

bore it all with smiling and unruffled countenances. Their day came when men swarmed the hospitals stricken with camp-fever, and when the wounded were brought in hundreds or in thousands from the battlefields. No hand was so light, no touch so gentle, no voice so soft, no attendance so devoted and unwearied as those of the Sisters. They soon won their way to every heart. They triumphed alike over official suspicion and the vulgar prejudice of the untaught masses that fought on either side. An American author writes of them: 'As the war progressed, so did the influence of the Sisters, until at length there was scarcely a corner of the country into which a knowledge of their services did not penetrate, and there were but few homes in which their names were not mentioned with respect.' They toiled impartially and with equal charity and zeal for North and South. The Generals of the Army of the Cumberland and the Tennessee besought Archbishop Purcell to send them 'more priests and more Sisters, they were so full of devotion to their duty.' By the rank and file the Sisters soon came to be popularly known as 'angels' and 'angels of mercy.' The famous Sister Anthony was styled 'the ministering angel of the Army of the Tennessee.' She and the other Sisters were granted a universal pass by General Beauregard. This enabled them to go everywhere unquestioned, just like staff officers. Time and again they made use of their opportunities to pass far beyond the lines and return with loads of provisions which kept together the bodies and souls of thousands of Confederate prisoners that were lying in misery and starvation in Charleston.

Eighty Sisters attended the sick and wounded at Richmond. At Gettysburg even the youngest nuns went into the firing line to succour the wounded. Here, and elsewhere, they were brought into direct touch, and at first hand, with the fresh and palpitating horrors of war. What this means for tenderly nurtured and refined women, God alone can tell. We may, perhaps, gain some idea of it from the experience of the famous Belgian religious, Constance Tiechmann. She went out, young and fair-haired, in 1870 to nurse the wounded on the field of Saarbours. When she returned from her task her hair had become white. The charity of the Sisters in the American War overcame everything. When they died from bullet or fever others were ready to take their place and—noble patriots!—to serve their country and their neighbour without pay or reward, frequently—as at the Battle of Gettysburg—furnishing the camp hospitals with provisions and comforts purchased at their own expense. The prejudice against the Sisters that had marked the early part of the campaign soon melted away. Its place was taken by unbounded admiration, both on the part of the officers and of the rank and file. Two wealthy Protestants who had served through the war purchased the great United States Maine Hospital at Cincinnati for £14,000—a fraction of its original cost—and presented it to Sister Anthony. When the mighty struggle was over, the Sisters had no more whole-hearted champions than the soldiers of both armies. For instance, a non-Catholic officer who was wounded near Pensacola was nursed back to strength again by the Sisters of Mercy. 'Look here,' said he to a fellow-sufferer before he left, 'I was always an enemy to the Catholic Church. I was led to believe by my preachers that these Sisters—both nuns and priests—were all bad. But when I get out of this, I'll be everlastingly durned if I don't knock the first man head over heels who dares to say a word against the Sisters in my presence.'

The wounded officer of the Pensacola hospital is but one instance out of many that might be cited to show how the magnificent services of the Sisters during the war broke down the barriers of prejudice against the Catholic Church. We will content ourselves with quoting the words of the distinguished lawyer, politician, and soldier, General Randall Lee Gibson. He passed away in 1892. Some time before his death he spoke as follows in the course of a public address:—

When I was a young man, before the great struggle between the North and South, I was somewhat prejudiced against the Catholic Church. . . . Well, the cry came, 'To Arms!' and I presume it is hardly necessary for me to tell an Ohio audience that I had the honour of commanding an Ohio regiment—the 19th Volunteers. After a day's engagement, in which our forces were badly beaten, I looked out from headquarters—which were located on an eminence—up in the scene of the conflict; and through the field-glass I could see black-robed figures going around among the wounded and dying soldiers. I immediately ordered my aide-de-camp to go down and see who those black-robed figures were, and report as soon as possible to me. He hastily returned, almost breathless, and exclaimed: 'General, those figures are Sisters of Charity, who are ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers.' . . . I was amazed, and concluded to make a personal investigation. I went down into the scene of the great conflict, accompanied by some of my staff officers. I didn't have to go far before coming across a black-robed figure that was cold in death. This heroine of heroines died at her post. She was not regularly mustered into the service, she received no pecuniary compensation; but oh, what a reward will be hers! Her companions were still engaged in succouring the wounded and dying. When I saw this with my

own eyes on that eventful day, I returned thanks on bended knees to the Omnipotent God for opening my eyes to the sublime grandeur of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church in America did all in her power to calm the public mind in 1860 and 1861 and to prevent the horrors of a civil war—and this at a time when, as a New York Protestant barrister said, the non-Catholic pulpits were furiously harping on their three burning themes, Popery, Slavery, War. She failed. But when the mighty struggle broke out, she did her duty right nobly to the victims of the war. A lawyer from Louisiana who had tasted the bitterness of prison life during the war, said: 'Looking back upon the war, I see that the Protestants of the North were charitable to their own side, and that the Protestants of the South were very charitable to their side; but the Catholics were the only body of Christians who practised charity for its own sake, irrespective of politics, and who did so even when it was unpopular, if not dangerous for them to do so.' One result of the single-minded charity and patient kindness of the Sisters was the conversion of thousands of the rank and file and many of the officers of both armies during the course of the war.

LORD WOLSELEY has his notions. And one of them is this: that it is the destiny of THE CELT IN THE FIGHTING Irishmen to rule the whole British Empire. So much he said in the course of an interview with Mr. Stead in August, 1890. 'Not long ago,' said he, 'almost every Colonial Governor was an Irishman. Of the Viceroy of India, Lord Mayo, Lord Dufferin, Lord Lansdowne, and Sir Hercules Robinson were all Irishmen.' So were the holders of the greatest names in the later military history of the Empire. Lord Wolseley himself, the Commander-in-Chief of the forces, is a Dublin man. So probably was the mighty modern Thor of the Thunder Hammer, the Duke of Wellington, although some claim Dangan Castle in the County of Meath as his birth-place. That other mighty fighter, Sir Charles James Napier, was a native of Antrim. So is General White, who is holding Ladysmith against the beleaguering forces of the Boer army. Sir Eyre Coote—so distinguished for his services in India—was a Limerick 'boy.' Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is from 'magnificent Tipperary.' So is Major-General Sir William Francis Butler. General Clery is said to be a native of West Cork, and, if we mistake not, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum hails from the 'Kingdom of Kerry.' From the days of the Peninsula to the Malakand and the Afridi and the latest Soudan campaigns it seems to be the accepted tradition of the British army that most of the tough fighting falls to the share of the Irish and Scottish regiments. The present campaign in South Africa forms, thus far, no exception to the rule. It is not, however, so generally known that Ireland, in proportion to her population, not alone supplies an enormous proportion of the military talent of the British army, but that she also (still in proportion to her population) furnishes the regular army—that is, the fighting line—with 20 per cent. more troops than England and with 50 per cent. more than 'Bonnie Scotland.' Such, in effect, are the figures furnished in Mulhall's *Dictionary of Statistics* for the current year. 'Compared with population,' says he, 'we find that England produces five soldiers per thousand inhabitants, Scotland four, and Ireland six.' Other things being equal, we may legitimately conclude that the Green Isle suffers proportionately in good Milesian blood when the cannons roar and the rifle-fire sputters and crackles over the field of battle. The number of Irish-born soldiers in the British army in 1896 was 25,000 out of a total white force of 209,000. Great Britain has learned by a long and happy experience to lean with easy confidence on the dash and élan and unflinching gallantry of the Irish and the Scottish Celt.

A FAREWELL
PROFESSION
OF FAITH.

THERE is a pathos in nearly all last things—the last glimpse at home, the last word of the dying, the last look at the face of the dead. And so was there, too, a singular pathos in the farewell sermon preached a few weeks ago by the Rev. Dr. Lee in the Anglican Church of All Saints, Lambeth (London), after a ministry of three-and-thirty years. Dr. Lee was notable both as a preacher and writer. But his name is, perhaps, best known in England through his efforts in the direction of the Corporate Reunion of Anglicanism with the centre of Catholic life, the Church of Rome. His farewell utterance included a profession of faith in many of her distinctive doctrines. Thus, 'the Incarnation,' said he, 'involved the stainless Conception of the Blessed Mother of God, which was not set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles, nor explicitly in the Creed, though it was in substance; and it was to be regretted that that doctrine was not more faithfully considered. The propriety of prayers for the dead might likewise be deduced from the words of his text. . . . He would advise the constant repetition of "Hail Mary, full of grace, blessed art thou among women," the making the sign of the Cross, and the use by all classes of grace at meals, as a