RETURNING TO THE FOLD.

The Rev. James Fraser, late incumbent of the Episcopalian Church, Banchory, N.B., has been received into the Catholic Church at St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus.

Rev. Joseph T. Gaugle, who, in December 1901, joined the Austrian Old Catholic sect, has returned to the Catholic Church, and made public a letter of humble recantation.

Mr Thomas Addis Emmet, nephew of General Louis Botha, who served in the South African war under General De Wet, was taken prisoner in 1901, and conveyed to the camp at Upper Topa, close to Muree, a station served by the Foreign Missionary Fathers of Mill-hill College. While there Mr Emmet was received into the Catholic Church.

Dr William Thorton Parker, from whose earnest pen a number of articles—notably his chivalrous defence of the Jesuits—have have appeared in the 'Sacred Heart Review,' was received into the Catholic Church on December 2 by the Rev. Thomas P. Lucey, pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Northampton, Mass.

On December 20 in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, Toledo Miss Mary Waite was baptised by the Rev. J. T. O'Connell, pastor of St. Francis de Sales' Church. Miss Waite was formerly a member of the Episcopalian Church, but had, for a number of years, been contemplating the step which she took. The ceremony was witnessed by a number of the friends of the young lady, who is a member of one of Toledo's oldest and most prominent families. She is a daughter of the late Edward T. Waite and granddaughter of the late Chief Justice Waite.

The Hon. G. L. Marble, of Van Wert, Ohio, who died the other day, was a recent convert to the Catholic faith. Deceased was a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan College and of Princeton University. At the age of 18 he became an agnostic and was a close friend of the late Robert Ingersoll. Yet he refused to attend any of the lectures of the great infidel, believing them wrong in undermining the religious faith of others. Some years ago he began to consider the claims of Catholicism, and when he had satisfied himself of its truth, accepted it with a beautiful and edifying faith. He willingly made every sacrifice that the Church could demand of him, even the forfeiture of his standing amongst the Masons, of which he was an influential member. He was a Hebrew scholar, and a keen student of Latin and Greek. His enormous library included books on all subject of philosophical and scientific research. Mr Marble was one of the legal lights of the State of Ohio, and stood high as a counsellor in Republican State politics. He was a personal friend of the late lamented President McKinley, and several times was called to Washington to deliberate on questions of national importance.

A Glimpse of the Pope.

Writing in the Boston 'Transcript' of recent date, Benjamin F. Brooks, a non-Catholic, describes what he saw in St Peter's in Rome, on the occasion of a public Papal audience. That part of his paper which refers more particularly to the Pope is appended :—

'The cheering stopped. A few moments' silence followed, and then a voice, deep, full, and mellow, rising and falling in slow cadence, began to come from—where? Not possibly from the frail, shrunken body in white and gold; but yes, it was the Pope who was speaking, with animated face and queer, feeble gestures. That was a wonderful voice; how thin and querulous ours will sound in comparison at the age of 92.

'I could not understand what he said, but his voice alone was fascinating, and the picture he made sitting in his Gothic throne with priests standing on each side in long robes of darker colors—red, purple, and black, so as to make him by contrast almost radiant, with Michael Angelo's solemn story of the judgment-day frescoed on the wall behind him, and Michael Angelo's still more beautiful tale of the world's creation on the vaulted ceiling over him—in the midst of these he became the centre of a picture more glorious than any coronation procession or any Roman triumph. . . . There were no tawdry temporary decorations set up on striped poles, no triumphal arches built of 2 x 6 scantling All the decorations were centuries old, mellowed and darkened by time. . . .

'When he had finished speaking, the cheers burst out again louder than ever. Then a long line of the people who had come in evening suits and the lace head-dresses knelt before him to receive a special word of benediction; and when they had passed on, he rose once more, bowed before the altar in its shining candle-light, and began chanting in a husky quaver. A thousand voices joined in a stirring response. Again the lone voice from the altar, and again the thousand people joining in the ancient hymn they all knew.

'And now they were helping him to his chair again and the twelve bearers were raising it gently to their shoulders and starting down the aisle. His kindly smile was upon us, his trembling, aged hand above our heads. There was more cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, and as he passed, people reached for a touch of his finger or the hem of his flowing robe to kiss. . . Maybe it was in this way that Napoleon's soldiers loved their general; but such unreasonable, unchecked enthusiasm is not to be seen every day in our times. So, with the cheers still following him, the Pope passed out of the chapel, the oak door swung behind him, and he was gone.'

Peculiarities of Pronunciation.

The strange vocabulary of the Scotch Lowlanders (says the London 'Academy') has long been a valuable literary asset; in Scott's footsteps petty men have trodden their way to fame and fortune. It had been remarked that Great Britain is being divided amongst the novelists, who carve out kingdoms for themselves, like the Saxons of the Heptarchy, and, acquiring power with time, need fear no trespasser. The Lord of Wessex, as in Saxon days, is the strongest ruler; the Yorkshire Moors were held by a woman, whose fame grows, like a tree, in unmarked lapse of time; London is now mourning a kind master.

Writers must illustrate the universal by the particular, and local color, remote dialects, appeal also to the desire for novelty which is often the only strong passion of novel readers. Certain novels, written largely in broad Scotch, were received some years ago with so much enthusiasm that one could imagine the reading public to believe, like Mr. George Moore, that English was worn out as a means of literary expression. Like nine-tenths of the Gaelic League, he has no Gaelic, and he scorns the English which his Irish fellow-countrymen speak.

It is indeed strange that the gutturals of a Scotch farmer are held worthy of many phonographs, while the gentle Irish brogue always calls forth an English smile. Nobody seems to have studied the genesis and development of the English which Irishmen speak, the speech of the potato-patch is ignoble compared with that of the kail-yard. Yet a study of the English spoken in Ireland is interesting and profitable to a student of English literature. The Irish accent is the result of arrested development.

Everybody knows how Cromwell planted Munster with English colonists, and how they throve therein until, after the Restoration, the bishops harried them as Nonconformists, and the English Government closed all markets against them, and how they faded out of the joyless land which they had made smiling and fertile. The native Irish learn readily, and never forget. The English garrison, Cromwell's veterans, when they were established and dominant, taught the Gaels English. Since that time the Irish have learned no new fashions in English speaking. They pronounce it to-day as Cromwell and his troopers, as Milton, Dryden, and even Pope pronounced it. Slight changes were made, as must be when a people learns an alien tongue. Still we may say on the whole that the brogue at which the English smile is the accent which Ireland learned from the Puritan settlers. Mr Flavin and his fellows abuse the House of Commons in much the same tone as that which Cromwell once used to a more famous Parliament.

It is no new suggestion that Irishmen talk better English than the English. Dean Swift wrote to Pope expressing his regret at some slighting remark of the latter's concerning the Irish: 'The English colonies who are three parts in four, are much more civilised than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred.'

It is possible here to give only a few illustrations of the survival of old words and pronunciations in Ireland. The multitude who are 'again the government' use the old preposition which they learned before it was modernised into 'against.' The word survives, of course, in many rural districts of England, where there is little reading of books.

The peculiarity of pronunciation which most strikes the tourist is the broad sound given to such words as 'please, sea, beast, complete' Waller, Dryden and Pope habitually pronounced them as 'plaze, say, baste, complate,' as all students of seventeenth and eighteenth century poetry have noticed. Dryden, for example, wrote :

> Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
> Held to them both the trident of the sea.

Pope pronounced 'tea' in the same manner as a Tipperary peasant does. One example, referring to 'great Anna,' is well-known; here is another :

> Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
> And sip, with nymphs, the elemental tea

So in Munster the county folk talk of the 'lay,' meaning 'lea,' that pretty word which Englishmen have abandoned to the poets.' It was the influence of French that made our ancestors pronounce 'complete' and 'theme,' and the influence still holds good over here. Listen to Pope again :

> Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great
> There, stamped with arms, Newcastle shines complete.

English, with characteristic inconsistency, has kept the broad sound in 'great.' 'Key,' in Dryden, rhymes with 'play,' and why do modern English pronounce 'quay' in the same way as 'key'? Pope, who stood at the parting of the ways, was already inconsistent, and rhymes 'appear' with 'bier.' In Milton editors have replaced, for 'height,' the proper spelling 'highth,' a noun formed regularly from the adjective, as 'depth' from 'deep.' People find it ridiculous that the Irishman, faithful to his teachers, speaks of 'the hoith of good company.' So we have forgotten Shakespeare's pronunciation of 'character,' but the Irish servant still talks of getting a good 'character.'

It seems as if Englishmen have quite lately rid themselves of the aspirate in words that begin with 'wh,' such as 'which,' what.' Dickens drew attention to its absence in the Cockney speech of his day by means of the spelling 'wot,' 'vich,' and it may have been strange