

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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DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

Kingston, Feb. 24.—(Special.)—At 1.20 this afternoon his Grace the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, S. T. D., sixth Bishop and first Archbishop of Kingston, passed peacefully away at the palace in this city, surrounded by Mgr. Farrelly, Vicar Generals Gauthier and Kelly, the priests of the parish and several Sisters. He was specially attended in his last hours by Rev. Father Wynne, Toronto, whom Archbishop Walsh sent down as his special representative and confessor. From unconsciousness the aged prelate gradually sank until he entered that eternal slumber from which his soul awakened into everlasting happiness. The disease which resulted in death developed two years ago, since which time the health of the Archbishop has gradually failed. Over a year ago Dr. Ryan advised his Grace to consult a Toronto specialist. This was done, and the specialist concurred in the opinion expressed by Dr. Ryan that a trip to the south and rest were absolutely necessary. These directions were followed out, but the happy result looked for was not brought about. After spending the winter at Atlantic City and Baltimore, he returned home only partly restored in health. During the past year he was more or less unwell, but bore up bravely and kept a stout heart. Dr. Ryan, his medical adviser, was regularly in attendance, but felt no cause for alarm up to eight weeks ago. At that time the appetite of the Archbishop failed and his stomach refused to perform its functions. The disease which attacked him is known to the medical fraternity as atheroma, produced by the degeneration occasioned by old age and feebleness. It was evident from the outset that recovery could not be looked for, and none realized this more so than his Grace. Each day his condition grew weaker, until Tuesday last, when he was attacked with retching, which when it passed away left him very weak and feeble. From this condition he passed into unconsciousness, lasting over twenty-four hours. There is consolation in knowing that all through his sickness he was without pain. He was very weak, but never complained, and his great desire was not to give those about him any unnecessary trouble or annoyance. Throughout his career here he was known to the outside public as a stern prelate, one who rigidly enforced the strict rules of the Catholic Church.

CAREER OF THE DECEASED PRELATE.

James Vincent Cleary was born on the 18th day of September, 1828, in Dungarvan, a seaport town in the county of Waterford. He was a son of Thomas Cleary and Margaret O'Brien, both natives of Dungarvan. James Vincent received his elementary education in a select private school of his native town. At fifteen years of age, having completed the English and classical curriculum of studies in the Dungarvan school, he was sent by his parents to Rome for his ecclesiastical education. Pope Gregory XVI. then wore the tiara, and Dr. Cullen, subsequently Cardinal-Archbishop of Dublin, was rector of the Irish college in Rome, to which the future Archbishop was admitted as an aspirant to the priesthood. Dr. Cleary came to Canada in the year 1850, as Bishop of Kingston. On his arrival he was the recipient of an ovation, in which Protestants and Catholics alike joined. Although it was an unheard-of innovation to bring a parish priest from Ireland for the government of a Canadian diocese, and persons were not wanting to canvass the action of the Holy See in disregarding the claims of local ecclesiastics, yet never did so numerous an assembly of Bishops and priests appear at the installation of any prelate as on this occasion. He was made Archbishop of Kingston in March, 1889. Dr. Cleary was a very learned man, conversant in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and besides English was familiar with Italian, Spanish and French.

Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister of England, carried a bill through Parliament in the year 1845 increasing the endowment of Maynooth College, near Dublin, to £26,000 a year. This being an exclusively ecclesiastical seminary in Ireland had the right of placing a certain number of pupils, the Bishop of Waterford, to whom James Vincent Cleary was subject, recalled the latter from Rome, and placed him in the Royal College of Maynooth. Here he passed five years in the pursuit of ecclesiastical sciences. Politics, history, dogmatic and moral theology, Scriptural exegesis and canon law constituted the curriculum. He won the highest prizes of the college in each department of study. His course having been completed in five years, he received the order of deaconship which bound him irrevocably to the ecclesiastical state, and he returned home to Dungarvan in June, 1851, being still too young to be admitted to the priesthood. In the following September, the day after he had completed his twenty-third year, which is the prescribed age, he was ordained priest in his native town at the hands of the Bishop of Waterford, and immediately proceeded to Spain, where he entered the famous Univer-

sity of Salamanca. In 1854 he was summoned home by his Bishop to occupy the chair of dogmatic theology and Scriptural exegesis in St. John's College, Waterford, and later on he became its President. Dr. Cleary had never interfered in politics until his appointment to the incumbency of Dungarvan. Here, however, it was deemed part of his duties to direct and control his parishioners in the discharge of what he propounded as a high conscientious obligation of the honest exercise of the suffrage, on which the supreme interests of his country and religion depended. In this reference he published some letters which attracted considerable attention, especially those amounting to the grave criminality of giving or accepting bribes in exchange for this suffrage. His teachings on this subject are well remembered in all parts of Ireland. He went with the Irish National party, and succeeded in gathering up his whole flock, with few exceptions, to act in concert with him and with one another. The result was shown in the first Parliamentary contest by the unseating of Henry Matthews, Q. C., an English Catholic barrister for Dungarvan, who was member for the parish, and who was confident of reaching the English bench could he but hold his seat for a few years and do service for his political party. Two years subsequently, Parliament having been dissolved, Mr. Matthews again endeavored to capture the borough of Dungarvan, and again he was defeated by the united action of the parish priest and his parishioners in favor of a National candidate. This was in the spring of 1860. In September of the same year an order was received by Dr. Cleary from the Holy See appointing him Bishop of Kingston. He went straightway to Rome, and was there consecrated Bishop on the 21st of Nov., 1860, in the Chapel of the Propaganda, by His Eminence Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of all the missions of the Catholic world. The assistant Bishops in the consecration were His Grace Archbishop Croft of Cashel, and His Lordship Dr. Butler, Bishop of Limerick. On arrival in Kingston he was the recipient of an ovation surpassing in grandeur and enthusiasm every popular demonstration of former occasions in this city. Although it was an unheard-of innovation to bring a parish priest from Ireland for the government of a Canadian diocese (by the way, the oldest diocese in the Dominion after Quebec) the Archbishop and all the Bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Toronto, the Bishops of Montreal and Ottawa and the leading dignitaries of their several districts united in the Cathedral of Kingston on that day to witness the priests of the diocese paying homage and offering their canonical obedience to the stranger whom not one of them had ever before laid his eyes upon, but who had come to them by the mandate of the Sovereign Pontiff, whom they acknowledged to be Christ's Vicar and the ruler of the universal Church. He established many new missions since his advent to the diocese, and had multiplied the clergy for the service of outlying districts. He had founded convents and schools and erected thirty-four new churches, some of which are models of architectural beauty. St. Mary's cathedral, as remodelled, being one of the most beautiful structures in the Dominion. Priests are now resident among the people where a priest never resided before. His latest great work was that of reviving Regiopolis College, which he hoped to put on a sound footing before he would be called to meet His Maker. This movement was received with favor by the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese, and much progress had been made since its opening a couple of years ago. It was intended as the crowning effort of his great career as a builder of Catholic churches and institutions. Archbishop Cleary was Kingston's sixth Bishop and first Archbishop. His predecessors were Bishops MacDonell, Gaultin, Phelan, Horan and O'Brien. On October 26, 1890, the Pallium was conferred on him in St. Mary's Cathedral, this city, Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec and a large number of Canadian dignitaries being present on the occasion. His life is heavily insured in the neighborhood of \$60,000, \$25,000 of which is to be put aside as an endowment to Regiopolis College, the remainder to the church. In the St. James' memorial chapel, attached to the cathedral, erected in memory of his Grace by the clergy and laity of the diocese, is the tomb in which will repose the remains of the late Archbishop. It was built under his supervision at the left side of the altar. Former Bishops and priests were laid to rest under the cathedral. He arrived in Kingston on the 7th of April, 1861. During the discussion of the Irish home rule question shortly after his arrival here he took a prominent part, and was instrumental in having a large amount of money subscribed and forwarded to Ireland to assist the Nationalists. The late Archbishop gained fame as the hero of Ontario Catholic Separate schools, his voice and pen doing effective work in their behalf during previous elections for the Ontario Legislature. His nephew, Rev. Father Neville, is chaplain of the penitenti-

ary here and pastor of the Church of the Good Thief, Portsmouth. He is his only relative in Kingston.

A BRILLIANT SCHOLAR.

The late Archbishop spoke and wrote many languages. He was conversant with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, French and English. He was a wonderful controversialist and probably the most stalwart defender of the Catholic faith on the continent. His combats with those who opposed Separate schools, especially politicians, were strong and vigorous, and some heavy blows were struck. His English was pure and unmistakable, and was so strong in denunciation of the things he assailed that he became a prominent character, arousing the ire of many who denounced his ways and methods. His conflict with Sir William Meredith and his late Pastor of the sanctity of marriage were probably his most vigorous utterances, though in the school issues he was remarkably outspoken. The late prelate's pastorals were numerous, well-written and placed before his people their duties in the very fullest manner. He was indefatigable in his work in the diocese, and it is asserted that during his episcopacy almost \$700,000 has been spent in building and improving churches and parishes. The late Archbishop was a man of geniality and benevolence. He was always accessible and one of the best men to interview that has been met in Canada. He anticipated questions and gave replies with a freedom and accuracy that seemed remarkable. He chatted pleasantly whenever he met the journalists and frequently told merry stories for their delectation. The interior of the cathedral has been draped in mourning and will remain so until after the funeral, which will take place on Tuesday. Church dignitaries of their representatives from the entire country and the neighboring republic, who can reach here in time, will attend the funeral. Immediately after the death was announced the flags on the Canadian Freeman office, Hotel Dieu convent, St. Mary's School, House of Providence, I. C. B. U. Hall, City Hall and other public buildings were placed at half-mast out of respect to the dead prelate's memory. The visiting clergy, with Vicar General Kelly, were busily engaged during this afternoon sending intelligence of the death abroad by telegraphic despatch. The Pontifical authorities at Rome, friends in Ireland and throughout the country have all been notified. Archbishop Walsh will be celebrant at the solemn requiem Mass on Tuesday.—Toronto Globe Feb. 25.

LYING IN STATE.

From the Toronto Globe of Monday we take the following: The body of the late Archbishop Cleary is laid in the parlor of his palace facing the east, arrayed in the full canonical robes of the dignified office he so ably filled. On his head rests the mitre denoting his rank. About his neck hangs his gold chain and jewelled cross of office. The hands are crossed on his breast and covered with purple gloves, worked in gold. His ring of consecration is shown over the glove on the third finger of his right hand. Purple hose cover his feet, which are encased in purple and gold sandals. A crucifix, emblematic of hope and salvation, is clasped in the fingers. The decorations in the room are strictly according to the rubrics of the Church.

There has been a constant stream of people to view the remains ever since the doors of the palace were opened to the public. The students of Regiopolis College have undertaken to furnish a bodyguard until the remains are finally laid to rest. Last evening a meeting of the various Catholic societies in the city was held and resolutions of condolence were passed regretting the death of their deceased prelate. On Monday morning at 8.30 o'clock the various societies will assemble and proceed to the palace. They will enter in double file, and six members of the I. C. B. U. will carry the remains to the cathedral, where they will remain in state till Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. During this interval all classes and creeds will be accorded the privilege of looking on the remains of him who was the spiritual adviser of the Catholic people of the diocese of Kingston. Relays of watchers from the different societies were appointed to sit with the remains each night until the funeral takes place.

Vicar General Kelly is sorely grieved over the loss of his kind friend, with whom he has been identified and associated for so long. He was a student under the late Archbishop, but was ordained priest at Waterford. When the late Archbishop received his appointment to Kingston he selected Vicar General Kelly as his confidential secretary. Father Kelly accompanied the newly created Bishop to Rome for consecration, and was his constant companion up to the moment of his demise. Just at present Father Kelly has no plans for the future. He will remain here until the late Archbishop's successor is appointed. From that date he has not formulated any plans. The casket in which the remains will find a last resting place is a magnificent creation. The outside casing is of polished oak, one inch thick. Next

to this there is an inch thickness of red cedar, and lastly an inner casket of metal. The lining is upholstered with ecclesiastical purple silk. The weight of the casket is two hundred and seventy-five pounds. The united weight of the casket and body is in the neighborhood of four hundred and fifty pounds. The name plate is of solid silver, five by eight inches in size. Inscribed on it is this Latin inscription:—"Jacobus Vincentius Cleary, S. T. D., Archiepiscopus, Kingston; Hibernia, Dungarven, 18th Sept., 1828, natus; nativitate in opp., 21st Sept., 1851, ordinatus; Romo, 21st Nov., 1860, consecratus; obiit 24th Feb., 1898, aet. suae an. 70 Pontificatus 18 R. I. P. Telegrams of condolence have been received from the following prominent Church dignitaries in America and Ireland: Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore; Archbishop Corrigan, New York; John M. Kiely, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Archbishop Bruchesi, Montreal; Bishop of Rimouski, Que.; John J. Swift, Troy, N. Y.; P. D. Laurent, Lindsay; M. C. O'Farrell, New York; Bishop Sweeney, St. John, N. B.; Archbishop Ryan, Philadelphia; Bishop Lorrain, Pembroke; Vicar General McDonnell, Clonmel, Ireland; Bishop of Sherbrooke, Que.; Vicar General Heenan, Dundas; Archbishop Feehan, Chicago; Bishop McDonell, Alexandria; Archbishop Langevin, St. Boniface; Bishop Rogers, Chatham, N. B.; Bishop Gabriels, Ogdensburg; Vicar General Marvis, Quebec; Archbishop Duhamel, Ottawa; Bishop O'Connor, London; Bishop Emond, Valleyfield; Vicar-General Routhier, Ottawa. Also from Sister Hopkins, Cornwall; Congregational Nuns, Peterborough; Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Quebec.

There was no High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral to day owing to the death of the Archbishop. At the 11 o'clock Mass Monsignor Farrelly, Belleville, administrator of the diocese, spoke feelingly of the demise of his beloved friend. The words of the preacher brought tears to the eyes of the congregation. The service in the cathedral to-night consisted of Vespers for the dead, with no Benediction, and the Rosary for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop.

THE BELL, THE CENSER AND THE ROSE.

My God, the holy Bell that calls us to worship in Thy temple; the solemn Bell which tells us that a brother is passing away and that we should im-
plore Thy mercy for him; the joyous Bell that proclaims Thy feast, with glad notes filling all the air; the friendly and vigilant Bell, which at evening time, amidst all the troubles of life, awakens in us the thought of heaven and sweetly urges us to invoke the Blessed Name, which sinner never called upon in vain: That Bell is yet nothing but senseless bronze hung within four walls and swung perhaps by some rude uncultured hand.
Lord, these censers of silver and gold which smoke before Thine altars, which rise and swing before Thy Real Presence, filling Thy temple with the fragrance of piety, and a bright vapor that seems to everbody the spirit of our prayers; these censers also are but barren metal set in motion, as we see, by earthly hands.
Mighty Creator, what is the flower with tints so bright, which embalms our earthly ways? While it breathes forth to Thee through the limpid air its fragrant emanations, itself remains earth-bound as we are. Its stem, void of beauty, brilliancy or fragrance, is often clad with great thorns to lacerate the feet of thy pilgrim.
Thus is it with my soul, untutored and enlaved; she is bound to the earth; she is in the dust, like the stalk of the rose; like the bell and the censor she is swayed by ignoble impulse.
But by Thy grace, O Father most Holy, that soul, which vile passions sway, also sends forth to Thee pious accents of prayer. In the cold and lifeless censor Thou hast placed a fire divine, which consumes and purifies when agitated, something within itself which takes flight towards Thee and which Thou dost not reject; lastly this flower, this thorny flower, this flower of the earth which cannot leave the earth, blooms forth 'neath the sunrays of Thy mercy, and breathes forth towards Thee as loving messengers its pure and heavenly emanations.
Be Thou blessed, my God, for having given to the breeze a voice so sweet, to the incense wings so mighty, to the fair flower so subtle a fragrance, to the human soul a faith so lively and a spirit of prayer which the bars of her prison cannot restrain.
At times all these things,—this dust in which I am held, this slime of the earth in which my feet are plunged, these evil thoughts that crowd upon me and hurry me away,—all these reject with scorn my feeble tribute of homage. But Thou art good, my God, and I take heart once more. Thou dost accept what ascends unto Thee; and the sound that goes forth to Thee, and the incense I offer Thee, and the faint fragrance breathed from my soul—all these are the captives, poor contribution to his ransom, which Your

great mercy will surely complete.
—(Translated from Louis Veulliot, for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.)

THE VITAL PRINCIPLE.

When we have sounded, as deeply as our poor finite plummets can, the marvelous depths of the human soul of Christ, we become aware that, below all else, there lies an infinite, an unfathomable, an incomprehensible love. This, we learn, gives to the acts of Jesus—whether as Child or Man—a value beyond any imaginable or possible power of computation. St. John of the Cross has said that an instant of pure love is more precious in the eyes of God, and more profitable to the Church, than all good works together, though it may seem as if nothing were done. "Love is the union of the Father and the Son," he says; and also, "The end of all is love." St. John the Divine says "God is love." Who, then, can pretend to estimate the value of one tear of Jesus, one sigh, one pain, one little act of daily toil, when each of these things, common and small and trivial in themselves, was accompanied by an act of most flawless and ardent love, combined with the use of most perfect reasoning faculties and an absolutely unimpeded will?

Religious art has pictured to us the Child Jesus taking His first step, when He Who set the starry worlds swinging in space, bade the myriad waves of the ocean rise and fall, taught the birds of the air to fly, and gave life and motion to every animate thing, deigned to seem to learn to walk like any little feeble child. His mother kneels and stretches out her arms, as if to guide Him, or to catch Him if He fall. But her believing heart transforms her act into one of interested adoration. She adores her Child Who is her Redeemer and her God, and her illumined senses hear His cry adown the ages: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the wilderness the paths of our God. He shall pass in peace. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace. Who is this that cometh from Edom, this Beautiful One in His robe, walking in the greatness of His strength?" But even while the inspiring words ring through her mind, He in His turn stretches out His infant arms to her, and as He stands against the western sun, His shadow falls long upon the greensward; and it is the shadow of the cross.

Years pass by. He is a Boy now, Who can work at ax and plane beside His foster father, while His mother sits and spins and looks and loves. The birds fly in and out joyously at door or window, the sparrow finding there a nest, and the swallow a home, as though they knew that the lowly workshop of Nazareth was verily the altar of the Lord God of hosts, their King and their God. No evil word is ever spoken in that hallowed place; no discord ever enters; all is perfect peace. One day, the Boy, the world's Creator, the Builder of the universe,—He Who, as the book of Job says, "laid the foundations of the earth, and shut up the sea with doors,"—puts, with small boyish hands, two planks together, and brings them to His mother; and behold! they form a cross. Another day, a nail in the rough wood pierces His tender hand, or sharp thorns pierce into His bare brown feet by the roadside, or a long branch of the prickly cactus catches His hair and bruises His beautiful brow. Does art tell us this, or poetry, or fancy? or is it not all the exquisitely refined intuition of love and faith? Look at the gospel for Quinquagesima Sunday.

"Jesus took unto Him the twelve, and said to them: Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and all things shall be accomplished which were written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man. For He shall be delivered to the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and scourged, and spit upon; and after they have scourged Him, they will put Him to death, and the third day He shall rise again. And they understood none of these things, and this word was hid from them, and they understood not the things that were said."

Be sure that there were those who clearly understood. In that hallowed workshop and home in Nazareth, Mary and Joseph most perfectly exemplified the virtue of that charity which shall endure when faith is lost in sight, and hope in full fruition. All through the infancy of Jesus, and through His Holy Childhood, while they knew that the very Joy of Heaven was with them, they knew, too, that ever drawing nearer and nearer was the anguish of the Passion, the Crucifixion and the Death. But all the while, love made the darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. And while they performed their simple daily duties peacefully and perfectly, their unquestioning resignation and unalterable love gave to their toil a value far beyond that which all the feats of armies or the march of mightiest empires could ever have in the sight of the Almighty King.

At times they saw the Holy Face grow suddenly pallid and wan and full of woe. Suddenly that Child, Who was fairer than any flower in the fair

fields of Nazareth, wore the look that the prophet foretold mysteriously in the days of old: "despised and the most abject of man, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity, and His look as it were hidden and despised." But their faith never wavered. They saw that He chose the cross and He loved the cross. Had He not said: "Behold, I come: in the head of the book it is written of Me, that I should do Thy will, O God!" We can understand that their complete and loving resignation must have pleased God well. Theirs was the charity that "beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things, thinketh no evil, and never falleth away." What unspeakable value, then, must have attended the acts of love from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, since He Himself is love, and "blessed is the soul that loves, for it has made a captive of God, Who obeys its good pleasure!"—Ave Maria.

A SEMINARIAN'S CURE AT LOURDES.

J. B. Villate, a seminarian, was cured of pulmonary tuberculosis at Lourdes Aug. 22, 1896.

Being obliged to comply with the military law existing in France, he enlisted at Charters, and was assigned to a regiment. After two months' service, consumption developed and he was dismissed.

At Paris he writes in the Annales: "I consulted several physicians: each of whom diagnosed my case as pulmonary tuberculosis, and gave me a certificate to this effect. I used various remedies, but without success. Then I decided to invoke the Mother of God at the Grotto of Lourdes, and to ask of heaven that cure which human skill could not give."

"At last the moment for the departure of the national pilgrimage arrived. I reached Lourdes tired, but confident. I hastened to the Grotto to receive Holy Communion and to throw myself into the piscina. When in the cold water, the fever, which was undermining me, left me. I was not cured; the cough and weakness still remained. A Belgian physician, in the Bureau des Constantations examined me, found me very sick, and discovered tuberculosis bacillus in the sputum. The next day, Saturday, after praying a long time at the Grotto, I went again to the piscina. My faith and confidence in Mary were without limit. The water felt warm to me; an indescribable sensation came over me. I felt myself cured. I went immediately to thank the Blessed Virgin; my voice was strong; I seemed to begin a new life."

"Before going to the Bureau I wanted to test my strength and be convinced of my cure. My appetite and sleep came back. I walked without fatigue, and felt no pain. I took three more baths in the piscina, and, being perfectly satisfied that I was cured, went to the Bureau. I met the Belgian physician, and announced to him the great favor which I had received at the Grotto. He examined me and called several physicians to test my lungs. They all testified to my cure. "My return home was most joyous. The physician who had treated me at Paris pronounced it a miracle. The cure has stood a year's test. I have returned to Lourdes to place at the feet of the Immaculate Virgin my sincere thanks, together with the promise of dedicating myself to God in the priesthood and becoming her servant forever."—The Annales of Our Lady of Lourdes.

An English Jesuit on Theaters.

The Rev. Father Vaughan, S. J., recently preached a sermon in which he said: "Some found their recreation in going to a theater; some found it in society; others would rather be left alone; some wanted to be invited everywhere and go nowhere, they wish to be free and be quiet; others only wanted to be left to their prayers and to have communion with God. Everyone must use what best suited him. Some people said, but surely a man must not go to a theater. No one heard such rubbish spoken from a Catholic pulpit. If a man thought the theatre helpful to recreate him, let him go; but if he found it poisoned the wells and let loose his passions, it was not recreation and he must not go. Again, some played at cards. Some people thought there should be no cards used in their house. Well, let them keep them out. But if others found help, let them use them, but as a recreation, not as a means to lose their fortunes and tempters. They should go nowhere and do nothing that if they were struck down dead they should meet the frown of Christ. But let them be reasonable and look at these things straight from God's point of view."

A Severe Test of Faith.

First Theosophist—That settles it; I resign from the society.
Second Theosophist—What's the matter?
First Theosophist—Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent, and left a note saying he would try to square up with me in some future existence!

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

By M. M. DODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"There is a man outside in the hall," the butler said, "with a message from Master Mark, which he'll give to no one, he says, except to your honor's own hand."

"Let him in at once," cried Sir Miles eagerly, and he had scarcely spoken when a tall thin man with red hair, who had apparently been waiting at the door, walked into the room, straight up to where Sir Miles sat at the head of the table, and put a thick, formal-looking document into his hand.

"From your son," he said with a leer—"a kind remembrance. Excuse me," he went on, rapidly drawing a second document from his pocket, "that is the copy and this is the original, and I don't think I ever done a neater service."

He was gone from the room like a flash, but not before the experienced eye and ear of the butler took in the situation. Natural instinct in the Irish follower proved stronger than acquired propriety. The stout butler sprang after the bailiff like a dog after a bone, and a coat tail came away in his grip as the other fled through the open door.

But the butler's cry of "Bailiff! bailiff!" brought half a dozen men who were working about the grounds on the track. In a minute, the red-headed man was flying down the avenue with the "pass" comitatus in full chase after him, Tandy leading the van, yelling with delight.

If the King's wife did not always run in the West of Ireland in those days, the man that served it did. But no sound of the shrill shouting reached the dull, cold ear of the owner of that stately mansion and wide demesne. Sir Miles Blake lay on his back on the thick carpet, with the over-turned chair beside him, and the fire's ruddy glow fell on the cold, pale face, and a slight foam on the blue, half-closed lips, and the glazed eyes stared blankly upwards. Clutched tight and crumpled in his right hand was the document that had slain him, as surely and swiftly as knife or poison.

Startled by the strange manner of the man, but not catching his words, Sir Miles had opened the paper anxiously, when the bailiff handed it to him, fearing bad news of his son. He saw at once that it was a legal document. The words "High Court of Chancery," "Bill of Discovery," "Mark Blake, plaintiff; Sir Miles Blake, Bart., defendant," caught his eye. He read on eagerly, not quite able to catch the drift of the legal jargon as he read. The phrase "Statutes for the prevention of the further growth of Popery" occurred half-a-dozen times in the body of the paper.

But he did not quite realize what it all meant until he came to the words—"The said Mark Blake, the plaintiff, has duly conformed to the Protestant religion as by law established." Then it flashed upon him that his only son, whom he had so loved and trusted, had basely apostatized from the old faith, and claimed the estates of his Catholic father as the legal price of his apostasy.

The old man's mind reeled under the shock. A thousand thoughts and memories half formed themselves in his brain, then whirled together in maddening confusion. The blood surged through his veins. His forehead throbbled painfully. His heart, where death had so long lurked, beat tumultuously, as if it would burst his bosom; then his beating fell away to a feeble flutter—then ceased. Darkness was closing fast upon him. The bright, sunlit casement became a glimmering square. With one last, convulsive struggle the soul fled from the feeble body into the life that stretches above the threshold of death's portals. The body fell back, overturning the chair in its fall, and lay with outstretched hands on the carpet—quite still.

Half an hour passed, and there was no sound in the room. Tandy, returning from the successful chase, and the ducking of the process-server in the pond, looked in at the window, his white face scarcely less white than the corpse at which he looked. But he turned away without word or sign. The stillness of the room seemed to grow more intense and solemn from death's presence there.

An hour later Maurice Blake came striding up the avenue in the sunlight, in the full joyous vitality of young manhood. His skates were thrown carelessly over his shoulder, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes bright with healthful exercise. He seemed to bring fresh, breezy life with him into the silent chamber of death. But a cold chill struck at his heart as he entered. He heard no cheery word of greeting; he missed the kindly face of the man whom he had grown to love like a father. In an instant his quick eye caught the prone and pitiful

figure, with ghastly face and dishevelled white hair. One glance was enough—he had seen death too often in all forms—the mistake it now. He knew it was a corpse on which he gazed. He took the paper from the clenched right hand, and glanced at it, and read there that the son had slain the father.

It was a dismal day in Cloonlara. The news spread all over the estate that the old man was gone. The grief with which the news was heard was his highest praise. "God be with him," "The heaven be his bed this night," "It's a long day till we see the likes of him again," "It's hard times that's coming on us now," "Glory be to God!" were the phrases heard on all sides, mingled with prayers, deep and fervent, for the repose of the dead man's soul.

Early next morning Maurice roused himself from the stupor into which the suddenness of the blow had thrown him. He remembered to have heard Sir Miles more than once express the wish that, when death came, Father O'Carroll might be present at his bedside and his grave. But he had no notion of the priest's whereabouts.

Christy Culkin was as ignorant on the subject as himself. Thady O'Flynn, the one person sure to know, was nowhere to be found. At length, by mere accident, Christy happened to see a man, who he recognized as the priest, heaving a stone at a village twelve Irish miles away.

Within a quarter of an hour the saddle was on Phooka, and Christy rode at a hand gallop down the avenue. In an hour brought him to the village. He found the cottage where the priest lodged, ostensibly as servant to the farmer. Working cheerily in the fields with plough or reaping-hook, he bailed the keen scent of the priest-hunters.

With some trouble Christy got the farmer's wife to trust him, and tell him what she knew. Thady O'Flynn had been with the priest three hours before. She caught the words, the "old master," and "Cloonlara," spoken between them, and then his reverence had ordered the horse to be saddled and set off at full speed.

"He must have been at the gate of the big house ten minutes after you left it," she said to Christy. Pleased that his task was fulfilled, yet half vexed that he had his journey for nothing, Christy only waited to give a drink of "white water" to Phooka, and then turned him for home.

The gallant horse had not a hair turned by the twelve miles quick journey. His skin shone like black satin. He was fresher than when he started, and arched his neck and tossed his head with sprightly impatience, and danced along the road when Christy, tightening the reins, forced him to a slower pace on their return; for Christy had learned in a hard school in his day, the penalty and death the punishment, that horse power should never be wasted, because one can never tell when it may be needed.

Another lesson, too, Christy had learned in that same school—that eyes and ears should be sentinels for ever on duty, which lesson he now, unfortunately neglected. He rode with bowed head, buried in thought.

He was suddenly and harshly roused from his reverie. A short turn of the road brought him plump into the centre of a troop of men. Strong hands held the horses' reins on either side. A dozen muskets covered his body. A hoarse voice commanded him with a savage curse to dismount.

Christy's presence of mind came back to him in an instant. Instinctively his hand went to his sword. He was in luck. But the first conscious thought rebuked his folly, and told him that resistance meant death. He noted with a single look both Hempenstal and Lord Dulwich were of the party.

Lord Dulwich stood a little behind his men. But Hempenstal pressed eagerly forward with a huge horse pistol levelled, delighted at the capture of his old enemy, eager for his death. "Will you come down," he shouted fiercely, "what he had his sword in his hand, and a leaden messenger to fetch you down."

Christy eyed him contemptuously. "I want a word with your master," he said, as quietly as if death were not peering at him out of the muzzles of a score of muskets and pistols on full cock. He calmly conquered turbulence, as it always does. "My lord, the prisoner would speak with you," growled Hempenstal. "Let him first throw down his arms," answered Lord Dulwich without moving. Christy clucked his sword from his sheath and his pistols from the holsters, and flung them all down, clashing together on the strip of sward by the road side.

"So he would buy you for £5, my beauty," he broke off, addressing the horse, which had dropped its nose into his hand, insisting on notice. "Fity he could not buy that true heart, and that quick ear of yours that hears a friend's try miles away and brings you straight to him."

He sprang into the saddle, patting the arched neck of the horse, which turned its head round playfully as if to bite his fingers. Lord Dulwich still stood stock still, a pitiable spectacle. "Any message to my master?" inquired Christy smiling grimly. "You see I am likely to meet him first after all, and you will not have a chance a showing off your bargain in horseflesh. Anyhow, I will have a welcome ready for your lordship."

Lord Dulwich strangled a curse between his teeth, only a hoarse mutter came from his pale lips. "Cool bye, my lord," cried Christy gaily, for Phooka grew impatient. He leaned slightly forward, gripped the saddle with his knees, and with a light shake of the reins gave the impatient horse leave to be off. In a swift swinging gallop they swept across the field, flew over the ditch and gripe that bounded it, and disappeared.

Slowly and sulkily Lord Dulwich set out on his return journey. It took him a full half hour to retrace the distance it had taken him five minutes to come. He found his men awaiting impatiently on the road, scooped in between the two high walls, where he had left them. Their amazement and curiosity can scarcely be imagined when they saw the bedraggled and mud-spattered figure of their captain, scrambling across the wall over which he had down so jauntily half an hour before.

But he gave their curiosity no fair play. Something he muttered about being set upon by a party of rebels, and robbed of his horse and weapons. That was all. "We waste time here," he broke in abruptly, when Hempenstal hazarded further question. "Get the men in motion at once."

"For Cloonlara?" said Hempenstal. "No," answered Lord Dulwich shortly, "for barracks." So the bailed bloodhounds trotted home disconsolately to the kennels. The morning after the funeral Maurice Blake bade a cordial good-bye to Father O'Carroll, and scarcely less cordial to the old steward who had taken over the sole management on Sir Miles's death, with gloomy forebodings of dismal changes when the new master should arrive.

Christy had gone by himself to Ballinasloe to catch the "Fly Boat," that plied to Dublin, so-called because it "flew" along the canal at the rate of five and a-half miles an hour. As Maurice rode down the avenue he reined his horse again on the rising ground, as he had reined him on entering it, and looked back on the fair wide landscape, white in the winter sunshine, that changed the hoar frost on the trees to diamonds and gleamed cold and bright on wood, and lake, and pasture, and stately manor, grading the centre of the picture.

The thought came to him that all this fair inheritance had passed to the renegade and paricide, that the poor people, tender and faithful, whose clustering homes, scattered over the wide landscape, shone white in the sunlight, had turned masters of the best of the worst. They were dependent for their lives on the pity of him who had shown no pity to the white hairs of his own broken-hearted father.

For the first time Maurice Blake's heart rebelled wholly against his father's belief for ever, on his father's ancestral home, now passed to such unworthy hands. He looked round no more until the swift, free stride of his steed had carried him many miles from the place, and an interposing hill shut it from his view.

TO BE CONTINUED. "ECCE HOMO." BY D. CARROLL. A letter from an old friend and fellow artist in Florence brings tidings of the total destruction by fire of the Church of Santa Lucia, together with the priceless paintings and ornaments which had adorned this edifice; and the communication makes me sad, for the little church is intimately associated in my mind with the purest soul and the noblest man I ever met, Raffaello Amati, whose wonderful painting on its wall and awakened the admiration and devotion of many souls who gazed upon it. With the destruction of this great work of art must come to light again the romance, if I may so call it, attached to the painting; and though it is familiar to many Italians, yet to you, I am sure, the story will be altogether new, albeit I shall prove a poor chronicler.

It must be at least twenty years ago that I first met Raffaello, while spending my time "copying," as he was, some gems in oil in the academy. His great beauty first attracted me, for never before nor since have I seen a man so generously endowed, so physically perfect as he was. His eyes were the typical Italian, but his hair was a wonderful brown with strange golden lights in it, that curled closely about his small head, and presented a most pleasing contrast to his dark brows and olive complexion.

A few words, which he addressed to me in the purest English, yet with the slightest foreign accent (his mother was an Englishwoman, he afterwards told me) led to our becoming better acquainted; and it was not many months before we had decided, as we were both alone in the world, to rent a studio and share our good or evil fortune with each other. Raffaello had many friends, but to none of his fellow-countrymen had he ever shown the strong liking that he evinced for me, whom the jealous hearted Italians called "the stupid Englishman."

Our studio was a large airy place two apartments, one of which belonged to him and the other to myself. Here, day after day, we would labor upon those work which monopolized our whole attention; and though neither was obliged to work for his daily bread, yet the sale of a picture was hailed by us as much joy as it would have been by any starving wielder of the brush. In the summer when the green fields lured us from our easels, we would seek some pleasant retreat to dream, and to pass away the hours in converse.

I remember as distinctly as though it had been but a day, one afternoon we had spent in the valley. It was a glorious day, warm and beautiful, and Raffaello, lying prone upon the earth, had spoken of his dream, the one longing of his life—the desire to paint an "Ecce Homo" such as had never been painted since the days of the old masters.

The sun shone on his face as he spoke, and that face came between me and the pages as I write, it was so full of light and resolution. "No one at the present time has painted that divine Face as it really looked when the time of His agony had come—when they led Him to the crucifix. No one can, and yet—my God! we can only imagine what a divine Being would suffer, for He was divine, the most perfect Being that ever trod the earth. And how they mocked Him! How they scorned Him! How they crucified Him!"

Raffaello, when he spoke like this, was something to wonder at and admire, although I knew he was most devout, and sometimes, to my slow imagination, rather an extremist in his religious tendencies. He would often talk to me of the beauties of the Catholic belief, and try to persuade me, who acknowledged no Church whatever, that this was the fold which I should enter. In those days I did not agree with him, although I never failed to accompany him to his devotions within the sacred portal.

The ceremonies, the ornaments, the rich vestments of gold, and white, and purple, the lights, the soft monotone of the chanting priest, all pleased my artistic sense; but I refused then to look at it in any other way than that all these embellishments were intended to appeal to the eyes and imaginations of the unwary, like the glittering candle light which proves the funeral pyre of the deluded moth.

"The Catholic religion is all sentiment," I would say to my companion, and the eloquent words of denial would fall rapidly from his lips. "That afternoon he spoke of the 'Ecce Homo,' as I have said, and continued in the same strain as he had begun. "You remember that statue of the Sacred Heart which you saw in the church? Do you think that looks like a Divine Being? I say no—no, it does not. The face is not what I would picture it to be. The sculptor who wrought that was Peronelli—the famed! The wonderful Peronelli—Peronelli! The man who never bent a knee in prayer; who never understood the story of the Via Crucis, and whom I have heard many a time blaspheme His name! But enough of Peronelli!"

"Peronelli is dead—let him rest in peace," I said, and Raffaello did not answer as he smoothed a spray of delicate iris lilies in his fingers. The sculptor whose work we were discussing had died shortly before my coming to Florence, but I had heard that there had been a slight difficulty between him and my friend, arising from an incident which happened at the church's very doors. Peronelli, blindly intoxicated, trying to force his way into the church, was ejected by Raffaello, during the religious service. Raffaello had never spoken of it to me, but I could imagine how shocked he was to see that reeling form in God's temple, and how gently and yet firmly he led him out.

"Did you ever wish," he continued, "but then you didn't, I am sure—but I had wished it many a time—that I had lived in those days when the Saviour walked the earth and taught and healed. How grand it would have been to have followed Him about, listening to His voice, and then—here Raffaello sat upright, his beautiful, changing face shadowed by the intensity of his thoughts—"to have shared in that terrible journey to the Hill of Sacrifice; and those barbarians, I can see them all there, jerking Him with their foul tongues, striking Him with their leprous hands, and lastly nailing Him to that infamous gibbet! I can hear the thud of those fearful hammers driving the heavy nails through the delicate bones of His hands; and then, in a little while to hear Him, speaking in a voice full of anguish: 'My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken Me?'"

"You rave," I said calmly and with cynicism; but I remember even now how my heart beat at my friend's words. His flashing eyes, the unearthly expression of his face which evinced such great love for his God, moved me against my will. "Forgive me, I forgot myself some times," he said gently, "and I must weary you poor fellow."

"Worry me? No, he did not weary me, for he was too much in earnest, and I knew he spoke from his heart. He was gifted with extraordinary eloquence, and it was a positive delight to listen to the sound of his voice, which was soft, caressing and full of pathos, breaking of music; yet, strange to say, the gift of song was not his. It seemed odd to me at the time that he should love, should speak so tenderly of a Person he had never seen, and be so filled with this great love of the Saviour, that all human affection was artificial beside it.

"I want to paint a picture of the thorn-crowned Head, one which will make men pause and think of all He suffered for them, and perhaps move them to make some reparation. I shall begin to work for His daily bread, yet the sale of a picture was hailed by us as much joy as it would have been by any starving wielder of the brush. In the summer when the green fields lured us from our easels, we would seek some pleasant retreat to dream, and to pass away the hours in converse.

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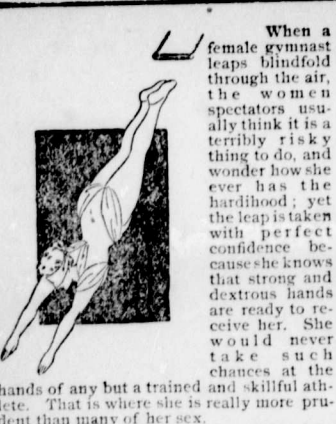
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When a female gymnast leaps blindfold through the air, the spectators usually think it is a terribly risky thing to do, and wonder how she ever has the hardihood, yet the leap is taken with perfect confidence because she knows that strong and dextrous hands are ready to receive her. She would never take such chances at the hands of any but a trained and skillful athlete. That is where she is really more prudent than many of her sex.

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have wasted too much time already, so I shall begin to-morrow, and you will help me."

"Help you," I said, and Raffaello laughed the liquid laugh of his race, as he linked his arm in mine and together we went home.

That evening we sat in the purple twilight, musing, while the soft tinkle of a mandolin and the echo of a man's voice singing an amorous Italian strain came to us, mellowed by the distance; and a crowd of merry-makers passing beneath our casement saw the face of Raffaello framed by the jasmine flowers and called to him; while a dusky eyed creature flung up to him the pomegranate flower she had worn at her throat.

Raffaello smiled, a smile half scornful, half tender, and left the blossom lying neglected where it had fallen; for no woman's face or smile, among the beautiful women of Florence, had ever moved his pure serenity of heart, though many admired him, and had plainly shown their admiration.

I spoke that night on this very subject, and I remember, he answered in his characteristic fashion.

"There is but one woman in this world that I have ever loved, and that woman, peerlessly beautiful with a fair English beauty, as pure as an Easter lily, was my mother. When she lay dying she commended me to the care of that other Mother, the Virgin Mary, and made me promise never to forget her, nor cease to love her, the Spotted One. I have not forgotten that promise, and prefer the divine love to that selfish, vain attachment which men call human love."

I have said before that he was very devout, and our conversation, no matter where or when it would take place, if we two were alone together, would inevitably turn upon religion. By some people my companion would have been deemed a fanatic, but every one who has come in contact with them knows that the Italians are an innately religious people.

To see Raffaello and myself, standing with uncovered heads (he insisted upon my complying) while the bells rang the Angelus hour might have, nay, would have, caused comment in any other country, but passed unnoticed in Florence.

The days that followed were busy ones for him, and knowing that he wished to be undisturbed, I went quietly about my own affairs during working hours. Our evenings we would spend at church or reading, for my fellow artist would never work by artificial light, and laid aside his brushes and colors when the sun sank behind the hills.

In the still church, with its ruby lamp which swung before the tabernacle, I would feel strangely at rest, while he knelt before the small altar of the Sacred Heart, like a figure carved in stone, so still, so rapt was he.

Now at this distant date, now that the Church calls me her child, I believe that God designed our friendship as the means of turning me from the path of blindness, as the instrument of my conversion; and surely no man had a fairer example than had I in the life of my friend, a creature whose very gifts, had they not been united to so pure a soul, would have proved his own destruction.

One evening, when we came out of the shadowy church, Raffaello said: "I will show you my work to-night. It is finished, but I am not satisfied."

He entered the studio first, and procured a light, then took up his brushes and tubes of paint.

"You may be able to suggest some improvement. Now look!"

He lifted up the curtain which hung before it, and I stepped a little further back.

I was amazed.

There was the "Ecce Homo,"—there was the masterpiece, and to my eyes it seemed a marvellous thing. It shone out like some beautiful unmet gem, a work far beyond what I had imagined it would be, and so I told Raffaello as he stood looking upon it, with a strange expression upon his face.

He did not answer. He poised the blender, heavy with burnt sienna, and without warning, and before I could prevent the action, had swept it across that peerless picture, and a meaning less daub blotted out the sacred lineaments.

"Raffaello!" I cried, in horror.

He dropped the curtain over his work and faced me. His own face was white beneath its olive tint, and the brushes snapped beneath the fierce grasp of his slender brown fingers.

"You mock me! The picture is a failure! I saw it all now! It is a daub—a daub! And I found fault with the face of Peronelli's statue!"

He laughed bitterly, a laugh full of self scorn and humiliation, which was not pleasant to hear, and I saw a great despair in his eyes.

"It was fine," I affirmed, "and would have looked even better by daylight. That execrable light distorts outlines so."

This last, I saw as soon as I had spoken, was the most foolish remark I could have made, but men have always been credited with being tactless, and I was no exception to the rule.

I say this was a foolish remark, for by it my companion thought that I scorned him, and pity stings like a scorpion when one is in such a mood as he was at that moment.

"You knew it was a failure," he said, hotly, "you knew it, and you stood there laughing in your sleeve at the picture, born of my mad dreams! I was mad! That—pointing to the draped picture—that is the artist's dream—Raffaello's dream!"

"My dear boy, you are so excited you do not know what you are saying. The picture was a gem—a masterpiece. I told you the truth about it,

and now you reproach me," I said, watching his face closely as I spoke. The flush of passion had faded and left him weary-looking, but the light of passion still burned in his eyes.

"Listen," he cried, springing up from the low couch where he had flung himself, and grasping me by the arm, "I will paint another which will not be a failure. The new picture, the new 'Ecce Homo,' shall hang above Peronelli's statue in the church, and then my work in the world will be complete. The picture will not fail, for I will pray with more fervor to Him, and He will help me!"

"My dear Raffaello, if the new picture surpasses the work you destroyed to-night, it will be divine."

"Divine! That is it! A mere mortal endeavoring to paint divine beauty, divine tenderness, and divine agony! Presumption! I am a fool and have been ungrateful to you, my best friend!"

"That was our first and last quarrel, and the matter was never mentioned between us again. He began another 'Ecce Homo,' and, as before, I left him to his work, untrammelled by my society. Again the days fled away, but the time he gave to his employment was much longer than it had been before. We still frequented the church during leisure hours, and he always knelt before the Sacred Heart. Often I have imagined that I saw the 'Ecce Homo' hanging there before him, and then it seemed strangely out of harmony to my mind for both to be there at the same time—the beautiful pictured face, and the creature who had blended those exquisite tints upon the canvas.

The memorable, long-awaited evening came at last.

It gives me pain to write this passage of the story, for it brings back painful remembrances. Again, as on that other night, we stood before the curtained picture. Raffaello was flushed and excited. With one nervous hand he brushed back the curtain, and I saw his work.

At this moment I feel again the choking sensation that rose in my throat, and I know my heart beat painfully.

"It speaks," I said huskily, and he gave a smothered, satisfied sigh.

We both stood gazing upon that wonderful work, silent, and then Raffaello spoke:

"I feel as if I had done my best, and I have worked hard upon it. I have tried to do it justice."

He went close to the picture, and as he turned his face toward me again I was struck by the great delicacy of his features. Raffaello looked worn, and there were deep shadows beneath his lustrous eyes; but the painting drew my attention again, and I said nothing.

Such beautiful tenderness, such agony shone in that pictured face that I am not ashamed to own that something like tears dimmed my eyes. Every line was perfect, and the entire work was replete with, and seemed to breathe forth, all the intensity, the passionate love which the young artist entertained for the divine Original.

"It breathes," I whispered, "my dear Raffaello, you will be famous. Your dream has been realized. It is sublime, and I feel honored and happy to have been the first permitted to glance at that peerless face."

"You think I could not improve upon it?" he asked wistfully.

"No. It is perfect, and I am proud to clasp the hand that executed it."

He gave my fingers a swift pressure, and I could see that he was moved by my scant words of praise. I did not tell him half of what I thought. I could not tell him how the expression of that face had shaken my composure; how the eyes followed and haunted me with their unspeakable agony.

Nothing remains of that beautiful work now but a memory which to me, at least, is most painfully vivid.

Raffaello had dropped upon one knee with an almost adoring look upon his face.

"Look at it, just once again," he cried, joyously, "and then we will go to His altar, and I shall thank Him there."

I looked, and then my friend let the curtain fall upon the "Ecce Homo." He caught up his hat, and we went out together.

How happy he was that evening! His beautiful face beamed with an almost heavenly light, and his dreamy eyes were lit with the same fire.

"We have worked together long weeks," he said softly. "It will seem strange to you, dear Edgar, will it not, when I am no longer with you?"

"No longer with me?" I said amazed.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this," he answered, "I would have told you before this, but you have laughed so much at my 'extreme views,' that I could not bring myself to confide my secret to you. It is this. I intend to become a religious—a priest. The world has no charm for me, and in that life devoted to God's service I shall find all earthly happiness."

"Raffaello, it is impossible! You—a priest! I can never believe that you are in earnest—never, never, never!"

I was conscious of suffering at that moment, conscious that I was about to lose the one creature to whom I was attached; and the days that I should spend alone in old studio came to my mind like spectres in a dream. I knew Raffaello too well ever to suppose he would jest on such a subject. No, I knew full well, for I remembered many delicate hints he had thrown out, that he had made up his mind to don priestly robes. I pictured him clad in foamy glistening vestments, exhorting the people to virtuous, pious practices. I could see his face, with

its expression of purity and serenity, gazing down upon those devout worshippers.

I could have wept at the thought of losing him, but outwardly I was very calm.

"Then we shall no longer be David and Jonathan," I remarked, and Raffaello pressed my arm.

It was he who had given us the names one day, after he had read to me the story of the two young men who loved each other with love "passing that of woman."

"We shall always be the same, though our paths be different," Raffaello replied, and I saw that his eyes were dim with tears. "We shall always love each other—like David and Jonathan of old."

His voice trembled, and just as we reached the church door, he turned and faced me, grasping my hands in his, which were cold as ice. "Dear Edgar, I shall pray for you to-night—pray that you will embrace the faith, my best, my truest and sincerest friend."

We entered the dimly lit church, where there were but few worshippers, and he went to his usual place before the statue of the Sacred Heart, while I remained in the rear, enveloped in shadow.

I watched him as he knelt in prayer, his head bowed upon his hands which rested upon the narrow railing, and the sculptured fingers of the statue outstretched above his head, as if in the act of blessing the young devotee.

From Raffaello, my eyes wandered to the main altar with its tall candles and sweeping draperies, and the flowers which filled the vases and made the air heavy with their sweetness.

From the vestry a black-robed priest noiselessly came forth, and he too knelt in voiceless prayer. I watched him idly, though I could not see his face until he looked toward the spot where my friend was kneeling motionless. I noticed how boyish looking the clergyman was, and wondered how any one, so young as he appeared to be could give up everything in the world and bury himself, as it were, just as life was opening for him. I followed his glance, and saw that Raffaello had not changed his position, and then my eyes returned to the priestly figure, who at that moment made the sign of the Cross, and stole away as silently and softly as he had come.

The moments had not seemed long to me, yet I intuitively knew that the hour had grown late and took out my watch to note the time. The obscurity prevented me from seeing the position of the hand, so I moved further toward the altar before which swung the gold lamp, and by the light of its red beam- ing saw that it was later than I had imagined.

I did not like to disturb Raffaello at his devotions, but I knew that he was worn out from his long labor, and needed rest. I went up and gently touched him on the shoulder. He did not seem to feel the pressure of my fingers, so I pulled him gently by the sleeve.

He swayed lightly but did not relax the firm grasp of his hands upon the railing. I was growing impatient and shook him, this time a little roughly. The fingers slipped from their place, and like a lily that falls to broken, Raffaello sank back into my arms, mute—his countenance illumined with a smile of exquisite happiness, and his lustrous eyes wide and staring—dead.

I knew that it was death, his slender hands were so cold—a dreadful coldness which sent its chill shaft to my heart. My eyes burned, the blood rushed throbbing to my brain, and there, with those unseeing eyes turned to mine, I, the stolid, the unimaginative Englishman, wept, as I have never wept since, as any woman might weep over her beloved dead.

Kindly hands assisted me in the work of preparation for burial. Raffaello's many friends heaped flowers upon his coffin, and their eyes grew dim when they rested upon his still form. On the day of his burial, the wonderful painting, the "Ecce Homo" for which he had given his life, hung above the altar of the Sacred Heart, where he had wished to see it; and dark-eyed women sobbed heart breakingly, and men brushed the tears from their eyes unused to weeping, as it shone down upon them from the wall.

Raffaello had died of heart failure, brought on by excessive and too close application to his work which was too great a burden for his delicate constitution to bear.

When robing him for the grave I found resting upon his breast a small golden heart, attached to a chain of Italian workmanship. Upon the triangle were engraved the words: "Cuore di Gesu"—the words which had been full of sweetness to him. The pendant heart, with its delicate chain, I now wear, and it has never been removed since that day—years ago—when the waters of baptism were poured upon my head.

When the time comes for me to die I ask that it be left untouched.

This is the story which I set out to tell you—the story of a man who "was in the world, but not of the world," whose love was all given to that Divine Heart, whose emblem he had worn.

The "Ecce Homo" had been all that Raffaello had dreamed, and to me it has seemed to speak with those lips which let fall such golden truths in the days of His glorious mission upon earth.

Now that the flames have destroyed this unexcelled work of art, as time speeds on, Raffaello's name will be but seldom heard; but the object of this picture has been accomplished, for I know that many have been moved to repentance after having looked long

upon and studied the "Ecce Homo."

It was not for fame nor gold that he had labored upon it, but rather from love of that divine Face, to which painters had never done justice.

The body of my companion, Raffaello Anati, has long since returned to dust, but the memory of his chaste and holy life, the remembrance of his beautiful personality, remain with me until death shall still the throbbing of my pulse. With these remembrances also remains with me that visible link binding me to the old days in Florence, the precious golden hour, bearing the words I had heard Raffaello breathe tenderly so many times—"Cuore di Gesu."—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

"QUESTION BOX."

Father O'Connor in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Less variety and a tendency to return to some of the questions previously disposed of marked the queries answered at St. Teresa's last Sunday evening by Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor.

C. A. H. asked if the Church granted a divorce to Napoleon Bonaparte or sanctioned his marriage to Marie Louise of Austria.

The answer was "no" to each question.

"Irishman" took exception to remarks of the lecturer on a previous evening, which he interpreted as favoring women's suffrage.

He was told that there is no valid argument against the fitness of the female sex to vote.

Mary L. F., who had been given lay baptism by a Catholic nurse when in danger of death in infancy, asked if she is a Catholic.

A person baptized by a Catholic under such circumstances is not bound because of that fact to become a Catholic without previous instruction as to the doctrines of the Church. All Christians are, however, bound to hear the Church.

(2) "Was St. Valentine a real saint and what had he to do with love letters?"

He was a priest and martyr. It is related of him that he was in the habit of distributing pious mottoes and short prayers, which he transcribed with his own hand.

(3) "I thought that Catholic saints did not believe in marriage."

The Catholic Church teaches that marriage is a sacrament. There are very many canonized saints who sanctified themselves in the marriage state.

"A Catholic Student of the University of Pennsylvania" asked several questions concerning what appear to be conflicting duties owed to his Church and to his college.

(1) "Does the Archbishop prohibit Catholics attending the U. of P. from joining the Greek letter fraternities?"

The general principle is that societies not formally condemned are tolerated by the Church. There is, however, a non secret Greek letter fraternity, and it may have a "chapter" at Pennsylvania.

(2) "Is it proper to attend the chapel exercises before lectures, as required by the dean?"

Attendance at college prayers as mere obedience to the discipline of the institution is not considered a denial of the faith, especially if you are known as a Catholic. Soldiers, sailors and others are not guilty of sin in being present at compulsory service.

P. B. W. (1) "If the Church is infallible, it seems strange that no one knows where infallibility resides. Sometimes it's the General Council with the Pope as the first Council of Nice; next, the Council with the Pope, and finally, the Pope without the Council."

No Catholic has ever questioned the infallibility of decretal decrees of General Councils approved of by the Pope. The Council of Nice referred to was presided over by Papal legates and its decrees approved by the Pope.

(2) "Nobody seems to know how, when or under what conditions the Pope is infallible. We must wait for an infallible council to define the infallibility of an infallible Pope."

Catholics have a clear idea of a Papal definition *ex cathedra*. Cardinal Newman thought that the conditions and accompaniments of a Papal definition of faith were subjects for conciliary examination. The Vatican Council which has only been suspended will take up this subject.

(3) "The Church of Rome acknowledges her own limitation when she says she is only infallible in the exposition of truth already revealed. If truths are revealed we do not need infallibility. It is absurd for men to declare God's word infallible, as if God needed human authority."

Revelation needs an infallible interpreter, if it is to be revelation, i. e., the certain knowledge of God's meaning conveyed to individuals. The Bible contains God's revelation, but private and fallibly interpreted it is made to signify a thousand contradictory things.

(4) "Confession was not made a sacrament until the Fourth Council of Lateran."

That Council's act was to make it obligatory at least once a year, and such an act presupposes the existence of the sacrament.

(5) "It is shocking to think that the pardon of sin depends upon the ministry of a priest who may make what use he pleases of the secrets wrung from a bleeding heart. Christ says: 'My yoke is sweet, My burden light,' but Rome has made it a yoke of iron in the confessional."

Most Protestants admit that the pardon of original sin depends on the ministry of the one who baptizes. The experience of Catholics testifies to the mildness of the yoke of confession. The

humble and sure confidence that our sins are really and truly forgiven is a consolation far greater than the salutary pain we feel in confession. As to the use made of the secrets of the confessional, can an instance of such be shown in all the centuries of the Church's history?

"Episcopalian" thought it rather late in the day for the Church to complain of the Church of England having a sovereign as its head, when the Church of the Middle Ages acknowledged Constantine, Charlemagne and other Emperors who appointed Bishops including the Bishop of Rome.

"Christ is the only real head of the Church, and next to Him is the civil ruler or government of a Christian nation."

The Catholic Church has never recognized spiritual jurisdiction in a temporal sovereign. Kings and Governments may nominate Bishops and other Church dignitaries, but cannot appoint them or give them spiritual jurisdiction. This has always been the faith of the Catholic Church before and after the "Reformation."

Christ is the invisible head of the Church. This does not prevent His appointing a visible head, as He did St. Peter, who was commissioned to feed—that is, to rule,—the whole flock, clergy and laity, including Kings and Emperors.

The Beautiful Hand—A Legend.

There was a dispute amongst three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water, and held it up; another picked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old haggard woman passed by asked: "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?" All three denied her; but another who sat near unwashed in the stream, unadorned with fruit, unadorned with stained, gave her a little gift, and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her and lifted up before her their beautiful hands. "Beautiful in deed," said she when she saw them. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful she said: "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand that is tipped with red; it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers; but it is the hand that gives to the poor which is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven with authority to decide the question in dispute.

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When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

London, Saturday, March 5, 1908

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP CLEARLY.

The Catholic Church of this province has lost a prelate of great ability and a vigorous defender by the death of his Grace the Most Reverend James Vincent Cleary, the sixth Bishop and first Archbishop of Kingston, who passed his reward on Thursday, the 24th of February, at the Archbishop's Palace in that city.

Mgr. Cleary was known to the Canadian public as one of the ablest theologians of this continent, and as a vigorous writer and controversialist, whose pen was always ready to be wielded when the interests of religion and the Catholic Church required this duty to be performed.

One of the most notable occasions on which he entered the lists as a controversialist was when Mr. W. R. Meredith, then leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, announced his policy of hostility to the amendments made to the Ontario Separate School Act under the administration of the Hon. Mr. Mowat. These amendments had been made with the purpose of facilitating the working of the Separate school system in the Province. Mr. Meredith announced the intention of his party to repeal them, and as a reason for his course stated in a public speech delivered in this city that the Catholic hierarchy, and especially Mgr. Cleary, had endeavored to set Catholic against Protestant, and on this ground he appealed to Protestants for their support of his policy to repeal the Separate school amendments.

Mgr. Cleary challenged this statement, and several letters were interchanged between him and Mr. Meredith on the point at issue between them.

On several other occasions, Mgr. Cleary was bitterly attacked by the press for using expressions which were assumed to be insulting and injurious to Protestants, but it was satisfactorily shown that it was not his intention to say anything injurious or harsh. In fact the Archbishop was in character most charitable and benevolent. He had many fast friends among Protestants, and he always asserted on these occasions that it explains and defends Catholic doctrine, and in maintaining Catholic interests he had no desire to say anything offensive, however vigorous his language may have seemed.

His Grace was a sincere friend to Catholic education, and it is due to his energy and earnestness that Regiopolis College has been revived and put into its present flourishing condition.

During the late Archbishop's administration religion progressed in the Archdiocese of Kingston to a remarkable degree. Churches, presbyteries and schools were erected in many parishes, many of them being exceedingly beautiful edifices.

His heart was in his work at all times and in all seasons. From the day when he left Ireland at the bidding of the Holy Father and crossed the Atlantic to take upon himself the responsibilities of the episcopate, until the day of his death, his whole being was aflame with a holy ardor to forward in every possible manner the interests of the holy Catholic Church. His priests and people were loyal to him—it was their duty to be so. But they had another reason: he was loyal to them. His great love embraced all mankind. He had a noble Irish heart, and it was as loving and as true as the close of his career as on the day when he left his native Danganarvan. Many and many a one, on both sides of the Atlantic, will shed a tear when they hear that the great Archbishop clearly is no more. He was a loving friend—a loving and a true friend. May we not trust that his great work on behalf of our Blessed Redeemer, having been earnest and constant, his reward in the world to come will be glorious and everlasting.

The funeral took place on Tuesday,

March 1st. Pontifical High Mass of Requiem was sung by the Most Rev. Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, and an eloquent and touching sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop McQuade, of Rochester, N. Y.

Details of the funeral rites will be given in our next issue, as we could not obtain them before going to press this week.

We give from the Globe further interesting details of the life and work of the deceased Archbishop.

BISHOP SHANLEY ON DIVORCE.

Bishop Shanley of Fargo, Dakota, thus speaks of the evil of the divorce laws prevailing in that and other States of the Union:

"The divorce business of our State has killed us morally. It is killing us—has killed us financially. Why? Because the moral security is lacking. The people who so easily violate the commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' will not be slow to break the next commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

The Bishop is certainly right in his estimation of the consequences of divorce. The whole evil of divorce and divorce laws is attributable to the Church of England, which was established by Henry VIII. for the express purpose of approving of his divorce from Queen Catharine, and the Church as a matter of course did what was expected of it.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

It is stated that the Massachusetts Legislature will pass a law prohibiting so-called Christian Scientists from practicing their pretended methods of healing in that State. The evils resulting from these methods have been so great that it is deemed necessary to put an end to them by legislation.

We should be glad if our own Parliament, or at least the Ontario Assembly, were to pass a law for the same purpose. Many deaths have occurred in this province through neglect of calling in medical men in serious cases which pretended Christian Scientists have undertaken to cure in their own way.

THE MORMONS.

The Presbyterian Banner makes the announcement that Mormonism had during the year 1897 more converts than in any preceding year during the whole time that it has existed. This is to be deplored, as it indicates a great lack of knowledge of Christian faith and morals in the localities from which the Mormons have drawn their converts. It is satisfactory to know, however, that these are not drawn from Catholic localities. The Banner gives details of the places from which these converts come, and it is remarkable that they are chiefly those sections of country in which anti-Catholic bigotry is most rampant, and especially where Baptists and Congregationalists are most numerous, in the South and West of the United States.

THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

Dr. Lyman Abbot in a recent sermon delivered in his church at Brooklyn declared that "without the Bible and the Church, the great fundamental principles of right and wrong would go, too." He added that the "rules of moral conduct would be only skillfully gessed at: the pulpit would become a platform, the sermon a lecture, music a concert, and prayer a mere aspiration." The doctor is a Presbyterian, but he seems to overlook the fact that in a large proportion of the Protestant churches the degenerate condition which he forecasts has already become a fact. He might, therefore, have truly said that this state of affairs will be reached unless the Catholic religion become once more the religion of the people.

LENT.

The English name of the season of Lent is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word Lencten, signifying spring. It is so called because it occurs at the part of the year which in England is near to the spring time. In French, Italian, and other languages derived from the Latin, this season takes its name, Carême, Quaresima, etc., from the Latin word Quadragesima, the fortieth, because it consists of forty days of fasting instituted by the Church in special remembrance of the forty days during which our Blessed Lord fasted as a preparation for the preaching of His Gospel during the last three and a half years of His life on earth. In some other languages, as in Greek, German, etc., the period is called the Fast, as it is the principal time appointed for fasting during the year.

The great antiquity of the fast of Lent is indubitable, as it is mentioned by the earliest Christian writers as being universally observed in their

time, though there was some variety of practice in regard to the number of days on which the fast was kept. St. Irenaeus, however, states that the observance was of much earlier date than his own time—a statement which shows that it comes down to us from the days of the apostles. Whatever differences there were in regard to the number of fasting days, the substance of the obligation on all Christians to do penance, especially at that period during which Christ suffered before His death and while He was in the tomb before His resurrection, was kept in view.

The duty of doing penitential works has existed from the day of creation, for it was the command of God to our first parents to perform such a work by abstaining from the eating of a certain fruit in the garden of pleasure which He gave them wherein to abide, and their disobedience to this law was the origin of death and all the woes which it is the lot of man to endure on earth.

The essence of penance is to perform a work laborious and difficult for God's sake, that we may make atonement for our sins, and as the whole worship of God under the Old Law consisted in doing such works as this, we see how important it is that as creatures of God, as sinners who have offended God, and as Christians bound to imitate the example of Christ given to us while He dwelt among men, we must do works of penance; for He tells us that unless we take up our cross, that is to say, unless we do for His sake things difficult of performance, we cannot be His disciples.

From these considerations it will be seen that there is a great variety in works of penance, but those which are most within the reach of all are chiefly three, and these three are mainly those which are prescribed by the Church and by divine law to be performed at stated times or under ordinary circumstances when the obligation of doing penance is specially pressing. These works are prayer, fasting, and almsgiving.

The duty of fasting is frequently insisted upon in Holy Scripture, and we find examples of it in the holy persons of both the Old and the New Testament. David and Josaphat proclaimed fasts for all the people to observe as an act of humiliation and penance before God. (2 Ki. iii, 31; 2 Par. xx, 3.) The prophet Joel proclaimed fasts whenever God was to be propitiated, and this was done by command of God Himself:

"Now, therefore, saith the Lord, be converted to me with all your heart in fasting, and in weeping, and in mourning. Blow the trumpet in Zion. Sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly. Between the porch and the altar, the priests, the Lord's ministers, shall weep, and shall say: Spare, O Lord, spare thy people, and give not thy inheritance to reproach."

In the New Testament, beside the example of our Lord's fast to which we have already referred, we have the rules for fasting laid down by Christ Himself in the sermon on the Mount (Matt. vi, 16): "And when you fast, be not as the hypocrites, sad; for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast but to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father seeth in secret will repay thee."

In many other passages of Holy Writ it is imposed upon us as a duty to fast, and the Church keeps us to this duty by defining the time when it is to be performed.

Fasting being one of the modes prescribed whereby we may do penance for our sins, should be done at the times indicated by the Church, especially during Lent, but the other penitential works, such as prayer and almsdeeds, should not be neglected either, especially during this penitential season.

THE "OLD CATHOLICS" AND THE INDEPENDENT POLISH CHURCH.

From the fact that a number of discontented Poles in the United States have thrown off their allegiance to the Catholic Church and have formed what they call the Independent Polish Catholic Church of America, several Protestant religious papers have derived great comfort, representing that the Poles are almost ready to desert the Church in a body and to set up a new Church for themselves. This is far from being the case. The Poles generally are devout Catholics, loyal to the Holy See, but it is unfortunately the case that there are in every community a number of turbulent spirits who foment disturbance and give endless

trouble. Thereby there have been several Polish churches or congregations organized under the name of the Independent Church.

Either because they could not always obtain priests of their own nationality, or because, coming from a country in which they have been oppressed, they have grown naturally rebellious and discontented, and have been induced to form this Independent Church; but it is not nearly so large or important a movement as has been represented.

In Chicago it has been reported that there are three of these congregations which have sprung up in three years, and number now sixteen or seventeen thousand souls. This is a gross exaggeration, as it has been observed that in every Church of this new sect the number of adherents has been represented to be five or six times greater than it really is, the total attendance having been found to be rather under than over three thousand.

There are, however, a few such congregations in several other cities, and the leader of the movement, Father Kozlowski, it appears, has succeeded in being made a Bishop by a so-called "Old Catholics" of Switzerland. But the affiliation of these American and Swiss Churches is expected by some to form a nucleus for a powerful and prosperous new Church having numerous branches in Europe and America, and the Protestant papers already referred to are satisfied with this state of affairs, because, at all events, the authority of the Pope is repudiated by them, and there is hope that the Independents will soon become annexed to some one among the many Protestant Churches.

But the "Old Catholic" Church of Europe may now be regarded as a myth. Immediately after the Vatican Council, and the proclamation of the dogma of the Pope's infallibility as teacher and pastor of all Christians, there was, indeed, a spasmodic effort made to establish a permanent schismatic Church, and the effort was encouraged by Bismarck in Germany and by the Swiss Government, but it ignominiously failed, and though there are a few who pretend to hold out in their schism, there is now not a single fairly numerous congregation of the "Old Catholics" in either of these countries, as most of the members have penitently returned to the faith and a few have joined the Protestant sect.

The amalgamation—if it can be called amalgamation when two bodies remain as distinct organizations—has not added either strength or respectability to either. Both are schismatical, and they are just as distinct from one another as are the Churches of Armenia and Abyssinia. We have no doubt that when these unfortunate Poles who have separated themselves from the universal Church, seriously reflect upon their position they will return to their allegiance to the one Vicar of Christ on earth, as the "Old Catholics" have already, for the most part, done.

CHRISTIAN CREEDS.

In an address delivered by the Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur of New York, before the Baptist Young People's Convention held last week in Montreal, some views were put forth which illustrate strikingly the tendency of the Protestantism of to-day towards unbelief.

Some years ago the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of the Tabernacle, London, England, formally severed his connection with the Baptist Union, because as an association it had lapsed into unbelief, and on the occasion when he announced the severance of the bond which united him with his brother Baptist ministers, he declared that the denomination was rapidly moving on the down grade into the abyss of rank infidelity, and that many of its clergy had already reached the bottom.

The Rev. Mr. MacArthur cannot, perhaps, be ranked as actually an infidel, for he proclaims his belief in the bible as his only guide in religion. Nevertheless the specific principles he uttered cannot be otherwise characterized than as logically and inevitably leading to this conclusion; and from the fact that a number of Baptist clergymen were present, who by their silence at least showed their approbation of the speakers' sentiments, we cannot avoid drawing the inference that latitudinarian opinions have made great headway even among the Baptist clergy in this country.

Dr. MacArthur made a direct attack upon all the positive creeds of Christendom, Protestant and Catholic alike, including those which have been accepted by nearly all Christians, as certainly containing Apostolic and Scriptural doctrine. Thus of the three

best known creeds, the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian, the doctor will accept none, though the 8th Article of the Church of England says they "ought thoroughly to be received and believed, for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture."

We are, of course, aware that the doctor will maintain that he is in no way bound by the Church of England's Articles of Faith, for he belongs to a different denomination. But we must observe that the Church of England as well as himself professes that it has the same standard of belief, of the infallibility and sufficiency of which he boasts, "the bible as its only guide," and the Church of England announces as its reason for accepting the creeds that it does so because their doctrine is provable from the bible, whereas the doctor gives the same authority, the bible, as his justification for rejecting them.

It is self evident that one or other of these conclusions is wrong, and what then becomes of all the sufficient guide upon which both rest equally? It is evidently a delusion. We do not mean by this that the bible is delusive, or that it authorizes these contradictory conclusions—for all Catholics admit it to be the inspired and infallible word of God—but we mean that as the sole guide to religious belief, to be interpreted for himself by each private individual, it is a delusion. It was not written to be our sole guide to faith; it nowhere claims that it should be so accepted; and those who accept it as such are entangled in a labyrinth of contradictory opinions from which no earthly hand can deliver them.

The rejection of the three creeds is not an evidence of a truthful religion. On the contrary, it merely shows that the system of which that rejection is a feature is disposed to cast doubt upon every Christian doctrine. This is further evident from the flippant manner in which all Christian creeds are treated. Thus the learned gentleman says, for we do not dispute his learning though we differ from him in his conclusions:

"Of what practical gain are these creeds to-day? The Baptist denomination has no creed, in the technical sense of the term, and yet with its nearly four million members in America to-day it is more nearly a unit in faith and practice than were the churches which had their 'long and strong creeds.' This is a fact which no intelligent student of current Church history will deny."

This statement of the case is so ludicrously incorrect that we are surprised that a man having the learning of Dr. MacArthur should venture to make it. How can he assert that the Baptists are a unit in faith and practice in America, when it is known to all that there are eight or ten different sects of Baptists between Canada and the United States, to say nothing of England? The Canadian census gives the names of four different Baptist sects, beside those who are enumerated under the general name of Baptists, namely Adventists, Free Will Baptists, Tunkers, and Mennonites, and we know that the Mennonites have recently had a schism on the important question of button-holes and suspenders, so that they are now divided into Buttonites and Hook and Eyeists. Beside all these we know that there are Close and Open Communions, General and Particular Baptists, the New-Connexionists of England, who separated from the older denomination because the latter was merging into Unitarianism. When the four million Baptists of America are divided among these jarring sub-divisions the main body will be so diminished in numbers that we cannot but be surprised at the reverend doctor's claim that the Baptists are the pure and only consistently scriptural, "Catholic," and Apostolic denomination, antedating existing denominational divisions."

In reply to Dr. MacArthur's query, "of what practical gain are these creeds to-day?" we answer, therefore, that they serve to express in a concise manner the principal truths of religion, as Christ revealed them, and thus they contribute towards making Christian people know their religion better. Without these creeds, the impossible task would be imposed on every one to gather as best he could from the various parts of Holy Scripture a knowledge of the fundamental truths which Christ revealed and His Apostles taught. The result of this would be precisely what has happened with the Baptists—the most contradictory dogmas, and in many instances frivolities would be believed to be the actual teachings of the Bible on matters necessary to our salvation.

The three creeds we have already

mentioned, and the dogmatic decrees of the Councils and Supreme Pontiffs of the Catholic Church have had the effect of preserving Catholic unity for nearly nineteen centuries, and at the present moment they are accepted undoubtedly by the two hundred and fifty millions of Catholics who are dispersed throughout the world in every nation, whatever may be their language and social customs. Here is a practical benefit derived from authoritative creeds. There is no room here for being "carried about by every wind" of false doctrine. Surely this is a practical benefit.

Dr. MacArthur admits without hesitation that the Catholic Church is self-consistent, whereas all Protestant Churches, except his own, are inconsistent. He says:

"I must be a Baptist. If I discard this, and take the traditions of men, I could not consistently stop until I had reached Rome. The Catholics are perfectly consistent but unscriptural. Grant their premises, and logically you must adopt their conclusions."

We presume that the premise to which the doctor here refers is that Christ established a visible Church which will never fail to teach the truth. This premise is undoubtedly contained in Holy Scripture, and the doctor admits that from it the truth of the Catholic Church follows. We say, therefore, that the Catholic Church is scriptural as well as consistent. She is consistent to the truth. Truth does not change, but errors are varied to suit the times or the whims of men. It is for this reason that the doctrines of the Catholic Church remain the same throughout the ages, while the sects change theirs from day to day.

Here it is necessary to correct a misrepresentation or mistake of Dr. MacArthur in regard to the acceptance of the Apostles' and the other two creeds we have already named, by the Catholic Church. He says of the Apostles' Creed:

"(O)bjection was had to its title; which while now used with the understanding that it was simply a truthful compend of Apostolic doctrine—that it set forth apostolic principles of faith in God and in His revelation, was intended to convey the idea which the Roman Church now clearly taught, that its clauses were actually contributed by the Apostles."

The Apostles' Creed has its authority in the fact that it has been accepted and used by the Church as a summary of her faith, but nowhere does the Church define that it was written by the Apostles. It is certain that in the course of time some verbal alterations have been made in it, though it still continued to embody the doctrine of the Church, and such is its antiquity that it is certain it was substantially taught by the apostles. Even the Nicene creed was slightly changed by the addition of a word from the original as issued by the Council of Nice, but the change was accepted by the Church, which had in every age the same authority to proclaim the faith as it had when that creed was first written. The faith was not changed by this addition, but it was more clearly proclaimed.

The three creeds express in a compendious form the leading doctrines of the Christian faith, and express the doctrines of the apostles simply but accurately, and they form a bond of union for the Catholic world, as the Church in the East and West alike employs them to express the one faith which is believed and taught by her throughout all countries.

The modern practice of belittling creeds, as followed by Dr. MacArthur, is subversive of Christian faith.

St. Clement of Rome, who is mentioned by St. Paul (Philipp iv, 3), as having his name written in the book of life, and St. Ignatius, also give a detailed account of how the Apostles provided for the continuance of the priestly and episcopal succession that the faith might be preserved. These holy writers who either were the companions and disciples of the Apostles, or who, as in the case of Irenaeus, received their knowledge of the ancient usage from disciples of the Apostles, surely knew the ancient discipline of the Church as well as the Rev. Dr. MacArthur, who lives and teaches his views from seventeen to eighteen centuries later.

THE ELECTIONS.

Returns for the Ontario elections were not in as we went to press. We will in next week's issue give the names of the members returned for each constituency.

To impart the truth to others is not to impoverish one's self; but, like giving another a light, it but returns to illuminate the path of the giver.—The Missionary

A FALLACIOUS ARGUMENT.

It is a matter for astonishment that even the most prominent among the Protestant clergy in their addresses to their congregations, and even in the presence of their ministerial colleagues, in order to sustain the schismatical position, make use of arguments the fallacy of which is so evident that we should suppose that even school-children would not be entrapped or persuaded by them.

But even Homer sometimes sleeps, it is said, and it might occur from time to time that even a learned man may use a frivolous argument. We would then expect that it would be passed over without applause when the audience should be supposed to be at least appreciative enough to estimate it at its true value. But it seems that this is not to be the case when such arguments are used in the interest of Protestantism. We are forced to the conclusion that in this cause valid arguments are scarce, and pitiful ones are therefore applauded in the absence of others.

Thus we read in the report of a ministerial meeting held recently in Boston, at which the Rev. Dr. Berry, who is described as being one of the most popular Baptist preachers in England, delivered an address wherein he at the same time paid a compliment to Boston and put forward an argument to vindicate the position of Protestants generally. He remarked that "they are accused of being guilty of schism, but the schism which helped to make such a city as Boston is a pretty good kind of schism."

This is equivalent to saying that the wealth, architectural beauty, and commercial prosperity, together with a generally diffused education of the people, are sufficient to prove the excellence of the religion with which these are conjoined.

The world's history makes known us that there have been many cities which could boast of these characteristics to quite as full an extent as Boston, if we take into consideration the difference of circumstances, particularly of the time when they flourished.

In the matter of the general diffusion of education, the world had not progressed as it has done during the last three, or even the last century. This is due as much to the fact that the progress of any one age is based upon the knowledge gained during the preceding ages, as to any other cause, and this knowledge has been necessarily increasing during succession of ages which extends back to the beginning of history. To much of the world's knowledge to-day is due to the invention of printing and the subsequent progress made thereby and other arts.

Taking this fact into consideration, the wealth, beauty, and material prosperity of Rome, Athens, and Alexandria, nineteen hundred years were facts as remarkable as the present condition of Boston, and for a period so far back, these cities can fairly boast that, for the age, education was also fairly advanced.

If the Rev. Mr. Berry's argument is a good one to-day, the philosopher those ancient cities would have justified in telling the Apostles preached to them the Gospel of Christ; that their paganism which had duce such cities was a good kind of religion; yet it was the religion of the Apostles were commissioned Christ to overthrow.

A Christian minister ought to be that merely secular knowledge, financial prosperity are not the things whereby the true religion is known, but the fruits of the spirit, especially the love of God, and of neighbor for God's sake. It is the object of the Christian religion to create these duties, though they are incompatible with material progress and advancement. But the latter not to be made the sole or even chief end of man on earth, as the Rev. Mr. Berry and those ministers who plauded his utterances would believe.

Christ has told us that not by alone doth man live; and the important source of life which indicates is not material comfort, wealth or even secular education—every word which cometh from the mouth of God."

We have thought it advisable to dwell thus upon Mr. Berry's argument, because it is one which is appealed to by Protestant controversialists. On the other hand we extend our answer by showing many Catholic countries are behind even in material progress. We may instance Belgium, Austria and the Catholic Church

MARCH 5, 1908

The Priest with the Brogue.

A MINER'S REMINISCENCE. Down by the gulch, where the pickaxe's ring-

Never struck chords with the stream's smothered sighs...

Also a smile. Now no mortal knows whether God has ordained they should travel together.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Second Sunday in Lent. BENEFITS OF A GOOD CONFESSION.

"In Thee, O God, I put my trust; let me not be ashamed."

When our first parents fell from virtue they immediately hid themselves.

There are some who from this very sense of shame go on from year to year making bad confessions...

And now, what shall we say of the peaceful relief and calm repose which follows the shameful confusion of telling dark sins to a priest?

Finally, shame may incline us to omit seemingly little things, small circumstances which, if confessed, indeed would add special malice to the sin.

We cannot lead two lives before God. In His sight our souls are as transparent as the limpid stream that flows down the mountain.

awful picture sink deep into our hearts Let us endeavor to realize something of its tremendous significance.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Straight and firm mark out the furrow Drop therein the golden grain;

Dead to self; intensely loving In the noble throats that move Hearts who weary not in giving.

MAMIE'S PERIL.

BY M. T. R.

If having her own way could have made Mamie White happy then she ought to have been one of the happiest girls in Gowansville.

It was but now 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and Mamie was neither happy nor contented with the working out of her own sweet will.

They skipped lightly down stairs and found the kitchen deserted by all but the big maid up on one side of the long deal table.

"Well, Miss Prim, what shall I say, then?" asked Mrs. White, laughing sarcastically; but, Mamie understood her mother's tone, remained silent.

"Well, that's your plan, Mamie," retorted Mrs. White gravely, "and mine is, that you go and take off that dress at once, and don't you old scrubbing gown, and set to, to help me."

Glad to get even this reluctant permission, Mamie jumped up in a manner unusual to people with headaches, and hurried from the room, while Mrs. White, with a sigh, resumed her work, and cleaned and scrubbed until she felt that she was herself just one ache from head to foot.

doing, to be able to spare a thought to the absent daughter when, suddenly the door flung open, and Mamie, cross and breathless, bounced in without ceremony.

"I never saw such a mean girl as Alice," she exclaimed angrily, "she wouldn't come out with me, as she had some darning to do, and after that, she was going with her father to the gypsy camp, so she begged to be excused, and left me without another word."

"What will you do now?" she asked wearily, hoping her child would volunteer to help her at last.

"I know she'll say no if I ask to go to the camp, so I'll just walk off without asking."

Every day we exert an influence upon our acquaintances—we leave an impression upon every one whom we meet, with whom we talk, with whom we have business, our words, our looks, our manners, our dress, our tones, our thoughts, our principles—our whole personality affects our neighbors.

One day, when walking along a path lined with weeds, I carelessly dropped a tiny seed from my hand, and at the next moment regretted the act, deeming the seed utterly lost.

The gypsies' camp was near the sea, and Mamie, not knowing the way, at length found herself and her pony on the sands about the time when the tide commenced to rise rapidly.

By and by, Mr. Graham judging it time to start for home, gave some money to the gypsies, and bidding them a kindly farewell, he and Alice walked on to meet the carriage which was in waiting for them some yards away.

Alice gazed seaward in calm enjoyment of the mist which hid the waters from even her sharp eyes, while her father whistled a little tune to himself as it were; when suddenly, his daughter somewhat startled him by exclaiming: "Oh, papa! I hear a horse trotting, and it isn't ours, for see," pointing, "how still he is!"

no knowing how soon one would be precipitated from the safety of the land into the deep waters by a misstep, but gratitude will dare much for a benefactor.

Step by step they walked silently towards the spot from which the sound of the horse's trot could yet be heard but they heard nothing else excepting the splash of the angry waves. Then an idea occurred to Mr. Graham.

There is very little to add to this story now—Mamie after her recovery was too much shocked by her nearness to a dreadful death, ever to return to her old idle shiftless ways, and thus her mother never again had cause to complain of being left alone or unaided.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Our Influence.

Every day we exert an influence upon our acquaintances—we leave an impression upon every one whom we meet, with whom we talk, with whom we have business, our words, our looks, our manners, our dress, our tones, our thoughts, our principles—our whole personality affects our neighbors.

One day, when walking along a path lined with weeds, I carelessly dropped a tiny seed from my hand, and at the next moment regretted the act, deeming the seed utterly lost.

Discussions of the Throat and Lung are extremely frequent in this climate, and their danger lies in the opinion too often entertained that they wear themselves out.

They were obliged to acknowledge their error. The child developed into mature life, and was a power in the moral and intellectual world.

It is not a solemn reflection that we are constantly sowing seed for good or evil? Our acts seem so unimportant; one day follows another in quick succession, in their regular routine, varying but little.

Expensive tastes, a pampered body, an untrained mind, unskilled hands, Godlessness and laziness have been the bequests of many a father to a son to whom he had left these legacies at the time when manhood's strength and abilities should have been possessed.

this country, and many a poor man with education and a trained and disciplined will, mind and body, looks down with scorn at the incompetency of such living dead men.

Mr. Graham made Alice shut the shutter of the carriage until he could return, and, while she sat on the soft cushions trembling and fearful, he and the rude men of the forest went away out of sight on their charitable mission.

"Stand a moment!" he cried "I'll try once more! Bruno! Bruno! Bruno!"

Be Resolute.

"Resolution," says John Foster, "is omnipotent." He that resolves upon any great, and at the same time, good end, by that very resolution has scaled the chief barrier to it.

He Discovered a Great Chemist.

"The greatest discovery I ever made," said Sir Humphry Davy, "was Michael Faraday." Faraday carried forward Sir Humphry's purposes and plans beyond his own power.

Lenten Work.

Besides the abstinence and the fasting imposed on us during this holy season by the Church, there are other works, too often disregarded, which chime in perfectly with the spirit of this Lenten time.

Should be your motto when you need a medicine. Do not be induced to take any substitute when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It is not a solemn reflection that we are constantly sowing seed for good or evil? Our acts seem so unimportant; one day follows another in quick succession, in their regular routine, varying but little.

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C. M. B. A.

Branch 26, Montreal. On Monday, 21st inst., Branch 26 gave a very successful picnic at the St. Joseph's Club...

Resolutions of Co-dolence.

London, Ont., Feb. 25, 1898. At a regular meeting of Branch No. 4, London, held in their hall on Thursday, Feb. 24, 1898, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted...

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Rev. Father Halpin, S. J., directed the spiritual retreat of the Sisters of the Holy Family, Niagara Falls, during the week of Lent...

ARCHDIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

On Tuesday, the 23rd inst., St. Patrick's A. S. celebrated the 25th anniversary of the organization of the society, at their hall, 25, Alexander Street...

DIocese of Hamilton.

The Orphan's Festival in Aid of St. Mary's Orphanage, Hamilton-Grand Concert in the Grand Opera House.

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THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CLEARY

Editorial References. Toronto Mail and Empire, Feb. 25. After a brief illness His Grace Archbishop Cleary passed away yesterday at his home in Kingston...

LECTURE BY REV. FATHER BRADY.

At Vespers on Sunday evening, Feb. 27, Rev. F. Brady lectured in St. Mary's, St. Hill Street, on the subject of the Holy Ghost...

OBITUARY.

Mr. JOHN HARRIS, GUELPH. With deep regret we record the demise of Mr. John Harris, who died at 8 o'clock on the night of Feb. 19, after a lingering illness...

MARRIAGE OF A WELL-KNOWN TORONTIAN.

A copy of St. John's, Newfoundland, Telegram of Feb. 1 contains an account of the marriage of a former well-known Torontonian...

BAZAR AT GRAFTON.

A grand bazaar and sale of fancy articles took place at Grafton, under the auspices of the ladies of St. Mary's Church, directed by the worthy pastor, Rev. M. Larkin...

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The Ladies Committee of the Catholic Sailors' Club, Montreal, which has accumulated so much in so short a time and with limited resources, begs of all Catholics at a distance, as well as near, to share in the good work...

THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

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The 13th volume of Hoffman's Catholic Directory, Almanac and Gossip List—Quarterly, published by Hoffman's Directory Co., New York, N. Y., is now ready for sale...

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, March 3.—Wheat—The offerings were fair, but the demand shows very little interest...

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