

their hands, tattered knee-breeches on their nether limbs, and on their heads battered 'caubeens' with short and black clay pipes stuck in the bands thereof. In his *Irish Life and Character* Michael MacDonagh says: 'The Queen, in her interesting book, *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*, gives her impressions of the two visits she paid to Ireland in 1849 and 1861. Her Majesty was evidently on the look-out for the Irishman of the stage and fiction. At Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, she saw the Irish jig danced by the peasantry. "It is quite different from the Scotch reel," she says, "not so animated, and the steps different, but very droll. The people were very poorly dressed in thick coats, and the women in shawls," and, she adds, "there was one man who was a regular specimen of an Irishman, with his hat on one ear." The fact that the Irish were entirely different in temperament, manners, habits, ideas, from the English, also struck her Majesty. Cork was the first place she saw on her visit to Ireland in 1849. "It is not at all like an English town, and looks rather foreign," she graphically writes. "The crowd is a noisy, excitable, but very good humored one, running and pushing about, and laughing, talking, and shrieking. The beauty of the women is very remarkable, and struck us much—such beautiful dark eyes and hair, and such fine teeth; almost every third woman was pretty, and some remarkably so."

SOME time ago a report went the rounds of the non-Catholic Press that Lord Halifax, the leader of the Ritualistic section of the Church of England, had 'gone over to Rome.' The report was unfounded, but, says an Anglican contemporary, the ultra-Protestant mind was 'strangely jubilant at the news.' It gave them the opportunity of twitting their opponents with that never-failing argument of the small prophet: 'I told you so.' Poor Lord Halifax was bombarded in his laager with a whizzing storm of violent correspondence. Some of the epistolary explosives aimed at him he placed, so to speak, on exhibition in the columns of the Ritualistic Press. One specimen was given as exhibiting the dark fanaticism that rages in the oath-bound ranks of the Orange Society. The precious epistle runs as follows:

Bradford, December 6, 1900.

My Lord,—I was heartily glad to see the announcement of your joining the Church of Rome. Like Judas, you have gone to your own place. Dan'e says that in hell Judas is shunned by all. When you enter hell, Judas will no longer be shunned by all. You and he will be fit companions—two of the choicest tools the devil ever had.

There is scarcely anything in that *raccolta* of concentrated theological abuse, L'Estrange's *Dissenters' Sayings*, that can surpass this. Lord Halifax's variegated collection of critics claim, no doubt, the right of private judgment. But if the titled President of the English Church Union dares to exercise it in a manner not to their taste, he will find occasion to sing with the poet:—

Straightway a barbarous noise environs me,
Of owls and asses, cuckoos, apes, and dogs.

'SINCE the Holy Father,' says the *Ave Maria*, 'issued his pronouncement declaring the invalidity of Anglican Orders, as many as twenty-four clergymen of the Establishment, all of them rectors or vicars or curates or chaplains in good standing, have been received into the Church. It was persistently asserted at the time that the effect of the Pope's decision would be to stem the Romeward current in the Anglican denomination, and to kill off Ritualism. In neither case has the prediction been fulfilled.' The extent of the Romeward movement may be roughly estimated from a work published last year by Swan and Sonnenschein, London, which states that since the Tractarian Movement of 1850 the persons who 'have gone over to the Church of Rome include 445 graduates of Oxford, 213 of Cambridge, and 63 of other universities, besides 27 peers, 241 military officers, 162 authors, 129 lawyers, and 60 physicians. Among the graduates were 47 clergymen of the Established Church.'

SAYS the *Catholic Record*: 'Another "ex-priest," one Rannie, has been receiving attention from various newspapers, and incidentally from good people who look upon him as a brand snatched from the burning. From all accounts he never saw the inside of a Catholic college, but has been a swindler and jail-bird. But whatever he is, he will find that the business is not so profitable as of yore. The "ex-priest" lecture, which is generally a mass of tattering putrescence, is rather too strong for the average Protestant.' We have the facts of this individual's career before us, and should his money-getting scheme induce him to gravitate to New Zealand, our readers may count on hearing something more about him.

COVENTRY PATMORE is known to the reading world as the man who filed and polished and burnished his work with the scrupulous and minute exactness of Kinglake, until his *Angel in the House* has come to occupy a recognised place among the poetic achievements of the nineteenth century. He is less known as a convert and a devout son of the Catholic Church. In his recently-published biography occurs the following passage from his own pen: 'From that time [of his reception], now twenty years ago, to this [1888], no shadow of religious doubt has ever crossed my understanding or my conscience; though it was not until the autumn of the year 1877 that my faith became the controlling power which for five and thirty years I had longed and prayed to find in it. . . . Before and even since my reception into the Church my feelings had been, as it seemed to me, hopelessly out of harmony with the feelings and practice of the best Catholics with regard to the Blessed Virgin. I was in the habit, indeed, of addressing her in prayer, and believed that I had often found such prayers to be successful beyond others; but I could not abide the Rosary, and was chilled at what seemed to me the excess of many forms of devotion to her. Good I hoped might come of some practical contradiction of this repugnance—some confession in act or will of what my feelings thus refused to accept. I, therefore, resolved to do the very last thing in the world which my natural inclination would have suggested: I resolved to make an external profession of my acceptance of the Church's mind by a pilgrimage to Lourdes. This I undertook without any sensible devotion, and merely in the temper of a business man who does not leave any stone unturned when a great issue is at stake, though the proposal of attaining thereby what he seeks may seem exceedingly small. Accordingly, on October 14, 1877, I knelt by the shrine at the River Gave; and rose without any emotion or enthusiasm or unusual sense of devotion, but with a tranquil sense that the prayers of thirty-five years had been granted. I paid two visits of thanksgiving to Lourdes, in the two succeeding Octobers, for the gift which was then received, and which has never since been for a single hour withdrawn.'

A like freedom from the rackings of doubt and misgivings marked the newly-won faith of another noted English writer and convert, Mr. C. Kegan Paul. Aulus Gellius tells us that poisons proved rather wholesome than hurtful to the ducks of Pontus. In like manner Mr. Kegan Paul tells us in his *Confessio Viatoris* that certain violent no-Popery volumes such as *Father Clement*, *The Nun*, and other books of a vehemently Protestant character first led his halting footsteps towards Rome. Auguste Comte was a still more unlikely teacher. Yet Mr. Kegan Paul learned from him the apparent paradox that 'Positivism is Catholicism without God.' Under Comte's directions he read the *Imitation of Christ*. 'The daily study of the Imitation for several years did more,' he says, 'than aught else to bring me back to faith and faith back to me.'

'Those who are not Catholics,' he says in his *Confessio Viatoris* (p. 13), 'are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman Communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret what has been done, and would return but for very shame. It has been said of marriage that every one finds, when the ceremony is over, that he or she has married another. . . . We wed Rachel, as we think, and, in the morning, behold it is Leah. . . . But the Church is no Leah—rather a fairer Rachel than we dared to dream; her blessings are greater than we had hoped. I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of Penance on that 12th of August—the fervor of my first Communion—were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the Mystery of the Altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, our Lady more tender, the great company of the saints more friendly, my guardian angel closer to my side. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me the grace to enter His Church, but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing he has given me outweighs them all. . . . It will be said that I am very confident. My experience has been like that of the blind man in the Gospel who also was sure. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes, but this he could say with unfaltering certainty: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

'LIKE many another unbeliever,' says the *Ave Maria*, 'Professor Huxley with growing years felt more and more that here everything is but a rent, and that it is death alone

which integrates. In the newly published life of Huxley a letter to Mr. John Morley is quoted in which the great naturalist says: "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate, in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way."