A Story of the Rosary

It was on the 10th of March when a Religious of the Society of Jesus ascended the scaffold in Glasgow. John Og'lvy was his name, and his great crime consisted in saying that the spiritual power belonged to the Pope and not to the King, who at the time was James I. When he was being led to the scaffold a Protestant minister came up to him, and, protesting great affection and concern, spoke thus:

"My dear Ogilvy, I feel sorry for you, and extremely regret your obstinate resolution to endure such a disgraceful death."

Father Ogilvy, feigning fear of the gallows, answered: "What can I do? I am powerless to prevent it. They declared me guilty of high treason, and therefore I must die."

"High treason! Nothing of the kind," replied the Protestant. "Swear off your papism, and you will be at once pardoned; furthermore, you will be overwhelmed with favors."

"You are joking!"

"No, I am in earnest, and have a right to speak thus, since the Protestant Archbishop sent me to offer his daughter in marriage, and for a dowry a rich prebend, if you decide to pass into our ranks." With these words, they arrived at the scaffold.

The Protestant insisted that the Jesuit should consent to live. Father Ogilvy replied that he was willing to do so, if his honor would not be contaminated.

"I told you already," answered the minis-

ter, "that you will be loaded with favors and honors."

"Well, then," answered Father Ogilvy, "repeat your promise before the crowd."

"With the greatest of pleasure."

"Hear me!" shouted Father Ogilvy, turning to the people "Listen to the proposition made to me."

And the Protestant minister spoke in a loud voice: "I promise to Mr. Ogilvy life, and the daughter of the Archbishop in marriage, with a rich prebend, provided he is willing to pass over into our ranks."

"Are you inclined," asked Father Ogilvy of the crowd, "to bear witness, if it is necessary, to this proposition that you heard just now?"

"Yes," roared the crowd, and Father Ogilvy made ready to descend from the scaffold.

The Catholics who were present and witnessed the scene endured indescribable agony at the thought of the great scandal which such an apostacy would create in the whole Church.

"In this case, then," continued Father Ogilvy, "I will not be prosecuted for high treason?"

"No!" roared the crowd.

"My crime is, therefore, solely and alone, my religion."

"So it is, only your religion."

Father Ogilvy's eyes sparkled with delight, a bright smile played upon his lips. After a momentary silence he said:

"Very well, that is more than I asked for. I am sentenced to death only on account of my religion. For my religion I would give a hundred lives if I had them. I have only one; take it; my religion you shall never tear away from me!"

The Catholics, on hearing these words, rejoiced exultingly, while the Protestants were frantic with rage. They were caught in their meshes. Order was given to the executioner to complete his task. The executioner, with tears in his eyes, begged pardon of the martyr, who in return embraced him.

Before his hands were tied, Father Ogilvy loosened his resary, and flung it into the crowd. It happened to fall upon the breast of a young Calvinist, who was at that time travelling through Scotland, Baron John Eckersdorff, afterwards Governor of Treves, and an intimate friend of Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III.

Years passed by, the Governor of Treves, already a decrepit old man, remarked: "When the resary of Father Ogilvy struck my breast, and the eager Catholics snatched it before I could take hold of it, I certainly had no mind to change my religion; but those beads struck my heart, and from that moment my interior peace was gone, my conscience was even troubled, and frequently I asked myself: "Why did those beads strike me, and no other person?" That thought haunted me for many years, and left me no rest till I became a Catholic. I ascribe my conversion to that blessed rosary, which today I would buy at any price, and which, once in my possession, I would not part with for anything on earth .- The Garland.

Marist Brothers' School, Tasman Street, Wellington

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at the school on Wednesday, December 17. During the entertainment provided by the pupils the report of the year was read by the headmaster, the Rev. Brother Louis. The parents have every reason to be satisfied, as the report shows that the school is still upholding its past traditions. In the recent examinations success was very pronounced. Fifty-seven boys were presented for the proficiency examination and all were successful, whilst a number gained day scholarships, tenable at St. Patrick's College. In the arena of sport the school is also well to the fore. In the schools' Soccer competition the senior and junior championship trophies were gained, whilst in athletic events the school carried off the Blundell and Preston Cups.

Special Prize List.

Good conduct (gold medal presented by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea), L. Greig. Christian doctrine (gold medal presented by Rev. Father Cullen), D. Burke. Dux (gold medal presented by his Grace Archbishop Redwood), S. Ellis. Diligence (gold medal presented by

The usual "breaking up" ceremony of the Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, took place at the school on Wednesday, December 17. During the entertainment provided by the pupils the report of the year was read by the headmaster, the Rev. Brother Louis. The parents have every reason to be satisfied, as the report shows that the school is still upholding its past traditions. In the recent

Proficiency Certificates.

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