

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE IMPREGNABLE CHURCH.

In a recent issue of the Atlantic Monthly a writer devotes a good deal of space to the subject of denominational division and doubt within the Church. He is not perturbed at the sight of one hundred and forty-seven religious denominations within the Church. In fact, he says that in the event of the sects having to hold their own against the Roman Catholics, it is clear that the smaller the denomination that takes it up the better for all concerned, as it has all the elements of a long and bitter quarrel.

We do not believe this view will find favor with any considerable number of people. Here and there may be found some clinging to ancient methods, shouting watchwords which are meaningless to-day and perpetuating the hatreds which have inspired many sad pages of history, but every sensible individual is more anxious for peace than war; for union than division.

And we are also of the opinion that the call to arms is a trifle belated. We cannot conceive how the Catholic Church is to be held back by a small denomination quarrelling long and bitterly with her. "The very existence of Protestantism," says a non-Catholic author, "depends upon this attitude: its negative character demands it;" but that any amount of it can prevent the advance of the Church is not so apparent.

Catholicism is old and experienced. It has met all kinds of adversaries, in every clime under every species of government, and it still lives. And in this much vaunted age of the world, the up-to-date thinkers, as they are styled, regard it, with Huxley, as the one great spiritual organization which is able to resist the progress of science, or, with Matthew Arnold, as the organization that will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear.

THE CHURCH EVER PROSPEROUS.

Moreover, the history of Catholicism in the United States cannot, we think, give much comfort to those who wish to combat it to-day. If it advanced in the face of tremendous difficulties it can be depended upon, now that the way is smoother, to get on passably well. It fronted prejudice and hostility, the power and prestige of a dominant race, and yet it has succeeded in gaining the allegiance of a considerable number of citizens. The Mayflower passengers, if again on the planet, might marvel at the standing of the organization they were wont to despise, but we do not think they would rush into a magazine counselling a long and bitter war against it. They did some religious like business in their time, but only when, as their descendants say, they had a "sure thing."

THE EMBODIMENT OF UNITY.

The sensible Christian, however, is weary of schism and sectarian division. Without the fold earnest men are seeking some bond of union, and though we may deem their efforts futile, still we cannot but look kindly on their attempts to subdue the spirit of discord. Their dissatisfaction with things as they are—with charlatans foisting delirious imaginings on the Bible—with the utter failure of the theory of the Bible under an authority to preserve and interpret it—they may be induced to investigate the claims of the Church. They may be led to put aside the ideas which have come to them as a heritage, or which have been bred of environment and education, and to approach the subject in a judicial manner. They admit that the Church ought to be essentially and visibly one. They are aware that Christ prayed for unity "that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me." All this they know, but when it comes to seeming means to this end, they hold conferences to talk about fundamentals and non-fundamentals and to fashion resolutions which serve only to distract minds for the time being from discussion and wrangling. Theological experts may exhaust all their resources in elaborating programmes, but when all is said and done these experts are fallible and are, as it is obvious, unable to effect that unity delineated in the Gospels. But when they begin to understand that the only unity is that provided for by the Redeemer, we may have hopes that the day of the one fold and one shepherd is not far distant.

AN ABSURD STATEMENT.

After some strangely unilluminating talk about the causes of indifference and doubt, he says:

"And here we are brought to consider one of the most immediate questions before us, that of the Roman Catholic Church: The family, obedience to law, labor. These are the problems with which the nation and churches are struggling, but no Church is doing more to safeguard those vital interests than the Roman Catholic. The question of how it happens to have this influence may go by; that it has it is sufficient at present. It would be worse than idle, it would be calumnious, to oppose the Catholic Church in the present juncture of our affairs. It is full of superstitions, most of them harmless, while some hold a truth."

We presume that the writer introduced this bit about superstition to please those who might be angered at his praise of Catholicism. But he should have made clear what he means by superstitions. If they are, as we think, based on a false belief, we fail to see how it would be calumnious to attack that belief. And, to use the language of insult, without vouchsafing any reason for doing so, is infantile, to say the least, and unworthy of the favor of any respectable publication. And how can a superstition hide a truth? We suppose that the writer got the ideas of truth and the truth-seeker slightly mixed, and so proved himself capable not only of insult but also of absurdity.

AN INADEQUATE DIAGNOSIS.

The whole article is of the thinnest kind of material. The writer's diagnosis of the disease which afflicts the Church is inadequate, and his remedy is for the Churches to be led out of the regions of thought and methods of action that lie behind them and enter into the new world that time and knowledge have opened. This is certainly vague, and the individuals for whom it is meant will not glean much comfort from it. The doubt and indifference that harry the sects are not due to the methods of the times. They existed even in the earliest infancy of Protestantism and have been connected with it ever since. They are the fruitage of the rebellion against organic Christianity. Higher criticism may serve to make them more visible, but they are the logical consequences of Protestantism as such. A Church bereft of authority, and having no support save on formularies and confessions, must speak in a halting tone. It can have no doctrinal certainty, and has nothing but man's word to offer to those who wish authoritative solutions to the problems which concern their vital interests.

Any supernatural religion, says Mallock, that renounces its claim to absolute infallibility, it is clear can profess to be a semi-revelation only. It is a hybrid thing, partly natural and partly supernatural, and it thus practically has all the qualities of a religion that is wholly natural. To make it in any sense an infallible revelation, or, in other words, a revelation to us, we need a power to interpret the testament that shall have equal authority with the testament itself.

LED BY A CHILD.

There was a certain man, and his only child was a little girl, who became a Catholic with her mother. The mother died, and the heart of the father was embittered against God, as if He meant to be unkind, and against the Church as if it were responsible. Then the child took sick.

The friends watched over her with anxiety, fearing that her death would mean the utter destruction of his faith, and she passed away. And now, began the dreadful life of loneliness for the father. And it was this very loneliness that made him seek the company of the dead child. He knew that she was not dead to him in spirit. He told his grief to her. After the death of her mother many a time had he seen her steal away to the church; and there before the Blessed Sacrament, in which she had found a sincere faith, he knew that she had found the mother once again. It must have been indeed a surprise to his friends to see him going there, and kneeling before the altar of that God against whom he had been so bitter in his heart before. Why did he go there? Because the soul of his little dead child was there. She was keeping to distract minds for the time being from discussion and wrangling. Theological experts may exhaust all their resources in elaborating programmes, but when all is said and done these experts are fallible and are, as it is obvious, unable to effect that unity delineated in the Gospels. But when they begin to understand that the only unity is that provided for by the Redeemer, we may have hopes that the day of the one fold and one shepherd is not far distant.

When men are friends there is no need of justice; but when they are just, they still need friendship.—Aristotle.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONARY WORK.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

I am somewhat of a "Robinson Crusoe" these winter months on a storm-beaten and weather-bound island of Lake Erie. Yet, unlike my friend in the realm of fiction, I am not afflicted with the prints of a man's naked foot on the snow. Nay, Jan. 10, I was following the footprints on the snow which covered the lake to reach the mainland in safety.

Our mutual friend Father Martin of the Cleveland Apostolate was then closing a weeks course of lectures to Non-Catholics at Lakeside. Lakeside is known the country over, like Chautauqua, as a Methodist summer resort.

Sunday work is rather exhausting for the priest, yet I felt hale and hearty at any arrival on the continent towards evening.

A fine stone church greets you as you step ashore—the Congregational building—as though beckoning one to enter. Its portico was brilliantly illuminated. "Well," said I, "these people are not as inquisitive as usual, or they would be at the Catholic church"; thus I entered and found but a handful of attendants.

Satisfied with that investigation, I repaired to the humble frame church building beside a large Catholic school building.

"This useless to try to enter," a man said to me, "the seats and galleries are filled. The aisles are crowded and the vestibule is jammed." I hurried through to the sanctuary into the quaint sanctuary to find no sitting.

Father Martin had just begun his final lecture, citing reasons taken from actual occurrences why people become Catholic.

It was an eager and attentive audience and I felt pleased in having convinced the pastor to hold such a mission. "This is a good thing," I had insisted on, ever since the Islands had been "roughed" the past winter.

Both Father Martin and myself "roughed" it then, travelling over the ice from Isle to Isle, and the people seconded our endeavors, "roughing" it also, for they attended, snow or storm.

Intelligent questions were found in the question box at Lakeside, proving the fact that people do not ignore the Church's doings, for they want to know the reason why?

The lecture over, in conversation at the residence the pastor stated he was pleased with the result. "This is a good thing. My people feel proud over it. They said they have learnt many things forgotten. Nor had our parish incurred any expenses. For the usual free offerings covered the same."

The above were also my sentiments when I compared notes. I felt I owed a debt of gratitude to Father Kress of the Apostolate for keeping up such a glorious work.

Then I recalled to mind the first non-Catholic mission I ever attended. About ten years ago, the Cleveland Apostolate started its work at the Music Hall in Cleveland.

Father Elliot, the Nestor of non-Catholic missionaries, was the principal speaker of the evening.

Bishop Horstmann also appeared on the platform and stated he felt it a duty of his life to have the truths brought to the non-Catholic people of his diocese. He would send these men into the diocese to preach the teachings of Christ and explain Catholic belief. They should go into the smaller towns and hamlets, nay on the cross roads, and they would be sure to find a hearing. Since then His predictions have been realized.

Men like Hecker, Doyle, Elliot, Deshon and Kress have become beacon lights to the seminarians.

Appropos, these thoughts recall some incidents of my trips abroad.

Last May I spent several days in Paris. In the parks or art galleries I would find the "abbés" taking a constitutional—happy looking, plump, well pleased with themselves they appeared to me. I could not resist the temptation of talking with such cheerful people.

"You do not look at all like a persecuted body of men," I addressed one I met at the Louvre. "Indeed, we are not persecuted, we are parish priests, etc. To be brief: France is not as Apostolate stated in its work at the Music Hall in Cleveland."

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del Papolo—as the band would play national airs. Sure, from the Monte Pincio I heard it with a fine band, a large number of CamCinos, a crowd of "popolo" (people). Ever pleased to meet the Abbes in France, so was I anxious to learn to from the Abbes in Italy.

A vigorous young Padre stopped at my side whom I accented. "World have been more pleased to see this large number of people at the churches this morning." "Alas! but too true," he replied. "As one of the secretaries in the Propaganda, I learn that the children in the Missionary countries are better instructed than our CamCinos. Nay, I am pleased to know your priests are even instructing Protestants in the Christian doctrine."

Intelligent Catholics in the city of Sandusky, where Father Mar in had been on one assistant pastor, are inquiring time and again, whether this good work is still kept up.

Many readers await anxiously the weekly edition of the Catholic Universe, to find an account of the missions given in some part of that diocese.

The students of our Diocesan Seminary, too, are interested in the work. To them the questions are mailed. Theirs is the task of answering them. Questions of history, questions about standards of morality, questions of Church doctrines and discipline, or the ceremonial questions not found in the shrewd dusty tomes of the fourteenth century.

Whenever the lectures have been given, the people are anxiously awaiting a regular course, each succeeding year, the best proof for their worth and timeliness.

(REV.) J. T. SCHOENDOERFF, Kelly's Island, Ohio.

CHRISTIAN FAITH.

THE CARDINAL PREACHES AT CATHEDRAL ON ITS BLESSINGS.

Cardinal Gibbons preached at High Mass in the Cathedral on last Sunday morning and after the celebration held his New Year's reception at the archiepiscopal residence. The stately old edifice was thronged with worshippers, who listened attentively to the Cardinal's discourse on "The Blessings of Christian Faith," and over six hundred men, women and children took advantage of the opportunity to greet and clasp hands with the prince of the Catholic Church.

At the close of the Mass the Cardinal pronounced the benediction. His sermon was in part as follows:

"Faith," says St. Paul, "is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." In meditating on the pages of the New Testament I have been again and again forcibly impressed with the frequency with which our Saviour and His Apostles dwell on the blessings and advantages of the Christian faith, especially a living faith which is accompanied by divine hope and love.

First of all, your faith is a source of light to your intellect. Faith is to the eye of the soul what the sunlight is to the eye of the body. It broadens and expands our spiritual vision. Faith does not supplant, but rather supplements reason. Faith is the highest exercise of reason. You might as well suppose that a man dispenses with the use of his eyes in using a telescope as that he discards his reason in using the instruments of faith. Faith is to you what the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night were to the Hebrew people in the desert. It guides you through your life to the true promised land of Heaven.

"Your faith gives you a notion of God as rational as it is sublime. It reveals to you a God Who has created all things by His power, Who governs all things by His wisdom, and Who controls Providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of mankind. It proclaims a God infinite in justice and in mercy, infinite in truth and sanctity."

"By the light of faith you acquire a correct notion of yourselves, you learn who and what you are, whence you came and whither you are going. It tells you not only the means of attaining it. It has rescued you from the perplexing mazes of doubt in which the heathen world had involved its votaries."

"The truths of Christian revelation have already successfully withstood the test of twenty centuries. During that long period they have been exposed to the searchlight of hostile criticism. The adversaries of Christianity have carried on a ceaseless guerilla warfare against the City of God, assailing one stronghold after another. But they were foiled in their attempts, and the only effect of their assault was to render the points attacked stronger and more impregnable than they had been before."

"The marks on her battlements, like the marks of the wounds on the body of Christ, have made her more precious in her eyes. When the clouds of battle passed away the Gospel message shone with still more luminous splendor. The highest intellects in every department of science and in every age and every country of Christendom have paid

homage to the Christian religion, and thousands of conversions have sealed their faith with their blood.

"Your faith not only enlightens your intellect, but it also comforts your heart. It brings you that peace which surpasseth all understanding, that peace which springs from the conscious possession of the truth. You shall know the truth," says the Lord, "and the truth shall make you free; Oh, blessed is that freedom that delivers us from the bondage of doubt and error! Oh, the wail of despair that rises up in the hearts of men that do not believe in God's revelations! Some days ago I received a letter from a cultivated gentleman residing in a Northern city. He told me that life was wretched because he had no faith in a personal God. 'I have asked God,' he wrote, 'if there is a God, that He would perform some miracle, give me some sign to convince me of His existence, but no sign came.' I referred him to the parable of Dives and Lazarus, spoken by our Lord in the Gospel, which exactly fitted his case. Dives is represented as suffering the torments of the damned. He thus addresses Abraham, who is in a state of bliss: 'I beseech thee, Father Abraham to send Lazarus back to earth that he would admonish my brothers to abandon their evil ways and so escape the tortures that I endure.' Abraham replied: 'They have Moses and the prophets. Let your brothers hear them.' 'But, Father,' rejoined Dives, 'they would be converted if some one risen from the grave were to appear to them.' Abraham said at last: 'If they will not hear Moses and the prophets neither will they be converted if one were to visit them from the grave.'"

"Then I said to this gentleman: 'You and I have Moses and the prophets to warn us. We have Christ and His Apostles to instruct us. We have the luminous miracles and prophecies of our Saviour to enlighten us. We have the glorious miracle of His resurrection set before us—a miracle attended by a cloud of witnesses. We have the abiding miracle of His Church daily confronting us. Hundreds of thousands in every age on the strength of these miracles have accepted the divine mission of Christ. If this evidence does not suffice neither will men believe though one were to rise from the grave. For if we do not accept the testimony of history neither will we accept the testimony of our senses.'"

In concluding his sermon the Cardinal said that the life and health of the body require the same sustenance in the way of food and exercise that the life and growth of faith demand.

"Faith must be nourished by daily prayer and observance of God's precepts. I pray that Christ may dwell in your hearts. And to Him be glory in the Church and in Christ I say unto all generations world without end. Amen."

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Rev. Henry E. O'Grady, missionary in Alabama, writes:

One day a man living a few miles outside the town brought me a copy of book called "The Devil in the Catholic Church." I thought "The Devil in Robes" was bad enough, but this book is the worst of the kind ever published. I inquired if there were many copies of the book in the neighborhood, and was astonished to find that nearly every house was supplied. My instructions were well attended, notwithstanding this opposition.

These books are circulated, as a rule, through the efforts and aid of the Protestant clergy. When this concentrated effort is being made to injure the Church by the spread of bad literature, every good Catholic should rally around the International Truth Society and render every assistance possible.

In helping Dr. McGinnis and his associates who are helping the missionaries who are in the field and at the front.

I preached in three churches for colored people this fall. On Sunday night, November 15, I preached in Zion A. M. E. Church, Greenville, Ala., to about 1,200 people, in the presence of their Bishop and five ministers. This was the first time that many in the audience heard a Catholic priest. Even the Methodist Bishop told me it was the first time he had that pleasure.

The pastor in introducing me said he day when a Roman Catholic priest would come to preach in a Methodist church. "We have with us to-night a priest of the old Mother Church," said he.

When I stood up to thank the pastor for his kind introduction, I did not fail to call their attention to the pastor's remark, calling the Church the old Mother Church, and to express to the hope that the day was not far distant when they would come home to that kind, loving mother so patiently waiting for them.

After the sermon many came up to shake hands and to beg me to come soon again.

For months and months these instructions will be the subject of conversation in their homes.

Prominent Peoria Convert.

Mrs. Bourland, a prominent club woman and society leader of Peoria, Ill., was received into the Catholic Church last month, and made her first Communion on Christmas day in the Peoria Cathedral. Mrs. Bourland is a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Peoria, and her conversion created something of a sensation, not alone in the city but throughout the State, where she is widely known.

THE NECESSITY OF MYSTERY IN REVEALED RELIGION.

The Reverend George Searle, C. S. P., the noted author of Plain Facts for Fair Minds, contributes to the January Catholic World a very interesting and valuable article for Catholics and non-Catholics, on a question that ever needs explanation—that of mystery in revealed religion:

"Many people find great difficulty in accepting the dogmas of religion, because some of these dogmas are mysterious or incomprehensible. This difficulty, evidently, is not due to any fault in the teaching of the Church with regard to the Holy Trinity and the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

"The actual dogma is that there are three Persons, with an absolute unity of nature. The difficulty with the objector is, that he forms an idea of the terms 'person' and 'nature' which really confounds the two. His ideas of these matters are not clear. If you tell him that space exists in three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness, he has no difficulty; for his ideas on these subjects are, or at any rate seem to him, clear.

"The difficulty as to the Real Presence arises from a similar cause. The objector takes for granted that the presence of a physical substance anywhere is entirely a matter of geometry. He regards it as necessarily extended, and having a definite shape. He may perhaps never have thought of the presence of the soul in the body, which his own consciousness must make at any rate extremely probable to him. The same consciousness tells him that his soul is indivisible, and that yet that it exists in every part of his body.

"Yes, this is the trouble; our minds are not content with obscurity, but insist on understanding all about every subject presented to them, or at any rate that no subject shall present insuperable difficulties. Individually, we may acknowledge that some matters are beyond our own understanding, as no doubt is the case for most people with regard to the higher mathematics; but we feel sure that some minds understand them clearly, and that perhaps we ourselves could, if we would be willing to go through the necessary study."

"And yet even here, if we would make that study, we would find that there are limits which it would appear that no human mind will ever pass in this world. We see for instance, that space of more than three dimensions is what may be called an algebraical possibility; we can deduce formulas and conclusions with regard to it very similar to those which we obtain with regard to the space with which we are familiar. But when we try to realize what it would be like, to imagine it, we fail entirely. We see then that the apparent completeness of our notion of actual space is a matter of experience; that it comes from our physical senses, and that if we had been absolutely deprived from the beginning of every one of these senses, or even of those of sight and touch, our notion of three-dimensional space would probably be no better than that of the four-dimensional. We cannot be sure that the latter is an actual possibility; but it certainly seems that if we lived in it we should have to get by experience entirely new sensations to obtain a knowledge of it like that which we have of the space with which we are familiar, and that at present such a knowledge is hopeless."

"Also it seems quite plain that the existence of the mysterious or incomprehensible in what claims to be a revelation, instead of being an argument against it, should be one in its favor. If there were nothing in it hard to be understood, it would seem to come from a source no higher than ourselves."

OBJECT LESSON FAILED.

John Spencer Bassett, who has been forced to resign his chair at Trinity College, N. C., because he said that Booker Washington was the greatest man the South had produced since Lee, is a foe to bigotry and to all illiberal and narrow views. In a recent lecture Mr. Bassett scored religious intolerance. He began in this way:

"I was born in Tarboro, and in Tarboro, in my boyhood, I went to church every Sunday. I shall never forget an object lesson that a clergyman impressed on me there. The clergyman arose one Sunday evening in the fall with a fresh green walnut in his hand. He held the walnut up so that we could all see it, and he said:

"I am going to give you an object lesson. See me now remove the nut's rind. This rind is soft, dirty, useless, profitless. It is like the church. Now I come to the shell. It is a hard, strong shell, a difficult thing to crack; but there is no taste to it, there is no nourishment in it; it is valueless, a thing to be thrown away. This shell, my friends, is like the church. And, finally, breaking the shell, we come to the kernel, which is like our own church. I—"

"At this point the clergyman took out the kernel, and found it rotten. He reddened, coughed, and pronounced the benediction, and I understand that he was, after that day, liberal in all his views."

Anarchy means a world without rule; and a world without rule means confusion and chaos. Socialism with God ignored, is a step-sister of anarchy and ultimately leads to similar destruction.—Union and Times.

MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ.

CHAPTER V.

MR. WEEKS IS INTRODUCED TO CAPTAIN TOM PETERSHAM, AND IS INVITED BY THAT GENTLEMAN TO SPEND A DAY AT CASTLE GREGORY—HE ALSO HAS THE GOOD LUCK TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF MARY LEE.

The little craft which so suddenly arrested the light-keeper's eye, as he turned to enter the lodge, was already within five minutes' sail of the long flight of steps leading up from the base of the rock to the lighthouse yard. She was a yacht of small tonnage, but elegantly moulded. Her white hull, sunk almost to the scuppers, and her light, raking spars, gave her a jaunty look, that seemed to please the Yankee exceedingly.

"Why, by cracky, that's an American boat, rig and hull!" he exclaimed. "Ha! I swannie!—had her built at one of our ship yards, I guess."

"She was built in Cork harbor," replied the light-keeper. "Timber or plank, mast or spar, there's not an American chip in her."

"Not, eh?" "No, sir; she's Irish, every inch of her, from the truck to the keel. Tom Petersham wouldn't own her if she was anything else."

"Right, sir—and it is an honor—no doubt of it. But how warm it is—eh? and he snatched off his stock and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "It's those outrageous stairs—eh! Besides, I'm not feather weight either, I suppose. Humph!" he added, glancing over at his companion. "You have the advantage of me there, sir—you're him."

"Yes, rather inclined that way," modestly replied Weeks, playing with his watch-chain. "So much the better, sir, so much the better; you're in a more comfortable summer condition."

"Well, as to the Weeks side of the house," observed the American, by way of explanation. "They were never what you might call fleshy people; and the Bigelows were about the largest boned men in all Connecticut. There was my mother's cousin, for example, one Nathan Bigelow—"

"By the lord Harry, he's at Nathan again!" came rumbling along the hall, in the deep tones of the burly light-keeper, as he hurried in from the tower to welcome his guests.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Weeks was at that moment in the act of speaking, so that it was quite impossible for him to distinguish the words; otherwise he had understood better the comic smile on Captain Petersham's face, as that gentleman twirled his thumbs and gazed over at him from his easy chair.

"Let me see; you're somewhere about 5 feet 11 inches—ain't you?" "Yes, thereabouts."

"Well—now, as to the weight, I reckon you're two hundred, or chock up to it."

"Very likely—I might be three, for aught I know," replied the captain, laughing.

"Well, cousin Nathan was taller by nearly two inches, and mother says before he lost his eye on muster day he weighed close on two hundred. Still, cousin Nathan—"

"Hilloa, there! hilloa, Roger O'Shaughnessy," broke in the light-keeper again; "are we never to see that brandy and water? Come along, man; only lift your feet, and they'll fall themselves."

"Ay, ay," muttered the old man, shambling into the room in his old bottle-green livery which the faded lace and the two silver buttons, carrying a pair of brass tumbler and a decanter with something resembling brandy on the bottom of it. "Ay, ay," said he, "it's always the same—just for all the world as if he was at home in the old castle. Heigh! heigh! It's nothing but Roger here and Roger there—Roger, bring the venison; Roger, where's the champagne? Roger, where's the Barga dy? Roger, order this lord's carriage, and Roger, order that lady's barouche. Heigh, heigh, heigh!"

Here he was seized by a fit of coughing which had the good effect of terminating his catalogue of complaints. "Och, och!" he said at length, when he recovered a little breath. "The Lord be with the time, Captain Petersham, (bowing with great formality to that gentleman.) "when Roger had plenty of servants to assist him. But sure there's no help for it now, and as I burned the candle I must burn the tuck!" and the old man turned to quit the room.

"Stop, Roger; hold on; what have you got here?" demanded the light-keeper, holding up the decanter between him and the light.

"There, sir?" "Yes, here, sir; look at it."

"Why, it's brandy, av course—what else shud it be? But may be it's wine, yer honor wants—ugh! ugh!—what kind of wine do you like, sir? I'll bring it immediately."

"Wine?" you old schemer, you know there's not a drop of wine in the house."

"Ay, you; you know it well—nor hasn't been these twelve months."

"Och, och, the Lord luck to us!" exclaimed Roger, raising his hands in grave astonishment; "it's wondrous!—wondrous! entirely. His memory's elane gone, sir, (turning to Captain Petersham.) It's only the mother of four weeks, or so, since we got—let me see—ahem! ahem!—two pipes iv elaret—one Madeira; and he began to count them on his fingers—"ahem! two iv elaret—one Madeira—"

"Don't mind him, don't mind him," said the captain, rising from his easy chair, and good naturedly laying his hand on Roger's shoulder; "he's enough to vex a saint. Well, Roger—let him do as he pleases; if he choose to refuse us a glass of wine in this beggarly way, why, we can remember it to him—that's all."

"O, my heart's broke wid him, yer honor."

"To be sure it is—you're a living martyr, Roger. I declare, I don't see how you can stand it—it's insufferable—quite insufferable."

"Och, och! I wish to patience he was back in his own old castle again, yer honor, for since the doctors ordered him down here for the benefit of his health, there's no comfort to be had wid him, night or day—but sure, if he didn't lose his mimery, it wouldn't be so bad, altogether. And then I'm shamed at my life wid him. Why, if you'd only hear to him, Mr. Petersham—ahem! that's if you were a stranger, you know, sir, like that gentleman—you're most obedient, sir—and didn't know the differ, ye'd think there wasn't a screed iv dacency left about him, at all; and as he's thus went on to make his private complaints to the captain, still, however, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the American, he kept ever and anon glancing at the great silver salver on the table, as if making a silent appeal to it for testimony against his master.

During this little conversation with Captain Petersham, the light-keeper called him several times, but Roger was too much engaged to attend him.

"Roger!—are you deaf? Roger!" "Sir, sir."

"Is this all the brandy you have in the house? Answer me, yes or no."

"Ahem! Answer you yes or no; why, av course I'll answer you—that is, if I only know what you mean."

"Well, look here," and Mr. Lee stepped over to the old man, and shook the decanter within an inch of his eyes—"you call this brandy?"

"Sartinly, sir, the best cagniac; it cost just seven—"

"Never mind the cost; you have here about three thimblefuls or thereabouts—for three gentlemen."

"No, sir, there's a good half bottle, and more—ahem! ahem! it looks little, but it's on broad bottom; hem, it's a broad bottom, sir."

"Well, now, I want to know—if you've any more of the same left?—that's plain enough, I think."

"Why, dear me, such a question! Och, och—and two casks untouched in—"

"Hold your lying tongue and answer me, sir; have you? yes or no?" "Yes, yes, puncheon's it—go now instantly; and he pushed him gently towards the door."

"Sartinly, sir, sartinly," replied Roger, moving off as fast as his old, shaky limbs would carry him, the long skirts of his old bottle-green coat oscillating as he went. "Most sartinly, sir; it's aisy enough to do that—why, if I only knew what in the world ye were coming at, all the time, I'd have it here now."

"He's the greatest old plague, that, in the whole universe," said the light-keeper; "not a respectable visitor ever comes to see us, but he acts just in the same way. He would make you believe, Mr. Weeks—Captain Petersham here knows all about him long ago—he would make you believe his master as rich as Croesus, and staying down here only by advice of his physician. You observed the old bottle-green livery he wears; well, he has worn that, to my own knowledge, five and twenty years, and in all probability, his father before him, for as many more. As for this antique plated plate on the table, he brings it out on every possible occasion. The old coat and the old salver are in fact his great stand-bys, and with these he imagines he can make a show of 'dacency,' were the house as bare and empty as the ruins of Baalbec."

"Poor Roger," said the captain; "he's a regular Caleb Balderstone."

"Precisely—the only difference, perhaps—that Caleb was a creation, and Roger a reality."

"He was born of a wizard, and shall live as long as the world lasts. Some, indeed, go as far as to say, that he and Campbell's last man are destined to expire together."

"Well, he's not a mortal, I reckon."

"No, sir, he's immortal as the gods."

During this latter part of the conversation, Roger O'Shaughnessy had returned as far as the room door, and remained standing in the threshold, for a minute or more, looking in. In the attitude he assumed, he presented a striking appearance. His once tall and powerful frame, now bent and wasted with years—the old head cast hanging from his attenuated shoulders in empty folds—the white hairs that still remained brushed up on each side, and meeting in a crest over his polished scalp, gave him the look of a fine old ruin, tottering to its fall, with all its friendly ivy dead in the dust, save a few weak but faithful tendrils clinging fast to it all."

"Excuse me, Mr. Lee, for interrupting you," said Weeks, "but the old gentleman here at the door seems to want something."

"What! Roger—well, Roger, what's the matter?"

"Ahem!" said Roger, "ahem! about the brandy, your honor."

"Well—about the brandy—where is it? why don't you bring it in?"

"The key—ahem! the key of the cellar, sir," said Roger, without venturing to look at his master.

"What of it?"

"Ahem! It's not to be found, sir; you or Miss Mary must have it."

"Me! I never touched the key in my life."

"Dear me, then, what's to be done, your honor? The brandy's in the cellar, and there's no key to open it; but did you ask Miss Lee for the key?"

"She's not to be found, either, sir."

"Ha, ha!—I thought so. I knew all the time it would come to that at last."

"If you could put up for this time with some of the best old Irishwhoven, that ever was doubled," said Roger, "you can have a hoghead of it in a jiffy."

"Innishoven!" cried the captain; "and put up with it, too! Nonsense! nonsense! Roger, bring it in here instantly. Why, you old villain, it's worth its weight in gold. Compare French brandy with Innishoven poteen, indeed! Why, the Irishman who would do that should be sent to the stocks, and physicked with frogs and assafetida. Begone, and fetch it instanter. Away! my time's up."

Roger soon returned with a bottle of excellent whiskey, of which we must not omit to say, Mr. Weeks declined to partake—nay, absolutely rejected in the most positive manner, as a thing entirely against his principles and his good neighbor, the lord of Castle Gregory, made no pretensions to such principles or habits; they filled their glasses and drank to each other, and to the success of the Stars and Stripes, as a compliment to Mr. Weeks, in full bumpers of Irish grog, without fear or shame, reproach or remorse.

Captain Petersham had scarcely finished his draught, and lunged the tumbler on the table, when he proceeded against all state temperance laws and teetotal societies, as being the provocation of all the drunkenness in the world, when a sailor, cap in hand, presented himself at the door.

"How now, Bradley—what's the matter?"

"Mr. Ratlin says there's a blow coming up from the westward, sir, and in half an hour we'll have ebb tide. He waits orders."

"Well, get the boat ready. I'll be with you in a second."

He now approached the window, and glanced for an instant at the west.

"There it comes, Lee," he exclaimed, "tumbling up in lumps over Tory Island; you'll have it whistling about your ears here in half an hour. I must get aboard the Water Hen, and pack on sail, or she'll not fetch Ballymaddock to-night. But look here; who's that under the rock, there, speaking to Mistress Mary? He's a devilish fine-looking young fellow, eh?"

The light-keeper hastened to the window, "Ha! by George," he exclaimed, muttering the words to himself, the instant his eye rested on the person alluded to, "he is back again."

"Who is he, Lee—eh? surely I've seen that young man before—who is he?"

Mr. Lee smiled and shook his head. "O, hoh, that's it, is it? Very well, if there's anything particular about him, keep it to yourself."

And having requested Mr. Lee to make his apology to Mary for running away so abruptly, and invited Weeks to visit him as soon as possible, he hurried off, without further delay, to his yacht. The moment his foot touched her deck, she was seen crowding on every stitch of canvas that would draw, and then gracefully bending under the gentle pressure of the evening breeze, the little Water Hen glided up the Swilly, and soon disappeared in the deepening shadows of Rathmullin Bluffs.

The light-keeper had accompanied his friend to the head of the steps to bid him good by and a fair voyage, and the American, taking advantage of his absence, instantly turned to the window, and there kept watching Mary Lee and her companion so intently, and with so absorbing an interest, that old Roger had picked up his silver card case which had fallen from his pocket, and laid it on his knee, without his having noticed it in the least. The spot on which the young couple stood conversing, was a small patch of greensward directly above the narrow channel called the Devil's Gulch and canopied over by a long, flat, projecting rock. The place was some seventy feet above the roaring water, out, as it were, in the face of the precipice and nearly on a level with the window at which the American sat looking at them so intently. The distance between was not more than thirty feet; yet near as it was, Weeks could have distinguished little more than their mere outlines, had not the great lantern, now lit up, shed its flood of light full on their persons, revealing every motion and feature distinctly to his gaze.

A shade of melancholy overspread the handsome face of the young man as he leaned on the boat hook, (with which he had climbed the rocks,) and conversed with his fair companion. His black, wavy hair fell in profusion over his blue jacket, from the breast pockets of which the silver mountings of a brace of travelling pistols glistened in the clear lamplight. His neck was entirely bare, as if the heat of the day, or his previous exertions, had obliged him to remove his cravat, and his whole bearing that of a brave, self-reliant, fearless young fellow, of honest heart and ready hand. Mary Lee stood by his side, dressed in a blue blue kirtle and straw hat, the picture of angelic loveliness. Her face, always smiling before, was now pale and thoughtful, as if the melancholy which shadowed the countenance of her companion had touched her heart. 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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, OTTAWA, CANADA, MARCH 24, 1891.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your admirable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

In matters of fact and of both good and evil, Catholicism affords the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believe me, Sir, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, ED. MALCONO, Arch. of Lyons, APRIL 1892.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1904.

COL. ARTHUR LYNCH'S RELEASE

Just a year ago Colonel Arthur Lynch, who had been elected member of Parliament for Galway, was tried before the Lord Chief Justice in London on the charge of high treason, and was found guilty by the jury after half an hour's consideration of the case.

When asked if he had anything to say why he should not be sentenced to death, he replied: "Thank you, I will say nothing."

There was no attempt on the part of the defence to deny that Lynch had supported the Boers during the recent war in South Africa, but his counsel contended that his naturalization as a Boer burgher was prompted solely for the advantage he would thus secure for journalistic purposes, and not with treasonable intent.

Subsequently he actively supported the Boer cause in the belief that he was a legally naturalized subject of the Transvaal Republic.

Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor General, maintained that Col. Lynch joined the Boer army as a "discontented Irishman, committing thereby a most cowardly and most serious act of treason. His naturalization," he said, "was a flimsy pretext which could in no way excuse him."

The Lord Chief Justice summed up the case very briefly, stating that, whatever the purpose might be, it is an unlawful act for a British subject to join the King's enemies in time of war, and naturalization during war-time affords no excuse for acts of hostility to the British forces.

In regard to overt acts of hostility, he said, "there was abundant evidence that Arthur Lynch had committed them."

Justice Wills, in pronouncing sentence, said: "No civilized community had ever failed to punish severely every defection from loyalty, whether in the way of open warfare or secret intrigue. Lynch had joined the country's foes in the darkest hours of his country's fortune, and had shed the blood of his fellow subjects who were fighting for their country, and had sought to dethrone Great Britain from her place among the nations, the only palliation which could be offered being that it has been the fashion for some years to treat lightly matters of this kind, and men had been encouraged to play with sedition and treason. The nation had treated with contemptuous indifference speeches and acts of sedition; but it is one thing to talk sedition, and quite a different thing to bear arms in the ranks of the country's foes."

The Colonel was sentenced to be hanged, and later on was declared to be incapable of serving in Parliament, to which he had been elected for Galway.

By the King's mercy the sentence of death was commuted to imprisonment for life, though it was expected that after some time he would be set free.

The sad condition of Ireland was in the meantime recognized by all parties in Parliament, and the land tenure was changed by the recently passed Land Purchase Bill, which gives to the Irish tenant that interest in the land of their country of which they have been deprived for centuries, and it was generally deemed a sufficient reason for showing further clemency to Col. Lynch, that a peace between England and Ireland had been effected by the passage of the Land Purchase Act which had removed forever the greatest of the grievances under which Ireland had suffered for centuries.

It was admitted by all that Col. Lynch's acts of disloyalty were the consequence of the sufferings which Ire-

land had so long endured, and it was believed to be a suitable sequence of the Land Purchase Act that clemency should be extended to one who thought that, by fighting against England in Africa, he would be promoting the cause of Ireland. Accordingly, the Colonel has now been released, the term of his imprisonment having been actually one year.

Besides, a general amnesty was extended to the Boers at the ending of the South African war, and it was deemed unnecessary to keep one prisoner alone in duration for having fought in that war, and therefore Col. Lynch has been released. It is understood that the King himself was anxious for this ending of the matter, and that he was fully determined on the Colonel's release.

Colonel Lynch was sent to South Africa by a Paris journal as its war correspondent, and in this capacity he was allowed as a non-combatant to pass through the British lines to the Boer headquarters. It was then that he became naturalized as a Boer, in the hope that he might be allowed to pass freely from one army to the other in the interest of the paper by which he was employed. Soon after this he became desirous of taking an active part in the war, and he organized an Irish brigade for service in the Boer cause. This brigade, however, was very largely composed of foreigners of every country of Europe, so that it was an Irish brigade only in name.

After the war, Col. Lynch was elected to Parliament for Galway, though it was well known that he could not safely return to the country. Yet he seems to have imagined that the charge of high treason would not be urged against him; and he actually did return with the intention of taking his seat in the House of Commons. He was arrested as soon as he set foot on British soil, and his trial followed as a matter of course. It may be presumed that he would not have been disturbed at all only for his election—and probably he would not have thought of returning to Great Britain at all if he had not entertained some hope that he would have been allowed to take his seat in Parliament.

Previously to his election for Galway, viz., in 1891, he had made an attempt to enter Parliament as member for the same constituency, but he was unsuccessful, failing by 50 votes to gain the seat.

REV. DR. BRIGGS' AND ANGLICAN ORDERS.

The Rev. Dr. Briggs, formerly professor of Biblical Exegesis in the Presbyterian Union Theological Seminary of New York, but who was more recently ordained by Bishop Potter as a "priest" of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, recently startled the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church Club by a statement which he made in regard to Protestant ordination in general, and Anglican orders in particular. He said:

"I am quite ready to accept ordination by the Pope of Rome. I believe my Presbyterian ordination was valid, and that it was a humiliation which the Protestant Episcopal Church ought not to have put upon me when it required confirmed, in order that I might enter into the ministry of one of the two Churches to which I now belong. I am convinced that if the unity of Christians depended upon ministers of all bodies submitting to ordination by the Roman Catholic Bishops that almost all of them would submit. I would for one. The Protestants do not regard the ordination of their ministers as a sacrament and a sacrifice. I wish they did in the same sense that Rome so regards it."

Continuing, the rev. doctor said he agreed in substance with the judgment of Pope Leo XIII., that Anglican orders are invalid in the sense that Episcopalians consider them, and he urged the Club to use its influence to have the Episcopal Church get down off its pedestal and begin to recognize other people who, ecclesiastically, are fully as good as they are.

He said further that "in the matter of continuity, Anglican orders hang upon a very slender thread," and in his belief "it was the act of God in cutting short the life of Queen Mary, and not any act of holiness or wisdom on the part of early Anglican leaders that gave the Church of England Bishops, and made it national."

There is a good deal that is incomprehensible in these utterances, yet there is also a vein of truth running through them which gives them pungency.

The claim of the Church of England to possess orders which are superior to those of Presbyterians is preposterous. It is founded on the hypothesis that the first Anglican Bishops received their orders from one or three of the Catholic Bishops who were deprived of Queen Elizabeth of their sees. This claim bears on its face its absurdity. It is true that an attempt was made by Matthew Parker, the first Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, to obtain

Episcopal consecration from the Bishop of Llandoff, Wales, but the latter was terrified from acceding to Parker's request, by the threat of excommunication by his superior, the Primate of Canterbury, and there is no valid evidence that any orders were received by Episcopal consecration at the hands of any Catholic Bishop. The Lambeth Records, which were produced as evidence of this half a century later, have internal and external marks that they were fraudulent, and convicted for the purpose of supplying a missing link in the chain of evidence which should make the new claimants to Episcopacy, Bishops according to law. The required link was, however, supplied in another way, which certainly did not supply Apostolic succession, though it enabled them to take possession of their sees by force. This was the Act of Parliament which declared them to be truly Bishops, and they and their successors were thus made Bishops by Act of Parliament, and not by succession from the Bishops of the Catholic Church. Dr. Briggs is, therefore, right in saying that their continuity hangs by a very slender thread.

It is true also, as the doctor virtually says, that Presbyterians are as truly ordained to the Christian ministry as the so-called Bishops and priests of the Church of England. Both are clergymen by the civil laws of their respective countries, Scotland and England, and by no other way. Neither can truly claim that they received ordination after the manner in which the Apostles transmitted the authority to "dispense the mysteries of Christ." This mode of the transmission of orders is declared by St. Paul in his epistle to Titus.

"For this cause I left thee in Crete that thou . . . shouldst ordain priests in every city as I also appointed thee."

In reference to other matters, Dr. Briggs is evidently very much astray. Catholics do not call ordination "a sacrifice;" but it is a "sacrament." Priests are ordained to offer sacrifice, as St. Paul says, (Heb. viii. 3.) "Every high priest is appointed to offer gifts and sacrifices: wherefore, it is necessary that he should have something to offer;" but their ordination is a sacrament, not a sacrifice.

The priesthood of the New Law have the sacrifice of the Mass to offer, which Christ instituted at His Last Supper, saying: "Do this for a commemoration of Me," and "as often as you shall eat this bread and drink this chalice you shall show the death of the Lord until He comes." (St. Luke xxii. 19-21 Cor. xi. 25, 26.)

It is also clear that the rev. doctor is in error in his supposition that the ministries of all Christian Churches stand upon the same footing, as the Catholic Church can unmistakably trace the uninterrupted succession of its Episcopate and priesthood from the Apostles and from Christ, which none of the Protestant sects of which he speaks can do.

Another thing which we must class among the incomprehensible things stated by the rev. doctor is the statement that he now belongs to "two Churches." We should have supposed that he laid aside his Presbyterianism when he became an Episcopalian, but it seems we were mistaken. We suppose he is now to be regarded as a "Presbytero-Episcopalian," a new species of religionist which naturalists have not yet described.

THE DIVORCE EVIL.

A large number of the ministers of New York and Rhode Island of different denominations, but especially of the Protestant Episcopal Church, have formed a league with the object of making it a difficult matter for divorced persons to marry again. The line, however, on which this effort will be made is not uniform. One hundred and fifteen ministers of Rhode Island have declared that they will marry only the innocent parties to divorce suits, which means that only the parties who have sustained the wrong on account of which the divorce were granted will be remarried by them. Eighteen ministers will not remarry divorced persons under any circumstances: sixty three will not remarry those who according to the rules of their respective Churches, ought not to have sought for a divorce.

In New York similar methods are to be followed, according to the rules of the Churches to which the ministers belong.

We have no doubt that these resolutions will work for good so far as they go, by producing some moral effect; but as very few ministers can be expected to fall into line when the movement is limited to the voluntary action of individuals, we cannot expect that the divorce evil will be really stayed or checked to any considerable degree by this partial movement.

The mistake was made when Protestantism in the first instance opened the way to divorce by authorizing the

divorce of Henry VIII. from Queen Catharine of Arragon, and by permitting the polygamous marriage of Philip Landgrave of Hesse.

It is not possible to undo the evil thus begun unless the Catholic teaching of the indissolubility of marriage be fully adopted, a thing which Protestantism can never effect; and further, it must be admitted once for all that polygamy is not to be permitted under any circumstances.

THE ELECTION OF POPE PIUS X. AND THE AUSTRIAN VETO.

The Diary of the Roman Curia publishes the official report of the ballots cast for the election of a Pope after the death of the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII.

According to this report, there were seven ballotings. This agrees with what was published already at the time of the election. There were sixty-two Cardinals present, all of whom voted at each balloting.

At the first ballot, Cardinal Rampolla received 24 votes, Cardinal Gotti 17, Cardinal Sarto 5, and the remaining 16 votes were divided among 10 other members of the Sacred College.

At the second ballot, Cardinal Rampolla received 29, Cardinal Gotti 16, Cardinal Sarto 10, and the other 7 votes were scattering.

When the third ballot was about to be taken, Cardinal Puzyna announced that the Emperor of Austria wished that Cardinal Rampolla should not be elected to the Roman Pontificate.

Though this was expressed as a wish, it was well understood by all the Cardinals that it was intended as a veto on Cardinal Rampolla's election.

The Cardinal himself thereupon declared that it would be most pleasing to himself that he should not be chosen, but he strongly insisted that no layman had any right to interfere with the unrestricted right of the Cardinals to elect whomsoever they thought proper. Cardinals Oreglia and Perand also protested in vigorous language against such interference. The vote being then taken, Cardinal Rampolla received the same number of votes as at the previous ballot, 29, but Cardinal Sarto's vote was increased to 21.

At the 4th ballot taken in the evening, Cardinal Rampolla received 30 votes, being one more than in the morning, while Cardinal Sarto's vote rose to 24. From this forward Cardinal Sarto's vote increased till on the 7th ballot he received 50 votes, being 8 more than were necessary for his election, as a two thirds' vote is necessary under the law by which the election of the Supreme Pontiff is regulated.

It cannot be known whether the veto of Austria had any effect in preventing some of the Cardinals from giving their votes to Cardinal Rampolla, but the fact that he received his largest vote after the announcement of the veto makes it probable that the announcement had but little weight; yet it may have been that some of the Cardinals would not desire to enter into conflict with a powerful Catholic monarch like the Emperor of Austria, and that the veto thus had some influence. It is greatly to the credit of the body of Cardinals that the right of veto was repudiated by them and that when several Cardinals protested against it, the applause was general. However, the matter did not end here. On December 16th Count Golochowski, addressing the Hungarian delegation, declared that the three Catholic powers, France, Spain and Austria, had exercised the right of veto for centuries, though he admitted that it was not conceded by any ecclesiastical law; but custom, he contended, had confirmed the right, and he added that "Austria has no intention to abandon its right."

But will the Holy See yield the point? There is every reason to believe that it will not. Within a few days of Count Golochowski's announcement, the Holy Father called together the Cardinals of the Curia to deliberate whether or not the Veto had become a right established by custom, and whether it should be abolished. The Cardinals agreed that the Veto is an abuse, and that it had never become a right to any State inasmuch as it was never consented to by any Pope, and without the Pope's consent it could never become a law or a right. In fact, the Veto has been specially repudiated by Bulls issued by Pius IV., Gregory XV., Clement XII., and Pius IX., and though it has not been named as a Veto in these Bulls, Pius IX. was especially explicit on the point, as he declared that Papal elections should be conducted "without any interference of lay power of any degree or condition whatsoever."

The Cardinals of the Curia, after stating these facts, besought the Holy Father decisively to put an end to a usurpation which under the present circumstances of the Church in its relations to civil powers, has become in-

tolerable, and they have even asked that the sentence of excommunication, to be incurred by the very fact, shall be pronounced against any person, whatever his dignity may be, who shall presume to convey, to any future conclave, a Veto issued by any civil potentate or authority.

It is stated that the Holy Father has already drawn up a document embodying these views of the Curia in their entirety; and though this document has not yet been promulgated, it is said that it will be promulgated before another Conclave is held; and thus it may be taken for a certainty that the Veto shall never again be brought before the College of Cardinals when they assemble for the election of a Supreme Pontiff. The defiance of the Austrian statesman has thus been met by a counter blow with a promptitude unexampled in history, and that counter blow must be as effectual as it is direct.

It is stated that Italy was also preparing to claim the Veto right, which it never yet exercised; but the Pope's promptitude will effectually stop any such new claim, as it abolishes even the claims which have some pretension to antiquity.

There is no State which has protected the Holy See since it has specially needed protection; and it would be the greatest of incongruities if the Holy See were bound to grant a privilege which was never even tacitly allowed to any state which had not honored and protected the Papedom to an eminent degree.

The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, answering recently an interpellation by Senator Paterino, declared that the Italian Government had no part in any negotiations for the exercise of the Veto. Notwithstanding this denial, there is good reason to believe that it emanated from the triple alliance, and that Austria fulminated it because coming from a Catholic power in fairly good odor at the Vatican, it would be more likely to be efficacious. However this may be, it is somewhat satisfactory to find that the Italian Government now openly repudiates having had anything to do with the matter, as it will thus be more difficult hereafter for Italy to claim such a right which it deserves less than any other power, Catholic or Protestant.

ANOTHER STRANGE SUPERSTITION.

There is a "Divine Healing" community at Shiloh, in the woods of the State of Maine, which, though not connected with the Eddyite and Dowlette frauds, is in several respects similar to both of these, and especially so in this feature, that in them all in the healing of diseases and infirmities, all recourse to physicians and the use of medicine are strictly forbidden. This sect is called by the strange name of the "Holy Ghost and Us Community."

The Rev. F. W. Sanford is the authority in this sect, and, hidden in the woods as it has been, this modern Moses has exercised an absolutism over his deluded followers which throws into the shade the doings of the Chicago Elijah, John Alexander Dowie, but with this difference, that Sanford has not the money power of the Chicago impostor.

Somewhat over a year ago the Rev. N. H. Harriman of Boston published in a Portland paper, The Press, an account of the doings at Shiloh. He belonged to the community, but became disgusted with it for the reason that its chief exercised over his devotees a rule of terror to such an extent that they had become physical wrecks, and were in consequence completely incapacitated from offering any resistance to their stern ruler.

The Rev. W. C. Stiles was sent by a New York paper to investigate the condition of the people of the "Holy Ghost and Us" sect, and his report bears out fully the statements of the Rev. Mr. Harriman.

The temple of the sect is a great building on Beulah Hill overlooking the Androscoggin river, and some smaller buildings are near by in which most of the people of the sect live, though others are at greater distances. These buildings were erected by means of incredible sacrifices on the part of the Rev. F. W. Sanford's dupes: some women having walked from Boston to add the amount of their fare to the building fund.

Many members of the sect were turned adrift after giving all their possessions into Sanford's hands. One man was expelled because his soas had run away from the settlement, and he could not induce them to return. This man had to pay \$3,000 into Sanford's hands. He was sent forth penniless and ragged, wearing an old pair of slippers made of pulp waste, and died in an old forest camp of smallpox, contracted at Shiloh. The people of Lisbon Falls supplied his widow with food and shelter to save her from starvation, but not a devotee of the "Holy Ghost and Us" community ever enquired to learn the fate of man or woman.

Miracles are said to have been

wrought by the Rev. Sanford, such as the growing of shortened limbs, cancer cures, consumption and other cures, and even one dead woman was said to have been raised from death; but these cures could not be verified by any authentic testimony.

Sanford arranged many times for funds to be brought to him at a particular moment when it would seem that the funds came in answer to his prayers.

He would assert that God would provide a certain amount, say before 12 o'clock, noon. A meeting would be held before the appointed hour and he would call upon the brethren to pray, thus:

"'Shall we let the great God be proved a liar? Pray, brethren pray.' So they pray, they groan, they moan on their faces, they call hysterically on the Almighty. Four minutes, three minutes, two minutes to twelve! Then, hallelujah! the telegram! Some one rushes up to the desk with it. Breathless silence! 'Praise the Lord. Unknown benefactor says he will give all that is lacking.' Hysteria reigns, and this blasphemous gets glory to himself as a man who holds the very keys of the Kingdom of Heaven."

Rev. Mr. Styles declares:

"There are in every Church, perhaps, restless emotional spirits, overstrained, visionary and fanaticism in their views. Some of them, apart from these tendencies, are good workers, and nearly always they are sincere. To these people who need judicious checks on their nervous tendencies, Sanford supplies instead, the spur. They are excitable: he excites them. . . . They like wild singing, noise, out-of-door meetings: he arranges and conducts them. Many of these people, left unmolested, would remain ethically and spiritually safe under the ordinary influences of the gospel. Under the hypnotism of Sanford they fall on their faces, they groan aloud, utter moans like dumb animals in pain, rise and fling their arms about wildly. Women shriek and dishevel their hair. . . . All the evidences of diabolic obsession appear at these dreadful meetings."

Surely all this is evidence of diabolic rather than of divine influence, nevertheless weak-minded persons are duped into the belief that they are under the influence of the divine spirit while these things are being enacted.

It is surely true that there is no religious fraud which will not have its dupes where once every man is left to follow the impulses of his own imagination, instead of the divine authority of the Church which Christ established on earth to teach His gospel unerringly to all mankind. This authority is found only in the Catholic Church which He commands all to hear under penalty of being as the heathen and the publican.

Rev. Mr. Styles states that in that small Shiloh community, where it is claimed that miracles were more frequent than were performed by Christ and His Apostles, there is a higher death-rate than in any city in Maine. Twenty deaths occurred in twenty months: six of small-pox, two of diphtheria, and others of various curable diseases.

Within a few months sixty persons were turned penniless out of this community after being deprived of all their earthly possessions.

One man had given a white chariot and a pair of white horses to the supreme prophet, and not being allowed to take them away, he sent an officer to get them, whereupon they were given up without resistance. For the most part, these deluded people received nothing back of all they had given to the prophet. They are too much broken down in health and spirit to demand their rights. Here again there is a likeness between the cases of Landford, Dowie, and Mrs. Eddy, inasmuch as all are wealthy from the hard earnings of their dupes; but Sanford has few votaries in comparison with the other two, and is therefore less wealthy.

CHURCH MUSIC IN THE NEW WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

The Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, was received by the Holy Father Pope Pius X. in a farewell audience on Dec. 11th before the Archbishop left Rome for Milan. The Pope took special interest in the character of the music which should be used in the new Westminster Cathedral, expressing his wish that the historically Catholic Gregorian music should be used, and not the figured style which is more suitable for theatres than for Churches. He desires that special attention should be given to the training of a body of chorists whose chant should rival the Anglican choirs at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and it is said that the Archbishop intends fully to carry out the plan laid down for his guidance by the Holy Father, and indicated in the Holy Father's recent decree on Church music.

MARRIAGE.

M., Cornwall, Ont., asks:

"If a Catholic person be married to a Protestant by a Protestant minister, can he or she be admitted to Holy Communion in the Catholic Church?"

It is always wrong, and a sin, for a Catholic to be married by a Protestant minister; for he who does this recog-

