and defender of the A. P. A. fanatics, and it has had recently several articles covertly favorable to them, though it has not the courage to defend their deeds openly. But in spite of this alliance the society will undoubtedly meet the fate of the old "Know-Nothing Association of the United States." A very few years after its establishment, those who had been Know-Nothings were ashamed of their connection with the order; and if Catholics in Canada will only stand firm and fearless under the present trying circumstances the designs of the bigots will be frustrated. They are sworn to boycott and ostracise Catholics, and even liberal Protestants. Let them be boycotted and ostracised in return by fair-minded Protestants and Catholics, in business and at elections of every description, and they will soon find that they have made a serious blunder in regard to their own interests.

Mr. J. B. HARRISON, in the last issue of the *Century*, treating on the subject of bribery at elections, states that in New Hampshire it is not the foreign-born population who are chiefly influenced by electoral corruption. The Irish very rarely sell their votes. Newly arrived French-Canadians frequently do so, but this ceases when they have been settled in the country for some time. The vast majority of those who sell their votes are native Americans.

ANOTHER "ESCAPED" NUN EXPOSED.

An honest Protestant lady, Mrs. Meilhae, of Hull, England, has exploded the anti-convent lies told by her sister, Ellen Golding, an ex-nun, somewhat of the Mrs. Shepherd and Maria Monk stamp.

Madam Meilhae is much grieved that her sister should have yielded to the solicitations of the "Protestant Alliance" to deliver a series of lectures exposing pretended immoralities in the convents in which she spent some years, and from which she asserted that she made her "escape" in the usual blood-curdling fashion, after having been so long a badly-treated prisoner in the hands of the nuns.

Mrs. Meilhae did not volunteer her statement; but she was interviewed by a representative of the *London Herald*, and that paper publishes the interview, which is highly interesting reading.

The "rescued nun" in question differed from Mrs. Margaret Shepherd and Maria Monk in these respects, that she was a young lady of good character when she entered the convent. It is said she had been a Protestant, but had become a Catholic, and was desirous of entering a convent that she might lead a more perfect life in the service of God. She became a novice in a religious order in England, and in the course of time was sent to a house of the same order at Calais, France.

Like many restless beings who cannot long remain in one state of life, she determined after some years to leave the convent, and a telegram was sent by a lawyer, at her request, to Mrs. Meilhae, informing her that her sister would arrive in Hull on that day. The Meilhae family were much surprised; but Mr. Meilhae went to the railway station to meet her and brought her to his home, where she remained for six months.

It was then reported by several papers that Miss Golding had made her escape from the convent in Calais, because she had become disgusted with the immoralities of the nuns, and a reporter of the *Eastern Morning News* came to Mr. Meilhae's house to make enquiries as to the truth of these strange reports.

Mrs. Meilhae states that she was present at the interview between her sister and the reporter, and her sister "distinctly said that she saw nothing approaching to immorality in any of the convents she had been in. She told me that in her order punishments were unknown, except in a stricter application of the rules."

It was afterwards, when she came under the influence of the "Protestant Alliance," that Miss Golding began to tell stories of horrible outrages and punishments which she had witnessed and suffered in the convents. Of all these things Madam Meilhae says: "The dark room she now speaks of is an invention, and as for the steel belt she says she was forced to wear, she never saw one in her life till she visited the offices of the Protestant Alliance."

The natural inference from this would be that the Protestant Alliance keeps on hand a stock of such articles for the purpose of extorting money from feeble-minded old women—of both sexes—and there is surely more ground for supposing this to be the case than for the supposition that the nuns, who have no such articles in their wardrobes, have used them for inflicting punishment on the members of their community. We shall not, however, imitate the Alliance by inventing tales of horror such as they are so willing to make up against a community of respectable and virtuous ladies. We presume that the only use to which they apply these instruments of torture is to coax the money from the pockets of the old women aforesaid by representing to them that there are hundreds of suffering young ladies whom it is desirable to rescue from the torturing hands of nuns in all the religious houses of England, and perhaps of the continent also. The morality of their conduct we shall leave to be adjudicated on by a discerning public. The methods adopted are very similar to those which have been employed by the twin societies on this side of the Atlantic, the A. P. A. of the United States and the P. P. A. of Canada.

In regard to the cruel imprisonment of Miss Golding under the wicked nun jailors, Mrs. Meilhae has this to say:

"While she was there (at Calais) I used to go once or twice a year to see her. The nuns were always most kind to me, and I usually stayed in the convent. On one occasion I was there for a week and had full opportunity to see how the convent was conducted. I never saw the slightest suspicion of anything objectionable. My sister

and I had plenty of opportunity for private conversation, and she said she was quite happy in the walls. She went about with me, and once when I came with me to the boat on board till the vessel started. I said to her: 'If you want to leave, you may do so to come along with me.' She was sent to a convent to teach English and I never had any difficulty in where she was. Indeed, I saw her from nearly every convent in company with me and he invited her to come with him to England, but she refused, saying: 'No, I will stay.'"

Referring to some of the poisoning and other evils which the no-Popery lecturers adorn her platform, Madam Meilhae said that she had seen her sister when she was six months her sister was: "She told me of her life in the convent, but never said of poisoning or immorality in the convent. I am positive that there has been any foundation for the statements; I would have heard of the six months she lived in the convent."

It is evident that Mrs. Meilhae does not desire to do more than the grossest calumnies uttered by her, otherwise we doubt if she would have spoken with admiration of the self-sacrificing zeal and good ladies who gave her life and whose mode of life she had opportunities of witnessing. It is unnecessary that she should do this, as it has already been said by hundreds whose opportunity is even greater than that of Mrs. Meilhae. She evidently testifies to go no further than truth and justice to the ladies absolutely required, and she thus cloaks her sister's escape.

When asked why Miss Golding insists in making such charges, she answered, "She is my sister, and I think of her going about as she knows to be untrue."

It is the case of Mrs. Meilhae, who is a Protestant, and she is willing to utter anything to put into her mouth. It is you this to defend the events, not to aid the cause, only because I know the date for the statements, and guard for the truth make it undo as far as possible evil or injustice my sister.

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"MISSIONS" TO AMERICA.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States held a week in Chickering hall. The question of "the Churches of the Anglican Communion towards Roman Catholicism" was one of the principal topics of discussion; and though the decision was arrived at, enough said during the show the wideness of diversity exists between different churches. The Rev. of Maryland said that the Protestant Episcopal Church towards Roman Catholicism was one of the principal topics of discussion; and though the decision was arrived at, enough said during the show the wideness of diversity exists between different churches. The Rev. of Maryland said that the Protestant Episcopal Church towards Roman Catholicism was one of the principal topics of discussion; and though the decision was arrived at, enough said during the show the wideness of diversity exists between different churches. 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and I had plenty of opportunities for private conversation, and she always said she was quite happy in the convent. It is nonsense for her to say she had any difficulty in getting outside the walls. She went about the town with me, and once when leaving she came with me to the boat and was actually on board till the very moment of starting. I said to her: "Now, Nellie, if you want to leave, you have nothing to do but to come along;" but she refused. She was sent to different convents to teach English and music, but we never had any difficulty in knowing where she was. Indeed she wrote to us from nearly every convent."

At a later period Mr. Meilhae visited the convent in company with a friend, and he then invited his sister-in-law to come with him to England, but she refused, saying: "No, I prefer to stay."

Referring to some of the tales about poisoning and other evil deeds with which the no-Popery lecturer now adorns her platform deliverances, Madam Meilhae said that during the six months her sister was at her house, "She told me of her life in the convent, but never said one word of the poisoning or immorality she speaks of now. I am positive that if there had been any foundation for these statements, I would have heard it during the six months she lived with us—the first six months she spent outside the convent."

It is evident that Mrs. Meilhae does not desire to do more than correct the grossest calumnies uttered by her sister, otherwise we doubt not she would have spoken with admiration of the self-sacrificing zeal and piety of the good ladies who gave her hospitality, and whose mode of life she had such opportunities of witnessing. But it is unnecessary that she should have done this, as it has already been done by hundreds whose opportunities were even greater than those of Madam Meilhae. She evidently wishes her testimony to go no further than what truth and justice to the calumniated ladies absolutely require from her, and she thus cloaks her sister:

When asked why Miss Golding persists in making such charges against convents, she answered,

"She is my sister, and I cannot think of her going about telling what she knows to be untrue. My own opinion is that her brain is slightly unbalanced. She may imagine that there is some ground for the statements she makes; but I rather believe she has been wrought upon by the people of the Protestant Alliance till she is willing to utter any words they put into her mouth. I have not told you this to defend the system of convents, nor to aid the Catholics, but only because I know there is no foundation for the statements, and my regard for the truth makes me anxious to undo as far as possible whatever evil or injustice my sister has done."

It is the case of Maria Monk over again. This unfortunate woman had the calumnies she uttered put into her mouth by Baptist preachers, while the latest "escaped nun" is the puppet of the Protestant Alliance, an association similar in purpose and methods to the Protestant Protective Association of Canada. The exposure by Mrs. Meilhae is timely, because, although Protestants of intelligence do not believe the lying, itinerant no-Popery lecturers, there is a large class of bigots and ignorant people who are willing to accept the most infamous lies it is possible to invent when the religious orders of the Catholic Church are spoken of.

"MISSIONS" TO CATHOLICS.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States held a Congress last week in Chickering hall, New York. The question of "the duty of the Churches of the Anglican communion towards Roman Catholic countries" was one of the principal subjects of discussion; and though no clear decision was arrived at, there was enough said during the discussion to show the wideness of divergence which exists between different sections of that Church. The Rev. Hall Harrison of Maryland said that the attitude of the Protestant Episcopal Church toward Catholic countries depends upon the attitude of those countries towards them. He claimed that while the Church of Rome shows her fairest face in America, she is schismatic. He also said that intrusion into a country heretofore exclusively Catholic is wrong and unwarranted. While we cannot but be amused at the thought of an Anglican divine accusing the Catholic Church of being schismatical, we readily acknowledge the liberal spirit of the speaker, recognizing as he does that it is an interference unjust and indefensible to endeavor to overturn the Catholic Church, or to gain proselytes from it in Catholic countries. This is certainly the most consistent course for a Church which claims to derive its orders and juris-

dition from the Catholic episcopate, and which, preposterously enough, asserts that it is one Church with the ancient Church of England, which was certainly in communion with the Catholic Church of the whole world, and recognized the Pope's supreme authority. But this view of the case was not acceptable to Bishops A. C. Coxe of Buffalo and W. C. Doane of Albany, both of whom advocated the maintenance of mission work against the Church of Rome. In fact Bishop Coxe has in the past thrown himself heart and soul into such work. He hoped to be able to make a flourishing Church on the basis of Father Hyacinthe's chism in France, but in spite of all his efforts poor Hyacinthe has succumbed, and his Church is now among the things of the past. But Bishops Coxe and Doane have never been remarkable for consistency.

CATHOLIC LOYALTY.

Judge Dunne, whose fame as a ready speaker and writer has made his name a household word throughout America, delivered lately an address on the "Catholic Citizen." It was timely and convincing. Now that the old cry that Catholics cannot be loyal citizens has been raised, it is but just that the relations between Church and State, the duties of Catholics to the government and to Rome, be clearly stated. No one knowing whereof he speaks may contend that an allegiance to Rome means treason to the State. If there is any truth clearly laid down by Catholic teaching, and substantiated by her actions in the past, it is that power is from God—that legitimate rulers are entitled to the complete and perfect obedience of their subjects. If there is one fact visible to impartial eyes it is that the Catholic Church, by restraining lawlessness, by combatting those who would fain destroy all notions of order and justice, has shown herself the friend of ruler and ruled.

It were a tedious task to enumerate the many benefits for which modern civilization is indebted to her. It would perchance be a useless and thankless task to tell many that the Pope claims obedience in spiritual matters only. They have eyes and they see not; they have ears and they will not hear. Catholicity has never yet restricted its adherents' loyalty and usefulness. The history of America tells the glorious story of the work of the pioneers who cleared the forest and prepared the way for the civilizing bands of the future. And they were men who regarded their heritage of Catholic truth as the most precious treasure they possessed, and derived from its tenets the motives of lofty thought and purpose. True they have been maligned by those who are given over to the demon of bigotry and who enjoy the benefits of their labors without a thought of the self-sacrifice they entailed. But they will go down to oblivion, and the men who ploughed the ground and sowed the seeds of civilization will live forever—they will be monuments to the energy and enthusiasm of dauntless men.

There was, we believe, one man who was easily peerless among the detractors of Columbus—a Protestant Bishop. Little heed was given to his envenomed statements, but they showed how far a person deserving of respect for his private life, may go when urged on by unreasoning prejudice. Columbus was a Catholic whose first act was to have a Catholic priest celebrate a Mass of thanksgiving. Hence the loud denunciation.

After Columbus came the army of Catholic explorers and missionaries. De Soto, a Roman Catholic, discovered the Mississippi and opened up the West, which is to-day the home of millions and a source of wealth. The first man who ever penetrated into the State of Illinois was Father Marquette, who carried the crucifix of the Catholic missionary. The first settlement that gave refuge to all, irrespective of belief, was that of Maryland, founded by Lord Baltimore, also a Catholic. It was done, too, at a time when the New Englanders were burning witches at the stake and persecuting Catholic priests.

In the War of Independence, that of 1812, and in the Civil War, the Catholic soldiers proved by their heroic conduct and their unswerving devotion how baseless is the charge of their adversaries. Not one instance of a notable defection on the part of a Catholic can be pointed out. The one name that bears the stigma of treachery is Benedict Arnold; and the reader of history knows to what creed he belonged.

In Canada, as elsewhere, Catholics have demonstrated that allegiance to

the Pope of Rome does not interfere with their duties as citizens. The memories of the past are hallowed by the light of Catholicity. Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Massoneuve and the heroic Jesuits who preached the gospel when and where they could and died with a smile upon their faces, were Catholics. And yet there are some base enough to belittle their services, because, forsooth, the stream of Catholic faith and purity coursed through their veins!

"The ground we walk on has been moistened by the tears and blood of our forefathers. Go back to our past and tell us if there is one Catholic who forswore his loyalty to his country and who proved faithless to the trust reposed in him. They cannot, however great their desire to do so.

"The Catholic citizen clings to his religion with hooks of steel, but cleaves just as closely to his Government and country, and stands ready to day, as he was in the past, notwithstanding the sneer of the ignorant and the calumny of the fanatic, to prove his loyalty to his country's cause even at the hazard of his life."

Speaking of this subject at the anniversary dinner of the Xavier Union in 1885, Daniel Dougherty said:

"Proclaim it to the four winds of heaven, sound it to the remotest corners of the earth, shape it in epigram, embalm it in song, engrave it on monuments, and boast of it everywhere—a monk first inspired Columbus with hope; a Catholic sovereign sent the first ships across the trackless main; the Catholic Columbus, with his Catholic crew, discovered the continent; a Catholic gave it the name of America; the new-found land was dedicated to the patronage of the Blessed Mother; the first strains of song ever heard along the western wave was the hymn to the Holy Virgin; the earliest worship of the true God was the holy sacrifice of the Mass; the first institution of learning and the first institution of charity were Catholic."

AN INTERESTING PAIR.

The nomination of candidates for the Local House took place in Watford on last Saturday. The candidates are Dr. Angus McKinnon, Reformer, and Peter McCallum, P. P. A. A number of outsiders were nominated, so that an opportunity might be given them to make speeches. Amongst others, we find the names of Mayor Essery and Alderman W. C. Coe, of London, both of whom are very busily engaged in the dark-lantern business of the P. P. A. We envy, indeed, the hearty laugh enjoyed by the electorate when these persons—especially the last named—were solemnly mentioned as fit and proper persons to occupy a seat in the Ontario Legislature; and we cannot help thinking that were they nominated in good faith, and duly elected, it were much better, rather than that our weal or woe should be placed in the hands of such men, Canada had again gone back some centuries and was left to the government of the Mohawks and Hurons. If we may judge by the utterances of Mayor Essery and Alderman Coe, we take it that the members of the P. P. A. must be duly sworn not to tell the truth on every occasion. The report says:

"The Mayor defended Ald. Coe against some attacks by Dr. Tait, and held him up as a good citizen who occupied a seat in the Council and Port Stanley R. R. Board, and His Worship was a member of the Hospital Trust, and there were on it representatives appointed by the Government that Mr. Tait supported. It was open to every sick person, no matter what the color; and the man who insulted that hospital insulted us. It was a municipal hospital, built by city and county, and everybody in London was interested in it, yet the St. Joseph's Hospital, a Roman Catholic institution, was built when there was no public need for it. But every dollar that went to it was just so much out of the revenue and support that should go to the General Hospital."

And here is the precise condition of things so far as Catholic institutions are concerned in our city of London, which is ruled by Mayor Essery, Alderman Coe and such like:

General Hospital	\$3,773.13
St. Joseph's Hospital	nil
Home for Aged Men	1,790.00
Women	581.25
Convalescent Home	20.00
R. C. House of Refuge	nil
To Protestant institutions	\$9,169.00
Catholic	Not One Cent!

What a brilliant example of Equal Rights to all and special privileges to none! And what an example, too, of how low a man may stoop when fully charged with a satanic hatred, as causeless as it is execrable, of a class of his fellow-citizens who never did him an injury and whose desire is to live at peace and perform their duty as good citizens.

It will be noted in the extract given above that the mayor said there was no public need for the erection of St. Joseph's Hospital. In the *Free Press* of Monday, in which Mr. Essery's speech appeared, the statement is made that there is a possibility that a by-law may be introduced to provide money for the erection of a new city hospital. This shows that the present one is inefficient; and such being the case, the statement of the

mayor, that St. Joseph's was not required, was dictated by narrowness, bigotry and jealousy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

REFERRING to the incidents connected with the Silver Jubilee of Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, the *Catholic Union* and *Times* of that city says:

Not only Toronto, but all Canada, may well be proud of the distinguished abilities and character of Archbishop Walsh. His address at the Jubilee banquet, last Wednesday, was heart-felt and golden.

One of the most eloquent telegrams of congratulation—also of regret—received by Bishop Ryan on the eve of his Jubilee, came from Archbishop Cleary of Kingston, Canada, who says: "Confined to my bed by a dangerous cold. I am grievously disappointed at not being able to offer my profound respects and congratulations personally and publicly, as an admiring brother, and Archbishop of your native diocese. *Vive!—Vale!*"

MARGARET L. SHEPHERD is still lecturing for revenue. As a show woman she is superb, and draws the wool over the eyes of the unsophisticated in a manner that would make the late Mr. Barnum green with envy. As the theatrical people would put it, she has made an entire change of programme. The handbills which she now circulates contain a picture of the statue of St. Ignatius of Loyola, "erected by the Jesuits on the Plains of Abraham;" and Margaret says the saint "has his foot on the neck of a prostrate Protestant holding a bible in his hands." All this would be very dreadful, if true; but what does Margaret care for the truth? The statue is not erected on the Plains of Abraham, but on the property of the Jesuits in that vicinity, and the saint is represented with his foot on the neck of Satan, not on the neck of a Protestant. This was fully and satisfactorily explained some time since in the course of a controversy on the subject carried on in the Quebec press. Ontario people who place confidence in Mrs. Shepherd are more deserving of pity than contempt.

REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT, of Queen's college, Kingston, has entered the political arena, and long letters from his pen appear in the public press dealing with the policy of the Government. We do not wish to question the right of the reverend gentleman to give his fellow citizens the conclusions he has drawn from a study of our political system, and the actions of those in whose hands have been placed the reins of power. And, as we do not dabble in politics, we will offer no opinion as to the merits or demerits of his argument. We merely wish to ask our Protestant friends—those particularly who are enrolled in the anti-Catholic movement, and to whom the *Mail* gives the title of "extreme Protestants"—what they would say were any of the Bishops or priests of the Catholic Church thus to grasp the political cudgel. Would not the welkin ring with cries of "the Church in politics," "No Popish interference," "No foreign domination," etc.? And, were they to write, as he has written, in favor of discontinuing the free carriage of newspapers in the mail, would there not be a unanimous declaration that the Catholic Church had thus placed itself on record as the enemy of education?

AT THE Anglican Diocesan Festival in the town hall, Melbourne, Australia, Mr. Justice Hodges, chancellor of the diocese, denounced in unmeasured terms the system of secular education in vogue in that part of the world. It was the source of immorality and irreligion. The Catholic Church has long since uttered the truth, manifest not only by reason but by the sad spectacle of so many ignorant of the fundamental truths that must be known by all who wish to become good and serviceable citizens.

IN a current number of the *Presbyterian Review* there is an article on Protestantism and Romanism in public life. The learned writer wishes to prove that Romanism exerts no appreciable influence in public affairs, and uses the famous argument of *Post hoc: ergo propter hoc*. Instead of showing how untenable is the contention of the learned professor, and wearying our readers with arguments they heard full often, we shall merely state the opinion of a Protestant who looks upon the Catholic Church with eyes undimmed by bigotry and prejudice. At a recent meeting of prominent educators President Hall, of Clark University, said:

"We realize that we have much to learn from the Catholic Church, which

embodies the great culture of the world. It is comprehensive; it appeals to the heart; its ritual combines the best elements of music and art. The Catholic Church has taken great steps forward, as shown by the university of Washington."

True words from a man that has the courage of his convictions! The Church—and history gives the proofs—has fostered giant intellects and brought them to a glorious maturity. She is the only force in the world today that may give battle to the anarchism and socialism that aim to destroy civilization, and the outcry against her in certain quarters shows but too plainly that she is the only force of which they are afraid.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Times*, of Buffalo, publishes an interesting and splendidly illustrated number, containing a full account of the ceremonies of Bishop Ryan's Jubilee. The sermon was preached by Archbishop Ryan, the silver-tongued orator of America, and it, needless to say, was a masterpiece of thought and orate diction. We tender the venerable Ordinary of Buffalo our sincere congratulations, and we hope that he may long be spared to watch over the spiritual interests of his flock.

ITALY is on the verge of a crisis. The treasury is empty and a national debt of gigantic proportions is crushing out her vitality. The fact that the masses are discontented cannot be concealed, and the Quirinal ere long may be demanded to give answer, satisfactory and assuring, to its dupes. History repeats itself, and its philosophy is written not only by man but by God. "Uneasy lies the head that bears a crown" inherited through spoliation and usurpation. Recent cablegrams inform us that a most disgraceful row occurred in the Chambers of Deputies upon the discussion of the Roman Bank scandal, and many of the deputies were shown to be mixed up in the affair. Infidel rule in Italy is beginning to bear its legitimate fruit.

SIGNOR ZWARDELLI, President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, distinguished himself lately by making a speech at a banquet in Brescia, declaring open war on the Catholic Church. It would seem from present indications that the Government is endeavoring to precipitate the crisis that must come. Perhaps it is but a ruse to divert public attention from the critical condition of public affairs. An impoverished nation, both as regards material resources and respectability, cannot long remain. We shall see. Meanwhile a great anti-clerical congress has been announced for the month of January. The Masons will assemble from all quarters to calumniate and insult the aged Pontiff, Leo XIII. Will, however, 200,000,000 people permit their leader to be taunted and jeered at?

THE A. P. A. of Rochester, N. Y., met with a deserved rebuke from the electors of both political parties at the recent elections. The Republicans and Democrats had each nominated a Catholic for one of the electoral districts, the Populists' nominee being a Protestant. This was an opportunity which the A. P. A. considered should not be lost, and they accordingly issued a circular inviting the electors to support the Populists' candidate on religious grounds. Catholic Democrats and Republicans naturally supported the candidates of their respective parties, and as the Populists were supposed to have considerable strength, the bigots expected that their religious cry would decide the contest. They issued, accordingly, a circular to the Protestant electors calling upon them to support the Protestant candidate, and there was good ground for believing that the Populist candidate agreed to profit by the scheme. The liberal American Protestants, however, resented such conduct and showed their indignation that such an issue should have been raised at all, and the Populist who pandered to the bigots was completely snowed under. This is highly creditable to the Protestants of that city.

MONSEIGNEUR ANZER, Bishop of Valpato, and Vicar Apostolic of Chantoum, China, has been raised by the Emperor of China to the dignity of Mandarin of the third class, in recognition of his labors in the cause of education, and for his success in maintaining peace between the Christians and infidels of the Empire. This position is equivalent to that of Lord in England, and confers many privileges and prerogatives. It is all the more remarkable that this honor is conferred

at a time when the minds of the Chinese generally are much excited against foreigners, and the effect will be to allay very much the popular frenzy.

BISHOP SCALUCH, of Grosswardein, Hungary, has issued an important pastoral on the civil marriage question. He says that the Hungarian bill to compel civil marriage

"Is an infraction of the conscientious belief of Catholics and other Christians. The result of the bill will be to inflict damage upon the State and the people. He also maintains that the law of the Church against divorce is best for the community. According to the bill, clergymen cannot unite people in wedlock until a civil ceremony has been performed. If Catholics live together as man and wife without being married under the rites of the Church the sacraments will be refused to them and their children will be regarded as illegitimate by ecclesiastical law."

The other Bishops of Hungary have also uttered strong protests against the law, and so successful has been their plain talk on the subject that according to the latest reports the Government has yielded to their representations, so that the sacramental marriage by the Church will be the valid marriage, in the case of Catholics, and the civil marriage will be merely for registration purposes. This change in the nature of the Bill has been accepted by the Bishops as satisfactory.

An attempt was recently made at the meeting of the New York synod held at Rochester to reverse the decision reached before by a vote of 70 to 68 condemning Rev. Dr. Briggs, of the New York Union Theological Seminary, for heresy. It was voted down, however, by a large majority, so that the decision stands in accordance with the vote of the General Assembly. Professor Lane's case before the synod of Ohio has been similarly dealt with by a vote of 78 to 51. The friends of the two professors of the new school of theology maintain that the Assembly and the synod have no right to restrain freedom of thought, especially as the received standards of Presbyterianism do not condemn the doctrines of the theological professors; and the vote shows that though the professors are in the minority, they have considerable support. The minority declare that there should be greater freedom of belief, and threaten secession if it be not accorded. The Presbyterian Creed Standards were made by men, and they maintain that men may change them. They therefore demand that a change be made in the direction of greater latitude. Their first effort will be made to secure a majority to their views in the next General Assembly, and, failing in this, they will probably put their threat of secession into execution.

AT THE last meeting of the Tynwald Court, in the Isle of Man, Mr. Cowell questioned the Governor regarding certain disabilities under which Catholics labor, preventing them from occupying public offices on the Island. Before 1820 there were no such disabilities, but in that year the oaths of allegiance and supremacy were required to be taken as they existed in the other British Isles during penal times. The Governor stated that he had himself been surprised to find that such oaths are still required in any part of the British Empire, and that they ought to be abolished. He would bring the matter before the next meeting of his council, and if they deemed that it is beyond their power to abolish them he will have a bill for their abolition brought before the next meeting of the Tynwald Court. The Attorney General remarked that up to the present time he is not aware that any one has suffered owing to the existing law. A few days later a deputation of Catholics waited upon the Governor to urge the repeal of the disabilities in question, whereupon they were informed by the Governor that his Council had already repealed them.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS' EXHIBIT.

The World's Fair.

The following letter is in answer to a natural request for an explanation as to the incompleteness of the recent list of awards for educational exhibits. It is evident that the judges will be required to define their position:

Toronto, 22nd Nov., 1893.
Dear Sir—I was very much surprised to find that no awards were given to the Catholic Separate schools. Immediately on receipt of the list, steps were taken to ascertain the reason for this omission. The (Ontario) Commissioner, in his letter to the Minister, says that he has made application to the Jorvis, and the Minister has since written urging the Commissioner to do all in his power to have justice done to the excellent exhibits from the Catholic Separate schools.

Yours truly,
S. P. MAY, Superintendent.
To C. Donovan, Esq., Separate school Inspector.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

White Lies.

Wherefore, putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor.

There is perhaps no sin, my brethren, for which people seem to have so little real sorrow, or for which they so seldom make a practical purpose of amendment, as this miserable one of falsehood, of which the Apostle here speaks. You will hear it said: "I told lies, but there was no harm in them; they were to excuse myself, or to save trouble." They are matters to be confessed, on! yes; the liar will perhaps even run back to say that he is a liar, if he (or quite likely she) has forgotten to mention it at the time. But as for correcting the habit, that is quite another matter. It would seem that the sacrament of penance is expected to take effect on these sins by mere confession, without contrition or purpose to avoid them for the future.

But the liar will say: "I am sorry; I have contrition for these lies." Let me ask, however, what kind of sorrow have you? You are sorry that things were so that you had to tell a lie; but if things were so again to-morrow, would not you tell the lie again? If you are sincere, I am afraid you will say: "Yes, I suppose I should." Where, then, is the purpose of amendment? Without purpose of amendment contrition is nothing but a sham.

Let us, then, my friends, look into our consciences about this matter, and get them straightened out properly. I do not want to be too harsh about it; for after all there are some expressions which people call lies, which are not really so, because the one to whom they are addressed is not expected to be deceived by them, but merely to be prevented from asking further questions. Some people, too, call it a lie when they do not tell the whole truth, but we are not always required—though we often are—to tell the whole truth; and when we are not, there is no lie, as long as what we say is actually true as far as it goes. But it would take too long to go into all the cases concerning what is or is not a lie; and as a general rule one can by a little common sense find them out for himself. Find them out, then; if you cannot surely do so by yourselves, get advice; and when you are certain that you are all right, do not call it a sin to act according to your conscience and reason, and do not make a matter of self-accusation out of it.

But when you cannot see any way to make out that what you say really is not a lie, then do not fall back on the idea that, if it does not injure anybody, there is no harm in it. You are false to yourself in this; for you know there is harm in it, otherwise you would not feel uneasy about it. And what is the harm? The harm in a lie is simply that it is a lie, and therefore an offence against God, who is the truth. "Put on," St. Paul says, "the new man, who, according to God, is created in justice and holiness of truth. Wherefore," he continued, "putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor."

Yes, my brethren, God is the truth, and He infinitely loves the truth, in Himself and in His creatures. He does not wish us to sacrifice it in the slightest degree, even to save the whole world from destruction. There is harm in a lie, then; harm, if I may say so, to God Himself and to His dearest interests. Do not think, then, to save His interests, or any one else's, by lying. Tell the truth and let Him look out for the consequences. Tell the truth for God's sake, because He loves it, and hates a lie; tell the truth, and love the truth, for its own sake. We are, as St. Paul says, "created according to God, in holiness of truth," let us keep the pattern to which we have been made. Stop, then, deliberate lying for a purpose, which is but too common. But also be careful in what you say; try not even to fall into falsehood thoughtlessly. Let it be your honest pride that your word is as good as your oath.

The Reaction Against the A. P. A.

No Apaisit will ever be elected President of the United States. No Apaisit will ever be elected Governor of an American state. Many a man, otherwise available, has been shelved by the politics of the last thirty years by the discovery of the fact that he had some connection with the old Know-nothing order. Hatred of Know-nothingism is one of the strongest political sentiments with the masses of people in our American cities. Apaisitism is know-nothingism; and the people recognize it as such. Bigotry so organized may flourish for a few months in special localities, but the tide always turns and the Apaisit will not only find his organization dead, but himself personally black-listed beyond the power of time to whitewash him. The tide is now beginning to turn against Apaisit in the West. One by one in the great cities the large dailies will find it good politics to denounce this thing, and politicians will eagerly seek to kick at it. Those who were so foolish as to give it aid or sympathy, must then hide their diminished heads.—Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people who have had it cured. The BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ELBORIC OIL. Croup whooping cough, Bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most efficacious. DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness & Consumption, if taken in time.

How They Worked Their Way.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

IV.—CONTINUED.

"And now what are you fellows going to do with me?" asked Job, sullenly. "I expect my legs and arms are broken. Mangle me at once and get it over." "Do?" cried Dermot, in amazement. "Do?" You must think we're Pagans!" "Of course," said Job. "Pop says so. Pop says you're idolaters!" Brian laughed. Dermot looked angry. "We're going to take you home, of course. You can't walk, can you?" "Are you fooling me?" "No—not at all. Where do you live?" "Down in the Hollow."

"Try to stand up!" "Oh, I can't." Job fell down against the rock, ghastly pale. Dermot hastily bound his handkerchief around the cut on his head. "He can never walk to the Hollow. Hadn't we better take him home, Brian?" "All right," said Brian. Their house was in sight, and they knew a short-cut. In a second, they had lifted Job between them. As gently as possible they carried him towards their home. Job groaned and moaned piteously; and when at last they reached the house—of which Dermot had a key—he had fainted. They laid him on the settee, in the kitchen, and then Dermot took the dipper and deluged him with water, from the pail that always stood on the window sill. After which, Job opened his eyes. At first he looked frightened. Then the sullen expression came back to his face.

Dermot had examined the cut on his head. He saw that it was not dangerous. Court-plaster would do for that; he took from his pocket a little packet he carried. He washed the blood and dust from Job's face, and then applied the plaster. Job seemed astonished, but kept quiet as he could, only uttering a groan now and then. When Brian ran upstairs and came down again with a pillow, which he put under Job's head, he exclaimed— "Well, I'm dog-goned!" Brian laughed; for this expressed the utmost amazement Job was capable of.

Dermot ran off to tell his father. The rest of the family soon appeared. Mrs. Beresford was all sympathy. Mr. Beresford looked at Job very carefully, and turned him over several times. "Plenty of bruises," he said "but no serious damage. The boy is as much frightened as hurt. His pulse is very high and he seems feverish, you boys had better carry him into the sitting-room. Mother will make a bed in there on the lounge for him. Brian, you run over to the Hollow and tell his people."

"Don't," murmured Job, faintly. "There's nobody but Pop, and he is off on a spree. I'll go myself, if you let me. I know you do not want me here." "Make your mind easy, my boy," said Mr. Beresford, kindly. "You are sick and you need help, and these are good reasons why we should want you here." Job looked up at him in a puzzled way. After he had been removed to the lounge, he sank among the pillows with a sigh of relief. Mary brought some lemonade to him. He drank it eagerly. He looked around curiously. He examined the little altar of the Blessed Virgin, in the corner, carefully decked with marigolds, dahlias and chrysanthemums. He turned his eyes towards the piano and asked Mary if she could play music. "A little," said Mary. "I guess you wouldn't play for me, would you?" "I am afraid it might make you worse."

"I guess not." Mary softly played "Monastery Bells." When she turned around, Job was asleep. At tea, Dermot and Brian related their adventure. "So far," Mr. Beresford said, "we have not been obliged to come in contact with the people around us. Mr. Thorne has stood between us and them. I have seen many signs of prejudice 'Vulgar wretches!' said Dermot. "No—don't get angry, my boy. These people have lived in this quiet little place for a long time, with little communication with the outside world. They have been brought up from their infancy in the opinion that Catholics are ignorant, superstitious, blood-thirsty creatures. It is our business to teach them that Catholics are Christians in the highest sense; so do not let us get angry with them. They are ignorant—that is all."

"It's a great deal too much. It makes 'em brutal like that Jim Windsor," said Dermot. "Poor Job!" "Poor Job, indeed!" cried Brian, "when he gets better he will probably try to steal my bat again!" "Well, well," said Mr. Beresford, we shall have to teach him better things while he is here by the force of example. I am very much afraid that we shall have a hard road to travel here. But I am not afraid that you boys will forget what you owe to yourselves and to these people. We must make them our friends, since we shall have to come in contact with them. We have made a good beginning with Job."

"Have we?" said Dermot. "I hope we have, father, but I don't believe that these ignorant people have any gratitude in them. Why should they hate Catholics?" "Because they do not know them." "They shall know the size of my fists!" cried Dermot, warmly. "I'm going to knock down the first one that insults my religion!" "Dermot believes in knock-down arguments," whispered Brian to Mary. Mr. Beresford looked at Dermot reproachfully. "There are times," he said, "when a boy may use his fists and when he ought to use them. War is a necessity at times. But we want to teach these people that we are Christians. They think we are Pagans." "I don't care what they think!" "Dermot!" Dermot colored under his father's glance. "But I say, father," broke in Brian, "we didn't come out here as missionaries; we came to work a farm. Mary is going to make a hospital of the place and now you, father, want us to teach our neighbors all sorts of things." "My dear boy," Mr. Beresford answered, gravely, "you can get along better with the love and respect of your neighbor than without it, can't you?" "A fellow whose getting along depends wholly on his neighbors must be a poor stick."

"Granted. Nevertheless, the best of men must at times look to his neighbor for help. Much of the good of life escapes, if we live for ourselves alone. The Highest Authority teaches us to love our neighbor as ourself."

"But, father, that does not mean that we are to let those ignorant people walk over us!" cried Dermot. "God made us for something besides worldly gain. Why did he make us, Kathleen? you told us once before, I think."

Kathleen, delighted at having been drawn into the conversation, answered quietly— "God made me that I might know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world and be happy with Him forever in the next."

"Thank you, Kathleen. Remember that, Dermot. It can be applied to every incident in life. Now let's have some music." The family went into the sitting-room. Job was lying wide-awake in the soft light of the moon. Mary lit a lamp and asked him, if music would hurt his head.

"No ma'am," he answered, shyly, and with no appearance of sullenness. Arthur Morris had sent down some music for violin and piano, arranged from various new operas. Mary and Brian played a march. Mrs. Beresford and Dermot sang "Back to our Mountains," from "Frolovare." Job raised himself on his elbow and listened attentively. "Gosh!" he said, forgetting his shyness, "that's something like music. I wouldn't mind going to Heaven, if they have music like that there. But I don't want any Sabbath-school singing in mine, thank you!"

Kathleen laughed. The others tried not to smile. Job relapsed into silence, until the candles were lit before the Blessed Virgin's altar, and the family knelt to say the rosary. Job opened his mouth in amazement. "I don't like this praying to idols," he said at last, "and I won't stand it. You've got to stop it!" Brian, Kathleen and Dermot who found it always hard to keep from distraction at prayers, laughed outright. Mr. Beresford paused a moment, and then went on as if nothing had happened.

After they had finished the rosary, Mr. Beresford sat down beside Job, and asked him if he remembered his mother. "Oh, yes," Job said. "I wouldn't be the boy I am, if she had lived. I'd be as well kept and as slick as any of your boys. She was an angel. Pop's spurring just broke her heart."

"What would you do, if you had a picture of her?" "What would I do? I'd just love to have a picture of her. But I haven't got one, so there's no use talking about it."

"You would take good care of it, wouldn't you?" "That's a foolish question. Of course I would, and put it in a gilt frame, and be glad to do it."

"Well," said Mr. Beresford, "that's just what we're doing. That statue there is the representation of the Blessed Mother of Our Lord. She is His Mother and our Mother. We honor Him in honoring her." "Do you mean to tell me your not worshipping a graven image?" "Do you mean to say that the paying of respect to the Blessed Mother of God as represented by a statue, is idolatry? Do you mean to say that it would be idolatry for you to revere your mother's picture; or to say your prayers before the picture of one in heaven, and to ask for prayers."

"You've got me there!" he said. He turned his face to the wall and was silent. Then he went to sleep. Job was quiet and as respectful as he could be, during the three days he stayed in the Beresfords' house. Kathleen had lessons from her mother and Mary in the sitting-room, every morning. Job listened in wonder. He was particularly interested in the Catechism lessons. Catechism was Kathleen's strong point. And she was very glad to show off her accomplishments for Job's benefit. There were two questions in the first chapter which Kathleen, through some strange bent in her mind, always mixed up; so she had Job "hear" her

these questions in season and out of season. "Why must we take more care of our souls than our bodies?" he would suddenly ask, to Mr. Beresford's astonishment. Kathleen would begin— "To save our souls we must—"

"No, no! That's not it!" "We must take more care—" began Job. "Oh, yes," Kathleen would retort, recovering the last thread, "we must take more care of our souls than of our bodies, because, 'what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' There!"

"No, 'St. Matt.—'" "Oh, yes, 'St. Matthew, xvi. 26.'" That's all very well," Job said once. "But, for all that, you pray to images. I've heard our minister say so." "Ask me this question," said Kathleen, gravely. "It's on page sixty: 'May we, then, pray to relics and images?'"

"All right," said Job, reading the question. "We are not to pray to relics or images, for they have no life or sense to hear or help us." There! Job only grunted. Nobody came to see him while he was ill, except the Baptist minister, who was polite, but reserved to the Beresfords, and who sang a hymn with Job.

The day after this visit, Job said he would leave. He said good-bye, in a bashful way, and went out without a word of thanks. But he came back after a while, and, putting his head through the kitchen door-way, cried out— "I'll knock anybody down that says you ain't good people, Miss Beresford." Then he shot away like an arrow. The family laughed very much over what they called "Job's conversion."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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