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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo — Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 17, 1892.

No. 45

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In the matter of the estate of the Right Reverend Timothy O'Mahoney late of the City of Toronto Bishop of Eudocia, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. c. 110, s. 39, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Right Reverend Timothy O'Mahoney, D.D., Bishop of Eudocia deceased who died on or about the 8th day of September, A.D., 1892 are required to deliver or send by post (prepaid) on or before Monday the 14th day of November A.D., 1892 to Frank A. Anglin of the City of Toronto, corner Bay and Richmond streets, Solicitor for the Very Reverend Monsignor Rooney, V.G., executor of the said deceased, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and descriptions and full particulars of their claims with vouchers, if any, verified by Statutory Declaration.

And notice is hereby further given that after the said date the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the estate of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to claims of which he shall then have had notice and the executor will not be liable for any claim or claims of which he shall not have had notice, as above required, at the time of such distribution.

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

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Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 17, 1892.

No. 45

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Notes.

The *Niagara Index* publishes a fine Columbian number. It is full of brief, pithy articles on the life, motives and virtues of the Great Navigator.

The scheme of Home Rule which we elsewhere reproduce, is vigorously denounced by the *Irish World* as incomplete in many ways and unsatisfactory. See what the *World* says.

Cardinal Lavigerie, the warrior apostle of Equatorial Africa, died a couple of weeks ago. His was a heroic character and a glorious mission. We publish a sketch of his life in this issue.

At St. Basil's Novitiate, St. Clair Ave., on Wednesday morning His Grace the Archbishop ordained Rev. Mr. Martin, C.S.B., to the order of priesthood and conferred tonsure on Mr. James Carberry of this archdiocese.

Our Catholic exchanges from the other side speak very confidently of the result of the recent contest with Know-Nothingism into which the parsons plunged them. The *Watchman* calls it "Bigotry's Waterloo;" the *Republic* declares that "Know-Nothingism is buried." We have the articles elsewhere.

The daily papers informed us that the first debate of "Die Raisonnierengesellschaft" of the Jameson Avenue Collegiate Institute was held on Friday afternoon, and that after a sharp contest it was decided that the study of Latin and Greek is more beneficial than that of French and German. It is delight-

ful to have questions like this decided so promptly and plainly. We doubt, however, whether "Die Raisonnierengesellschaft" will get credit for the good work it is doing. Its admirers might have all the good will in the world yet be compelled by fear of lock-jaw or suffocation to omit giving the name of the eminent aggregation whose decision they were quoting.

His Holiness has decided that the six forthcoming beatifications at Rome will be held on the following Sundays: 8th and 22nd January, 3rd February, 5th and 12th March, and 16th April, so as to enable as many of the pilgrims as possible to witness them. The ceremonies will take place in the Aula Maxima over the vestibule of St. Peter's.

The Catholic Truth Society continue to increase their already long list of cheap publications. Among the last we received are: "Miracle," by C. Kegan Paul (24 pp., 1d.); "The Catholic Church," by Rev. W. Gildea, D.D. (24 pp., 1d.); Lecture II. of Canon Brownlow's series (36 pp., 4d.); "Spiritualism," by Rev. Father R. F. Clarke, S.J., (48 pp., 2d.) besides some additional numbers of the "Sevenfold Treasure" and "Biographical Series."

THE EX-PROTESTANTS ARE RESPONSIBLE.

It is not the Poles, the Bohemians, or the French-Canadians who are making America agnostic, but the ex-Protestants over whom the Protestant churches have lost control.—*Catholic Citizen*.

An esteemed friend asks from what *Catholic Citizen* the above which, plus a slight typographical error, by-the-way, appeared in the *Review* a week or two ago) is taken, and whether the editor of the *Citizen* ranks the "ex-Protestants" who became Catholics among the agnostic elements. Really the sense appeared perfectly plain to us; but if he will interpellate the *Citizen* (Milwaukee) he will, no doubt, get particulars.

The *World* wisely says:—The verdict of the coroner's jury in the Thirsk (Yorkshire) railroad accident, censuring the railway company for the long hours of signalmen, ought to draw attention to the urgent need of limiting the hours of railway signalmen by Act of Parliament. Legislation of this kind would be open to none of the objections that apply to similar proposals in connection with other occupations. If a miner is willing to work more hours than is good for him that, it may be urged, is a matter between himself and his employer. But if a railway signalman is willing to work more hours than is good for him it is a matter which concerns the whole community. We have all a direct interest in the safety of railway travelling, and if a signalman is over-tired he may turn a wrong handle and land two trains, with all their passengers, in the horrors of collision.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.—*Franklin*.

THOUGHTS FROM TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

- Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.
- We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet, we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.
- Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,
- But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear;
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.
- I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
- That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more;
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
- The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;
Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the mind:
"It will be hard," they say, "to find
Another service such as this."
- My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze;
- For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of death
And scarce endure to draw the breath
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit;
- But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair and think,
"How good! how kind! and he is gone."
- And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great?
The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief?
- Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not when they moved therein?
- I hold it true what'er befall;
I feel it when we sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
- Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?
- My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;
- This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild poet when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.
- What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;
- 'Twere best at once to sink to place,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.
- And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not, roaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?
- Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us, at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eyes some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue?
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
'There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

--How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

--For who can always act? but he
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be,
Best scorned the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And untivo growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite
Or villian fancy fleeing by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Whose God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And sold with all ignoble use.

BIGOTRY'S WATERLOO.

Not since 1854 has the country been the scene of such political knavery and religious buffonery as during the last presidential campaign. The worst passions, the basest prejudices, the crassest ignorance, the wildest fancies of the American people were appealed to in the vain hope to perpetuate the narrowest administration that ever cursed our country. The Sunday School, the pulpit, the Bible, the Little Red School House, the blue-stocking, the shag-begot, the evangelical squaw-man, the lag-end of every movement and the sink of combination and conspiracy against order and decency—all were brought into the service and all made to contribute to the flood of intellectual and moral nastiness that deluged the country for the past six months. Not in a hundred years before were so many articles written, so many sermons preached on the subject of Rome, the Pope, Catholics and the beliefs and practices of the Church. It seemed that we were confronting a real persecution, and many timorous souls began to look with gloomiest forebodings on the future. Every town from the Lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific was agitated by the issue of America versus Rome. The smaller the town the intenser the strife. Circulars were issued by the car-load and distributed the Lord knows how, but they seemed to drop into everybody's hand whichever way he turned. None knew who wrote them, who printed them or who paid the cost of their preparation. They were distributed in churches, placed in your mail box, or posted on your fence. They were read by nine out of every ten of the sixty-five millions of our people. The preachers were at the bottom of the conspiracy. The circulars bore the ear-marks of their phraseology. The movement was "just like them." We doubt not the same is more or less true of other cities. Bankrupt preachers have been the high-priests of the A. P. A. all over the country.

The result of last Tuesday's election must be very grateful to all Catholics and all lovers of truth and decency, whatever their religious belief. The A. P. A. has been repudiated everywhere. On election day they were nowhere to be found. The men who stood sponsors for the movement were doubtless Orangemen who never took out naturalization papers; the same who threatened the Republicans at Minneapolis with an inundation of a million and a half of adverse Republican ballots if they dared nominate James G. Blaine. They are not Americans nor are they voters.

The American people were deceived by the vapping of these bigots once; they will not repeat the folly. During the years since 1854 they have learned more about Catholics and their religion. The priests have not been idle in any of the paths of mercy. The Sisters of Charity have taught them a lesson in practical goodness that has not been lost. The millions of Catholic money that are annually spent on relief for the poor, the suffering, the widow and the orphan speak eloquently of the phillippies. The people who fill our cities with philanthropy and generosity of Catholics and the old soldiers who till our soil do not go to the preachers to learn what Catholics are doing for humanity. The villainy and hypocrisy of the past few months will return before long to torment their inventors.—*Western Watchman*.

ALMOST BLASPHEMOUS.

Death is not a fit subject for jokes. The news-liners sometimes are very rude and almost blasphemous. Christianity demands respect for Divine Providence and the acts of God.—*Catholic Columbian*.

The Press.

A NEW THEORY AS TO CONVERSIONS.

If brilliancy of imagination be one of the chief requisites for the post of high-priestess of Theosophy, Mrs. Besant will certainly have no difficulty in carrying off the palm from all competitors. Here is a story she has woven of the manner in which Jesuits win converts for the Church. We are sure our readers will be grateful to us for laying before them a tid-bit so highly entertaining: "It is one of their (the Jesuits') practices to gather together, and, sitting in a circle, to concentrate on a particular person, and 'will' him or her into an agreed-on line of action, working by hypnotic suggestion with all the strength of their trained and united wills. Here is the explanation of some of the strange 'conversions' of highly-placed persons that have startled English society during the last few years. The victims are marked down and hypnotised into belief. Another of their practices is for a small group to attend a lecture given by any well-known and 'dangerous' speaker, and to endeavour to hypnotize him or her efficiently to confuse, or, at least, weaken the argument." In a pamphlet on the Jesuits, which Mrs. Besant has just published, there is such an ample store of these intensely amusing fictions that we are seriously thinking of reproducing a few each week, and doing away with our usual column of jokes.—*Catholic Times, Liverpool.*

THEY ARE NOT COLOR-BLINDED.

General Doddé, the gallant commander of the French forces in Dahomey, is partly of African descent, as his complexion and features attest. The fact did not debar him from admission to the French military school and service, nor from well-merited promotion. He has just been made a brigadier-general, and the highest rank is as open to him as to any Caucasian. In the matter of freedom from silly color prejudice the French are about 1,000 years ahead of all English-speaking people, including those of our own enlightened Republic.—*Boston Pilot.*

WE DON'T THINK IT FRIGHTENED THEM.

A new comet, or perhaps it is Biela's old comet—the astronomers are not yet quite certain—was sighted on Nov. 6 and is said to be approaching the earth, head on, at the rate of several thousand miles a second. Unless it be switched off, it will be visible in the heavens within a few days many times larger in appearance than the diameter of the full moon. It may crash into our planet, or it may swerve off. We shall know very soon. Anyhow, it is a good time for delinquent subscribers to settle up.—*Boston Pilot.*

SOMEBODY HAS BEEN FOOLING THE "CITIZEN."

Below are the nine longest words in the English language at the present writing:—

Suticonstitutionalist.
Incomprehensibility.
Philoprogenitiveness.
Honorificabilitudinitas.
Anthropophagarian.
Velocipedestrianistical.
Præantitronsubstationist.
Transubstantiationableness.

—*Catholic Citizen.*

[Only the second, third and sixth are to be found in Webster (1888).—Ed. C. W. R.]

NOT VERY USEFUL ALLIES.

It was not the McKinley Bill nor the Force Bill but the "Romanish" vote, that killed 'Jock Robin, if we may take the assurance of "Nettie Sanford Chapin" in the *Iowa State Register*;—

"At the Minneapolis Convention," she says, "there was a force from the Orangemen, or the American Protective Association, which opposed the nomination of Mr. Blaine, because he was friendly to the Catholics, and Mr. Harrison was renominated. This aroused a deep feeling in that Church, and it has been deeply felt in this election."

The moral of which, Nettie, would seem to be that the Orange and A. P. A. idiots were not very useful allies to the Republican party.—*Boston Republic.*

WHAT THEY WISH TO BE CALLED.

Jews, NOT HEBREWS.—The word Hebrew now has but one meaning, and that is a dead language. We are Jews, because we are adherents of the Jewish religion. Our religion is the only mark of distinction between us and other citizens of this country.

There is an impression in the minds of many non-Jews, even some Jews, that it is courtesy to call us Hebrews, thus implying that there is some stigma attached to the name of Jew. The *Tidings* is constantly seeking to remove this impression. We are Jews, not Hebrews or Israelites.—*Jewish Tidings.*

LOOKING TO ROME.

It looks as if the days of big standing armies were coming to an

end for the tax-burdened European countries that have had to support those immense forces for so many years back. The people are tired of them, and, apprehensive of socialistic uprisings if their present policy be persisted in, the great powers now want the Pope, the universal peacemaker, to counsel a general disarmament.—*Catholic Columbian.*

THEY ARE ALL IN TROUBLE.

These seems to be troublesome times for European governments. One French ministry went to smash last week, Premier Taafé was beaten in the Vienna assembly, and the military bill is still fraught with peril for Caprivi.—*Catholic Columbian.*

AN A. P. A. COMES TO GRIEF.

The action of the Toledo Board of Education in ousting Dr. Scott, the narrow-minded member who had no use for Catholics or Jews as teachers in the public schools, reflects credit on that body. The man who seeks to proscribe any class of law-abiding citizens is unfit to hold public office.—*Catholic Columbian.*

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

The death of Cardinal Lavigerie removes from among men the most heroic figure in the modern world. Not since the days of Peter the Hermit, Saint Bernard, the soldier saint, Louis IX., of France, and the stainless Godfrey de Bouillon, or John Sobieski, of a little later time, has the world seen a man above whose dust the sword and the cross might be so fitly united as over that of Charles Martial Allemand Lavigerie.

There is the clash of arms in his name; and indeed he was terrible as an army with banners, not only to the barbarian traffickers in the flesh and blood of their fellows in Equatorial Africa, but to the timid and temporizing French Government that, despite the advantages of its possessions in Africa and its other resources, would lift no hand for outraged humanity.

Cardinal Lavigerie began his missionary work in Africa among the Arabs. He won his way with souls by that most tangible and persuasive of arguments, care for afflicted bodies. He succored the victims of the pestilence, and adopted their orphans. The nuns he brought from France were good nurses as well as good teachers.

When he penetrated into Equatorial Africa, and, struck by the horrors of the Mohammedan slave-traffic and the internecine warfare of the various tribes, founded the White Fathers, a society of missionary priests for the needy but difficult field, he animated them with his own practical spirit. Still later, his college at Malta for native African missionaries, trained doctors as well as priests.

His missionaries' method was not only to preach the Gospel in the negro towns and settlements, but to purchase from the slave-caravans the old, the sick, the little children, and others who were failing from the hardships of the march, and who, but for Catholic intervention, would be knocked on the head and left on the road to die, as soon as it became evident that they could not keep up with the rest.

Realizing all the time, however, how comparatively little the missionaries could do alone in the putting down of the slave traffic, he called a few years ago on civilized Europe and America, irrespective of religious divisions, to take up the cross of the new crusade for humanity's sake.

He did not rally the well-organized, armed force which he desired, but in a less direct way he so concentrated attention on the awful evils of the slave traffic, that extinction must soon come. Peter the Hermit, holding aloft the cross of the First Crusade, might be well companioned in Christian art by the grand Lavigerie thrilling a crowd of modern French crusaders, as he held up before them the little brown hand which cruel captors had cut from the body of a slave-girl, and beseeching his hearers to fight for the rescue of their fellow-creatures; children of the same Divine Father.

He put into the field last year, to prepare the way for the missionaries and supplement their labors, his new brotherhood—a modern adaption of the idea embodied in the old religious military orders—the armed Brothers of the Sahara.

He was by nature a Democrat. He greatly admired the United States, and longed to visit it. John Boyle O'Reilly was naturally an enthusiastic follower of the work of Lavigerie, and probably the best accounts of it published on this side of the water, appeared in *The Pilot*.

But some of the great Cardinal's warmest admirers were non-Catholics, as Whittier and the late Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, of Boston.

The great work he began and carried so far, will undoubtedly suffer by the death of Cardinal Lavigerie; but it cannot fail; he set it on too firm a foundation. May he rest in peace.—*Boston Pilot.*

GENTLEMEN,—I think your valuable medicine cannot be equalled, because of the benefit I derived from it. After suffering from head ache and loss of appetite for nearly three years I tried B.B.B. with great success. It gave me relief at once, and I now enjoy good health.

Mrs. MATTHEW SNOUL, Dungannon, Ont.

FAILURE.

Fail—yet rejoice; because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart shall throb in rest content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great instrument;

That even the discord in thy soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be that when all is light,
Deep set within that deep delight
Will be to know why all was right;

To hear life's perfect music rise,
And while it floods the happy skies,
Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil
Thy little part. This darkness still
Is light to every loving will.

And trust as if already plain,
How just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another fuller gain.

—Adelaide Proctor.

CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

ROYAL SUPREMACY THE CHIEF MAINSTAY OF THE "REFORMATION."

1. Whatever theories are put forward for the fall of England, I have no hesitation in fixing on one cause for that lamentable fact. That cause was the Royal Supremacy. It was the claim of the Crown to headship in Church and State that made England, and has kept England, Protestant. Abuses in the Church there were. They existed in former ages. When St. Swithin went to Winchester he found the monks in a bad state; perhaps in a worse state than anywhere in the sixteenth century. There were kings equal to Henry VIII. in ferocity. King William Rufus and King John were as bad, if not worse. There were pusillanimous bishops, flatterers, sycophants in former times, who cringed and were mere tools of the Crown in tyranny. But at the "Reformation" a new principle was introduced, and it worked its way and bloomed forth into what we call the Royal Supremacy. The Crown became bicephalous, like one of the monsters of the Apocalypse. The evils that flowed from this new tyranny are impossible to enumerate. It was an innovation and it created a new world.

2. Without the Royal Supremacy the "Reformation" could never have been accomplished. The heretics knew this well. They never ceased to lean upon and screen themselves under the Civil Power. They put their Thirty-Nine new-fangled Articles in the smile of Elizabeth. They placed their garbled Bible in the smile of the "most dread Sovereign" James. They glorified the Civil Power, they worshipped tyrants, they took not one step out of the security of its protection. The Royal Supremacy gave what the cause of rebellion and disorder had lacked in former times. It gave the sanction of public law and civil authority. Henry had never yet had these things. In the consequences that followed we see the results of the error condemned in the Syllabus of Pius IX. Church and State ought not to be separated. The function of the State is to support the true Church. The success of the Protestant heretics is therefore not surprising. It may be said that their success consisted in thus gaining the civil power. But we feel sure that no motive save that of self-interest would have urged Elizabeth to take up their cause. She was, as Green says, more inclined personally to the Catholic party, and in her individual principles she was indifferent in religion. But she was a tigress for her own prerogative, and she fixed her claws deep in that liberty which England had never ceased to boast of. The Crown thus suppressed opposition and insured success to the Protestant party. The "Reformation" was not a religious movement. It was step towards indifference on the people's part, on the part of the Crown, and chiefly, it was an aggression, a step in aggrandisement.

3. Nothing is more tragic in history than the rapid decline of power of the English Crown since the "Reformation." No sooner had the heretics triumphed than they turned upon their idol and simply smashed it to atoms. The first generation of English Protestants deposed and beheaded their king. The next generation placed the Crown under a purely Parliamentary title. The Crown holds its authority, at the will, express and formal, of Parliament. And the power of the Crown, where is it? For sixty years not even a veto upon any single bill has been expressed, and it would not, indeed, be tolerated. The retribution upon the guilty usurpation has been complete and terrible. Not a shadow remains of Tudor domination. It is a point freely debated whether the Crown shall go or stay, and it is

generally acknowledged that this is a mere matter of convenience. Throughout the last centuries the most loyal to the Crown have been the Catholics, the disloyal have been the Protestants.

4. I am not arguing upon the theory of civil rule. I do not say that this is a good or bad change. Certainly if the world is getting tired of kings it must be owned that their tyranny and stupidity are getting insupportable. I refer only, however, to a fact. The Royal Supremacy of the Crown at present is widely different from the idea cherished in the minds of Henry and Bess. The Crown sinned and the Crown has been punished and humbled. It threw away the sanctions which upheld its just authority, and its folly has recoiled upon itself. There is no longer any such thing as the Royal Supremacy such as Henry evoked and Elizabeth clutched. It has vanished. The Crown of England exists on sufferance. People rejoice at this fact. If, indeed, it be a matter of rejoicing, the reason is that rulers of the excellent, primal, normal type are gone. Kingship is capable of being raised up again, but not by those who transgress the just limit of earthly authority. Their tyranny stabs themselves and ends in their own doom.

5. The Royal Supremacy is yet alive and strong. If it does not exist in a regal form it is found in principle in another shape. The mob wishes to take up what the Crown has lost. And the same usurpation which created Protestant England is undoubtedly willing and anxious to keep it alive. The principle of the Royal Supremacy has two issues, one of active persecution, the other of indifference. The first issue goes forth conquering by force. It stamps out and slays. The other displays itself in a hostile ignoring of all supernatural claims, assumes to itself, as of course, the whole direction of affairs. The latter is the modern form of the supremacy. It is more proper to a democracy, and in England it is active and powerful. Indeed we have not gained much that the Crown has lost. We hear much about the people, but what gain is it, if the people are corrupt? To be ruled by a Protestant mob is bad, and perhaps worse than being ruled by a Protestant Crown. King Mob is many and invulnerable. As the power of the Pope passed to the King and was corrupted into tyranny, so has the tyranny of the Crown passed to the people and threatens to be corrupted into cruelty. A king may be bad, but he is one, and must act by policy; a mob is many, and acts by impulse and force. The divinity of the strongest and of the majority is the last oppressive stage of the Royal Supremacy. It may be said that we are not yet in the last ditch. No, but the principle is there, is owned and claimed, and seeks for an opportunity. That opportunity will be its axe, and its aim what remains of spiritual dignity, justice, and liberty.

6. As we gaze along the track of our English Church, it may appear strange that no attempt was ever made, apparently, to induce the Crown to surrender its unlawful supremacy. Many abandoned it, but on its resumption nothing seems to have been avowedly done with that object. Our writers and controversialists content themselves over minor controversy with the Church of England. Little was attempted with the Dissenters and less with the Crown. No one seems to have tried to convert the Crown from its evil ways. It is not for us to find fault with this method of work at the present day. Whether a petition to the Crown or Parliament is of any use now would of course be a matter of dispute, and probably the negative conclusion would be followed. But no one will deny that the matter must arise some day, and that there is no such danger in reviving and debating the subject now as there was in the sixteenth century. Why should not the Crown formally relinquish a claim which is a source of weakness to it, which can never be used, and which can be given up with a good grace and with credit to itself? The principle of the Royal Supremacy is indeed changing its form, but the change is not yet perfect, and a happy issue would be hastened by an act on the part of the Crown which it can perform, but which will shortly be out of its power. Perhaps it may appear folly to expect such a thing. The way, however, not to get it is not to expect it. The way of faith is the path to success.

7. The importance of such a formal renunciation becomes clearer and clearer the more we realize its necessity. It was the Royal Supremacy which made England Protestant; England will only become Catholic by its formal repudiation. We have not fully grasped the situation yet. There are many ways, no doubt, of converting the nation. The first and most obvious means is by the conversion of individuals. But that is not the last or the highest stage. The Crown and consummation must come by formal public action. The question then arises whether the last stage is not at hand. Should we not aim at a formal recantation of error? Why should the generous instincts of the Crown be despaired of? Is the Sovereign the only one to be left out of our scheme for the conversion of England? This at least is certain, that success is promised only to those who have faith, and that a large hearted, comprehensive endeavor is the road to success. Narrow views, low aims, have their own partial reward. Why should we not now in these days when the field is open, aim at the highest good and strive at the undoing of that worst of all evils in England—the Royal Supremacy in matters of religion?—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

THE HOME RULE BILL.

ALLEGED SUMMARY OF GLADSTONE'S MEASURE FOR IRELAND.

From New York we have the following:—Probably the most interesting piece of news that has transpired for a long time in connection with the future of Irish Home Rule has been made public.

It is a complete outline of the plan Mr. Gladstone proposes to offer to the British House of Commons as a solution of the problem of Ireland's self government which has confronted the English Government for so long.

The details, as they are presented, may be accepted as authentic. They are Mr. Gladstone's ideas, and he will submit them in the Home Rule Bill he is now framing.

This assurance comes through an autograph letter written by a gentleman who is very close to Gladstone.

The plan and the arguments to sustain it are as follows;

The right of Ireland to Home Rule has been admitted by all political parties, and is, indeed, based upon the fundamental principle of the British Constitution.

But what is right may not always be expedient. This is the only solid ground of opposition to Home Rule—that is to say, only in the event of specific allegations of expediency being disposed of by the particular measure of Home Rule proposed.

The allegations of inexpediencies of Home Rule for Ireland are as follows;—

1. Ulster—It is contended that a Parliament, elected from the whole of Ireland, would dominate Ulster in an intolerable manner.

2. Catholicism—It is contended that an Irish Parliament will be the tool of a Roman Catholic hierarchy, and will be intolerable to the Protestants of Ireland.

3. Landlordism—It is contended that an Irish Parliament will confiscate the property of the large landowners, a class that includes many Englishmen and English corporations.

4. Imperial safety—It is contended that an Irish Parliament will mean the creation of a hostile and dangerous enemy on the very coast of England.

5. The purse—It is intended that any contribution by Ireland to the Imperial Exchequer will be regarded as intolerable tribute.

6. Minor questions—It is contended that the inter-relations of Ireland and Great Britain have become so complex and innumerable by the long continued fusion of families, of business affairs between the two countries that it will surpass the art of man to dis sever the nations in any just and practicable manner.

That these are serious difficulties must be conceded by every calm observer; that they are not so insuperable is not so manifest.

Indeed, it appears possible to frame a measure of Home Rule that will surmount them all.

THE PLAN IN DETAIL.

For example, let the measure make of Ireland a dominion divided into four provinces, viz.: Ulster, Munster, Connaught and Leinster.

Let each province have its own House of Representatives, elected by manhood suffrage and equal electoral districts, and let each House of Representatives elect a number (proportioned to the population of the province) of life senators to meet in Dublin and there constitute an Irish Senate.

Let each province have a Governor, appointed by the Crown, and let the Governor of Leinster be also the President of the Irish Senate.

Let all the acts of a provincial Parliament or of the Irish Senate be subject to the veto of the Governor until passed a second time by some stipulated considerable majority, and let each Governor have the power of dissolving and convoking the provincial Parliament.

Let each provincial Parliament have the full power of the government of an American State, and let the Irish Senate have the full powers of the United States Federal Government, with the following limitations:—

A. No armed forces, fortresses, arsenals or ships of war to be created or maintained, other than such as may be appointed by the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland.

B. No relations with foreign powers to be established except as arranged by the Imperial Parliament.

C. No taxes to be imposed upon commerce between Ireland and any other British country.

D. No legislation by either Senate or provincial parliament to take place in violation of personal liberty or personal freedom, or religious belief and thought, or in confiscation of private property.

E. The constitutionality or otherwise of any legislation, whether by the Irish Senate or any provincial Parliament, to be subject to the adjudication of the judicial committee of the Privy Council.

F. The sovereignty of the Crown to be maintained, and any decision of the Crown in council to be enforced by warrant addressed to the Governor of a province.

Let Ireland be represented in the Imperial Parliament by say, 80 members, 20 being elected by the people of each province.

This measure of Home Rule would dispose of before-mentioned objections thus:

1. Ulster—No domination by the remainder of Ireland would exist.

2. Catholicism—No Roman Catholic domination would exist in Ulster, and the ascendancy of Protestantism in that province would act as a salutary check upon hostility in Leinster, Connaught and Munster, partly by emulation in prosperity and peace, and partly by the fear of retaliation.

3. Landlordism—Sheer confiscation would be disallowed by the judicial committee of the privy council. Virtual confiscation, terrorism, boycotting, etc., if allowed by any provincial law would, when attempted to be justified by citation of such law, lead to an appeal to the judicial committee, and if really in contravention of the Constitution of the Provincial Government, that is, as limited by the aforesaid declaration of personal rights, would be disallowed.

4. Imperial safety—Even if Leinster, Connaught and Munster were hostile to England they would remain unarmed, and would, more over, have to reckon with Ulster.

5. The purse—If on the occasion of each budget of the Imperial Parliament, an Irish contribution were included among the revenue items, this would be a matter of discussion, and would be voted upon by the Irish members with the rest. It would assume the form of an ordinary tax sanctioned by Ireland, and would then be included in the budget of the Irish Senate. It would not necessarily be a fixed amount or even a fixed quota.

Minor questions—The objection under this head is a vague generality. Specific cases will be no more difficult to deal with than they are found to be in the case of the colonies.

JAY GOULD'S GRAVE.

Were notoriety fame, the millionaire whose ashes were a few days ago consigned to their kindred clay would have been noted in history as one of America's most distinguished men. Yet never was friendless pauper buried in Potter's field where society felt more truly that all there was of him was buried forever when the sods were turned over his earthly remains than when that which in life had been JAY GOULD was consigned to the tomb.

Patriots and philanthropists have been millionaires, and that GOULD was wealthy will not be charged to his discredit. Had his faculties and opportunities been employed to make the world better it was in his power to carve his name on the roll of honor among the benefactors of mankind. He chose instead to reap his golden harvest from the perils of his country and the necessities of his fellow men. In this his name assumed a form and a meaning in the minds of the people as the personification of all the evils and the dangers of riches in the hands of unbridled avarice, and in that form it worked a mischief in the community which the good example of ten thousand could not undo. It became an ever present suggestion of hatred and disaffection, widening the breach between the rich and poor and straining the bonds of social order to their utmost tension. It was the constant text of the Anarchist in his harangues against our social system, his talisman of hate by which he hoped to spread the flames of revolution.

But Christian charity has no hate for individuals. Its warnings are uttered against the evils that men do. It remembers that we must all one day render an accounting for ourselves, and it recognizes the right of sanctuary in the grave. JAY GOULD has builded his own monument; let him now lie beneath its shadow.—*Irish World*.

The word "catholic."—The word "catholic" was first used in the Apostles' Creed when it says, "I believe in . . . the holy, catholic church." Its next use was by Ignatius, who is said to have been an apostle of St. John. Ignatius succeeded Evodius as Bishop of Antioch, and suffered martyrdom in the year one hundred and seven A.D. He used the word in this sentence: "Wherever Jesus Christ is, there is the catholic church." St. Augustine A.D. four hundred, says: "The very name of catholic holds me in the Church."

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 14th a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto, not later than the 29th of each month, and marked "Competition;" also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in the *Toronto Mail* on first Saturday in each month.

QUINSY CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—I used to be troubled with quinsy, having an attack every winter. About five years ago I tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil, applying it inside my throat with a feather. It quickly cured me and I have not since been troubled. I always keep it in the house.

Mrs. J. M. LEWIS, Galley Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Sunday is a day of worship; it is also a day of repose, a day of enjoyment. The whole day cannot be spent in the church, and they who labor six days in the week, in the grime of factories and of mines, should not be asked to shut themselves in darkened rooms on the day on which Christ lifted the gloom of death from the all-hoping heart of man.—BISHOP SPALDING.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling Bishop of Hamilton.

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Late Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Manager.

Lock Box 2523. Telephone No. 1613.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, Dec. 17, 1892

Business Notice.

The amalgamation of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW and the *Irish Canadian* into the CATHOLIC REGISTER compell our closing up all outstanding accounts. Subscribers in arrears must settle by end of this month. See notice of CATHOLIC REGISTER.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

For some time past negotiations have been in progress looking to the amalgamation of the *Irish Canadian* and the CATHOLIC REVIEW, the object being the establishment of a Catholic journal thoroughly representative of Catholic opinion in Canada, and worthy of the place such an organ should occupy in the journalistic world. The projected union is soon to take place and the "CATHOLIC REGISTER" will be the resultant. It will be a journal strictly devoted to the furtherance of the interests of the Catholic Church in Canada, and under able editorial management will make its influence felt in behalf of the cause which calls it into existence.

The business of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW will be in due time transferred to the CATHOLIC REGISTER, prepaid subscriptions to the REVIEW being good to the end of their date for the new paper. The business management of the new paper remains in the hands of managers of the papers amalgamated.

EVEN HE CONDEMNS THEM.

The Editor of the *Chicago Israelite* unites with the more sober members of the Protestant community in condemning the anti-Catholic crusade inaugurated during the recent electoral fight in the United States. He says:—The American Protective Association has succeeded in making itself peculiarly offensive during the recent campaign. This organization is a direct descendant from the old Know-Nothing body, and is, if anything, more bigoted than its progenitor. At the present time its chief animus seems to be directed against the Catholics, but there is no telling at what moment it may endeavor to disfranchise every one not connected with the Protestant Church. It is hard to believe that in almost every State of the Union thous-

ands of men are banded together, pledged to vote against any Catholic who may be a candidate for office. Yet such is the case, and there is no doubt that in certain sections these bigots exercise a great deal of influence. Right here, in the State of Illinois the association has prevented the nomination, or defeated the election, of quite a large number of candidates. The *American Israelite* (Cincinnati) is also very outspoken. Of course (he says) these narrow-minded, parson-ridden relics of the silurian age of puritanism claim that a Catholic can not be a patriot, that he owes his first allegiance to the Pope, and would allow the church to dictate to him his policy as a citizen of the United States. This illiberal conviction, which was so general a century, and even less, ago among all Protestant nations, is still quite widespread, as witness the recent outbreak in London. I have often been in the company of Protestants when no Catholic was present, and have heard men of apparent intelligence express themselves to this effect.

Of Catholics, as citizens, he has to say "I have known a great many Catholics personally, and some intimately, and have to meet the first one yet who is not fully as patriotic as any Baptist, Presbyterian or Methodist."

WITH ALL HER BIBLE DING.

A Sunday or two ago Rev. P. Clifton Parker was lecturing in a Baptist Church here, on juvenile criminality and its causes and cures, &c. In the course of his remarks he mentioned that at the meeting of the Ministerial Association on the previous Monday some of the pastors gave as reasons of this juvenile criminality and depravity, "Lack of Bible teaching in the schools and secondly, lack of pulpit teaching in relation to home life in the churches." He declared that he believed neither of these reasons had anything to do with the subject. Taking up the first, he said, "Look at Scotland—the most religious nation on the earth—where the Bible formed a part of the daily teaching, yet the average of crime in Scotland was greater than in Canada, whilst the nationality of this country was a much more restless one and thus more susceptible to temptation. "I love Scotland," said he, "I was born in the land, yet it is true her record is not equal to ours, with all her daily Bible teaching."

WOULD HAVE BEEN FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Examples have never been wanting of the fidelity with which priests observe the absolute secrecy of the confessional. Every Catholic knows that the secrecy of the confessional is *absolute*; that is, that it can not be violated FOR ANY CAUSE. Not to save his own life, or a life even dearer to him than his own, can the priest, by word or act, convey to another an intimation, however slight, of any sin confessed to him as the minister of the Sacrament of Penance, even though he have certain knowledge, from the confession itself, or even otherwise, that the person who has so confessed was in the very act of a sacrilegious confession.

There are other kinds of secret. There is the *natural* secret, the ordinary obligation arising from the communication to any one, by accident or even by design, of the secret of another. That natural secret may not be (without sin) violated unless justice demand, or charity require its violation. There is the *promissory* secret, which has place when a man, freely and lawfully, binds himself by word of honor or even by oath to observe secrecy regarding information which has already been conveyed to him, whether by accident or by design. It brings in, besides the natural secret, which is always involved, the obligation so undertaken. There is again the secret *committed* to one's keeping with the tacit or expressed *condition* of secrecy. The observance of this secret is, by the moral law, more rigidly binding than even the promissory secret, for there is, for

its observance, a CONTRACT, expressed or implied, which induces a new obligation. Of this class are all professional secrets, which include secrets committed, voluntarily or involuntarily, to physicians, lawyers, professional men generally, experts of every kind, when they are consulted on the matters in which they are expert; or when they are called in, even accidentally, for the exercise of their profession. This secret is, by the common law of nations, privileged in the courts. And rightly so. For unless one were free—without fear of discovery, to disclose his mental or physical troubles to experts in one or the other class, medication would become impossible. Whether and when, in any given case, a professional man may, to save life for instance, violate the secret committed to him is outside our question. But the perfect, the COMPLETE, the ABSOLUTE secret, whose violation neither charity nor justice nor any law can demand, nor any consideration of personal peril, however grave, can justify, is the secret of the *Confessional*.

How marvellously well that secret has, through the ages past, been kept, is proved by the very fact that they who vilify the Church of God and its ministry, have never alleged the violation of it. That secrecy has had its martyrs the world over, but it has never had a traitor. Some of its martyrs have been raised by the church to the honor of her altars, but there are thousands who have suffered, died even, for its sake, the very principle for which they were dying shrouding their heroism from every eye but the eye of God.

From time to time a hero of that noble band comes to light. It never can be by act of his, for that were treason to his obligation. But the providence of God does sometimes permit the manifestation of His servants' loyalty to duty. Here is a recent case. The Abbe Dumoulin, a French priest of the Diocese of Aix, is on his way home from New Caledonia, where he has been a convict for more than two years on a false charge of murder and robbery. Within the last few months the real murderer has come forward and convinced the police of the truth of his declaration that he committed the crime, and so concealed the body that suspicion was thrown upon Abbe Dumoulin. The murderer also declares that he confessed the killing to the priest, thus absolutely sealing his lips. And the martyr, Dumoulin, went to serve his life-sentence in Caledonia with the secret in his bosom which not even death itself would have torn from it.

A BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS.

We wish most earnestly to bring to the notice of our readers the "Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin" by the Blessed Grignon de Montfort; an English translation of which, made by the late Father Faber, is now in its seventh edition.

That the book was written by one who has been Beatified is alone a great recommendation in the eyes of all good Catholics, especially those who remember the saying of St. Alphonsus about reading books the names of the authors of which begin with an "S." That it is a book about Our Lady is a sufficient guarantee to the pious Catholic that it must contain something consoling and joy-giving, and that the translation was made by Father Faber is a warrant that the work will read as well in English as in the original French.

The "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin" has been fiercely attacked by Protestants, and by other enemies of the Church of God. This, to the sincere Catholic, is but an argument in its favor. A work that excited the bitter opposition and indignation of non-Catholics and of Jansenists in the last century must have something deserving the careful consideration of the faithful children of the Church. Dr. Vaughan (the present Archbishop of Westminster), in a letter to the clergy of his diocese of Salford written in 1888, has the following to say

about the book: "I remember reading it (the 'True Devotion') when Father Faber published his English translation of it in 1862, not long before his own death. And I well remember how enthusiastically Monsignor Newsham, the venerable and beloved President of Ushaw College, wrote about it and recommended it in all directions. I had not read it again till last summer, when it fell in my way apparently by accident. I then gave a whole week to the constant and exclusive study of it, and have been frequently reading it ever since. One result of this study has been a full realization of Father Faber's words: 'I would venture to warn the reader of this Treatise,—these are his words—'that one perusal will be very far from making him a master of it. . . . After repeated readings of it, its novelty never seems to wear off, nor its fulness to be diminished, nor the fresh fragrance and sensible fire of its unction ever to abate.' And another result was to get it reprinted, in order that I might place a copy of it in the hands of every priest in the diocese, with a counsel not to be satisfied, as I had been twenty years ago, with one perusal of it, but to read it repeatedly, so as to experience personally the transformation it is capable of working in the soul." Shortly after his removal to the See of Westminster to succeed Cardinal Manning, Dr. Vaughan presented a copy of the "True Devotion" to each of the priests of his new diocese, earnestly advising them to study the book and make it known to their people.

How this extraordinary and, we may say, almost inspired book grows upon the reader is shown in a most remarkable manner by its effects upon the reverend translator himself. In a letter to a friend Father Faber said, speaking of this work: "I made an attempt to model my own life on his (Blessed Grignon de Montfort's) devotion to the Blessed Virgin. But I could not do so without great violence and much interior suffering. It is a great delight to me that the *Nihil obstat* of the Congregation of Rites testifies that all is right. But with my present low attainments I am unable to embrace it. I am delighted with the book, with its sweet sensible unction, and its glorious fire, and I owe much to it in the way of increased devotion to Our Lady. But parts jar me beyond what I can tell you; and after twice studying the report of the proceedings in the '*Analeccta Juris Pontificii*,' I cannot but feel that, while the answer of the '*Avvocato dei Santi*' proves that the objections establish nothing in him against faith or morals, it does no more. It fails to bring the teaching home to me as acceptable doctrine." This letter was written by Father Faber on the 23rd January, 1862.

How completely he had changed his mind on the subject before the close of that same year is apparent from the burning words of his preface: "I cannot think of a higher work or a broader vocation for any one than the simple spreading of this peculiar devotion of the venerable Grignon de Montfort. Let a man but try it for himself, and his surprise at the graces it brings with it, and the transformations it causes in his soul, will soon convince him of its otherwise almost incredible efficacy as a means for the salvation of men, and for the coming of the Kingdom of Christ. Oh, if Mary were but known, there would be no coldness to Jesus then. Oh, if Mary were but known how much more wonderful would be our faith, and how different would our communions be!"

This is the season for the consideration of the wondrous union of Jesus and Mary, which De Montfort labored in love to set forth. Another thought at once presents itself. All the world has but now been celebrating the pious memory of a lover of Mary, whose incessant thought was '*Jesus cum Maria*,' 'Jesus and Mary.' We shall therefore endeavor to reproduce in our next issue some extracts from this exquisite "Treatise." Jesus and Mary are Christmas words. Columbus, valiant old Catholic as he was, expressed the full Christian idea, in the oft-quoted invocation with which he commenced, and in the strength of

which he carried out against all earthly odds, his enterprise—
(what a type of all human life that voyage was !):

Josus cum Maria
Sit nobis in via.

C.

EXQUISITE SARCASM.

We have not for a long time met so perfect a piece of scientific humbugging as the following. It is from the *Pilot*. Our own Wiggins comes in for his share of it.

Astronomer Snyder, of Philadelphia, says that the earth collided with a comet and knocked it into impalpable smithereens (to use a scientific expression) on the night of Nov. 23. Whereupon, Astronomer and Prophet Wiggins of Ottawa, Canada, rises to remark that if the earth had collided with a comet, it, the earth, would be where the Republican party now is, in less than twenty minutes. Comets, according to Br'er Wiggins, are not gaseous nebulae but solid bodies like the earth itself, being "positively electrified" as the sun and planets are. Every now and again their store of electricity gets low, and they make a home run (speaking again in the language of science) to the sun, where they get recharged and sail off into space for a fresh cruise. Sometimes they tarry too long at the electrical source and get overcharged, as happened to Biela's comet some years ago, when that amiable luminary, its own worst enemy, burst into two parts and went to the dog stars generally. Astronomer Wiggins appears to know all about comets, but like all theorists, he offers no plan for altering their dissipated orbits.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM BURIED.

The Know-nothing societies of the country took an active part in the campaign which ended last Tuesday. From every section of the country we heard reports of their un-American methods and efforts. Tons of circulars were sent out from the headquarters in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Boston beseeching the brethren to support the Republican party because it was the enemy of the "Romish" Church. In the lodges the word was passed along to use every endeavor to defeat Cleveland and the Democratic candidates in general. Boasts were made of the vast influence which the bigots could exert if they acted in concert and massed their votes.

The elections are over, and we fail to find any indication of the slaughter they promised. Indeed, the only damage they inflicted was upon their friends Benjamin Harrison and Messrs. Morgan and Dorchester, of the Indian bureau. The people of the United States had no time to stop and consider the appeals of these pestiferous fanatics. They had something far more serious on hand. They were engaged in the work of rescuing their government from the clutches of a select coterie of favored monopolists who had made a bold and open attempt to perpetuate their grip upon the throats of 65,000,000 Americans by bribery, force and fraud. The piping cries of the bigots were drowned in the great roar of indignant protest which went up against this horde of robbers.

Among the things to be thankful for as resulting from the great tidal wave of Tuesday is the fact that the Know-nothings were buried out of sight. The presence of these creatures in a free country is an anomaly. Their success would be a menace to free institutions and a contradiction of our constitutional guarantee. Their set back is as healthy a sign as is the rout of McKinley, Reed, Harrison & Co.—*The Republic*.

A WINTER COURSE OF STUDY.

The promoters of the Catholic Summer School, which was attended with such magnificent success, announce a winter course of study. The object of the course is to enable Catholics who have not had the advantages of Catholic collegiate or university training to become familiar with the Catholic aspects of the various important questions in the different departments of knowledge that engage public attention to-day.

METHODS.

Courses of study will be carefully mapped out for the guidance of subscribers. In these courses various books bearing on the subject will be indicated, and an appreciation of the same given, together with suggestions that will tend to make the reading of the books more profitable. The method of work will be as follows: The course will embrace lectures on Sacred Scripture, Evidences of Religion, Mental Philosophy, Natural Science and Revealed Religion, the Fine Arts, History, Literature and Pedagogy. These lectures will be printed monthly, and sent to each subscriber for the private use of that subscriber. If any questions are proposed concerning the matters treated of in these lectures, they will be answered in connection with the lectures of the succeeding month.

FACULTY.

These lectures will be written by eminent Catholic scholars whose

position and reputation will be a guarantee of sound Catholic and philosophical teaching. The following gentlemen have already signified their willingness to be identified with this work, and will be the heads of the different faculties: The Very Rev. A. F. Hewitt, D.P., C. S. P., Superior of the Congregation of St. Paul, and lecturer at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Professor Maurice F. Egan, LL. D., Professor of English Literature at the University of Notre Dame, Ind.; Rev. James Doonan, S. J., of Boston College, Boston, Mass. Besides these, other specialists will be secured so as to have each faculty composed of a number of scholars of reputation and ability, whose work will secure thoroughness. All information can be had from Warren E. Mosher, Esq., Editor of the Catholic Reading Circle Review, (the organ of the summer school) Youngstown, Ohio.

THE ALLEGED PLAN OF HOME RULE.

"IRISH WORLD" EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

It would be curious indeed, if it proved to be the fact that Mr. Gladstone's plan of Home Rule first made its way to the public knowledge through an American newspaper. But some of the London newspapers tell us that a plan first known to them by a synopsis of it being telegraphed back from New York to London is authentic.

I find it impossible to believe that the plan is an authentic one, and that on several grounds: (1) it practically concedes to Mr. Chamberlain's demand that Irish Home Rule shall take the shape of local provincial legislatures, rather than of a National legislature meeting in Dublin. And it makes provision for an abundant harvest of quarrels between these provincial "parliaments" and the National "Senate;" (2) the proposal, "Let each provincial parliament have the full power of the Government of an American State, and let the Irish Senate have the full powers of the United States Federal Government, with the following limitations," etc., never could have found its way into any State paper, drafted by an English Prime Minister, or at his instance, "The Americanization of our institutions" would be a fine cry for the Unionist opposition if it did. And with Mr. Bryce's book within reach, Mr. Gladstone would not be capable of suggesting a parallel between a federal system that grew out of a previous sovereignty and independence of the States, and one created from above by Act of Parliament. Is any province of Ireland to have exclusive jurisdiction over its marriage and divorce laws, its bankruptcy laws, its road system, its school system, its police system, its suffrage laws, its criminal code, and all the other matters we leave to the States? As to investing the National Senate with the powers to do everything our National Government can do except maintain an army or navy, establish diplomatic relations, and tax commerce, the proposal is absurd. Is the Senate of Ireland to coin money, to issue Treasury notes, to levy excise duties, to control the post-office system, to establish a patent office, and the other scores of duties and powers assigned to our National Government?

My own conjecture is that this document is a loosely-drafted scheme by some friend of the present administration, which some member of the Cabinet said was "well worth considering, or something of the sort. With this kind of vague endorsement it grew in its author's esteem until he was ready to impart it to some American correspondent as the very thing Mr. Gladstone means to do.

The plan is unsatisfactory, of course; but so will the real plan be found to be. That Mr. Gladstone is in a position to offer Ireland a Home Rule plan which will do justice to her national aspirations and establish permanent peace between her and England, I do not believe. He certainly will have to offer much less than he would like to give. He cannot but be hampered by the miscellaneous body which constitutes his following. The real question for the friends of Ireland is whether the "half a loaf" the Gladstone Cabinet is baking is worth the taking. In that view its chief merit will be as a possible stepping-stone to a larger measure of independence for Ireland. A finality it will not be, and Irishmen, both in and out of Parliament, should be on their guard against making any admission on that score. A help to a finality better than itself it certainly may be.

The first thing to demand is an adequate mouthpiece for the Irish nation. Ireland needs an official voice to proclaim her wrongs and publish the evidence of them. Her Land League and her National League have been useful, but they necessarily had a partisan character which tended to rob them of their proper influence. An Irish parliament, freely and formally elected by the whole Irish people and empowered to speak for them, will be a better substitute for voluntary associations and

will have a weight far beyond that of the Leagues. It will have more weight because its conclusions will be reached in the face of frank criticism from the minority, who will have to substantiate their objections in the face of intelligent criticism. And it is far from impossible that when Irishmen of all classes and ways of thinking meet in a national parliament they will come to an understanding with each other as they have not had since the days of Grattan. They may come to see that they have a common interest in their country's welfare and that England is the hereditary enemy of Irish prosperity. In truth there is no ground for any lasting quarrel between Irishmen of any creed or class. Tenant and landlord, Nationalist and Orangeman, have at bottom the same interests, and when they come together under the restraints of orderly debate they will find that they are not nearly so far apart as they had supposed. Even in warm debate, as in the hot encounters of war, men learn a respect for each other which they might not have felt under conditions that kept them at a distance. It is non-combatants, not soldiers at the front, who do the hating.

A second thing to require of a Home Rule plan is that it shall continue the representation of Ireland at Westminster with all the possible results to an English Administration, which gives no heed to Irish grievances. The Irish delegation has been a thorn in the side of English legislators to some purpose—a weapon with which Ireland cannot afford to dispense so long as the connection with England continues. Simply to shut the representatives of Ireland up in a Dublin parliament and leave them to talk *ad libitum* might suit English statesmen very well, but hardly would suit Ireland. England must be made to understand that the efficacy of her Parliamentary institutions can be secured only through doing justice to Ireland or giving Ireland amplest power to do justice to herself.

The last thing to demand is that the powers conceded shall be vested in a Dublin Parliament, and not in provincial legislatures or councils of any kind. The Irish provinces stand for a state of things as obsolete as the Anglo-Saxon heptarchy of England. There was a time when Ireland was four countries rather than one; but it ceased centuries ago. The boundaries between Munster and Leinster, or Munster and Connaught, stand for no more than the lines of division between Carlow and Kildare. There is no historic consciousness of a difference between the people of the four provinces, for even Ulster by a majority is heartily national and would reject this plan of provincialism by a big majority if it were submitted to a popular vote.

That Mr. Gladstone's plan will confer on the Irish Parliament the power to protect the national industries by duties or imposts is not to be expected. That Irish ingenuity will be found equal to the task of attaining that end in some other way is what we may expect. But if not, then the demand for this right is the first thing on which the Irish people may be united. It is a question which touches no party issue of the Ireland of the past. It is, therefore, a point on which all Irishmen may be united, and that with the support of a great body of Englishmen who are tired of a Free Trade policy and would welcome the precedent set by a Protective Tariff for Ireland.

ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

MONKS AND NUNS.

WRITERS AND SPEAKERS ALWAYS READY TO INSULT THESE SERVANTS OF GOD.

If there be a subject against which public writers, public speakers and public talkers are perpetually declaiming, it is what is called the religious life—the life of monks and nuns. The whole literature of countries that are not Catholic are full of all manner of tales, calumnies, slanders, fables, fiction and absurdities on the subject of monks and nuns.

Now, why should men trouble themselves so much about it? Why cannot they leave peaceful people to use their own liberty?

No man or woman is compelled to be monk or nun; and if by perversion of light, if by idiocy, as the world calls it, any should be found who desire to live the life of a monk or nun, why should public opinion trouble itself so much about the matter?

Men may become Mormons; they may settle down at Salt Lake; they may join the sect; they may adopt any practices which do not bring them under the hands of the police, and the public opinion of this country does not trouble itself about them.

What, then, is the reason why it troubles itself about the religious life?

Because it is a life of perfection; because it is a life which is a rebuke to the world, a direct and diametrical contradiction of the

axioms and maxims by which the world governs itself. The world is therefore conscious of the rebuke, and uneasy under the consciousness.

When the Son of God came into the world, all men turned against Him, except the few whom He called to be His disciples. Even a heathen philosopher has recorded his belief that if a perfectly just man were ever to be seen on earth he would be out of place and a wonder; or as we may say, a monster among men. And why? Because, in the universal injustice of mankind, he would stand alone, and his life would be a rebuke. In holy Scripture this is described, as it were, with a pencil light. In the Book of Wisdom, the man of this world says:

"Let us lie in wait for the just; because he is not for our turn, and he is contrary to our domage, and upbraideth us with transgressions of the law, and divulgeth against us the sins of our way of life. . . he abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness, and he preferreth the latter end of the just. . . he is grievous unto us even to behold."

The finger of the Holy Spirit has traced the real analysis of this animosity against the religious life.

Some years ago I remember reading a paper upon "The Extract Virtues," and what were they? Obedience, chastity, voluntary poverty. If so, then the eight beatitudes are extinct. I do not suppose the world would accept this. They would count me a severe and an unjust accuser if I were to say that disorder, unchastity and the love of riches are the ascendant virtues of modern society. But if obedience, chastity and voluntary poverty are extinct, the opposites must be in the ascendant. Of this I am sure that the prevalent spirit amongst men at this day is to feel a secret hostility against a life which surpasses their own, and therefore it is that we hear tales, fables, slanders and fictions about monks and nuns.—*Cardinal Manning.*

MISEREMINI MEI.

'Tis vain, O Joy or Grief, as on you press
With eager hand to pluck me by the skirt,
For both your faces now are meaningless
To me who am beyond your help or hurt.

Time was, O Grief, when all my heart grew chill
At sudden sight of e'en your hiding place;
Lo! now my sightless eyes meet thine until
You turn in pitying silence from my face.

And, Joy, go softly by, that you may make
No tinkling bell upon mine ear to grate;
Go softly for an old acquaintance sake
With this blind beggar at life's wayside gate.

—*Ada A. Mosher in Catholic Mirror.*

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

Men may not mark them in the crowded ways;
The noisy world forgets to blame or praise
The poor in spirit; yet they pass along
Through silent gates and make them glad with song;
Theirs is the Kingdom where Love reigns supreme
And Faith soars higher than the poet's dream;
Wrapped in the sunlight of eternal day,
Blessed are they.

God knows the patient souls who do His will;
The mourners who can suffer and be still,
Waiting in silence for His healing balm;
The meek, whose hands shall clasp the victor's palm;
The hungry ones, whom He alone can feed;
The merciful; the pure in heart and deed;
The peacemakers—of these I hear Him say,
Blessed are they..

Father, we pray Thee that Thy light may shine
Upon the world through every child of Thine;
Into the haunts of darkness and distress
They come with all the power of blessedness;
When Thou hast called them to Thy purer sphere
The fragrance of their lives shall linger here;
And thro' death's silence we shall hear Thee say,
Blessed are they.

The man who shuts his eyes to a little sin will soon be walking arm in arm with a big one.

Noise does no good, and good makes no noise.

One thorn of experience is worth a wilderness of warning.

The great end of all human industry is the attainment of happiness.

There is always room for a man of force and he makes room for a good many.

Capilline is a nicely perfumed and perfectly limpid *Hair Restorer*, containing no powder in suspension like all other restorers, which makes their use so disagreeable. Sold by all druggists 50c.

Our Story.

PHILIP'S RESTITUTION.

BY CHRISTIAN BRID.

Reprinted from the Ave Maria.

IX.—Continued.

'Yes,' said Mr. Thornton, 'why should you wait? You are old enough to marry. You do not mean'—trowning quickly—that you have any objection to the plan?'

'I hardly know what I mean,' Philip replied, truthfully. 'I have never thought seriously of the matter, and I am very sure that Constance has not either.'

'Then it is time for you both to begin to think seriously of it,' said Mr. Thornton, 'that is why I have spoken. A thing so important can not be dealt with in this haphazard fashion. Of course, the first step must come from you. You must offer yourself to Constance. A woman expects so much you know.'

'Well—yes,' said Philip, who thought it a reasonable expectation. Then he paused and looked down again. To accept a marriage with Constance as a distant possibility in his thoughts, and to have it thus immediately pressed upon him, were, he found, two very different things. He was astonished by the reluctance which suddenly seemed to take possession of him. He felt like a man who is dragged to the brink of the precipice, and whose impulse is to draw back with all his strength. Mr. Thornton, watching him, divined his reluctance, and felt his anger rising.

'Will you kindly tell me what is the meaning of this?' he asked, in a tone of ominous coldness. 'Why are you so slow to give me the assurance that you will fulfil my wishes and offer yourself to Constance?'

'Because,' said Philip, lifting his head, 'it strikes me that it is a matter which concerns me so much more than any one else—except Constance—that I am bound to give a little time to reflection before taking such a step.'

Mr. Thornton's face grew dark. Opposition always angered him, but opposition from Philip, and on this point, was something he had so little counted on that it seemed to him intolerable. However, he remembered his wife's counsel, and with an effort controlled himself—or at least controlled the outward expression of his inward irritation.

'And pray,' he said, sarcastically, 'what do you want to reflect upon? Is not Constance the most admired girl in Riverport, a girl to do you credit to the end of her life? And do you not understand that I wish this marriage in order that I may leave my fortune undivided, and so secure to you a future as prosperous as a man could desire?'

'Yes,' said Philip, 'I understand, and thank you deeply. It is like the rest of your kindness to me. As for Constance, she is all that you have said. But, my dear uncle, marriage is a very serious affair, and if one enters into it in haste, one may, you know, repent at leisure.'

'What point has that stale saying in this connection?' demanded Mr. Thornton, with stern impatience. 'What haste has there been? Am I not speaking to you now on account of your delay? You have known Constance for years, you have been closely associated with her for months. What more can you desire?'

Philip felt there might be much more to desire, but he was rather at a loss how to say so. He lifted his eyes, and by chance they fell on one of the few religious pictures in the house—a fine engraving of the *Madonna di San Sisto*. He looked at it for a moment, while a multitude of thoughts came into his mind, then he turned and looked at his uncle.

'You forget one thing,' he said. 'Constance and I are not of the same religion.'

Mr. Thornton stared. He knew that his nephew had returned to his faith, but he had supposed that it sat very lightly on him, and such an objection as this was the last that he could have anticipated.

'And what has that to do with it?' he asked after a moment.

'A great deal, in my opinion,' Philip answered. 'I am not a very good Catholic, but I hold the truths of the faith, and I should like my wife to hold them also. It seems to me there could be small assurance of harmony in a household where there was not sympathy on the most important subject connected with human life.'

'Has there not been harmony in this household?' asked the elder man, rather hotly. 'Yet your aunt is a Protestant, and I—'

He paused, and despite himself, changed countenance with the consciousness that he had gone too far. What, indeed, was he?

'Do you,' said Philip, quietly, 'consider yourself a Catholic?'

'I was a Catholic when I married,' he replied; 'and if I have since given up the Church, it has been for no reason connected with my marriage. When two people are sensible, their disagreeing in opinion on such a subject does not matter in the least.'

'That depends very much on the way one looks at it,' said the young man. 'I think it would matter exceedingly to me.'

'Then you are a fool!' said Mr. Thornton, losing control of himself in the intensity of his irritation. 'If you persist in shackling yourself with a faith which is a bar to your worldly success in every way, you should be glad to conciliate public opinion by marrying a Protestant—a girl whose family connections are irrefragable and calculated to do you great service in the future. Let me hear no more of such folly. If this is your only objection, it is not worthy of a moment's consideration. Understand that my mind is made up on the subject of this marriage. Either it must take place, or my intentions toward you will be greatly changed.'

'I should have preferred that you had left that unsaid,' replied Philip, who now looked a little pale, as if the strain of the interview was telling on him. 'What I would not do for the sake of gratifying you, who have done so much for me, I should certainly not do through the fear of any change in your intentions toward me. With regard to the proposed marriage, I divined your wishes long before this, and accepted them without consideration, thinking that in time Constance and myself might make a match. But to think of a thing as vaguely possible in the future is very different from having it held before one as an immediate necessity. You must forgive me if I can not give you at once the assurance that you ask. In that which is so important—that which concerns my whole life—I must take a little time for reflection.'

'How much time?' asked Mr. Thornton, bruskiy.

'A few days would answer, I suppose,' said Philip, reluctantly.

'Very well, then,' returned the other, 'in a few days in a week at farthest—I shall expect to hear your decision. The delay seems to me absolutely useless. A girl might be guilty of such absurdity as not to know her own mind at the last moment, but a man—however, I will consent to this delay on the ground that it is the last.'

X.

Philip left his uncle's presence with a mind more disturbed than he would have believed possible had the fact been told him a few months before. Then he would have accepted the fate prepared for him with entire resignation, now he was filled with a sense of regret which surprised himself. What had changed him so greatly in so short a time? He debated this question mentally as he left the house and did not find the solution of it altogether easy. Something had awakened within him—mind, heart, conscience, which was it?—and roused him to a sense of the great possibilities that lay in life. As the trumpet call rouses a sleeping soldier to battle, so in the depths of his nature a trumpet had been sounded which had roused him to think of something more than frivolous pleasures or the amassing and the enjoyment of wealth.

He scarcely knew what influence had done this—more than one influence, perhaps, had united in doing it—but the fact and the result were not to be ignored. For the first time he felt impatient of the fetters that bound his life; he longed for more freedom and a wider field. Yet quite apart from any consideration of self interest, he was reluctant to disregard his uncle's claims upon him. Selfishness often cloaks itself behind independence of spirit, but an unselfish nature cannot, even for the sake of independence, wound those who have deserved submission and respect. So long as his uncle's demands were within legitimate bounds, Philip felt that he could not fail to yield to them? But was it a legitimate demand that he should marry Constance? This was the question he had now to answer?

He had left the house without considering where he was going, but involuntarily his steps followed a familiar road, and before long he found himself in the wake of a stream of people who were entering the Cathedral for Vespers. The roll of the great organ filled the building, and the choir were chanting the Psalms as he entered. The noble, familiar strains seemed to calm and strengthen his spirit. Impresionable to all influences, he now felt that every influence around him was sustaining and inspiring. If it were necessary to make a decision which would affect his whole life, here surely was the best place to make it. And was it a recollection of the impulse that had come to him at the sight of the *San Sisto Madonna* that led his feet toward the altar of the Blessed Virgin? One of the many tender names which the love and reverence of the faithful have bestowed upon her came into his mind as he looked at the figure, standing throned upon the earth which her Son had redeemed—Mother of Good Counsel. So she was called; and he, who felt so strongly the need of counsel, knelt, and by that gracious name invoked her powerful aid.

Owing to the fashion of pews that prevails in American churches—an odious fashion surely, as are all fashions borrowed from Protestantism—one does not see those devotional groups kneeling at different shrines and chapels while the great central worship goes on, which are so charming to the eye and spirit in the great churches of Catholic Europe. Philip, therefore, who had no desire to make himself remarkable in the face of a congregation seated decorously in their pews, while the Vespers were sung over their heads—also entered one of the boxes, which, with their closed, proprietary air, are so foreign to the spirit of Catholicity, and so expressive of the system from which they sprang.

He had knelt for some time with his head bowed in his hands, when

a stir, the sound of rustling silk, and the opening of a pew door in front of him, made him involuntarily look up. The sexton was ushering a lady and gentleman to a seat, and a glance showed him that they were Constance and Bellamy. Their appearance did not surprise him, for he knew how often, together with other Protestants, they came to the Cathedral 'to hear the music,' which of late had become well worth hearing; but he felt strangely moved to see before him at this moment the woman who was uppermost in his thoughts. And she was seated only a few feet from the shrine of Mary! Would she lift her eyes in reverence at least, to the image of her in whom womanhood was forever exalted—her who had been found worthy to clothe with the robe of humanity the Son of God?

With a kind of fascination he watched for a sign of this reverence, but watched in vain. Constance was too finely bred to be guilty of such outward rudeness as many Protestants permit themselves in a Catholic church, but Philip, who was familiar with all the expressions of her face, read accurately enough the meaning of the glance that roved critically over the altar, and the figure above it—resting on the last for a moment with cold scrutiny—and then turned away.

Here was a woman who in all her life had never echoed the Angelic Salutation—had never cried to the Mother of God: 'Hail Mary!' and who would certainly never teach those words to infant lips. It was easy to forget this when one saw her in the world, young, lovely and charming,—when she was the belle of the ball room, the centre of admiration; but here, in the house of God, where she sat unmoved before the altar, or glanced with the instinctive aversion of Protestantism at the image of the Mother of God, it was impossible to forget it.

Considering the atmosphere in which he lived, it was hardly strange that Philip had never given a thought to the difference of religion between Constance and himself, until it had suddenly flashed upon him as a ground for objection in the interview with his uncle. But, once awakened to the thought, he realized more and more all that it meant. If he married this woman, she could only touch the surface of his life; for what deep feeling or thought had he which was not influenced by the religion which she had been taught to reject?

One often wonders that this consideration does not weigh more strongly with those who are meditating a mixed marriage. Where lives are narrowly bounded by material and domestic interests, there is, of course, some common ground on which to meet, though all the evils of religious difference remain. But with those who live in the broader world of thought, where is there any common ground? Human conduct, human history, human life in all its aspects—the innumerable questions in politics, in science, nay even in art, which agitate the world, have for the Catholic relations to certain great immutable truths which the non-Catholic denies or ignores. There is no hope of agreement, for the basis on which opinion rests is radically different. What Catholic has not felt this where some Protestant friend or relative is concerned, and has not been taught that there is hardly a fact of history or a subject of contemporary thought which it is possible for them to view in the same light? And yet there are Catholics who will introduce the same dissonance, the same hopeless lack of sympathy, into the closest relation of human life—a relation so close that only perfect sympathy can render it endurable to one who thinks or feels.

These reflections crowded upon Philip as he looked from the star-crowned statue of Mary to the fashionable figure seated before it. He had learned of late, for the first time since his childhood, what Catholic womanhood might be, and he knew now the difference between its charm and that which was the result of natural amiability and worldly grace. 'It is impossible!' he thought, 'I can not run the risk of such a marriage—a risk for others as well as for myself. If Constance will become a Catholic, I will comply with my uncle's wishes; but otherwise I can not.'

He said this to himself in a kind of despair—torn between the wish to requite his uncle's great kindness by gratifying what he knew to be his strongest desire, and by his reluctance to bind his life in the manner demanded. He sternly ignored in this struggle certain feelings which drew his heart in another direction. He felt that he was, in a degree, bound to Constance, and he knew that any suit of his to Alice Percival would be utterly hopeless. He tried, therefore, to drive away the image of the latter whenever it presented itself.

But now the Vespers had ended; the priest with his train approached the altar, the congregation sank on their knees, the door of the tabernacle swung open, and, hark! from the choir-loft came a voice like that of an angel leading the worship of heavenly choirs. 'O salutaris Hostia!' it sang, lifting up on its silver notes, full of the spirit of faith and adoration, the hearts of all below. 'O salutaris Hostia!' Philip echoed in the depths of his own, as he raised his glance to the throned monstrosity. In withdrawing, it fell on Constance. She had not stirred, but still sat careless and erect in her seat, only turning her head toward the gallery from which came the tones that seemed giving utterance to the worship of all the kneeling throng. 'Do they say nothing to her?' Philip thought, with a sense of wonder; and when he saw her give a glance and a slight nod of approbation to Bellamy, he knew that they had said no more to her than the *aria* of a singer in an opera.

XI.

A few days later Philip decided to put his fate to the touch so far as Constance was concerned. He felt that he must know before speaking to his uncle, and he could not know that before he had sounded Constance. If she were willing even to entertain the thought of becoming a Catholic, it would be enough for the present; for surely, he considered, there need be no haste about their marriage. Opportunities to speak to her were not lacking, and he took advantage of an occasion when they were together in Mrs. Thornton's private sitting room—a charming apartment, to which only her most intimate friends were ever admitted.

It was in the morning, and Philip had entered the room, to find the young girl sitting by one of the windows, intent on an elaborate piece of needlework. Her graceful figure and fair head outlined against the light, her fingers busy with the rich hued silks, made a pretty picture—so pretty that he wondered a little that it left him so cold. They exchanged a few words on indifferent subjects, and then he remained silent so long that she glanced up at him interrogatively. He answered the look by drawing nearer and sitting down before her.

'Constance,' he began, abruptly, 'I have something to say to you.' The sea-shell pink on Constance's cheek deepened, for she knew that there could be only one thing which Philip would have to say to her in this formal manner; but she did not lift her eyes again. She only said, 'What is it?' very quietly.

'It is something you must know as well as I,' answered Philip, who had not given much thought to the manner, but only to the matter of what he had to say. 'You must be aware that my uncle and your aunt wish us to marry.'

Constance's lips moved slightly in what was apparently an assent, but no audible sound issued from them, and her eyes still remained fastened on her work, though the hand that drew the needleful of silk through the cloth trembled a little.

'I can not tell what you may think of it, on your side,' said Philip, who hated himself for his coldness, yet felt unable to summon any more warmth, 'but to me it is—it appears—most desirable.'

'Does it?' asked Constance. She lifted her eyes now, and looked at him with a composure which he had not expected. 'I understand, she went on, 'why my uncle and aunt desire such an arrangement. I should be very stupid if I did not. But why do you desire it?'

'I?' said Philip. He was conscious of coloring. How could he say, 'Because they do?' and yet what other answer was possible? He looked at the fair face before him, and felt that another answer should be possible. 'Because,' he replied, after a slight hesitation, 'I think we might be happy together, you and I. It is true that we have been so closely associated that it is not possible for us to 'fall in love' after the romantic fashion, but I have a most deep and sincere attachment to you, and I hope you have a little for me. No one could appreciate your gentleness, your sweetness, your grace of person and manner more than I do. If you are half as well satisfied with me as I am with you,' he said, smiling a little, 'it will not be difficult for us to gratify those whose hearts are set upon this project.'

'I have no fault to find with you,' said Constance, leaning back in her chair and regarding him critically, while she turned a diamond ring slowly round upon her finger, 'so you may consider your compliments returned. And it is quite true, no doubt, what you say—that we have known each other too intimately to fall in love. But, all the same, Philip, it seems to me a terribly cold blooded way of—'

'Marrying,' said Philip, calmly. 'Well, I don't know. According to American ideas, perhaps so. But in Continental Europe marriages are altogether contracted in this way and I suppose they are generally happy enough. I have not observed that happiness invariably attends marriages here,' he ended, dryly.

'No,' replied Constance, 'not invariably, but there must be a better hope—a better chance—of happiness when people love each other.'

'Their best chance for happiness, in my opinion,' said Philip, 'is when they know and understand each other, and when there is an assurance of sympathy between them on all important points. And this reminds me—his face grew grave—that on one very important subject, Constance, we do not possess that sympathy. We are not of the same religious faith.'

'No,' answered Constance, carelessly. 'But I am not prejudiced. I have no objection to that.'

'Have you not?' asked Philip. 'Then we differ very much, for I do object to it. I can not conceive that happiness is possible where husband and wife are not united on that point above all others.'

'I had no idea that you were so narrow-minded,' said Constance, with cold surprise. 'How do you propose to arrange matters, then?'

'I propose,' he answered, 'to beg you to consider, to examine the claims of the Catholic faith. If you only would do so, I am sure that you would embrace it. No reasonable and unprejudiced person has ever examined it and failed to be convinced of its truth. Be sure of that. And you could not be an exception to the rule. You have only to consent to be instructed—'

'I!' cried Constance. She looked at him as if divided between indignation, amazement, and amusement. The last finally triumphed,

and she burst into laughter, scornful laughter, and made Philip start to his feet. 'I become a Roman Catholic!' she said. 'How utterly absurd! You must be mad to think of such a thing!'

'Mad!' repeated Philip. 'No, I am quite sane; for I shall never marry any woman who is not a Catholic.'

'Then you will never marry me,' said she, haughtily, rising in turn. 'What! do you think yourself so secure of me that you can even impose conditions, and such a condition? Was it not enough that I waived the objection which I might have made to your very objectionable religion? You fancy that I would embrace it—?'

'Pardon me,' said Philip, with icy coldness. 'I have made a mistake, a mistake altogether, which I shall not repeat. You are right. There would be little chance of happiness for us in marriage, and I will tell my uncle that such is my opinion.'

'You may tell him that it is also mine,' she said, paling a little.

'No,' he replied: 'I shall say nothing of you. The responsibility is mine. I have made a condition from which I can not recede, and which he will no doubt think as unreasonable as you do; so the whole blame of refusal will rest, and rest justly, on me. Let me advise you' (significantly) 'to leave it there.'

XII.

It was a sense of relief that Philip felt, after his interview with Constance, that all irresolution and doubt were over, and that he had now only to let his uncle know that he could not comply with his wishes. The last was a necessity from which he shrank, feeling keenly how sharp the disappointment would be; but he had no thought of evasion or delay. Had it been possible he would have gone to him at once; but, as it chanced, Mr. Thornton was out of the city, and would not return for several days. So much delay, therefore, was unavoidable. Whether he was grateful or sorry for it, Philip hardly knew. He would have preferred, in his own phrase, 'to have the matter over'; yet he was aware that a little time to reflect on his course afterward was desirable. His uncle had threatened that if he did not comply with his wishes, it would make a great change in his intentions towards him; and if those intentions were to be changed, Philip knew that his mode of life would change also.

'I must be prepared for the worst,' thought the young man. 'If he declines to have anything more to do with me, I shall have no right to complain. Luckily, I have some small means of my own, no debts, and a head that ought to be worth something. After all, there are worse things than 'a crust of bread and liberty,' if it comes to that.'

He was rather exhilarated than depressed by the prospect, and, without asking himself what had wrought so great a change in his views—for certainly narrow means, and the narrowing of life which they imply, had not seemed to him very desirable before—he determined to learn without delay what prospects would be his if his circumstances materially altered.

Ignorant of the change in Graham's sentiments toward him, it was to Graham that his thoughts instinctively turned for practical counsel, and his steps soon followed his thoughts. When he entered the office of the young lawyer, he found him, as usual, absorbed in his books, and evidently not very well pleased to be interrupted. In fact, his reception was so far from gracious that Philip hesitated to remain.

'If I disturb you,' he remarked, when Graham indicated a chair, 'I will not sit down.'

'Oh, disturb!—of course you disturb me!' replied the other. 'But if you have anything important to say, you might as well say it now. I shall hardly be less busy another time.'

Philip thought this ungraciousness was only 'Graham's way,' and sat down. 'What I have to say is important only to myself,' he observed. 'I cannot expect you to find it so; yet I hope you will give me your ear and your advice. You are always so candid that I need not adjure you to be honest. Tell me, then, do you think I could make a lawyer?'

This question was so different from what Graham had feared and expected, that he stared at the young man a moment without replying. Philip smiled as he met his eyes.

'Your astonishment is not complimentary,' he said. 'Do you rate my abilities so low?'

'My astonishment has nothing to do with your abilities,' Graham answered. 'They are good enough, as you know very well. What surprises me is that you should think of embracing a laborious and exacting profession when there is no need for you to do so—that is, unless you wish to be a lawyer merely in name.'

'I should never wish to be anything merely in name,' replied Philip, flushing a little. 'You have certainly a very poor opinion of me.'

'I have never suspected you of loving work for work's sake; few people do,' said Graham. 'And you have probably little idea, few people, again, have that, of how much labor is required to make a lawyer who takes any rank in the profession.'

[To be Continued.]

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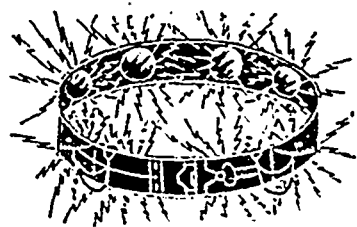
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G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.	7.20	4.10	10.15	8.10
T. G. and B.	6.50	4.30	10.45	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.	6.30	4.00	11.15	9.55
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.		a.m. p.m.	
	12.00	2.00	9.00	2.00
	6.15	4.00	10.30	8.20
	10.00			
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00	9.00	5.45
	4.00		10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	10.00			
	6.15	10.00	9.00	7.20
	12.00			

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