

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## A Conversion.

Heat by the wayside in silence  
As the sun kissed the mountains good  
But his dark eyes were dim from his parting  
And the sunbeams for him had no light;  
But he heard from afar a strange murmur,  
Born down on the breezes full clear,  
And he asked them its meaning, who answered  
That Jesus was coming near.  
Every night of his sorrow, for light  
And he heaved two short sobs and great fear,  
And he cried to the meek son of David,  
"Have mercy, sweet Jesus, and hear!"  
"Thou art weary, sweet Jesus, and hear!"  
"What wouldst thou from Me, from thy Saviour?"  
"I would, Lord, that I might see!"  
"Great is thy love," said Jesus,  
"As thou hast wished, let it be!"

So I sat by the wayside in silence,  
And there in the shadows of night,  
Alone, save for memories bitter,  
I prayed, in my sorrow, for light.  
And I heard from afar a sweet whisper,  
Borne over my spirit full clear,  
And I felt in my heart's deepest center  
That my Jesus, beloved was near.  
And I cried in my passionate longing,  
Every word but a sigh and a tear,  
I cried to the great Son of God,  
"Have mercy, sweet Jesus, and hear!"  
And He turned the voice of my sorrow,  
And he looked on me eyes so mild,  
With the look of the deepest affection,  
For his erring and sorrowful child.  
"What wouldst thou from Me, from thy Saviour?"  
"I would, Lord, that I might see!"  
"Great is thy love," said Jesus,  
"As thou hast wished, let it be!"

A flood of effulgent seraphim  
Dispel all my soul's gloomy haze,  
And a vision of beauty entrancing  
Appeared to my wondering gaze.  
I beheld the fair Spouse of my Saviour,  
Whose beauty did Heaven impart;  
She extended her arms to receive me,  
And clasped me in love to her heart.  
"Nath her mantle maternal she held me,  
Kissed away my every sorrowful tear,  
With the Bread of the Angels she fed me,  
And bade me to be of good cheer,  
And my voice is no longer of sadness,  
But glad in my heart as I pray:  
"O Jesus, my Saviour, I thank Thee,  
For the light thou hast given this day!"  
—Timothy J. Dwyer, College of the Propaganda, in Catholic Columbian.

## ST. PATRICK A CATHOLIC.

All the Facts go to Prove this Father  
Ryan Declares.

N. Y. Sun, March 15.

The Rev. Richard M. Ryan lectured last evening at St. Bernard's church, West Fourteenth street, upon St. Patrick in the fifth and nineteenth centuries.

"It is time," said he, "to call a halt on the extravagance of those notoriety hunting preachers who, year after year, for nearly a decade, get their names sent around by calling St. Patrick a Protestant and asserting that the early Irish Church was not Catholic."

"One man announced recently in the Sun that there is much doubt about St. Patrick's Catholicism. The sect he built up in Ireland, many historians say, was semi-Protestant." There is not the smallest scintilla of truth in any of these assertions. For over one thousand for a hundred years there never arose the slightest suspicion of the great apostle's Catholicity, but toward the middle of the present century a few preachers took it into their heads to insinuate, and then, as one seemed to heed, to assert, that St. Patrick could hardly be called a Catholic; that Gallican, Eastern, and even Protestant features could be detected in his teaching and Church constitution.

To-day they throw aside all restraint and boldly claim him as one of their own. What proof do they bring forward of this? Not one atom that any historian could admit, not one argument that would not violate all the rules of reasoning.

"The man who wrote to *The Sun* says: 'Many historians assert it.' Not one—not a solitary one. There is not a single well authenticated fact, or ancient document, or monument, or recognized incident adduced that could throw the slightest suspicion on St. Patrick's Catholicity, or on the Catholicity of the venerable Irish Church which his apostolic labors upraised."

"Although the most ancient lives of St. Patrick—there were seven of them—tell us that he got his commission, like his predecessor, St. Palladius, from Pope St. Celestine I., to preach to the Irish, it is claimed, as in the case of England and St. Augustine, that there were Christians in both countries before the arrival of either Patrick or Augustine. Of course there were. Did not the Apostles convert the whole known world? But will any one claim that all or any of them were Protestants? Protesting against what? Was it not positive Catholic Christianity they all believed and preached, not mere negations?"

"But it is said, without a shred of evidence, however, that the first establishment of Christianity in the Western Islands was made by Eastern or Greeks. Supposing it were, that made no difference whatever; no distinction existed then between the Eastern and Western Churches excepting what exists now between the united Greeks and Latins, the variety in liturgies which the Catholic Church insists shall be maintained."

"If the first Christians—an inconceivable thing—were Greeks or other Easterns, they surely would have left some trace of their liturgy. Have they done so? Not the slightest. The

Latin or Roman was the only one ever known in Ireland or England.

"But are there not some adverse things adduced that claim consideration? Such as are, even if conceded, would prove nothing against the Catholicity of St. Patrick, or the Church he established. Admitting even that it tends toward the Eastern derivation of the Catholics, who are said to have existed before St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland, the conclusion derived from it would not pass in any law court or legislative assembly in the world. A Greek inscription of six lines is found in an old Latin copy of the Gospels; therefore, they and the earliest Catholic believers came from Greece? How absurd! As well say that the American flag came from Rome because the motto is in Latin."

"Here is another proof. There were seven little churches in the valley of Glendaloch and seven others in Clonmacnoise. The Bible mentions seven churches of Asia Minor; therefore the Eastern origin of the former cannot be doubted. Why not say the Jewish origin cannot be gainsaid, as the great candlestick in the temple at Jerusalem had seven branches? The other proofs of this and of St. Patrick's Protestantism are not any better, nor even as good."

"By way of illustration, take the proof that the early Irish Bishops and Archbishops were not in communion with Rome, and therefore were Protestants. No record exists of St. Patrick having received the pallium from Rome, or that the Bishops he consecrated received a Bull elevating them to that dignity; therefore they were all Protestants, because so-called Protestant Bishops are made such without Papal Bulls, and Archbishops without the Papal Pallium. Very specious indeed, but not the less spurious. The Church is divinely endowed with all power for its guidance and its own due government unto all time and under all circumstances. Hence with her rests the decision of the mode of election and appointment of Bishops, and not with any one else. At various times her method of procedure varied. How the Apostles acted in this matter we know from the Acts. During the persecutions of the first three hundred years a similar process of election was impossible, and was not followed; but never was that which was considered essential to the making of a Bishop departed from at any time or under any circumstances. Up to the eleventh century Bishops were elected by their countries and consecrated by them, in all distant countries without reference to Rome. It was only in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries when evils arose from this and intercourse with Rome was easier that the present discipline was commanded. Until then Irish Bishops were elected and consecrated, the same as in all other Catholic countries, without Papal Bulls."

"Another proof of Patrick's and Ireland's early Protestantism is the absence of Papal interference in all Church matters." For this there was the best of all seasons—lack of necessity. One of the greatest of Irish saints, Columbanus, writing in 615 to Pope Boniface, puts this very pithily: We have no doctrine here but the Evangelical and Apostolic doctrine. "There has been no heretic, no Jew, no schismatic, but the Catholic faith is still held inviolate, such as it was first given us by you, the successor of the Apostles." This does not seem like Protestant pretention to independence.

"In the great controversy regarding the time for celebrating Easter which arose in the Church about the time of St. Patrick's death, the true Catholic spirit of his children was conspicuously brought out. The details of it are long and tedious. It is enough to say here that the computation in Ireland was that followed in Gaul, when St. Patrick left that country for the scene of his labors. It differed certainly from that followed at Rome, to which, as the Popes insisted, all should conform. For a time some of the Irish Bishops held out, from respect to St. Patrick and his successors and until all doubt about Rome's requirement was removed, when they freely submitted."

Father Ryan quoted from ancient documents, what he said were proofs of St. Patrick's and the early Irish Church's belief in the veneration of saints, prayers for the dead, the Mass, use of the Bible, the monastic life, and other Catholic practices.

## The Papal Delegate.

Mr. Merry Del Val, the recently appointed Papal delegate to Canada, sailed for New York from Liverpool on board the steamer Umbria on Saturday. He was accompanied by the steamer by a number of friends. Among those who saw him off were Mr. Russell, the Manitoba lawyer, who presented the Manitoba school case to the Vatican; Sir Joseph G. Colmer, Secretary to the Canadian High Commissioner in London; Father O'Connor, of the Italian Church, and Father Dunn, Cardinal Vaughan's secretary. To a representative of the press Mr. Del Val said that he was very hopeful of success in his new field. He was leaving for Canada, he said, with a perfectly unbiased mind, and entirely open to

conviction. He will follow events as they are unfolded, and only desires to conciliate the opposing interests.

## HOW HE FOUND THE TRUTH.

The Story of His Conversion Told by Henry Austin Adams.

Before a large audience in the Amphion Theatre in Brooklyn last Sunday evening Henry Austin Adams told the story of his conversion to the Catholic Church. The lecture was for the benefit of the parochial school of the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, of which the Rev. Sylvester Malone is pastor.

Mr. Adams began by referring to the fact that his mother was a Catholic, and that when three weeks old he was baptized at a Catholic font. He was the seventh son, and, according to the Spanish tradition, would in any case have been intended for the Church. When, later in life, he returned to the Church, after having been separated from it, most of his friends, if they spoke to him at all, carefully avoided the subject of religion; a little later they were willing to allude to the change, and still later were even eager to draw him out on the subject.

The lecturer proceeded to say: "Although I had to sacrifice the interests of friendship, relatives and ambition, I have absolutely nothing to say in antagonism of or in criticism of any of our separated brethren. My mother died while I was a mere child and my father followed my mother before my teens, dying of a broken heart. I was sent as a boy to Baltimore, one of the greatest Catholic cities in the country, where I was brought up by two devout old women and distant relations of my father. They were Methodists. Although surrounded by Catholic institutions, home influences led me to look upon the priests as sneaking dangerous sort of men bossed from Italy."

It was afterwards agreed that he should attend the Church of the Ascension, Baltimore, "a sound Protestant Church with no ritualistic nonsense." Some time later he had casually visited St. Luke's Episcopal church.

"This was a ritualistic church," the lecturer proceeded to say. "The altar was filled with blazing lights, and when I entered I saw the sinister priests, felt the whiff of incense and heard the voices of vested children joining in the vespers. It was a 'Catholic' Church, although not Roman Catholic."

Mr. Adams then proceeded to describe how he had discovered a gap between the High and the Low Church. At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the seminary in New York, where he was graduated at twenty two for ordination. He then went to England.

"In England," he continued, "everything was all right. I found a thoroughly organized and devoted clergy. At the moment I crossed the channel and stepped on the continent I found I had no religion at all. But four months afterward spent in the east end of London with Father Bennet served to strengthen me, and I came back for ordination, filled with enthusiasm for the Episcopal Church. Success attended me from the start, and my first sermon was in the diocese of Massachusetts. It was a good old-time Protestant parish. The pulpit was Protestant. I had an altar placed in the church, with candles and crucifix, said Mass in vestments and began teaching them their duty exactly as Father Malone has been teaching you these many years. I was there not a year. I was then sent to Trinity Church, New York, under the leadership of the eminent rector of that famous parish. It was a metropolitan pulpit, with no special parochial duties. From Sunday to Sunday I spoke to the people of Trinity Church. My reading deepened with each visit to Oxford and the continent and I began to understand more truly the philosophy of history."

"As I learned the truths of the Catholic Church, and as they appealed to my conscience the troubles of the wretched years which followed began. If the Episcopal Church had been telling the truth for three hundred years she had not been telling it for the twelve hundred which had preceded. Bishop Potter, the amiable and suave Bishop of New York, I found was willing to let you stand on your head if you avoided scandal. I found that if one of my parishioners left my church for another in New York he was taught something entirely different from what I had taught. The Rev. Heber Newton said: 'We shall rise to better things.' Dr. Rainsford taught a materialistic, muscular Christianity, mingled with golf and the missions of the church, and so on. Finally, I felt that I was a little Pope all by myself. Then the terrible question arose in my mind, 'Have you been misleading the people for twelve long years?' Then I told my trouble to the Rev. William Johnston of the Church of the Redeemer, New York, and it was arranged that I should become his curate and that he should become my rector. After six months he came to me and said: 'If you continue this longer you will go crazy. Go away.'"

In two weeks I was crossing the ocean. Sitting one night, soon after, in the coffee house of a little inn in the north, reading a Scottish paper, I

came across a humorous little story. It described how a parson of the new and the old Church were discussing their beliefs. They went at it with and nail, hour after hour, arguing and had splitting, and introducing the arguments on either side of 'the knee kirk the wee kirk and the kirk without the steeple' and 'the old kirk, the cold kirk and the kirk with out the people.' They could arrive at no settlement of the dispute, and finally resolved to leave the decision to the first man who came along. He was an Irishman, and as he consented to be referee they both argued their sides of the case before him for two hours. When the time was up the Irishman said: 'Well, your rivance, turning to the old light, 'you are an old man; and you, 'turning to the other, 'you are a new light. I have heard of moonlight, sunlight, starlight, lamplight, gaslight, and thin new electric lights, fireflies, will-o'-the-wisp lights, but he jabbers between you two there seems to be no light at all.'"

A few days later, the lecturer said, although he had never expressed his intention to his wife, he received a cablegram from her stating: "The children and I were baptized into the Catholic Church yesterday." Shortly afterward, Mr. Adams concluded, he was baptized by Cardinal Newman. The lecturer was repeatedly applauded.

## A THOUGHT FOR LENT.

One of the saints calls fasting the food of the angels; it does not seem to be agreeable to the modern palate, however, judging from the way in which it is avoided. Our forefathers used to consider fasting and abstinence necessary to the welfare of their souls; but we are of a different age, with different notions and customs. It would be hard to excel us in zeal for indulgences and new forms of prayer, in attachment to confraternities, in any sort of piety that breaks out in badges; but when it comes to penance, we are more like pious Protestants, not a few of whom now impose little restraints on themselves during Lent.

Perhaps some who claim to be faithful children of the Church, true followers of a crucified Master, yet make no effort to observe Lent, might be ashamed to shirk this obligation if they were more familiar with the code of Buddhist morality.

A missionary in India, who is surrounded by people who never heard the name of Christ except to mock at it, lately furnished an account of a Hindu whose penance for manslaughter might be considered as great as his guilt, if such a thing could possibly be. "When returning from Leh to Rawil Pindie," writes this priest, "I met on the road a Buddhist, who, in penance for a murder he had committed, was making a pilgrimage to the mountain of Lhasa; and the lama of that place, having heard what he had done, and that he was ready to undergo penance, obliged him to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of a Hindu fakir—as the Hindus call their saints—which shrine was in Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. The poor fellow seemed to be about forty years of age, and had already undergone penance and humiliation. He had to walk the whole way; and at every step he took he had to throw himself on the ground at full length, stretched out his hands so that they joined above his head; and then with his hands he had to make a circle on the ground, whilst he, keeping his arms straight, brought them back again to his sides. On the spot where his hands finished the circle he placed his feet, threw himself again straight on the ground, made a second circle, rose up, and planted his feet again where the circle finished. Thus he went on until he had gained a short distance; and then returned, in an ordinary walking manner, to fetch his luggage, which consisted of his scanty food and a few pots and pans. His hands were protected by two great wooden blocks, to each of which was attached, at the bottom, a piece of metal. He wore an apron of sheep skin. His chest was bare, his face unwashed, while his unkempt hair hung down his cheeks and neck in the greatest disorder. During nine or ten years he had done penance in this way—living on alms and whatever he could get; exposed to all the inclemencies of the Himalayas or to the scorching rays of an Eastern sun; sleeping in the place where the night found him—on the public road, the desert plateau, half way up in the mountain passes, or in the neighborhood of hungry jackals, vultures, or wild yaks."

At the time when the missionary met this extraordinary penitent many months of his painful journey were still to be accomplished; and it is probable that he has not yet reached the place of his destination. July after praying at the shrine of the Hindu fakir will he have even the hope that his crime is forgiven.

It may be questioned if the eccentric people in our country who call themselves Buddhists, and prate about the Nirvana and the "choir invisible," practice the substantial penances of

the Orientals whose vaporous philosophy they vaunt. It is well to know, however, that mortification is considered reasonable and salutary even by pagans, some of whom at least, like the pilgrim to Srinagar, practise what they believe. The mortifications imposed by the Church never go to extravagant or dangerous lengths, and the willing acceptance of them renders the burden easy to bear.—Ave Maria.

## DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

St. Patrick's Day was fittingly celebrated in all the Hamilton Catholic churches. The Irish societies gave entertainments in the evening which were successful in every respect. Right Rev. Mgr. McEvoy went to Lindsay for St. Patrick's Day where he lectured in the morning on St. Patrick and in the evening on Jerusalem. Father Mahony delivered an eloquent lecture on St. Patrick in Clonacolia on that feast.

The people of St. Patrick's parish, says the Hamilton Spectator of March 17, always remember the festive occasion of the anniversary of the birth of the patron saint of their church by holding an elaborate festival service in his honor. To-day, wearing the green leafed emblem of the Emerald Isle, the people flocked to the church until standing room only was at a premium. High Mass was to be celebrated at 10:30. Rev. Father O'Reilly was to deliver an address, and, best of all, His Lordship Bishop Dowling was to be present. Rev. Father Craven, chancellor of the parish, was the celebrant of the Mass. Rev. Fathers Hinchey and Holden acting as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Brady accompanied the Bishop. Gathered in the forward pews of the church were all the pupils of Loretto academy, with their teachers and the Sisters.

The music, which was by no means an unimportant portion of the service, was looked after by J. F. Morrissey, the organist and choir-leader of the church. The choir sang Wedgand's beautiful festival Mass, the solo voices being Misses Tessie Stewart, Annie Stewart, L. Byron, A. Byrne and Prindleville; Messrs. C. Staunton, M. F. O'Brien and Master W. Mullens. Mrs. Bruce-Wikstrom greatly increased the good favor in which she is held by St. Patrick's congregation by her singing of an "Ave Maria" by Luigi Luzzi. There is something about the acoustic qualities of the St. Patrick's auditorium that allows the full beauty of Mrs. Wikstrom's voice to be heard and felt, and her singing there is always of the best.

Rev. Father O'Reilly's address was largely historical, dealing with the Irish race and the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland from the time of St. Patrick to the present day. He dealt at length upon the persecutions of the people of the true faith in the time of Elizabeth, when every civil and even natural title was taken from them, and their churches and church lands were given to the new religion. Cromwell renewed the persecution, obliged him to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of a Hindu fakir—as the Hindus call their saints—which shrine was in Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. The poor fellow seemed to be about forty years of age, and had already undergone penance and humiliation. He had to walk the whole way; and at every step he took he had to throw himself on the ground at full length, stretched out his hands so that they joined above his head; and then with his hands he had to make a circle on the ground, whilst he, keeping his arms straight, brought them back again to his sides. On the spot where his hands finished the circle he placed his feet, threw himself again straight on the ground, made a second circle, rose up, and planted his feet again where the circle finished. Thus he went on until he had gained a short distance; and then returned, in an ordinary walking manner, to fetch his luggage, which consisted of his scanty food and a few pots and pans. His hands were protected by two great wooden blocks, to each of which was attached, at the bottom, a piece of metal. He wore an apron of sheep skin. His chest was bare, his face unwashed, while his unkempt hair hung down his cheeks and neck in the greatest disorder. During nine or ten years he had done penance in this way—living on alms and whatever he could get; exposed to all the inclemencies of the Himalayas or to the scorching rays of an Eastern sun; sleeping in the place where the night found him—on the public road, the desert plateau, half way up in the mountain passes, or in the neighborhood of hungry jackals, vultures, or wild yaks."

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It may be questioned if the eccentric people in our country who call themselves Buddhists, and prate about the Nirvana and the "choir invisible," practice the substantial penances of

celebrated High Mass in the morning and preached on the virtues of the patron saint of the parish. In the evening the Bishop was present and gave a lengthy and very interesting lecture. He was accompanied by Right Rev. Mgr. McEvoy. Father Hinchey sang Vespers. The choir, under the leadership of Prof. Boyes, rendered choice music, and Miss McHenry, the organist, was at her best.

The Sisters of St. Joseph did honor to their patron saint by assisting in carrying out all the Church ceremonies on Friday and Sunday, in a most elaborate way. Their beautiful chapel was ornamented in a way which showed exquisite taste. A number of young ladies left the world on St. Joseph's day and received the candidates cap in the order of St. Joseph. The Bishop and Mgr. McEvoy were present at the ceremonies, and the Bishop gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's convent and St. Joseph's hospital on Sunday, after addressing the Sisters on the virtues of St. Joseph and the holiness of the religious life.

## A Catholic on Anglicanism.

At the Catholic Winter School, we learn from the St. Louis Globe Democrat Rev. Henry A. Adams, spoke as follows of the Anglican Church:

"Four men especially are typical of the present Christianity of the Anglican Church—Incarnations, as it were of the development of Catholicity in their communion. For the parish priest stands Mackenzie, for the theologian Liddon, for the devotionalist Neal, and for the eager, active, monkish priest, busy with the social and moral welfare of the world, stands Father Huntington, son of Bishop Huntington and founder of the Order of the Holy Cross in this country. If any four men ever had true, deep sincerity of faith and purpose, these four have. Out of work like theirs must come splendid fruits, and the result of the religion they are building up must be converts to the Catholic Church and the ultimate reunion of the Anglican and Catholic Churches under the authority of Peter. They are not disloyal to their own Church, but they send the speaker to Rome, and they are sending others, and they and their followers will also find that all roads lead to Rome."

## A New Form of "Blessed be God."

The Ecological Review announces that Pope Leo has just added to the received form of the "Blessed be God," an invocation in honor of the Sacred Heart, and doubled the partial indulgence for those who recite the prayer publicly in any language after Mass or during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

The prayer as it is now to be recited is attached to the decree and is as follows:

Blessed be God,  
Blessed be His Holy Name,  
Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man,  
Blessed be the name of Jesus,  
Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart,  
Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar,  
Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary, most holy,  
Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception,  
Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother,  
Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints.

## An Object Lesson.

We stated in last week's issue that the Catholic Church holds, and always held, that a marriage between Christians validly contracted and consummated can be dissolved only by the death of one of the parties to it; so that re-marriage of either party while the other lives, even though legal divorce may have been obtained, can never receive its sanction. The truth of this assertion was recently illustrated over in a certain district in Brittany, in France, where, as might be supposed, all the district officials are staunch, practical and intelligent Catholics. A man who had been divorced by the civil law, but whose wife is still living, presented himself with another woman before the mayor of this district for re-marriage. The mayor, who knew the facts in the case, peremptorily refused to perform the civil marriage; his assistant, when applied to, did the same as did every one of the other officials of the district, all of whom sent in their resignations to the higher authorities. These resignations were not accepted, but it was not because the higher authorities upheld the mayor and his official associates on their refusal to perform this civil marriage that they were declined, but for the reason that the Government, which is anything but Catholic, wanted to prosecute them and has already begun action against them, with a view of compelling them to perform the ceremony. It is not likely to succeed in that, though it will probably secure a verdict against them. Catholics of their character are not to be coerced into doing an act which their Church and consciences condemn.—Sacred Heart Review.

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Healthy Baby When Born In Three Months Humor Spread Over His Forehead

Such Itching, Burning Torture—How It Ended.

When a child is cured of the itching torture and burning inflammation of eczema or salt rheum, it is no wonder that words fall to express the joy of the grateful parents, and that they gladly tell in as strong terms as possible the plain story of suffering relieved and health restored.

"Dear Sirs:—Our boy Harvey will remember the good Hood's Sarsaparilla did him as long as he lives. He was a healthy baby when he was born, but before he was three months old a breaking out appeared on both sides of his face. Physicians did him little good and said but for his strong constitution he could not have lived through his dreadful suffering.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs:—Our boy Harvey will remember the good Hood's Sarsaparilla did him as long as he lives. He was a healthy baby when he was born, but before he was three months old a breaking out appeared on both sides of his face.

"How outrageous and insulting!" he said, but he could not forbear laughing. "And you are mistaken, too. I have a few pictures on hand. One I have been painting at with tolerable steadiness lately, and I should like you to see it. Will you not come some afternoon, bring Miss Tyrcannel, and take tea with me?"

"I have no objection if Mrs. Severn and Grace have none. You can arrange the matter with them."

"And Miss Tyrcannel—will you arrange it with her?"

"I will endeavor to do so. Yes, Giacomo (as a servant entered and announced the waiting carriage.)

"I am coming."

She turned, and taking up a pearl rosary from a table near by, slipped it on her wrist.

"That gives the last picturesque touch to your appearance," said Erle, who was watching her admiringly.

"I suppose you are taking that to be blessed for some Catholic friend."

"Perhaps so," she answered, as she moved toward the door. Then she paused abruptly. "No," she added: "I am taking it to be blessed for myself. I don't know why I should hesitate to say so."

"I am sure I don't," he rejoined, candidly. "I have an immense admiration and respect for the Santo Padre myself. If I could, I would give him back his temporal power tomorrow, if only to save what remains of the picturesque and the venerable in Rome. Art owes an immense debt to the Vatican, and I for one never fail to pay it in the homage of my gratitude and respect. Present those sentiments for me to His Holiness."

He said the last words laughingly as they reached the carriage waiting at the foot of the stairs, and saw just the picture he had expected in Kathleen's face draped, Spanish like head.

"What is it you are sending to the Holy Father, Mr. Erle?" she asked, smiling.

"My respectful gratitude for the appreciation and patronage which his predecessors have always extended to art, and for having ordained such a charming costume for ladies who attend his court," answered the young man, with a glance which pointed the words. "I have been asking Miss

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID, Author of "Armine," "Philip's Restitution," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE FEET OF THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

It was with a sense of tremulous expectation which surprised herself that Cecil waited, the next day, for the arrival of the Tyrcannels to go to the Vatican. She had spoken truly in saying that she shrank from seeing the Holy Father for fear he might not fulfill the exalted idea which her imagination had formed of his office and of himself; yet she was conscious also of a strong attraction drawing her toward him. It was as if some great need of her nature was awake and hoping to find a response in "those fatherly hands whence blessings flow."

She was so full of the thought that she had no attention to spare for her own reflection in the large mirrors of the salon as she paced to and fro in her black lace draperies. But Lionel Erle, who came in unexpectedly, and, as was often his habit, at an unconventional hour, uttered an exclamation of artistic delight when he saw her.

"By Jove," he said, "you must really let me paint you in that dress! I never saw anything so becoming. But why—oh, I know, of course! You are going to the Vatican."

"Yes," answered Cecil, smiling, "with Mrs. and Miss Tyrcannel. Should you like to go?"

"Very much—if only to study you in that costume. And Miss Tyrcannel will be worth seeing also. What a Spanish look she has! It is astonishing how many Irish faces are of the Iberian type. I find her very charming."

"Who could find her otherwise? She is lovely in all respects."

"Why did not you and Miss Marriott bring her to my studio?" he asked, in a tone of injury. "I heard of you in several ateliers, but I was not thought worthy of a visit."

"Well, you know," was the quiet reply, "we were showing her pictures and not bric-a-brac. If it had been the latter we should certainly have gone to you."

"How outrageous and insulting!" he said, but he could not forbear laughing. "And you are mistaken, too. I have a few pictures on hand. One I have been painting at with tolerable steadiness lately, and I should like you to see it. Will you not come some afternoon, bring Miss Tyrcannel, and take tea with me?"

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"My respectful gratitude for the appreciation and patronage which his predecessors have always extended to art, and for having ordained such a charming costume for ladies who attend his court," answered the young man, with a glance which pointed the words. "I have been asking Miss

Lorimer to let me paint her in it, and I should like to extend the request to yourself.

"We will allow you to do so when His Holiness appoints you court painter," said Cecil, as she entered the carriage. "Here I am," she added, as they drove away, "but not, I assure you, without much inward trepidation. It is a pity to have to realize an imagination. If I did not realize so clearly what the Pope is, I should not feel so much awe of him."

"A very convincing proof that you are not a Catholic," said Kathleen. "We have no such awe—although we know what he is—because above all and over all he is to us the Holy Father."

"And he is so fatherly in manner," observed Mrs. Tyrcannel, "that no one can feel any uncomfortable awe after seeing him."

Cecil had her own opinion on this point, but she did not express it; and after a quick drive across the city they passed over the Ponte San Angelo, entered the Leonine City, and drove through its narrow medieval streets, passed the great piazza of St. Peter's with its flashing fountains, and drew up in one of the courts of the Vatican, where an open doorway was occupied by the Swiss Guards.

The ladies, descending from their carriage, passed up a magnificent staircase to an antechamber, where they were received by servants of the papal household in crimson liveries, and ushered into a large and lofty salon, in which a group of about twenty persons were already assembled.

Most of these were ladies, several of whom were acquaintances of Mrs. and Miss Tyrcannel. There was a murmur of conversation going on among the different groups, but in subdued tones that were almost lost in the vast space of the room. Mrs. Tyrcannel shivered a little as they sat down, and looked apprehensively at her daughter.

"It is very cold," she said. "I am afraid of this for you, Kathleen. I wish that I had not consented to your coming. I know how it would be; these immense rooms are cold always."

"I do not really think I shall take cold," replied Kathleen. "It is chilly, but I am warmly clad, and we may not have long to wait."

Mrs. Tyrcannel shook her head. "One always has to wait," she said. "The event amply justified this prediction. For two hours they waited; and as Cecil saw Kathleen growing whiter and whiter from cold and weariness, she began to share the apprehension of her mother. Yet the girl would not consent to go away and lose her audience. "What!" she said when this was proposed to her, "give up the blessing of the Holy Father because I may have a chill when I go home! Non possumus. I am as firm on that point as the Vatican itself."

A courteous chamberlain came in once and explained the cause of delay. Before receiving them the Holy Father had to give an audience to an ambassador, and then to some great foreign prelates. "How tired he will be before it comes to our turn!" said one of the ladies sympathetically.

But presently, after prolonged and weary waiting, their turn came. The great doors were thrown open, and they were directed to pass into one of the beautiful Raphael loggias. What a picture met the eye as they did so! Through the great windows sunlight was striking on the glorious frescoes, giving an effect of light and color beyond description; and at the head of the gallery, surrounded by prelates and by the Noble Guard, stood a tall, slender figure clad in ivory white—Leo, Vicar of Christ and Father of Christendom.

It was with a strange feeling that Cecil looked at this figure. She forgot all that she had ever said of her fear that the ideal she had formed of one so august would not be realized in seeing its realization before her eyes. In deed she confessed to herself that she had never imagined a presence in which majesty and sweetness could be blended as they were blended here, with the highest spirituality of type and aspect. The body seemed no more than a frail, transparent shell for the soul which looked through it—that wonderful soul with its consuming ardor, its fervent piety, its far-reaching aims, and its intellectual power which is known to the whole world now, and has commanded the respect of even the worst enemies of the Papacy and of the Church. "It is impossible that any man could fulfil the ideal suggested by the claims the Roman Pontiff makes," she had declared. Yet now she saw in this august presence all those claims embodied. The Vicar of Christ stood before her clothed with a dignity beyond the dignity of kings, a tranquil and unapproachable majesty which nothing could mar or disturb; the Head of the Universal Church looked out from his prison place with eyes so piercing and so clear—deeper under a massive brow—that not one of the needs of the world, of its difficulties or its sufferings, escaped his glance; while the Father of the Faithful—the descendant of him to whom was given the command, "Feed My sheep"—welcomed his children with a sweetness so penetrating, a gentleness so touching, and an interest so personal, that the sense of awe was lost in affection.

All of this Cecil was able to say to herself later, when, the audience over, she could define the impression which had been made upon her; but when she approached the benignant figure, when she caught the glance of the dark eyes and the smile of the gentle lips, she could only sink upon her knees, and touch her lips, with the first

thrill of real homage that she had ever felt, to the delicate hand—in tint like a piece of ivory carving—which was held out to her.

"The rest was a dream to her. She knelt like one in a trance, absorbed in a rush of feeling which overwhelmed her, thinking of nothing save that here was the visible representative of God upon earth; to this hand which she had touched was committed the power of the awful keys; and through the lips that murmured a few words of kindest greeting, the Holy Ghost speaks to the Church of God.

"Have you no request to make to the Holy Father?" asked a purple-robed monsignor, bending toward her. The words roused her a little. She threw back her head, looked up into the face above her, and suddenly the inmost need of her soul found expression.

"O Holy Father," she said, "give me faith! I wish to believe—I do believe—but something holds me back. Lose the spell—make me your child."

Had she been able to observe, she would have seen that the monsignor, and all of those near enough to hear what she said, looked surprised and a little startled at this unconventional outbreak. But she saw only, heeded only, the face of the Holy Father, which was full of interest, of sympathy, and of kindness, as it looked down upon her.

"My child," he said, in a voice of exquisite modulation, "faith is a gift of God. Have you asked it of Him?"

"Holy Father, yes—but it comes and goes—it does not stay with me."

"It will stay when you receive it in holy baptism. What you need is to act. So long as you are without the Church these temptations will assail you. Once within her shelter you will find peace. Go seek that shelter, and take my blessing with you."

It was as if an oracle had spoken, or indeed—as for the comparison is poor—as if she had knelt at the feet of the Lord rather than of His Vicar, and said, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" She was answered, and she bent her head for the fatherly blessing with a rush of grateful tears.

CHAPTER XX.

"IF HE IS WISE HE WILL COME."

"And so it was the Holy Father, and not my dear old Abbé, who converted you at last!" said Kathleen to Miss Lorimer a few days after the audience which would always be so memorable to the latter.

"You forget that it was the Abbé who sent me to the Holy Father," replied Cecil. "But it is hardly possible to say that he converted me—he only told me what to do. In fact, no one converted me. That has been a process which has been going on for months, and which has been due to many influences. My stay in Paris did much for me, although Madame de Vêrac is of the world worldly to an extreme degree. But the first awakening impulse came before Paris. Looking back, I can see that now."

"Sometimes those things go very far back—lie unheeded, as it were, for years," said Kathleen. "I have known people who traced their conversion to some impression received in their childhood."

"Mine is much more recent," answered Cecil. She hesitated a moment, then added quickly: "It may interest you to know that it dates from a few words of your brother's. It was the night of the accident to the ship at sea. I had never thought of death, of God, of anything spiritual, except in the most vague and indifferent manner. Some words that he said when the shock came—and they were very simple words—made me realize a different way of looking at these things. It was like an awakening. Afterward he let fall more than one remark which made me think. He seemed to have a standard by which to try things different from that of other men I had known. When I learned that he was a Catholic I said to myself that I would find out more of what Catholics believed. And the end of the finding out is—I am a Catholic myself. That, I think, must always be the end."

There was a look of exalted pleasure on Kathleen's face. "And so Gerald helped you!" she said. "How glad I am, and how glad he will be to hear it! Some of the chances of life—while, no doubt, we should not call chances—are wonderful, are they not?" She leaned back on the cushions of the couch where she was lying—she had been ill ever since the day at the Vatican—and seemed to meditate for a moment. Then she added: "I wish Gerald could come here. I think it would do him good."

"I am sure it would do you good," observed Cecil. "I think you are fretting about him more than you allow any one to suppose."

"I hope I am not fretting," the girl answered; "but I know he is in great trouble, and he has no one to help him. Not that he needs any one," she added quickly, "farther than we all need sympathy and approval."

"Only the strongest souls can work without those things," said Cecil thoughtfully. "It must be a sign of strength when the necessity to do so is laid upon any one."

Kathleen sighed a little, but then smiled with the radiance of a sudden recollection. "And so it was Gerald who set you on your journey?" she said. "I am so glad! But when will it end?—when are you to be received into the Church?"

"As soon as the Abbé Ravoux thinks I am sufficiently instructed. He found me very ignorant of many things—of almost everything, I may say. And he makes instruction so delightful—

there is something so wonderfully beautiful in the harmony, the coherency of every part, the luminous splendor of the Church as he shows it—that I am not impatient for this time of probation to end, except indeed that I may return to the Holy Father, as he bade me."

"There is One greater than the Holy Father, who is awaiting you at the end," said Kathleen softly. "But it is natural, I suppose, that you should not realize that yet."

Cecil flushed a little. "I think that I realize it," she answered; "but you are right to remind me."

"One question more, if you will not regard me as impertinent," said Kathleen. "What do your friends think of your course?"

Miss Lorimer unconsciously lifted her head with one of her old gestures of haughtiness. "I have not asked them what they think," she replied. "I have simply announced what I am about to do. But I know"—and a look of amusement came into her eyes—"what my sister and brother-in-law at home will think. They have all ways expected me to do something foolish and visionary—they will say now that I have done it."

"You are the last person in the world I would expect to do anything foolish or visionary," said Kathleen, with surprise. "Why should they imagine it of you?"

"Ah, why? That question involves a great deal. Perhaps because they know me best, perhaps because they know me least, as is often the case with people who are nearest to one. At all events, they certainly believe me capable of it."

They both laughed, and then Cecil rose from her seat by the side of the couch. "I must go now," she said. "My hour with the Abbé is at hand, and after that I have one or two social engagements. By the by, Lionel Erle is tormenting me as to when you are coming with us to his studio. I hope that you will soon be well enough to gratify him."

"I hope so, too," was the languid reply; "but this cold has taken such a deep hold upon me that I cannot tell. Give my love to the Abbé, and ask him to come and see me."

When the Abbé came he was quite startled by the girl's palor and weakness. "Why, this will never do," he said, "as a result of a visit to the Vatican! I am shocked at you. Has the Holy Father's blessing no more effect?"

"Every effect spiritually," answered Kathleen, smiling. "His cold palace has also a strong bodily effect. But I do not mind the illness, I am so glad that I went. If I had not gone Miss Lorimer might not have gone either, and the result with her is all that is to be desired."

"Yes," answered the Abbé; "I should say that she was very impressionable if I did not perceive that her visit to the Vatican was only the culmination of a long series of impressions and convictions. She has a very striking character. I believe that she is intended to do some great work in the world."

"She sometimes speaks as if that was her hope. I have often wondered what is in her mind, but I did not like to ask."

"I do not think she knows herself, as yet. My own impression is that she possesses great wealth, which she wishes to employ wisely. She has never told me this, but I judge so from some remarks that she has let fall."

"I should not be surprised if your conjecture is correct," said Miss Tyrcannel, after a moment's pause. "I have heard her speak more than once of the great responsibility of wealth, and of the difficulty of finding a worthy use for it; but she said nothing of herself in connection with the subject."

The Abbé nodded. "She would not be likely to mention herself in the matter," he said. "There is something very unusual about her; she is very reticent, although so frank and direct. Altogether an interesting person."

"Gerald found her so," observed Miss Tyrcannel musingly. "He spoke of her to me, but I am sure now that he must have thought much more than he said."

The priest smiled. "Do not weave a romance before you are certain of your material," he answered, "though I grant that Miss Lorimer is fitted to be the heroine of one."

Miss Lorimer's friends, meanwhile, were more concerned than they ventured to express to her, by the resolution she had communicated to them of becoming a Catholic. Mrs. Severn uttered her concern to Craven.

"Of course," she remarked, "it is no business of mine to renege with Miss Lorimer, but I really think that some one ought to hold her back. She is being carried away by a fit of enthusiasm which she will certainly regret."

"I am afraid that I cannot altogether agree with you," replied that gentleman. "Miss Lorimer has a deceptive character. Enthusiasm does not carry her away nearly so much as appearances would seem to indicate. I have seen her tested sufficiently to be sure of that. This step which she is about to take is the result, I think, of long feeling, if not of long thought. When I saw her in France last summer I could tell that the tide was setting that way with her. And I do not need the assurances of her relatives at home to believe that, her mind once made up, she has an indomitable will. No one could hold her back."

"It is a great pity," said the woman of the world.

"Why a great pity?" the man of the world asked, smiling. "If there is anything in religion at all—you will pardon me the if—the great Roman

Church possesses such unquestioned superiority over all other forms of it that I cannot conceive hesitation between them. It offers a logical reason for being, which satisfies the mind; a devotion which satisfies the heart; and a majesty of history, a splendor and poetry of ritual, which satisfy the taste. Honestly, I do not wonder at Miss Lorimer's step at all.

Mrs. Severn opened her eyes a little. "One might think you on the brink of such a step yourself," she said. "But do you know what an important person she is?"

"I know that she has a good deal of money, if that is what you mean. And the fact renders her relatives uneasy concerning her. They do not know what she will do with it, but I would be willing to wager that in the end she will apply it to some noble purpose."

"I am afraid that her ideas are very visionary and Quixotic."

"Probably they are, but that is better than never to have any visions at all; for out of the visions may come realities of which the world is much in need. Miss Lorimer has not acted rashly on her visions; she has had humility enough to wait for guidance."

"She has found it now," said Mrs. Severn, with faint sarcasm.

"Yes," answered Craven, "I think she has; and I for one am honestly glad of it."

He expressed much the same sentiments a little later to Miss Marriott, who also declared her surprise, if not concern, at Cecil's resolution.

"It is so unlike her!" she said. "Of all people whom I have ever known, Cecil Lorimer is the most proudly self-sustained. Her own will has been the guide and rule of her conduct always. That she should surrender it now, and submit to be told what she is to believe and what she is to do!—that is wonderful. After this I shall never think that I know any one."

"It is difficult to know any one so well that he or she cannot surprise us," said Craven. "But I do not think Miss Lorimer's self-will was of the vulgar kind which cannot endure any surrender. If I understand her at all, she followed her will because it was the best standard she had, but she was not averse to submit to a better authority if she found it; and she believes that she has found it now."

"Yes, she believes it," said Grace; "but will the belief last? She is borne away now on a tide of admiration for all that she sees around her here; but when the issue comes—as it will come sooner or later—between her own will and the authority to which she has submitted, I believe she will follow her own will."

"And I do not," said Craven. "I believe that she will be thorough in whatever she undertakes."

It was at this moment that the door opened quickly, and into the room where they were sitting Miss Lorimer entered. She looked pale and agitated as she advanced with an open note in her hand.

"Grace," she said, "here is very bad news from Miss Tyrcannel. Her mother writes me that she is very ill—dangerously ill, I fear. I am going at once to see if I can be of any use. Oh! how do you do, Mr. Craven? I beg pardon for overlooking you, but I am very much concerned by this intelligence."

"So am I," said Grace; "and she is such a frail creature that one must fear the worst. Shall I come with you?"

"No," I think not. There may be no need of me, but at least I must go and see for myself what the danger is. Mrs. Severn is not in. Tell her when she returns where I have gone. If they let me, I may remain. Good-by."

She went out as hastily as she had entered, and when Craven returned after accompanying her to the waiting carriage, he found Miss Marriott sitting so absorbed in reverie that she started when he entered.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said, sitting down and looking at her, smiling.

She smiled in return, her pretty brown eyes shining in the twilight as if it was growing dusky in the great salon.

"I was thinking," she said, "that the accidents of life have sometimes a singular air of having been planned for us. It was such a mere accident our meeting Miss Tyrcannel, and Cecil has taken such a fancy to her."

"Yes?" said Craven, as he paused. He knew that there was something else to come.

"I hope she is not really very ill," pursued Miss Marriott; "but if she is, I suppose they will send for her brother."

"Oh!" said Craven. It was a prolonged and significant sound. "I never heard of the brother before." "Tell me about him."

Grace laughed. "There really is not much to tell," she replied. "We met him on the steamer coming over. He was very interesting, a fine type of gentleman—intellectual, cultivated, reserved about himself, and with an air of unaffected melancholy which always touches women, you know."

"And he knew also, very likely."

"No! Do I not tell you it was unaffected? Since meeting his sister we have learned the cause. He had inherited an Irish estate, and was going back to it."

"Cause enough in that for melancholy, I grant. Probably he was afraid of being shot."

"He was afraid," continued Grace, with an air which reproved this interruption, "of the responsibility that lay

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MARCH before him, at of giving pain old regime, as it was one of estates. The Tyrcannels' union with his people agent, and them had, of steadily worse years. Gerald had left home, and his estrangement were not look on at the suffering agent. His return to the estate from which was entailed, when we met to enter into difficulties, very great, bered so that his command opposed his n absolutely qu subject: the poverty-stricken to be convincing. Altogether, it anything but parted from her from his sister like a her. "What a said Craven, woman for Tyrcannel! face even that best art any prowess recounted his. "I should Craven, if you not to laugh with much so that any one speak of Mr. spoken." "Well, I very comfort fate is appar good turn. interest in her. "She like suppose you time that Ceable where n not say that as an inter made our vo "If he is his sister," fail, as other him; but he better word Lorimer's h. "It is suc not know th fill it," said "Neither is it should be may not be And, serious our Irish "Not min "Whatever was evident observation. "I did no yours," said him too fra will pardon glad to hear. Probably Mrs. Severn prevented that remark

such unquestioned other forms of it elive hesitation beers a logical reason stifies the mind; a stifies the heart; history, a splendor h, which satisfy the do not wonder at at all.

ed her eyes a little, you on the brink of f," she said. "But an important person

has a good deal of what you mean, hers her relatives unner. They do not ll do with it, but I o wazer that in the y it to some noble

at her ideas are very otic."

are, but that is to have any visions e visions may come the world is much in mer has not acted s; she has had to wait for guid-

it now," said Mrs. Craven, "I think for one an honestly

uch the same senti-er to Miss Marriott, her surprise, if not a resolution.

ke her!" she said, whom I have ever orimer is the most and rule of her e. That she should urrender to be told lieve and what she is wonderful. After this ink that I know any

to know any one so e but I do not think self-will of the vul- cannot endure any understand her at all, she had, but she was mit to a better author- it; and she believes id it now."

eves it," said Grace; belief last? She is on a tide of admira- she sees around her the issue comes—as it or latter — between and the authority to amitted, I believe she will."

ot," said Craven. "I e will be thorough in adertakes."

ment that the door e, and into the room sitting Miss Lorimer oked pale and agitated with an open note in

id, "here is very Miss Tyrconnel. Her e is very ill— I fear. I am going I can be of any use, do, Mr. Craven? I overlooking you, but I concerned by this intel-

id Grace; "and she creature that one must Shall I come with

not. There may be no at least I must go and what the danger is not in. Tell her when here I have gone. If may remain. Good-

as hastily as she had when Craven returned pying her to the wait- she found Miss Marriott bed in reverie that she e entered.

for your thoughts," he wn and looking at her,

in return, her pretty ing in the freight-l- ing dusky in the great

king," she said, "that if life have sometimes a having been placid such a mere accident Miss Tyrconnel, and such a fancy to her," d Craven, as he paused, there was something else

is not really very ill," Marriott; "but if she is, they will send for her

Craven. It was a pro- significant sound. "I f the brother before" — chair a little closer, at him."

hed. "There really is ill," she replied. "We e steamer coming over, interesting, a fine type of intellectual, cultivated, himself, and with an ed melancholy which es women, you know," I know also, very likely." I not tell you it was un- ce meeting his sister w the cause. He had Irish estate, and was it—"

ugh in that for melan- g shot."

g shot," continued Grace, which reprieved this inter- responsibility that lay

before him, and the absolute necessity of giving pain to those who uphold the old regime, especially to his mother. It was one of the old rack-rented estates. The landlord Mr. Tyrconnel's uncle—had no intercourse with his people except through his agent, and the bitterness growing steadily worse during the last few years. Gerald, as his sister calls him, had left home because his remonstrances were unheeded, and he could not look on at the mismanagement and the suffering he had no power to prevent. His uncle would have alienated the estate from him if he could, but it was entailed. So it fell to him, and when we met him he was on his way to enter into possession and face the difficulties before him. They were very great. The estate was encumbered so that he had little money at his command; his mother violently opposed his measures—indeed she has absolutely quarrelled with him on the subject; the people, oppressed and poverty-stricken, were sullen and hard to be convinced of his good intentions. Altogether, the poor fellow has lain on anything but a bed of roses since we parted from him at Queenstown; but, from his sister's account, he has faced it like a hero.

"What a delightful thing it is," said Craven, meditatively, "to have a woman for an advocate." Happy Tyrconnel! I would be willing to face even the difficulties and perils that beset an Irish landlord to have any prowess recounted as you have recounted his."

"I should be very glad, Mr. Craven, if you would be kind enough not to laugh at me," remarked Grace, with much severity. "It seems to me that any one who knew the case would speak of Mr. Tyrconnel just as I have spoken."

"Well, I fancy he has not been very comfortable," said Craven; "but fate is apparently about to do him a good turn. Miss Lorimer shares your interest in him, I presume?"

"She liked him very much, but I suppose you have discovered by this time that Cecil is not very impressionable where men are concerned. I cannot say that she liked him more than an interesting acquaintance who made our voyage very pleasant to us."

"If he is wise he will come to see his sister," said Craven. "He may fail, as other men have failed before him; but he will never find a fortune better worth winning than Miss Lorimer's heart."

"It is such a great heart that I do not know the man who is worthy to fill it," said Grace.

"Neither do I," Craven assented; "yet it is better for its own sake that it should be filled even by one who may not be altogether worthy of it. And, seriously, I have some hopes of your Irishman."

"Not mine," said Grace, laughing. "Whatever Cecil thought of him, it was evident to the most superficial observation what he thought of her."

"I did not imagine he was really yours," said Craven. "You praised him too frankly. And perhaps you will pardon me for saying that I was glad to hear it."

"Probably Grace was not sorry that Mrs. Severn's entrance at this moment prevented the necessity of answering that remark."

ST. JOSEPH.

Catholic Standard and Times.

St. Joseph was a model of sanctity and prudence. His holy silence shielded the Blessed Mother; his loving care guided the steps of the Divine Child. He was the earthly representative of the Holy Ghost. As a Catholic writer says: "If St. Joseph suffered, it was to save the life of Jesus; if he labored it was to sustain the life of Jesus; if he spoke, it was to Jesus. It was Joseph's privilege to be always with God, to speak, to converse, to labor, to repose in the presence of God."

Many have become saints merely by meditating upon the virtues of the saintly Joseph. St. Teresa is especially known as "St. Joseph's saint." Her testimony to the efficacy of his intercession is eloquently expressed in one of Miss Sara Trainer Smith's most widely read poems:

Teresa, the great saint, the loving one,  
Who jeweled truths from gold of wisdom spun;  
Teresa, she of Jesus, says that taught  
She asked Saint Joseph, always surely brought  
The wished for answer, and, if there had  
chance.

A fault in her petition, he enhanced  
Its value ever for her greater good.  
It seemed to her that, as he closer stood  
To our dear Lord—for was he not while here,  
Protector, tutor, foster-father dear?  
So now on high most honored still he stands,  
And his petitions are as love's commands.  
To other saints our Lord has given power  
To help us, each in an especial hour.  
But all our sufferings, all our trials and  
care,  
Are soothed and lightened by Saint Joseph's  
prayers.  
"I would," she cries, "that I could now per-  
meade  
All men to love him, and to seek his aid!  
In all these years, oh! never have I known  
The soul devout that loved him left alone  
To lag in virtue. No! he gently leads  
Onward and upward, while I fervent plead.  
Now for the love of God I only ask,  
Ye who have not set yourselves this task,  
Prove ye the truth of every word I speak:  
Prayer to St. Joseph is the proof ye seek.  
Those who would taste the bliss of perfect  
prayer,  
With him your loving tenderness should  
share,  
And those beginners who would learn to pray,  
With him his guides their cannot go astray.  
Thus Saint Teresa, with that sound good  
sense,  
Which ever balances her soul instead  
Pats in our hand the key to portals high:  
What we would prove we only have to try.  
How many barriers soon would melt away,  
If while we wonder we would also pray!  
If for all doubting we would set the task  
Of simply waiting while we trusting ask.

EARLY LETTERS OF POPE LEO XIII.

Correspondence With His Family From the Age of Nine Years.

M. Boyer d'Agen, a friend of the Pope's nephew, Signor Ludovic Pecci, has just published, through Mame in France, the letters of Leo XIII. to his family from the age of nine years, at which he entered the Jesuit College at Viterbo, in 1819, till his nomination as Pontifical Delegate at Benevento, in 1837, after leaving the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics. The most striking feature of the correspondence of the young man, writes "Fra Teofilo" in the Liverpool Catholic Times, is the remarkable unity of ideas. Set forth by the student, they developed themselves on his reaching the Pontifical throne with that brilliancy and harmony which we have since then admired.

Leo XIII., he it noted, is not one of those geniuses, those great men, who, so to speak, come fully dowered from the hands of nature—not an Alexander or an Octavius. The latter was at twenty years a thoroughly equipped politician, and from that time forward knew what to think of men—how to press them forward and how to guide them—and what risks he might sometimes run for great stakes. Alexander, fresh from the training of Faillip and Aristotle, conquered the world almost like a being of supernatural power. Leo XIII. in his early life was like many other men—more eminent solely by the ensemble of his talents. He is one of those whose character and aims were gradually formed and perfected. People who enjoy his confidence are well aware how careful he is in pointing out the regular development of his life, how strong is his view as to the harmony and unbroken continuity of his intellectual, moral, political and religious "inheritance." The clever and vigilant diplomatist, the faithful, precise and economical administrator, the Latinist, the lover of literature, the intelligent and shrewd observer of affairs, the advocate of the teachings of St. Thomas, the indefatigable author of the encyclicals, the man of tact and resource in negotiation are all revealed here; we find the traits in germ and sometimes fully formed in these letters in which there is no reserve.

EARLY SIGNS OF GREATNESS.

The comments are made in the freest spirit, and the character of the public man is betrayed with rare precocity, the feelings of the child and the son giving way to those of the student and observer of events.

When Joachim's brother, John de Terracina, reproaches him with his want of demonstrativeness and his impersonal tone, he writes him a letter which shows how far reaching were his views of public life. Here we discover the ground of his eager desire for the most extensive knowledge. As if by instinct he was attracted to the consideration of all the leading incidents in history and all the monuments of science. At nine years of age he essayed the Latin sonnet. Indeed, his mind seemed to be permeated by the classical spirit. Tacitus and Sallust were his favorite authors. At seventeen he was seized with a passion for St. Thomas whom he calls "the Archimandrite" of the theologians. He quotes the fathers—especially the Latin fathers.

From one of the letters we learn that he is anxious to learn everything—chemistry, astronomy, physics and higher mathematics. The more confidential parts of the letters give pictures of the conclaves of Pius VIII. and Gregory XVI., the revolution of 1830, the intrigues of the Sultan and the agitations in Spain. One can see even at this date that like all Romanes he looks with admiration on the British spirit, which took up the inheritance of Rome and Florence. From the seeds which at that period found root in a rich soil sprang up a good harvest, the fruit being abundant at the appointed time—when God required a pastor of souls.

NOT A MERE STUDENT.

The breadth of his intelligence, capable of penetrating every subject, and his power of going to the essential point—the heart—of matters, have preserved him from the excesses of the mere student. He had none of those absurd dreams and made none of those illiberal statements which sometimes emanate from narrow minds too fully engrossed by syllogisms. Henceforward his vindication of the truth is practical as well as theoretic in character. For him deduction is an expostory method rather than a method of research. In each letter he keeps his thought fixed on facts. He grasps, compares and analyzes them; sifts them in every way to discover the origin of the causes that have produced them. He is not troubled as to the result. The sole, universal cause he knows and acknowledges; it is the connection of facts therewith that he wishes to examine. Infinitely multiple is God's action of which the inspired writings in some manner afford us a view. Early in life Leo XIII. employed all the strength and subtlety of his mind in studying the diversity of facts which tend to show the course of divine government in human events.

SOURCES OF THE POPE'S PHILOSOPHY.

In the bible, the fathers and St. Thomas he finds his philosophy, ethics and entire polity—in a word, the solution of every problem that human intelligence can suggest, of every difficulty that can be presented in the life of individuals and society. At fifteen he is most widely read, and has an exact memory. He is ever cultivating a better acquaintance with the past. Ancient history, sacred and profane,

AMONG THE URSULINES

Howard Saxby Visits the Convent at Brown County.

Howard Saxby, says the Catholic Columbian, is sometimes earnest and appreciative in his writings, though as a rule we are led to expect something light, jesting and frothy when we pick up "Saxby's Sitings" or "Salmagundi." A few weeks ago, having a lecture engagement in Fayetteville, Brown county, he took occasion also to visit the convent of the Ursulines, which has absorbed the name of "Brown county," made the county subservient to the three hundred acres of convent land, and spread its fame far beyond the limits of the State of which it is so small a part.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.

Thus we find him fusing together Christian and pagan antiquity, and of all his writings it may be said that whilst revelation supplies the text, the commentary is based on the wisdom of the ancients, that is to say, human reason in its strength. The development of his character as a priest is less apparent in his letters. He was highly intellectual and temptations disturbed not his serenity. On receiving the priesthood his piety is simple and deep, but not mystic. Twice he appears to be vouchsafed supernatural enlightenment. In referring to it his voice vibrates, his words grow tender, and in the touching revelation of this, Eleanora of the temple we get a glimpse of the future Pope. In a letter to Cardinal Sala he imparts his intention of entering a religious order; but meditation on the life of St. Francis de Sales, his ideal of a "prelate priest," as he calls him, changes his purpose and he proceeds steadily to the fulfilment of his highest desire—that of winning the world to the service of God, bringing the two into unity, producing improvement in the order of affairs and impressing the seal of religion on all men's works.

A HOLY MAN AND A STATESMAN.

Under this aspect he figures as a holy man and also as a statesman and leader in mental culture. His early letters raise the question of the Popes as statesmen and men of letters. What position will Leo XIII. occupy amongst them? His letters already tell us. He will have his place beside the greatest princes and commanders who have been good speakers and writers—the Cæsars and the Napoleons. The published productions of Leo XIII. are in style eminently classical. A humanist like Nicholas V., a leader of men and a framer of constitutions like Innocent III., and a man of ecclesiastical erudition such as Benedict XIV., he cherishes especially the great ideas both of ancient Latium and of the fifteenth century. Read in "La Russie et le Saint Siege" Pierling's keen judgment on the aims of Nicholas V. and you will have the key to the life and pontificate of Leo XIII. No other Pope has had to the same degree the consciousness of the grandeur of the Papacy.

The Vatican.

The Vatican covers a space of 1,200 feet in length and 1,000 feet in breadth, and is the largest palace in the world. It is in Rome, on the right bank of the river Tiber, and on the Vatican Hill, from which it derives its name. It is said to have been founded by Pope Symmachus, who erected a small house on its site about 300 A. D. On this site, too, a building was inhabited by Charlemagne in 800.

Several times it has fallen into decay and been restored. Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale in 1160. In 1305, Clement V. removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, and the Vatican was for many years a neglected and obscure state for many years.

Nicholas V., in 1450, commenced the great work of making it the noble palace that it now is. After the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome, it became the actual residence of the Pope. One after another, a long line of Popes have added splendid buildings to it, and the lowest estimate gives the number of rooms at 4,122.

Gradually it has been enriched with great paintings, statues, books, curious medals, gems, frescoes, and antiquities of every description, until it is now the world's richest depository. The museum of statuary is about about a mile in length and contains more than 70,000 statues that have been exhumed from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome.

The Vatican contains the Sistine Chapel, built by Sixtus IV. 1473 and adorned by the wonderful genius of Michael Angelo; the Pauline Chapel, built by Paul III., in 1540; the Loggia and Stanzas of Raphael, and the court of the Belvedere.

The library of the Vatican is truly a great one. It is exceedingly rich in manuscripts, containing as many as 40,000, some of which are by Pliny, St. Thomas and St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Arabian, Syrian and Armenian Bibles. It has about 50,000 printed volumes, and several rich museums of ancient and modern articles of virtue.

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Not the least enjoyable part of his visit to Mr. Saxby, he says, was a sight of the honor-rolls for the fifty years of the convent's existence, on which he recognized the maiden names of many women who are now at the head of model Christian households; and he was also vastly pleased to meet and lecture to the daughters and grand daughters of these same charming women, as well as a host of other bright girls from Ohio and sister States, beautiful buds just ripening into womanhood. To them to-day the world is bright, the fields, the hills, the streams that water the vale are laughing in the glee of early dawn, and over all hangs the color of the rose. One day they will look back upon the pathway that has been trodden, the leaves will be tinged as the glories of autumn come on apace, upon the scene in the retrospect the shadow of the cypress will fall — and then—only then—will they fully realize that a 'sorrow's crown of sorrow' is remembering happier things!"

The interesting article concludes with this fine, broad-minded recognition of worth:

"I am a Protestant, because I was born so, but no Catholic has a greater respect and admiration for the sisterhood than I. See them in all the hospitals, see them wherever the pest strikes a whole people, see them where the breath of war smites down armies of strong men, see them with the orphanage of old age—old men or women whose children are dead or scattered through the world, whose friends have sunk back into the bosom of the earth, who have none to speak to of early days when they were young and happy and strong! Sisters, whose loving, warm-hearted communities take them by the hand, leading them into their home, watching over them, consoling them, re-awakening the memories of their early faith, and soothing the pathway to the grave, letting in the light of heaven upon their minds and hearts! The chosen women gather here in a paradise which was a wilderness, and is a garden of God, nesting like doves in innocence, and with their sweet voices train souls to know the power of faith, hope, purity and humanity—noblest witness of divinity, love and mercy!"

Ashamed of Their Parents.

The boy or girl who is ashamed of his or her parents because of their lack of education, can never expect any of the blessings of God. We pity the parents of such children. There is no sadder sight than that of a father who has set his heart upon his children born in this country, who has snuggled his work remembering that they wanted for nothing his labor could purchase: who has said in his heart they will be better than himself, every way nobler than he could be in the land of his birth, and who discovers in his old age that he has spent his life in rearing up a flop, a libertine, a know-nothing. Then, indeed, we see something more horrible than King Lear driven mad by the ingratitude of his daughters. For Lear only gave his children the crown, but this father gave them everything—his sweat and blood, his nights and days, his purse and heart, and all but life itself, of which, at least, their pericidal ingratitude deprives the miserable man. We say this is a tragedy, to make angels weep over the false system of social life which makes men monsters. The man who is ashamed of his parents is really bereft of all true manhood.

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London, Saturday, March 27, 1897.

SALVATION ONLY IN THE TRUE CHURCH.

We publish in another column a letter from "a Catholic" commenting somewhat severely on certain answers given by the Rev. Father Elliot to questions which were put to him in reference to the possibility of salvation to those outside the Catholic Church.

Concerning the Catholic doctrine on this point there is no doubt. The Church was founded by Christ on His Apostles, and especially on the Apostle Peter, for whom He made the special prayer that his faith might not fail, but that he being once converted should confirm the brethren. (St. Luke xxii., 32.) Hence the truth revealed by Christ is to be found only in the Church which is built upon Peter and acknowledges the rule of his successor, the Pope.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that in commissioning His Apostles to preach the gospel, He meant that they should be heard respectfully and with believing hearts, for elsewhere He declares that "He that believeth not shall be condemned," and "He that heareth you (His Apostles, the first pastors of His Church,) heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me."

Throughout the New Testament, in the gospels, Christ, and in the Epistles, the Apostles, insist constantly on not only the importance, but the necessity, of obeying and believing in the Church, and attending to the teaching of its pastors, whose office was instituted "For the perfecting of the saints . . . that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive." (Eph. iv.)

It is therefore a disobedience to God's law and a sin to close one's ears against the teaching of the Catholic Church. But actual sin is by its nature a free act, a willful act. God has placed before us life and death, blessing and cursing, and He calls upon us to choose life that we may live.

It follows from this that where the apparent disobedience is not willful there is not sin. This principle holds for all sins, equally with the rejection of God's truth, and it is for this reason that invincible ignorance—an ignorance which cannot be overcome—excuses from the guilt of sin, and only those Protestants or Jews who do not and cannot know better are excused from the guilt of disobedience if they do not enter into the Catholic Church, and obey its precepts.

Our correspondent is right in saying that such persons, if they are disposed to embrace the truth if they knew it, are not Protestants or Jews in the sight of God, but are really members of the Catholic Church.

However, we are convinced that Father Elliot did not mean to conceal or smooth down this doctrine in the answer referred to by "a Catholic." As there are certainly some who are outwardly and in appearance Protestants, who thus belong to the soul of the Catholic Church, he seems to be justified in saying that he judges no man—that is, that he does not judge in the individual application, that the person who thus remains a Protestant is vicinously ignorant and therefore culpable. It would have been better, perhaps, if he had been more explicit, and had explained the Catholic doctrine more fully. We must remark, however, that there is considerable difference of opinion as to the fact whether the invincible ignorance of which we have spoken occurs rarely or frequently. This is a matter which is known for a certainty only to God, at least in the case of any special individual, and it appears to have been Father Elliot's intention to indicate this. It cannot be said, therefore, as our correspondent asserts, that the Protestant he has in view "is evidently not honest, not following his conscience, not in good

faith, etc." Such a one, of course, would not be in the way of salvation, and would be responsible for his disobedience in rejecting God's truth. Father Elliot refers to this when he adds: "Sins against the Holy Spirit are very serious ones."

SENSATIONALISM IN RELIGION.

There has been within the last few years a great change in the methods resorted to by many of the Protestant clergy in order to retain their influence and secure a good attendance at what is called "Public Worship," though there is frequently very little of the element of the worship in what is done, and the change is certainly not an improvement.

It is very true that in denouncing "Popery," the ministers were formerly violent in language and not always truthful. Calumny was the staple means whereby Catholic doctrines were held up to public detestation, but at all events in other respects the ordinary proprieties of cultivated and respectable society were strictly observed.

At present the case appears to be altogether reversed. The abuse of "Popery" appears to be no longer attractive to the people, and it is not so frequently resorted to in the pulpit as in former years; but other and very strange devices are employed for the purpose of gathering a crowd within the precincts of the churches.

The sensational methods of Messrs. Moody and Sanky and Rev. Sam. Jones, who introduced the use of slang into the pulpit, and addressed Almighty God as if He were a boon companion, were never generally approved of by the Protestant clergy, nevertheless these revivalists have many imitators who appear to draw well with a certain class of worshippers, but they are those who go to church as they would to a theatre—for amusement, and not to be instructed in the way of salvation.

But independently of this use of slang in the pulpit, the practice of sensational methods is now becoming very common, especially throughout the United States.

It will be remembered by our readers that a few weeks ago a Michigan minister actually killed two cats in the pulpit with nicotine to illustrate the deleterious effects of tobacco. The same minister on another Sunday exhibited the stomach of a drunkard and gave an anatomical lecture thereon. But these are only a few out of the many examples which might be given of eccentric ways of preaching the gospel.

Not long ago at a religious meeting in Detroit, a supposed image or effigy of the devil was exhibited, and the various parts of his anatomy and attire were explained, after which he was committed to the flames, symbolical of the flames of hell. But this was done by the Salvation Army, from which we have been accustomed to hear of strange methods of worship. But methods no less strange are becoming common even in the regular churches.

The Detroit Evening News is authority for the statement that the Rev. Chas. Tyndale of New York delivers a sermon on "The Lion of Judah," in which he describes the devil as a lion of wickedness going about seeking whom he may devour. At the preacher's side in the pulpit there is a stuffed lion to which a mechanical apparatus is attached which causes the lion to lift its head, open its mouth and roar at this moment. So terrific is the roaring that the first time the lion was used the congregation took fright, and it was necessary to explain the device in order to calm them.

The younger portion of the congregation were in such a panic that they could with difficulty be calmed at all. The same minister while preaching on Jacob's ladder climbs a ladder by degrees, while explaining the mode by which we are to gain heaven, and at the end disappears through the skylight to show Jacob's angels entering heaven, and how we are also to enter. Many other curious devices are told of, which have been used by other preachers, but which we shall not enumerate in detail. We shall merely mention that one device used by Dr. Schrader, called the "signal in the sky," is a skyrocket which is sent up by means of an electric wire whenever a convert comes forward to the penitent bench at a revival.

The use of these sensational or theatrical methods of attracting a crowd is not confined to this continent, but has extended even to Melbourne, Australia, where, we are told, a Scotch clergyman has his male choristers attired in the Highland kilt, and the females as "Ladies of the Lake." The hymns are sung to the strains of

the bagpipe, and it is said great crowds are attracted to the services. When these methods of attracting numbers have become common it is a sure sign that true religious feeling is rapidly declining from the congregations with whom it is necessary to employ them.

"THE JESUIT RELATIONS."

The fourth volume of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents"—being a record of the travels and explorations of the Jesuit missionaries in New France from 1610 to 1791—is now issued, from the publishing house of Burrows Bros., Cleveland, Ohio. Increasing interest has been manifested in the publication of this admirable and really interesting work.

The following is a synopsis of the documents contained in the present volume: XIV. In the concluding portion (Chapter xxvi.—xxviii.) of the Relation of 1616, Biard relates how he and Father Quentin were taken to Virginia, where they narrowly escaped death; they were sent to England, and finally to France, arriving there after a captivity of over nine months, and being subjected to many perils by sea and land. The annalist records what progress the Christian religion has made in New France. The missionaries have now learned the nature of the country, and the character and needs of the people; and the colonists have established friendly relations with the natives. The latter have some general knowledge of religion, and are anxious to be baptized. Several miracles are recounted, in the cure of persons given up as dying. Biard then discusses at length the respective territorial claims of the French and English in the New World, and contends that New France should extend southward at least to 36°. He concludes by urging the attention should be given in France to both the temporal and religious interests of Canada, especially to the conversion of the savages.

Between the dates of documents XIV. and XV. in our series, there is a break of nine years. The Jesuit mission in Acadia had abruptly closed with the attack by Arzall, who, in his Introduction (Volume I. of this series) and in Notes to this Volume, post-finding themselves unequal to the great task, they invited the Jesuits to return to New France and aid them in the conversion of the natives. The first of the "black cows" to arrive (April, 1625) were Charles Lalumet, Massé, and Brebeuf.

XV. Lalumet, as superior of the mission, writes (July 28, 1625) to the Superior of Champlain, announcing the arrival of the Jesuits at Quebec, the hospitality of the Recollets to them, and the death of Nicholas Viel, of the latter order.

XVI. On the same date, Lalumet writes to the provincial of the Recollets, thanking him for the kindness and hospitality shown the Jesuits by himself and others of his order in Canada.

XVII. Lalumet writes (Aug. 1, no year mentioned, but without doubt 1626) to his General at Rome. He tells what the Jesuit missionaries have accomplished during the past year; they have spent most of the time studying the language of the natives, for which purpose Brebeuf spent the winter among the savages; they had learned all that was to be known of the country, and had preached to and confessed the French colonists. They had established one residence among the Indians. He announces that he sends Noyrot back to France, to look after the interests of his mission.

XVIII. On the same date as the foregoing, Lalumet writes to his brother Jerome, in France, who is also a Jesuit. The missionary gives a short description of a residence in the climate; then of the people, their customs, religious belief, clothing, etc.; describes the extent of the Canadian trade with France; and tells of the establishment of a residence for the Jesuits, near that of the Recollets. The difficulties encountered by the missionaries in acquiring the native languages, are mentioned, together with their relations with a certain interpreter, and the help received from him. The writer tells of Brebeuf passing the entire winter among the savages of the vicinity; Lalumet went on a similar trip, and had to return in eleven days, as his improvident hosts had no food. He announces his probable departure for a longer stay among the natives. He sends Noyrot back to France, in the interests of the mission, and Brebeuf and De Noye to the Huron country. The natives are ready to be taught, the writer says, and he sends a little Huron boy he instructed in France. Champlain and Gaimont have, he says, chosen him as their confessor. He wishes to name their first church, "Our Lady of the Angels," and asks his brother to send him therefor "a fine picture surrounded by angels." The busy Superior mentions this as the sixteenth letter he has just written to France—chiefly to benefactors of the mission, and "those who have written to him."

Lalumet (see note 21, post, for details) had gone to France for supplies for the colony, in November, 1627; and upon his return in May, 1628, was with others captured by the English Admiral Kirke, to whom the city of Quebec capitulated. The Jesuits were sent to England, and thence allowed to return to France. Lalumet, with a party of missionaries, again attempted, in which Father Noyrot and Brother Louis Malot were drowned; and announcing his own safe arrival at Bordeaux.

XIX. Lalumet writes (Nov. 22, 1629, from Bordeaux) to the Superior of the Jesuit college at Paris, describing the shipwreck he and Father Noyrot had experienced, in which Father Noyrot and Brother Louis Malot were drowned; and announcing his own safe arrival at Bordeaux.

July 3, 1632, Emery de Caen, the French fur trade monopolist, arrived at Quebec, commissioned to reclaim that stronghold from Kirke. With him were the Jesuits Le Jeune and Du Name, who had been sent hither to reopen the mission of their order in New France.

MARRIAGE LAWS IN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY.

Protestantism abolished for Protestant countries the wise laws by which the Catholic Church regulates marriage. Marriage is not a religious rite, but merely a civil contract, dissoluble by agreement or by divorce proceedings now wherever Protestantism dominates. The result is inextricable confusion in the marriage laws, especially where, as in the United States, the purely civil character of marriage is most strongly upheld by the laws.

The States of New York and New Jersey have no marriage license laws, but there are what are called "common law marriages" where-

by marriages are recognized as existing where the parties admit, before witnesses that they are husband and wife, or where they are married by any clergyman, even though not belonging to the locality where the parties reside, or even though the marriage take place in another State where it is found by the parties to be convenient to be married in order to escape the more stringent laws of the State in which they reside.

It has been found by experience that marriages contracted in this way are destructive of public order and morality, and an attempt is now being made in the Legislature of New York to establish a license law which will not abolish but will regulate these common law marriages.

Assemblyman Austin has introduced a bill by which parties who desire to be married must give notice of their intention to the municipal clerk, and make affidavit to the effect either that they have not been before married, or if they have been married that they are now free to marry, whether through the death of their husbands or wives or through divorce.

The effect of this law, if passed, will be to prevent many irregularities which are at present of frequent occurrence.

A bill is also before the Legislature of New Jersey whereby clergymen shall be forbidden to marry persons from another State unless they are provided with proper credentials showing that they are free to marry. This passed the Assembly by a vote of 49 to 1, but the clergy took alarm when it reached the Senate, and from Camden, Jersey City, Newark, Hoboken, and other towns, they poured in to protest. The proposed law would interfere sadly with their revenues coming from the celebration of these irregular marriages; but of course they had no thought of this! They took the "high moral ground" that the restrictions proposed to be imposed by the law on these marriages would lead to immoralities. They shut their eyes completely to the fact that it was to prevent immoralities that the law was proposed.

We are reminded by this event of the opposition shown to St. Paul by the silversmiths of Ephesus, who found that their craft was endangered by his preaching of the Gospel. There would be no more making of silver idols if the people became Christians.

God revealed Himself to our first parents, and later to Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and as far as the knowledge has come down to us, more fully to Moses, who re-established God's chosen people as a nation, and committed the law of God to writing, the books containing that writing having been preserved by the Jews with the greatest care, for fifteen centuries, down to the time of Christ.

In the Old Testament thus preserved, there are many clear prophecies regarding the coming of a Saviour, and these were so well understood by the Jewish Rabbis that they were able to inform King Herod and the Wiseman of the East who came looking for Christ a few days after His birth, that the Christ should be born in Bethlehem of Juda; for so it is written by the prophet: "And thou Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the captain that shall rule my people Israel." (St. Matt. ii: Micahs, v, 2.)

The celebrated prophecy of Daniel which indicates the period by weeks (of years) when "everlasting justice may be brought, and vision and prophecy may be fulfilled, and the Saint of Saints may be anointed," was also interpreted by the Jews as referring to the advent of Christ, until they found it convenient to put thereon another interpretation after its fulfilment, because they rejected Christ when He actually came to the world.

It is to be regretted that the tendency of the present day which exists among Protestants to reject the truth and inspiration of Holy Scripture should have an influence of the same kind on the Jews, but this is the case, though it is not so frequently alluded to in the public journals.

There is a section among the Jews who under the name of American Reforming Jews are gradually departing from the old landmarks, and adopting the new Latitudinarian views which are being advocated now by some who still call themselves Christians. Dr. Hirsch, a Rabbi, and an exponent of this Reform movement, has stated that "Reformed Judaism declares the Pentateuch to be no longer the embodiment of our religious ideals, nor the authoritative compulsory regulator of our religious life and its binding practices." And again: "The miracles of the Old Testament we read in the light of folklore, myth and legend. In one word, we accept the method and results of Biblical criticism without reserve."

But the orthodox Hebrew journals by no means admit that Dr. Hirsch's views prevail among Jews in general. The Hebrew Journal, the principle organ of Judaism in America, says: "We are not prepared at all to say that the Pentateuch does not embody our religious ideal. On the contrary we affirm (and no one knows better than Dr. Hirsch himself, that 90 per cent at least of the community of Israel in the United States are with us) that it embodies and reflects the ideal of Judaism for our times and for all times to come as it did until now. . . . Beside a couple of hundreds, a mere handful of Jews who are too selfish and too ignorant (never mind the high polish which bears the glitter of wealth) to observe the laws of Judaism, out of a community of about half a million of souls, they have no adherents to boast of."

EDITORIAL NOTES. The much-debated question whether Miss Diana Vaughan, who claims to have been a Luciferian, and now to be a Catholic, seems to be approaching a solution. In number nineteen of her Memoirs just to hand Miss Vaughan promises to prove her existence, etc., by appearing in public at a duly advertised meeting on Easter Monday, April 19th next. The place of the meeting has not yet been announced.

We learn from the New York Sun that Mary Johnston, a widow who lately died in that city, and a member of All Saints Catholic church, of which Rev. Father Powers is pastor, has left an estate of \$550,000 to the Catholic church and Catholic institutions. It is a pity we have not more people like Mary Johnston. Many a man and woman who possess large fortunes, which God has given them, entirely overlook the claims His Church has upon them when they are about to leave this world.

We congratulate our contemporary, the True Witness, of Montreal, on the production of its St. Patrick's Day number. It is beautifully printed and contains excellent portraits of the past and present pastors of St. Patrick's church, Montreal, as well as of that magnificent church and the charitable institutions connected therewith; while the reading matter, especially from a historical point of view, is of a most interesting character. Altogether it is a very creditable piece of work, and we hope the publishers will be suitably recompensed for their commendable enterprise.

In Old Quebec the sons of St. Patrick celebrated the 17th with the same enthusiasm as in the olden days. Grand High Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's church, and Rev. J. W. Dailey, C. S. S. R., was the preacher, and he delivered a most touching and appropriate sermon. Although the Irish residents of Quebec are becoming fewer as years go by, those who remain are not behind their fellow citizens in enterprise and public spirit. Of the members of the City Council the Irish hold first place in their contributions to the city revenue. Alderman Hearn and Alderman Leonard are the largest taxpayers amongst the city fathers.

It has just been discovered that one of the Michigan Senators is a Bishop, that is to say, a full-fledged Mormon Bishop. Senator Blakeslee is one of three ruling Bishops of the re-organized Latter Day Saints or Mormons. He keeps a store at Gallien, Michigan, and the "Saints" meet over the store for religious purposes. The Senator Bishop does not preach, but he looks after the financial affairs of his section of the Mormon Church, which has separated from the Utah Church, and claims to be the original Church of the prophet Joe Smith. The fact of his being a Bishop (with great powers) in the Church, was unknown to the Senators and the public generally until it leaked out a few days ago.

UNITED STATES papers state with some alarm that the Dunkards, a religious sect resembling the Mennonites

and Anabaptists, have a design which they do not greatly endeavor to conceal, to colonize North Dakota in such a way that they will to a great extent dominate the State, and exert a great influence in national politics. The Cincinnati Inquirer states that for this purpose a colony will leave that neighborhood on the 30th, and from another part of the State another colony will leave on the same day. From other States similar colonies are expected, and on the 31st inst. it is believed that over three thousand of these colonists will meet in Chicago, and will leave simultaneously for the northern part of North Dakota. Altogether about 10,000 are expected this year from all parts of the United States to join the 5,000 who are already there. The "solid vote" of these colonists will be an important factor in future political movements.

A PRESS despatch from Albany, dated the 16th, stated that Governor Black was a very angry man that morning. He was, we are told, waited upon by two gentlemen, representing the A. P. A., who informed him that their attention had been drawn to newspaper reports which stated that it was his intention to review the St. Patrick's parade on the 17th. They also told the governor that it was customary to carry a green flag on such occasions; this they considered an insult to American intelligence, and an abuse of American hospitality. They deemed that for a person holding the proud position of governor to give countenance to such a demonstration as the St. Patrick's parade, was an insult to Protestant patriotism. Governor Black, the despatch goes on to say, told the A. P. A. representatives that he would review the parade, and that he considered the mission upon which these persons came to him a needless and impertinent interference. Would it not have been more business-like had the worthy governor provided transportation for those gentlemen to the Pasteur Institute in New York?

RECTOR AHLWARDT the Lutheran minister who is a member of the German Reichstag and the leader of the anti-Jewish party in Germany, has delivered a lecture in Berlin on his recent visit to America. He represents the United States, and especially New York and Jersey cities, as being completely under control of the Jews, and enslaved in such a state of terrorism under their Jewish masters that the similar slavery which exists in Germany and Austria is preferable in comparison. "The Americans," he says, "are certainly in danger of an exclusively plutocratic rule, headed by Jewish financiers. . . . New York is completely under the control of the Jews. Most of the stores on Broadway appear to be owned by Jews. Third and Fourth Avenues are full of Jewish merchants." He states also that he was mobbed by three or four hundred Jews in Hoboken who would have lynched him only that he frightened them off by showing his revolver.

The rector has certainly a vivid imagination, and these statements will be news to the people of this continent. His anti-Jewish tirades were badly received in America, and this is his way of interpreting the dislike of Americans to hear the Jewish citizens of the country abused without reason. If a Catholic priest, or even a layman, exhibited Ahlwardt's antipathies the whole anti-Catholic press would declare it to be an example of "Rash" intolerance.

Bishop Grafton, A Ritualist. We judge it of public interest to report what our Episcopalian Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac has been doing in New York. The Catholic Champion (a Ritualistic paper) is our authority. It was at the church of St. Mary the Virgin on the 31st of January. As the next day was the feast of St. Ignatius of Antioch, the Vespers sung were the first Vespers of that festival, rendered solemnly by the Right Rev. C. C. Grafton, Bishop of Fond du Lac Wis., attended by "Fathers" Hall and Cole as deacons, the Rev. "Father" Brown, rector of the church, acting as Bishop's chaplain. Within the sanctuary were some seventeen "priests," besides the Bishop, and many acolytes. After Vespers there was a solemn procession through the long aisles of the church. The clouds of incense and the light of the torches gave a picturesque effect, which was heightened by the bright scarlet cassocks of the acolytes, and at the end of the procession came the venerable Bishop of fond du Lac, his hand raised in blessing.

On Monday all the members of the club, so far as possible, celebrated with special intention at early "Masses," an at eleven o'clock solemn Mass was

sung at St. music being S Far from disposition to ritual, we see without of the form of worship Citizen.

Let not minded Catholic being observed many among serve themselves of a material observe the people in the penitential devotions, its present many than all the to them who nents.—Pitts

Congregation to be flourished According to 534 churches made a total of 1000 members last year. It prints an pastor "pleas oughly loyal plains as fol money given Egypt. I whether here to serve McKinley do produce a re religion in der, with the Congregation asks if there sect "for our children their fellow-Review.

Priests be have the pow go to confes Bishops go to als go to co confession Pope tell his priests, and priest is as of a priest, scatted B clerical as v Son of Man forgive sins, upon His Ap them that ip to the end of t did nothing act up to t down to the know by e gives peace —Catholic T

We think den has don an authorit act of the Catholicism has written the subject March 13, "The nu ported as t been great numbers di about six hu

"Arch A probab crepancy be relied upon by gives the country, w embraced O delphia Sta

The Can Justin D. I been deliv among the der who ha to save An ton is one in the pr been an ac nether since nothingness some years publishing tribute. I most disg slanders ar their insti It had a la clean pub disappear stores and had been o to note th been favor dian neigh gion of th

Those o punctually —will ple hint conta tract is i meant on principal amount as mad when to run for as the ca which we as follows raises one year, and sand pers try, a gre "I will ha The farm and says, thousand



THE STORY OF A CONVERT.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

Our dear Lord knew that I was sincerely seeking the truth, and ready to receive it when found.

He had given me to understand that by a certain sign I would know His Church, and now through this blessed woman He made known to me, in His own good time, that this sign was made manifest in the holy Roman Catholic Church.

And this saintly woman, so favored of God, who had been sent to me as a torch-bearer, through whom my soul was to receive the light of faith, was none other than the venerated Mrs. Mattingly.

The story of the miraculous cure of this saintly woman, proven by the most unimpeachable concurrent testimony collected or published by Bishop England, as well as made known through various other credible sources, will be handed down to future generations as among the most precious traditions of the Church in America.

It was indeed a privilege to hear the recital from her own lips. Her simplicity of manner, so devoid of any attempt at dramatic effect, brought with it an indefinable but entire conviction of the absolute truth of every word she uttered.

As she began her story, she took from her girdle a crucifix, which she handed to me, saying: "Hold this crucifix, my dear: it was my companion in all my sufferings."

After this interval of time I do not recall precisely her exact words, but this was in substance what she said:

"In 1817 I fell ill of what was declared to be a malignant cancer. During the first year, although I was in constant pain, I did not take to my bed, but the virulence of the disease so increased that for six years I was not only bed-ridden, but in unceasing torment. During those six years I became quite helpless, and I had so many strange symptoms, and I remained for so long a time in an apparently dying state, that my case attracted the attention of the medical faculty far and near. It got to be so, that when a doctor came to Washington, he would wish to be permitted to see me, and in this way my condition became very well known among physicians. This was permitted for the greater glory of God. I constantly vomited blood and purulent matter, and often in great quantities, attended with agonizing pains and swooning away with exhaustion. My back and shoulders were covered with open sores from my being bed-ridden so many years, and I grew so stiff that I felt like one bound with tightened cords. My mouth was always parched with the dreadful thirst of internal fever, and my tongue so hard and swollen that at times I could scarcely swallow."

"At any moment during these six years, had our dear Lord so willed it, death would have been a welcome deliverance. But I prayed to have no will of my own, but only God's will. So, I was not anxious to live, or die. There was a holy priest in Europe—Prince Hohenlohe—and our dear Lord answered his prayers so that through his intercession miracles were performed."

"As in the time of Christ?" I asked trembling.

"Just the same, my dear," she answered quietly; "why not?"

Tears of joy fell on the crucifix as I pressed it to my lips. It was my first Catholic act, as my heart echoed: "why not?"

Her compassionate eyes seemed to read my soul, as bending a little forward, and with deep earnestness, she resumed:

"Now, a good priest, Father Dubuisson, proposed that a novena should be made, uniting our supplications with those of Prince Hohenlohe in Europe, for my miraculous cure. Finally, it was all arranged. There were many pious souls made it, and it was to be in honor of 'the sacred name of Jesus,' and in proof of the adorable mystery of the Holy Eucharist. When this was first proposed to me, I was worse if possible, than I had ever been before. I was at death's door, and I wished it might be the will of God to let me die. But when I saw that it would be for the greater glory of God to cure me by a miracle, I prayed that God's will might be done."

"During the nine days of the novena I got worse and worse, and the night before the morning of the tenth and last day, I seemed as one dead. In the early dawn an altar was dressed in my room, and when Father Dubuisson came with our Lord, the Pylx was placed on this altar, and the Blessed Sacrament brought to me. At first it was feared I was dying, for when I received the Holy Host, for some moments I could not swallow."

"Then," she said with fervor, "suddenly, like a lightning flash, a taste of sweetness filled my mouth, my whole frame thrilled, and in a twinkling I felt as if all the cords that bound my body down were cut. I was free. I was cured; and I cried out: 'Lord Jesus! What have I ever done to deserve such a favor?'"

At this moment her pale face lighted with a heavenly rapture, and I wept with the indescribable joy of a new-found faith, as I embraced the crucifix again and again. I can only say, I believed. The grace of faith was mine, then, and thus, and there bestowed. There was much I did not then understand; in fact, I had to be instructed in everything. But all the same, I was

ready to believe, and thanks forever be to God! I had received the priceless gift of faith. Mrs. Mattingly continued:

"At once I arose. I knelt before the altar. I gave thanks to Jesus, to our Blessed Lady, I had been covered with open sores; my body was instantly whole and sound, and the touch of our Lord left a sweet odor that filled the room. There was no trace of my cancer; no abrasion of the skin even. I was well, and I was strong. I received, it is said, on that very day, at least five hundred people, and some who came out of curiosity went away converted. Blessed be Jesus!"

"And," said Sister Veronica, the dear infirmarian, "eight years after that, my child, Mrs. Mattingly was miraculously cured in this very convent by our Blessed Mother. This miracle was through her prayers to the Mother of God, and by using a miraculous medal."

My whole heart was indeed melted. Here was also a miraculous proof of our Mother in Heaven, that I had so long desired. These two things, I had prayed for light to see clearly. My prayer was granted, and I now had met one whom Christ had healed as He healed when He walked among men—He, the Holy One. It seemed to me that I had touched the hem of His garment as I leaned upon her whom He had visited. And beside the Christ, I beheld my ardently longed-for mother. Catholics will understand, that from that hour, when the grace of faith was bestowed, I did not doubt or question the truth of what I heard, while, on the other hand, those who are not one of us will consider it senseless and silly to have believed so extraordinary a story upon a mere recital and without submitting it to every possible proof.

Nor would such examination and all possible tests have been unwise. In fact, these precautions would only have led to a full corroboration.

But I was in no wise seeking at that time to convince others. I was simply questioning my own soul. And my soul received, without doubt, this heavenly wisdom it had sought, but not until then found. There is no greater miracle than the grace of God which enlightens the soul. Faith is a pure gift. The most lowly, the most ignorant, do thus receive an interior illumination often denied to the most powerful and the most learned.

Years later, as I stood beside the saintly death-bed of one more precious to me than my own life, I beheld the marvellous, the instantaneous miracle of this gift of faith upon the soul; only in this wonderful instance, seraphic love was joined to faith. With faith and charity, wisdom was infused, and the ardent soul rose on the wings of prayer, to its Creator.

And with the ecstasy of heavenly love, was the martyr's transfigured joy because of the Cross, when with each access of the death agony rose the enraptured prayer. "Thanks, blessed Jesus, that I am permitted to suffer for Thee!" Such is the holiness of faith and charity united.

Soon after the ever memorable event to me, of meeting Mrs. Mattingly, another happiness was mine, that had a sustaining spiritual influence; I allude to the consolation of the friendship of Sister Eulalia.

This most charming of women had just entered the convent. She was a convert, and filled with an enthusiasm that was delightful and most refreshing. She was a Bostonian, and of great cultivation and intelligence; and she was a musician, not only understanding music, but a fine performer on both harp and piano. Being a postulant, she was at the very first only given one music pupil, and I was that fortunate one. At the close of my music lesson we were allowed a walk in the Academy grounds, if the weather permitted, or an hour for conversation. Never to be forgotten hours, for her conversational talent was remarkable and elevating. Her thoughts were not of earth, but of Heaven. She was, without exception, the most fascinating person I have ever met, and my admiration of her character increased with time. To the day of her death we remained devoted friends. Sister Eulalia never tried to exert an influence, yet I venture to say no one ever came within the power of her personal magnetism without recognizing that power.

To begin with, she was utterly unconscious of self, and had no selfish motives whatever. This generosity of her nature once recognized, and it inspired confidence. Then she had extraordinary personal charm—eyes of lambent flame and heavenward look, a winning smile, and exceeding grace and pliancy of figure and movement.

When we first met she was scarcely more than twenty years old, and had the brightest worldly career before her. She must have been a very distinguished woman, with her conversational and musical talent, her sprightliness and irresistibly captivating manner, had she remained in the world. But the revelation of the one true faith was received by her with a rapturous joy impossible to describe, and with its glad acceptance was given the most decided religious vocation. The bleak air of the world became to her insupportable, and she literally fled to the protecting, sacred shelter of convent walls.

There never was a more joyous being than Eulalia on her arrival. It is said that she was radiant with the happiness of being received in the community, where her life was to be a continuous self-sacrifice.

She had a fine, quick sense of humor and a pungent wit, and the keen and pleasant way in which she saw society shams, and stripped the seeming something into their actual nothingness, was delicious. She thus inadvertently

ly gave one a key-note by which to measure the vanity of earthly things. But these flashes of humor were not frequent, for her thoughts were too earnestly absorbed in the great mysteries of Eternity to take much heed of Time.

A volume of eulogy—of analysis, of praise, of description—would not do justice to this gifted and heroic woman, this dear, saintly nun. I often pause to think of her now, and feel that it is impossible to imagine the ecstasy of her having put on immortality. For, even if she is undergoing purgatorial delay, yet she is no longer mortal—she, who so longed for the Beatific Vision!

I knew her during a lifetime, yet I never once knew her enthusiasm to diminish. This consuming zeal must have cut short her length of days. Blessed Eulalia! Our dear Lord sent me to her just when I most needed her. The good Sisters, as I have said, do not proselytize.

I was agitated with new emotions after meeting Mrs. Mattingly, and I was at heart thereafter a Catholic, yet I was in actual ignorant of the teachings of our holy Church. I was a convert, yet to be instructed.

I at once gave Sister Eulalia my confidence, and tried to explain to her my convictions. She had a fine perception of the spiritual, and must at once have understood that I was being led onward by a "kindly light." But she was under obedience, and she knew that Protestant pupils, especially where the parents objected, as was the case with my father, were not to be instructed in the faith. She said to me, from the first:

"I am not permitted to instruct you, Madeleine; but we may talk of heavenly things."

So without teaching me dogma, she inspired a desire for true knowledge, she purified my intentions, she fortified my resolutions, she suggested Catholic trains of thought, she dwelt upon the transitoriness of earth and the nothingness of human desires.

Had I been elected for a religious vocation, she would have developed it. But whatever faculties the Lord had granted me, received, through her, an expansion, for which I am forever grateful. In earlier years I had rhapsodized over Ossian, but now, under her inspiration, imagination gained a serene atmosphere, a healthier scope, and higher aspirations.

At last the scholastic year was closing. Eulalia had changed her postulant's cap for the white veil of the novice. She had taken her first vows, and was now the affianced of Christ. When the time came for me to return to my father, and re-enter society, I left her, I might almost say, in the intoxication of a religious vocation.

On the eve of my leaving, we had a long and serious conversation. She knew, better than I could then foresee, all the obstacles to be encountered at that period by a Catholic convert, for such she regarded me; and there were special trials for any one destined to lead a society life, and fill a certain social official place in the world.

Sister Eulalia was as yet the only Catholic of her family, and she had met with a storm of opposition, as well as encountered the supercilious wonder of society at her choice of creed. She knew, that which I did not then realize, that it was considered, to say the least, "very bad form" to join a Church where one would be surrounded by a class of people whom no one knew socially! It is absurd now even to think of it, but such were the least of the contradictions a convert might then expect.

At the present day, when the Church in the United States has gained in power, and to an extent has its social representatives everywhere among us, it is not easy to give an idea of the almost social ostracism which the convert of fifty years ago had to meet.

Sister Eulalia dreaded these perils for me, and I had her fervent prayers; for, after all, I had yet to be instructed, and perhaps under severe pressure I might fail to correspond to grace. She was therefore overjoyed when I assured her that I had made a solemn resolution to find a priest, and ask to be instructed on my return to Washington.

Herself a stranger in the district, she could not advise me whom to seek, but she said she would daily remember my intentions, and ask our Blessed Lady to lead me to the right person, and leave to her motherly care to shape my course directly into the one true fold.

CHAPTER V. SOME OBSTACLES.

Sister Eulalia had foreseen, but I had not, the depressing effect of the world's atmosphere upon spiritual growth. I had insensibly felt the change of my surroundings when I left the academy, without at all realizing what it was that dampened the exaltation of sentiment to which I had been raised.

The world hates enthusiasm, and only tolerates devotion to those objects and aims connected with its own successes. Besides, society is most exacting, and a hard task master.

The very first obstacle that I encountered to my resolution of immediately seeking religious instruction, was the entire opposition of my time. I was kept engaged from morning till night. There was an endless succession of trivial things that must all be at once attended to.

The session of Congress was about to close when I emerged from my dream-land with literally nothing to wear that fashion would accept. So there was shopping galore. Presently Congress adjourned, and I had taken no

steps whatever, as I had intended.

My father, as was his wont, went for a time to Saratoga, and I asked to be allowed to spend the summer with my Aunt Madeleine. She was my mother's only sister, loved me for my dear mother's sake, and I was tenderly attached to her.

I scarcely know why women, who are the moral and intellectual benefactors of a community, should not have statues erected to their memories for public veneration. It is acknowledged that humanity has no better friend than an unselfish, cultivated, tender-hearted, capable, and broad-minded woman. All of this my aunt was. At the close of her honored life her children with one voice justly pronounced this valiant woman "blessed."

There was in her household an intellectual activity, a freedom from conventional trammels, a liberty of thought, a wide range of subjects discussed, an earnestness of purpose, and a simplicity of living in the midst of wealth, that expressed her gracious womanhood as of the best that America produces.

She was a Presbyterian, but always ready to embrace truth when recognized as such; nor was she held back by human respect. She was in no sense narrow, as her creed might indicate.

At that time there was no Catholic church in that community, and no Catholic that I can remember, except the excellent mother of James G. Blaine.

During my visit to aunt, I mentioned to her my belief that the Catholic Church was the true Church; but she gave no serious attention to what I said, considering me but as a romantic child. She said "she had noticed that I loved to live in cloudland, and this was my latest idiosyncrasy."

At all events, I would have been quite unable to sustain a religious argument with her, as she had multiplied texts of Scripture at her command which I was not prepared to meet.

But amid all adverse influences, there ever rested in my soul that leaven of faith that sustained the resolution I had formed—to be instructed in Catholic dogma.

In the latter days of November I returned to Washington with my father. Upon my arrival there was a little flurry of shopping again, of engagements with modistes, and official calls that I must make with my father. It was to be my coming-out season, a short session and a gay winter, and I was duly impressed with all these facts.

The "season," however, scarcely begins before Christmas, and so, after all, I had some weeks of comparative leisure. During the day, while my father was in Congress, I occupied myself as American girls are permitted to do, without surveillance, so that I could carry out my resolution.

It was high noon of a clear, cold December day, when I walked out to find the nearest Catholic church, and to enquire for its pastoral residence. In a seemingly hap-hazard way I was directed to the priest's house on Fifteenth street, adjoining dear, dear, old Saint Matthew's.

When I rang the bell, the door was opened by a rather tall, slight, benevolent-looking young priest.

"What is wanted, my child?" he enquired in a kindly tone, as I stood for the moment silent, suddenly realizing how odd my coming, thus introduced, must seem to a person whose name in turn was unknown to me.

I little knew then the demands upon the daily life of the pastor of a large congregation, the extraordinary events in the order of grace that claim his attention, and the deep insight into the human heart and wisdom to meet its needs, given to the Lord's anointed.

"I have come, sir," I replied, "to be instructed." There was a slight start of surprise, followed by a gracious smile, as if he might always have known me, and Father Donelan invited me into his parlor.

Had I sought the world over, I could not have done better. Truly, we are led onward in ways we know not of! The first pleased surprise was followed by deep interest and benign patience in giving me instruction.

The Catholic priest is not an adept in the conduct of worldly affairs, but he does know about the supernatural action of grace on the soul, and how to meet its subtle needs and apply the remedies.

I explained, as clearly as I could, the state of my soul and the concurrent motives that led me to take this step. I was ready to believe with an unreasoning faith, but I was ignorant.

When I left, that morning, Father Donelan gave me Challoner's "The Catholic Christian Instructed," a catechism, and A Kempis, and as I had explained to him that in a few weeks my time would be taken up by the demands of social life, it was arranged that I was to come every day for instruction until I could give a reason for faith.

In the course of these visits other books were given me; among them I especially remember Millner's "End of Controversy," Gallitzin's books, and a work that suited me because it gave strength, as its name denoted—"The Spiritual Combat."

What a beautiful revelation of the wisdom of God! What an unbroken chain of logical sequence! There was the revealed Word, and with it, the divine authority to interpret. All was absolute, positive, certain, just as it must be where the eternal salvation is at stake. I at once understood why I had formerly been so perplexed. I had had the Bible in hand, but was quite unable to define and apply all that its teachings involved. Of course, it had only been here and there, as it were, that I could catch glimmerings of the sacred truth.

How good God was to have vouchsafed me even these! As there was no point upon which I had doubts, it was simply a matter of defining dogma, supplemented by my reading, and so this instruction progressed rapidly.

The mystery of the Holy Eucharist made Heaven of earth. It was the crowning act of the redemption, and as it was fully explained to me and fervently received. I felt as if fallen man was restored to walk with God on earth, and converse with Him as in the Garden of Eden, face to face.

Ah! no; it was a more endearing, a more intimate reunion. With the all-abounding generosity of our Lord, He had restored to fallen humanity far more than He had deprived us of in consequence of sin.

On every Catholic altar throughout the world dwelt the living God. Oh, why could not every one adore Him in His sacrament of love! I recalled my school-girl's delight in Euclid because it was of absolute proof; yet geometry was but a feeble expression of the architecture of the universe, while the science of the soul as defined by Catholic dogmas was indeed as sure as God Himself. The heavens and the earth might pass away, but His immutable word must remain.

Oh, how dazzlingly clear, how radiant, is the light of faith!

Some weeks after I had introduced myself to Father Donelan he thought me ready to declare my faith, and he advised me, as a preliminary step, to let my father know that I was a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. Until now I had been silent regarding this all important step I wished to take.

My father held, at that time, a position of prominence as a Whig leader in the House of Representatives, and he was so busy a man, so hard at work, always so pre-occupied when we were alone, that it was not easy to claim his attention.

He loved to have me seated near him in his study, for I was the only object to cherish left him in the world, in the desolation of my mother's death. But it was rather the consciousness of my presence that he expected, than any actual interruption.

So I was compelled, as indeed I had expected would be the case, to disturb him. Drawing my chair close to his writing-table, I asked him if he could spare me a few minutes, as I had something of greatest importance to confide to him. He continued writing for a moment, apparently finishing his sentence, for my father was never excited, whatever might happen. He had wonderful control over other men as a leader, because he had such splendid self-control.

Presently, having laid down his pen, he calmly turned around in his study-chair, and gave me one of those penetrating looks of his, before which most men quailed.

His eye could scarcely have been called severe, but it had the investigating coldness of abstract intellectuality, and when fixed upon an opponent, it meant scathing exposure. But to me this regard always acted like a challenge, and aroused a power of resistance that must have been a transmuted part of his own nature. Yet if appealed to through the affections, I was womanly weak. I felt sure that I was called upon to do battle for my new-found faith, and my imagination, which was always readily enkindled, was at once aroused by the idea of the heroic.

Thus nerving myself, I very firmly rected to my father, in a few words as I could to be quite clear, that I had been led to examine the tenets of the Catholic Church in consequence of having accidentally met Mrs. Mattingly, who had told me the story of her miraculous cure.

Up to this point my father had listened very patiently, but when I spoke of a miracle, he simply interjected the exclamation "fudge!" in the most contemptuous tone.

Now, "fudge" was as near swearing as my dignified father ever indulged in, and was a word he used to express his idea of utter and entire silliness.

I was prepared to measure swords with him if he attacked my faith, as I expected he would do in a serious way, but I was exceedingly humiliated to be treated with sheer contempt. As he simply exclaimed "fudge," and then remained silent, I had to go on:

"Why, father," I expostulated, "you must have heard of this astounding miracle, for you were at that time here in Congress, and the city was full of the amazement it created."

"Yes, my child," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, "I do remember hearing something of the sort mentioned; but I really gave the subject no attention, for I had too much of importance to attend to, to investigate hallucinations."

The way in which this was said made me feel as if a big douche of ice-water was being poured down my spine, and I shivered at the helplessness of the distance between us.

Again there was silence, which I had to break. "Father, it is my duty to have to tell you that my conscience forces me to

become a Roman Catholic. I have to save my soul, and I beg your consent to my taking this step."

My father never got angry, or perhaps I should say, he never showed anger. He controlled himself, and reasoned against antagonisms. No mind could be clearer than his in all things outside of grace. He was upright and true, and fearless in upholding his convictions. He was of good Puritan stock, and had been carefully and solidly trained in a New England college, and his sagacity regarding the conduct of affairs was extraordinarily wise.

That was conceded to him. One could have no safer adviser in matters great or small, and he was constantly being consulted by the first men of the country. Humanly speaking, he did not make mistakes.

What an instance, that human reason, unaided, cannot understand the mysteries of faith!

Finding me in dead earnest, my father did not oppose me in set words, but he very patiently explained his views to me. He assured me that I "would make a serious mistake, and that I was very dear to him for my mother's sake." As he spoke, his voice trembled just a little.

Again I was unprepared to be met in this way.

How deeply he must have loved this one only woman of his affection, a lifelong fidelity to her memory proved. When she died, he was a man midway in life, but the masses of his beautiful brown hair turned white in his anguish. A pathetic tribute of deep devotion.

My father said he "must appeal to my good sense. That he could not give his consent that I should, in the very outset of a life full of promise, hamper myself by joining such an organization as was the Catholic Church. In fact, he could not advise me to join any Church. That I had never been baptized in order that I might be a perfect free agent, which was of first dignity. That he believed that the Bible was the Word of God, and that he reverently believed in God, but that he did not propose to have his opinions formulated for acceptance by any set of men. That, having carefully considered the problems of existence, he was convinced that all similar associations only served to cripple one, and hamper usefulness. It was far better to be self-reliant, and not willfully put yourself into shackles."

He also said that perhaps so at the time he said it, "that he objected to my joining the class of people that represented the Catholic Church in the United States, as the average intelligence was not great, and their social standing was undesirable. To be a member of such a body might prove a serious injury to my future prospects."

From first to last my father never for a moment admitted any divine authority to interpret. He reasoned logically from his own standpoint, but his premises had the fatal defect of being based on right private judgment.

He exercised this prerogative when he classed all Churches alike as human organizations, and declined being dictated to by any associations of men. No ray of faith made clear the way. Why this light was withheld God alone knows, for of a surety my father never willfully rejected that which he understood to be the truth.

In conclusion, he added that I "was not only entirely too young to take so serious a step, but he regretted to observe, of so romantic a temperament as to need wise counsel. However, that he did not propose to control my free will permanently in this matter, which he had no right to do, but that he must exercise his paternal authority in insisting that I should take time for reflection."

Dear father! he little knew how much time I had already taken; how this subject of my soul's salvation had occupied my thoughts for years.

There was a pause. I was absorbed by the reflections he had aroused. Presently he again spoke, and slowly, as with an effort; and he made me the definite promise that if I would wait

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one full year opinions, in c more sure than arose from rather than, a would not opp my becoming continue to be I was so over ending, that I and retire to father was al capable of pati to I FIVE-MI THE He who is no (St. Luke xi. 22.) A holy writ this Gospel, ar spoken of ar sevenfold vic of the seven Holy Ghost w conversion. sin against th always receive ing. It adds ingratitude, a solemn promi confession, to in the future. After a good not only with a clear in a new light how he could wicker or so sible he has ju And yet he more foolish the suggestion committed h opens the do devils more help him d dreamed he because he is light. When abandon sin he thought value of his lightened to character ar One hears spoken of eve every virtue a strange ef hand to rem ies, and to that separa what divine how deeply l and obtain i him now, so knew his pa demn him s himself. More light is sinning no that is why himself into ness than and his las than the fir state of rene flying all o punishment heart. Tha Those who sin learn to where now conscience, the wretche come after sins, in fo hardened t ever offered or no impre Whose sta here to-day me say a wo pray God t heart, a wo day, and ha a word that your eyes i from sin to Spirit of G Go not of the day of and rejecti season of p season of p into sin. Come que are in ur You who a words, and ance and i This Lent m mercy the member wh the Gospel thou hast n enjoyment what the s same night him." The bas refined an not soil o to the air, substitute ture in yo chemistry O. S. Do suffering a when a few will cure y Dr. Chase of Newwo Eczema of Class 4 of Eczema of The Med gain (—M I take gr the general for Liver doctored to physicians, which were but after t was quite from the d There c most subj as to the Extermin Tired M garilla, wh appetite an



BANNERS, COLLARS, FLAGS, EMBLEMS FOR BRANCH HALLS, GAVELS, BAILLOT BOXES, CUBICLES, MANUELS, CATHOLIC SOCIETY REGALIA OF ALL KINDS, PINS AND BADGES, C.M.B.A. REVERSIBLE BADGES, FOR EASTER COMMUNIONS A SPECIALTY.

E. B. A. Sarsfield Branch, No. 1, Hamilton.

March the 15th being the twenty fifth anniversary of the introduction of Emerald Island into Canada, and of the organization of Sarsfield Branch, No. 1, the members decided to celebrate the event by a banquet at Knappan's restaurant, James street, about sixty members and their friends attended. Among the invited guests were: Rev. Father Manning, C.M.B.A. Secy; D. A. Carey, Esq., M.P.; J. Croly, Esq.; P. Lawlor, Esq., Chairman of the Separate School Board; T. A. O. H.; J. Hennigan, ex member of No. 1, and others. The dining hall tables were so attractively decorated for the members that reflected credit on the proprietor, who so profusely provided for the entertainment and comfort of the guests. The Branch President, Dr. J. Keating, presided, supported, on the right, by the Rev. Chaplain, J. Lawlor, Esq.; on the left, by D. A. Carey, G. Pres.; W. Lane, G. Secy., and P. J. Croly, Esq.

Full justice having been done to the bill of fare the following toast was proposed by the chairman: "The Queen." Song, "God save the Queen." The toast was received with the name of Rev. Father Mahoney. The Rev. Chaplain responded, and in the course of his remarks expressed the pleasure and gratification he felt in being present at the banquet, and the good feeling existing between the members and the clergy, as well as to the friendly relations which the members had established at the meetings, at which he liked to be present, and to be fully appreciated.

THE AUSTRALIAN NOTES. The Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart, published at Riverview College, in Sydney, N. S. Wales, from which the RECORD gives some interesting extracts in its present issue, has commenced its eleventh volume with the New Year in an enlarged and generally improved form, both as to matter and appearance.

THE AUSTRALIAN NOTES. The Australian Messenger for February announces that the Very Rev. Patrick Carroll Dwyer, President of the Sacred Heart College, West Maitland, has been appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Maitland, New South Wales, with right of succession. He was born in Albany in 1858, and is the first native born Australian raised to the Episcopate.

THE AUSTRALIAN NOTES. The same magazine says that at a meeting of the Ladies' Committee, St. Patrick's, W. the Rev. Dr. O'Hara announced that he had received from the Danish Ambassador in London, a large photo likeness, in a group of the Prince and Princess, with their parents, and the Danish and Prussian Ambassadors, with their authographs. The gift was accompanied by a very cordial letter from the Ambassador, wishing all success to the Fair in aid of the Sydney cathedral building fund.

THE AUSTRALIAN NOTES. It is with feelings of profound regret that we announce the death of Miss Mary Carroll, who died at her residence on Tuesday, the 9th inst., at the residence of her father, Mr. T. Carroll. The deceased had a long, painful illness, which she endured uncomplainingly and with the most admirable patience. Much as was her character esteemed while she was in the enjoyment of health, it was still more admired while suffering under painful trial.

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IIJOESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

A MUSICAL NIGHT AT THE CONVENT.

On the 12th of March the fine music hall of the Convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame, we learn from the Peterborough Evening Post, was the scene of a most interesting and well arranged in snowy rows of bright faced girls, at the eastern end of the hall and having opposite them a very large and interested attendance of public. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, attended by the cathedral clergy, Ven. Archdeacon Casey, Rev. Father Scanlan, Rev. Father Fitzpatrick and Rev. Father O'Sullivan, were present, as was also Mayor Velland, Mr. M. H. Quinlan, chairman of the Separate School Board, and several other prominent business citizens.

PROGRAMME. Instrumental music - Grand March. Pianoforte - Miss M. Fyfe, S. Stanton, A. Doris, N. Lewis, H. Masson, A. Manson. Violins - Miss L. Bell, B. Pollock. Guitars - Miss M. Fyfe, S. Stanton, A. Doris, N. Lewis, H. Masson, A. Manson. Vocal solo - "Granny's Rings" Miss M. Fyfe, S. Stanton, A. Doris, N. Lewis, H. Masson, A. Manson.

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FATHER ELLIOT'S ANSWER TO A PROTESTANT.

To Editor, CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Sir.—From "Daily Questions," published in the CATHOLIC RECORD of the 6th instant, I take the liberty to select, for your notice, the last two, with the answers to them.

1. THE JEW AND SALVATION. Q. "Will the Jew have any hope of heaven?" A. "He will, if he is honest, and if he thinks he is right. If he thinks he is wrong, he is bound to examine and find out where to get right."

2. PROTESTANT CHANCES. Q. "I do not judge any man," said Father Elliot, "but sins against the Holy Spirit are very serious ones."

Now, Mr. Editor, Father Elliot professes (and is expected) to explain to Protestants the Catholic doctrine on every subject he deals with, and on every question Protestants put to him. I would hardly venture to say that he has not the courage to do this.

However, I would like to ask, has he given the Catholic doctrine in his answer to the second question given above? The question is grave and most important, but the answer is indifferent and evasive—an answer such as will satisfy neither Protestants nor Catholics, since both can see that he shirks to answer the question according to the teaching of the Catholic Church.

While saying that the Jew must be honest and believe he is right, in order to get to heaven, Father Elliot refuses to pass judgment on a "Protestant who has a chance of salvation and who willingly rejects it, and who has a chance of learning the truth and does not embrace it." Now, surely, it is as necessary for the Protestant to be honest and to think he is right, in order to get to heaven, as it is for the Jew.

But the Protestant described in the above question is, evidently, not honest, not following his conscience, not in good faith, not in invincible ignorance, and, consequently, such a Protestant, according to the infallible teaching of the Catholic Church, cannot be in a state of salvation.

Father Elliot's answer to the above Protestant question, is likely to have a bad effect on Catholics, especially on the lukewarm and the indifferent. Even Protestants cannot be benefited by withholding from them the real truth; on the contrary, they may derive much profit from knowing it.

The famous convert Brownson says in his Quarterly Review that a Protestant will never become a Catholic so long as we hold out to him the slightest hope of his being saved by remaining a Protestant. It should be remembered that such of our separated brethren as are saved on account of being in good faith, or in a state of invincible ignorance, are not saved as Protestants (which in the sight of God they are not), but because, in their good dispositions, they belong to the soul of the Catholic Church, or, in other words, because, in the sight of God, they are really members of His one, true, and only Church. A Catholic.

Toronto, Mar. 9, 1897.

THE CLERGY AND SOCIAL WORK.

Pope Leo Tells Priests They Must not Remain in the Sacristies.

The Archbishop of Turin gave to a pastoral which he recently published the title of "The Clergy Outside the Church," and in the course of his remarks on this subject he says: "The Pope desires that we should be active outside our churches, and to labor in accordance with the wishes of the Pope ought to be not only the desire, but the glory of Bishops, priests and all sincere Catholics. If ere this we had taken part in work of that kind our country would not have fallen into such a ruinous condition. We must now go forth from the churches and recover the ground which has been lost. As to the means by which we shall succeed, who can point them out more authoritatively than the Vicar of Christ? And it is he who tells the priests that they must not remain in the sacristies. The fact is that the best of our priests—those who fulfil most thoroughly their pastoral duties in church—prove themselves to be the most energetic in promoting Catholic action. And those who are the least earnest outside the church are also the least earnest within it."

The Archbishop further urges all his clergy not only to aid Catholic congresses and social gatherings, but to become their leaders and guides. Above all, attention should be paid to parochial committees, and the means of organization adopted should be in conformity with the requirements of each parish. Every parish must for the future have its parochial committee.

Information has been received that Very Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, for the past four years Provincial of the New York Maryland Province of the Society of Jesus, has been succeeded by Rev. Edward J. Purbrick, an English Jesuit.

It is not meant that we should go through this life acting as if the world were a lifeboat, to be used merely for snatching as many folks from destruction as possible, and for taking them safely to Heaven. This world is God's university or school, where men begin at zero, and are to unfold and come to manhood as the object of God's decrees and providence and grace, and of the common sense which God has given us.

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MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON.

London, March 25.—Wheat, 75 to 76c per bush. Oats, 37 to 38c per bush. Barley, 19 to 21c per bush. Buckwheat, 14 to 15c per bush. Rye, 22 to 23c per bush. Corn, 22 to 23c per bush. Potatoes, 10 to 11c per bush. Apples, 10 to 11c per bush. Hops, 10 to 11c per bush. Sugar, 10 to 11c per bush. Coffee, 10 to 11c per bush. Tea, 10 to 11c per bush. Spices, 10 to 11c per bush. Oil, 10 to 11c per bush. Butter, 10 to 11c per bush. Eggs, 10 to 11c per bush. Live stock, 10 to 11c per bush.

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