the Catholic Church in this

MARTHA

Miss Marbury walked along the box-bordered paths of her old garden gath-ering the late roses. Through it was November they still lingered, sheltered by the high stone walls from wind and frost. Pale, half-brown roses with a faint, delicate flush on their folded hearts that would never open to breeze

or sun.

But Miss Marbury was not given to symbolizing or idealizing self, she was only conscious of a gentle gladness that so many roses left to fill the altar vases for the Forty Hours.

With her arms full of the creamy blooms, she re-entered the quaint old house, that had been the home of the Marburys for generations, and where she and her sister, the last of the their name, lived on a slender income that name, lived on a slender income that barely kept up the gentle traditions of their race. Miss Martha Marbury was in the sisting room at her deek. Books, pamphlets, reports and accounts were heaped and strewn round her. There had been a "Board" meeting this morn-ing of a rather exciting character, for work on the new Children's Hospital

work on the new Children's Hospital had come to a stand still for want of funds, and as secretary of the "Board," Miss Martha had her hands full.

So wide and far reaching indeed were her social and charitable activities that she sometimes felt the strain.

As Miss Mary came in with he arms full of roses, Miss Martha was conscious of nerves attractable close to a anan.

of nerves stretched close to a snap.

on, Patty dear, Miss mary held dut her fragrant burden, "are they not lovely? and so many. You know dear mother planted them and they always seem to bring a sweet message from her. I will put some here in a vase on your

"Oh, no, don't, don't move anything on my desk for heaven's sake," said Miss Martha sharply. "I am just get-ting these papers straight, Mary. I can't look or think of anything else now These reports must go out at once. Un-less we can get \$1,500 next month, work on the Children's Hospital must stop And we cannot use the old house an other winter. The roof leaks and the walls are damp, and it is altogether

"Oh, the poor little children," said Miss Mary pitifully. "Surely, surely there are some people rich enough to help. I have \$20 I can give."

"And wear that moth eaten coat a other winter!" said Miss Martha. "N indeed I have had enough of your giv-ing. You went shabby all last year keeping old Tony Williams out of the

keeping old Tony Williams out of the alms house where he belonged."

"Ob, Patty dear, but is would have broken his poor old heart to go."

"It was the place for, him, as everybody agreed, when we had to turn him out of the Aged Home for amoking under the bed clothes," said Miss Marths firmly. "And if you had not helped these wretches Transqui's to nay helped those wretches Transoni's to pay their rent we might have held their beg-

garly children as delinquents."
"Oh, but I found their mother pray-"Oh, but I found their mother praying to "Santa Maria" that she might keep her babies, Patty, and they have been good ever since, you know."

"No, I don't know," answered Miss Martha tartly. "I've given up the whole shiftless, lazy set, since they would not do as I wished, and I do hope

on won't meddle in that blind, blunder ing, impractical way of yours any

Miss Mary's pale face flushed a little over roses, but she answered softly. "I suppose I am impractical, Patty, but we all can't be wise and clever as you. So I will go off with my flowers to church and pray for the hospital, it is all I can

'Church to day !" said Miss Martha. "Oh, I quite forgot the Forty Hours. I was too vired with the meeting last night to get up to Mass this morning."

"There will be confessions this ween will be confessions this ever

ing," said Miss Mary gently.
"Oh! I can't get off this evening, it will be quite impossible. These reports must be mailed at once. I am not

you, you who know how to call on God speak for me? Will you ask Him, you, who are His friend, to spare my boy? Oh, I will give all thought, my wealth my lands. I will go back to the Church I have left, to the faith I have forgotten, I will lead another life—if he is spared to me. Oh, pray for me in pity to my breaking mother heart. Pray to the God who listens to prayer like yours that He will

Miss Mary stood pale and startled, never before had such a wild gust of human anguish swept into the sweet stillness of her maiden peace.

sweet stillness of her maiden peace.
But it smote upon chords that woke
into music full and deep.
'Come," she said softly, "we will go
back to Our Lord's feet and pray for

your boy."
"Not I—not I"—the stranger recoiled shuddering—"I could not, I dare not after twenty prayerless, godless years."
"I will," said Miss Mary, tears of pity dimming her tender eyes. "I will pray as you ask. But oh, God is so merciful—come ask for His mercy. He

merciful—come ask for His mercy. He
will hear a mother's prayer."

"Not mine, not mine, my lips could
not shape one. I stood cold, dumb, despairing, and could not speak one word.
I must go back now—back to my boy.

morseful depths that had for a moment been bared to her gentle eyes, she said nothing—even to busy Martha. Under the seal of a sacred silence she held what she felt to be

a soul's unveiling—buried in faithful, tender heart.

taithful, tender heart.

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The reports had been scattered far and wide, but as yet there had, been no response, though two weeks had passed since, the final issue. The board was in despair—work in the Children's Hospital must cease. Miss Martha had worried herself into sick headache, and was abut up in her darkened room—all to pleces, as her sympathizing friends declared—when the postman dropped a "special delivery" at the sisters' door. Miss Marbury read the superscription, in a bold, dashing hand, that made gentle Miss Mary look at the envelope in wonder and doubt. She was by full six years rightly Miss Marbury but this strange letter could not be for her. six years rightly Miss Marbury but this strange letter could not be for her. Yet with poor Martha so ill, and the letter of seeming importance, she surely might venture to open and read a communication that bore her name.

"Dear friend of my darkest hour," ran the fore herd lines within "Your prayer."

"Dear friend of my darkest hour," ran
the few brief lines within, "your prayer
was heard. I learned the name of the
lady who put her roses on the altar from
the old sexton of the church. I see that
same name signed to a report telling of
the sore needs of a Children's Hospital
in your town. I send my check for
\$1,500, the amount required, to you, to
you my sweet faced saint, as a thank
offering for what is beyond all thanks.
I will never forget you or your blessed
prayer: sometimes remember me. rayer; sometimes remember me.
"ELINOR GRYCE LANE."

Miss Mary stood for a moment flushed tremulous, the letter, the check, in her hand. Then she went up to Miss Martha in her darkened room.

"Here is a letter, dear," she said, "a letter that has just come from a lady signing herself Elinor Gryce Lane. She says she has seen your report and wishes to make a thank offering for the life of her son. She sends her check for \$1.500. Patty. dear."

\$1 500, Patty, dear."
"Fifteen hundred dollars!" gasped
Miss Martha, "Fifteen hundred dollars! Miss Marths. "Fifteen hundred dollars!
All that we need. This is beyond all my hopes—Elinor Gryce Lane
—I remember now, she was the rich
western woman whose son was operated
upon by Dr. Morris some weeks ago.
Mary Gwynne was telling me something
about it but I was so distracted about
other things that I scarcely heard.
They were traveling in their private They were traveling in their private car and had to stop, the boy was so ill." "And he got well?" asked Miss Mary

eagerly.

'Oh, yes, he got well, though the doctor said it was a close call, for a while he thought there was no hope, and his mother was almost frantic. I suppose Mary Gwynne sent her one of our re-ports, and she has given us \$1,500. Fif-teen hundred! Call a board meeting, dear, at once. They will see that after all Martha Marbury has not worked in

And Miss Mary slipped the little And Miss Mary slipped the little note, that no one must see, into the folds of her dress. There are some things that neither boards nor busy Marthas understand—that are only learned by the quiet "Marys" kneeling at the Master's feet.—Mary T. Waggaman in Exchange. man in Exchange.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE

MOTHER OF LIBERTY pursions of the barbarians of the North cursions of the barbarians of the North upon the Roman Empire; and never have been preserved through the following ages of confusion, and, some people say, darkness. I could quote the great German historian, Neander, who was not only a Protestant, but bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church, who repeats, again and again, the self-same proposition. "Were it not," said he, "for the Church, the Christian religion must have perished during the time that must have perished during the time that elapsed between the fifth and the tenth centuries." I might, I say again, find it centuries." I might, I say again, find it easy to prove any one of these propositions, with less fear of cavil. Ah, but this is quite another thing, you will say in your own minds. This man tells us that he is prepared to prove that the Catholic Church is the foater-mother of human liberty. Why, "the man of the day," whom we were considering on Tuesday evening, is not a very amiable character. He has a great many vices; there are a great many moral deformities about him—this boasted man of the nineteenth century. But there is one

This half hour will mean life or death to him. Life or death to me. Oh, pray for him, pray, pray, you who can."

The words ended in a hoarse, passionate sob—and the wretched mother was gone. Miss Mary turned back into the church and knelt again before the altar until the stroke of the bell in the tower told the half hour has passed.

Then she went home in the gathering twillight wondering pitifully what joy or anguish that half hour had brought.

But of the strange meeting, the passionate, despairing outcry; the dark remorreful depths that had for a moment been bared to her gentle eyes, she said nothing—even to busy Martha.

thing that he lays claim to: he says—and he says it as something which no man can gainsay—that he is a free man; that he is not like those men who lived in the ages when the Catholic Church and power; when she was enabled to enforce her laws. "Then, indeed," he says, "men were slaves, but now, whatever our faults may be, we have freedom in spite of the Catholic Church. We are free because we have succeeded in disarming the Catholic Church; in taking the power out of her hands. We are free because our legis lation and the spirit of our age is hostile to the Catholic Church. How then, monk, do you presume to come here and is false in itself—a thing that has no real existence in fact—a thing that God never said, and thought of saying; and he lays that religious lie upon the altar of his sout, and he bows down and does homage to it as if it were the truth! And then he comes out and says: "It may be false; but you know it is a religious falsehood; and it is so respectable and religious to have a multitude of sects, and it shows what a good people sects, and it shows what a good people we are!" The very definition of inte we are I" The very definition of intellectual freedom which I am about to give you, I take from the highest authority. I will not quote for you, my friends, the words of man, but I will quote to you the Word of God—of God Himself.—Who ought to know best; of God Himself, Who made man and gave him his intelligence and his freedom; of God Himself, Who has declared that the freedom of the human intellect lies in the possession. monk, do you presume to come here and tell us, the men of the day, that this Church of yours—this Church whose very name we associate with the idea of intellectual slavery—that she is the foster-mother of human liberty?" Well! of the human intellect lies in the possession of the truth—the knowledge of the truth—the grasping of the truth—the exclusion, by that very fact, of all error. I need not tell you, my friends, that there is nothing easier than to make assertions; that there is nothing easier than to proclaim such and such things; lay them down as if they were the law;

exclusion, by that very fact, of all error.

Christ, our Lord, said: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." You shall know the truth, and in the knowledge of that truth will lie your freedom. Mind you, He did not say: "I will send you groping after the truth." No! But you shall know it—you shall have it—no doubt about it! He did not say: "Here is a book; here is My word; take it and look for the truth in it; and if you happen to find it, well and good; if not, you are a religious man for the very seeklay them down as if they were the law; tumble it out as if it was gospel. It may be a lie. Out with it! Assert it strongly. Repeat it. Don't let it be put down. Assert it again and again. strongly. Repeat it. Don't let it be put down. Assert it again and again. Even though it be a lie, yet a great many people will believe it. Nothing is easier than to make assertions without thinking well on what we say. Now, let me ask you, this evening, to do what very few men in this age of ours do at all; and that is, to reflect a little. It is simply astonishing, considering the powers that God has given to man—the power of thought, the power of reflection, the power of analysing facts and weighing statements, the power of reducing things to their first principles—I say it is astonishing to think of that, and to look around us and see how the few men are who reason at all—who reflect—who take time for thought; how many there are who use words of which they pen to find it, well and good; if not, you are a religious man for the very seeking." He did not say: "Your duty is to seek for the truth; to look for it"—no; but He said: "You shall have it, and you shall know it; and that shall make your freedom; and the truth shall make you free!" I lay it down, therefore, as a first principle, that the very definition of intellectual freedom lies in the possession of the truth. the possession of the truth. Now, my friends, before I go any fur-

Now, my friends, before I go any further, I may as well at once come home to my subject, and that is, that "The Catholic Church alone is the foster-mother of intellectual freedom." Afterwards we will come to the freedom of the will. We will ask what it is, and anny the same principles in anywaring —who take time for thought; how many there are who use words of which they do not know the meaning. Take, for instance, that word "liberty." I need hardly tell you that I must explain it to you before I advance the proposition that the Catholic Church is the mother of liberty. apply the same principles in answering it. There is in the Catholic Church a power which she has always exercised; of liberty.
What is the meaning of the word What is the meaning of the word "Liberty," so dear to us all? We are always boasting of it; the patriot is always aspiring to it; the revolutionist makes it justify all his wiles and all his conspiracies. It is the word that floats upon the glorious folds of the nations banners as they are flung out upon the breeze over the soldier's head, and he is cheared in his less power which she has always exercised; and strange to say, it is the very exercise of that power which forms the world's chief accusation against her. And that is, the power of defining, as articles of faith and dogma—as what we are to believe beyond all doubt, all cavil, beyond all specialities. all speculation, what she holds and knows to be true. There is this distinguishing feature between the Catholic Church and all sects that call thouselves relighead; and he is cheered in his last moments by the sacred sound of liberty! It is a word deer to us all—our boast. ious — that she always speaks clearly. Every child that belongs to her, every man that hears her volce, knows precisely what to believe, knows precisely what the Church teaches. What is the boast of America? That it is the Land of Freedom. Yes; but I sak you, Do you know what it means?
Liberty! Just reflect upon it a little.
Does liberty mean freedom from
restraint? Does liberty, in your mind, lever does she leave a soul in doubt. restaint? Does liberty, in your mind, mean freedom from any power, government, restraint of legislation? Is this your meaning of liberty? For instance: is this your meaning of liberty—that every man can do what he likes? If so, you cannot complain if you are stopped by the robber on the roadside, and he puts his pistol to your head and says, "Your money or your life!" You cannot complain; he is only using his liberty in doing what he likes. Does liberty mean that the murderer may come and put his knife in you? Does liberty mean that the dishonest man is contrast which Protestantiam presents to the Catholic Church in this respect. In England, whenever any question of doctrine or discipline is raised, the be the difficulty great or small, it is all the same. From baptismal regenera-tion or sacerdotal flower and office, down to the question of lighting a candle or the out of a surplice they don't know what to say, and their shifting and vacillating words are those of men with-out power, authority, light, or knowl-edge. The final decision, whenever it comes, is from "the Queen in council," echoing the sentence which popular tumult may dictate, and narrowing by liberty mean that the dishonest man is

This is freedom from restraint. But is it liberty? Most certainly not. You will not consider that you are slaves because you live under laws that tell you that you must not steal; that you must not murder; that you must not interfere with or violate each other's rights, but that you must respect those of each other; and if you don't do that you must be punished. You don't consider you are slaves because you are under the restraint of law. Whatever liberty means, therefore, it does not, in its true meaning, imply simple and mere freedom from restraint. Yet, how many there are who use this word and who cause you live under laws that tell you there are who use this word and who attach this meaning to it. What is liberty? There are in man—in the soul of man—two great powers—God-like, angelic spiritual—viz.: the intelligence of the soul of the spiritual—viz.: gence of the mind and the will. The intelligence of the human mind, the soul, and the will, are the true fountains and the seat of liberty. What is the freedom of the intelligence? What is the freedom of the will? There are is the freedom of the will? There are no other powers in man capable of this freedom except these two. If you ask me, in what does the freedom of the intelligence and of the will of man consist, I answer, the freedom of the intellect consists in being free from error—from intellectual error. The freedom of man's intelligence consists in its being perfectly free from the dangers and liability of believing that which is false. The slavery of the intelligence in man is submission in mind and in belief to that which is a lie. If, for instance, I came here this evenmind and in belief to that which is a lie.

If, for instance, I came here this evening, and if, by the power of language, by
plausibility of words, by persuasiveness,
I got any man amongst you to believe a
lie, and take that lie as truth, and ad-

and decided that every child may know what God has revealed; that this is what God teaches, this is the truth. But the "Man of the Day" says: "What right has the Church to impose this on you? Are you not a slave to believe it?" I answer at once: "If it be a lie, you are a slave to believe it. If it be not a lie, but the truth—in the very belief of it, then,—in the knowledge of it,—lies your freedom, according to the words of Christ: 'You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you truth, and the truth shall make you free." lie, and take that lie as truth, and admit it into his mind as truth, and admit it as a principle that is right, and just, and true, when it is false and unjust and a lie—that msn is intellectually a slave. Falsehood is the slavery of the intelligence. Reflect a little upon this. It is well worth reflecting upon. It is a truth that is not grasped or held by the men of this century of ours. There was a time when it was considered a disreputable thing to believe a lie. There was a time when men were ashamed of believing what, even by possibility, could be a lie. Now-a days, men glory in it. It was but a short time ago a popular orator and lecturer in England, speaking of the multitude of religious sects that are there—speaking of those The whole question hinges upon this: Has the Church the power and the authority to teach you what is the truth? She at once falls back upon the Scriptures and lays her hand upon the words of Jesus Christ, saying, "Go and teach them all truth; I will send the teach them all truth; I will send the Spirit of Truth upon you to shide with you, and I Myself, wi'l be with you all days to the end of the world; and the Gates,—that is to say, the spirit of error,—shall never, never, never prevail against My Church!" If that is true, the whole question is settled. If that word be true—if Jesus Christ be the God of Truth, as we know Him to be—then the whole controversy is at an end. He commands us to hear the Church, to accept her teachings, to church, to accept her teachings, to grasp them, being the truth, with our minds, as though we heard them immedi-ately from the lips of Our Lord God Himself, who is the very quintessence of truth and of intellectual freedom; sects that are there—speaking of those who assert that Christ is God, and of those who assert that He is not God :of those who assert that there are three persons in the Trinity, and of those who assert that there is no Trinity; — of those who assert that good works are necessary for salvation, and of those who or truth and of intellectual freedom; if or intellectual freedom lies in a knowledge of the truth. And now, let me give you a familiar proof of this. Let me suppose now, that, instead of being what I am—a Catholic priest and a monk—that I was (God between us and necessary for salvation, and of those who assert that Christ is present on the altar, and those who say it is a damnable heresy to assert that He is there at all; speaking of all these, he said, "The multitude of sects and churches in Englaud is the glory of our age and of our people, for it shows what a religious people we are." My God! A man believes a lie; a man takes a lie to him as if it were the truth of God: a man takes monk—that I was (God between us and harm!) a Methodist, a Presbyterian, or that I was a Baptist, an Anabaptist, or anything of that kind, or a Quaker, or a Shaker, or anything else you like. And suppose that I came here, a man of a certain amount of intellect and of originality, and that I had taken up, or

if it were the truth of God; a man takes an intellectual falsehood — a thing that

that I had dreamt, last night, some crooked view of the Scriptures, and that I said in my own mind, "Well, perhaps, after all. Christ did not die on the after all. Christ did not die on the cross; perhaps, that was one of those fictions that we find in history;" and that I then came up here, on this altar, and put that lie plausibly and forcibly before you, and told you how many other lies were thus told — how this other lies were thus told —how this thing was proved to be false, and that thing was proved to be false—and that then I said to you, "What evidence have we of the crucifixion of Our Lord but historical evidence? Perhaps, after all, it was only a myth." When we look into ourselves, and see how much there is in us of evil and how little of good, and then think of Christ coming to die for us and save us!—in indeed, they say, there is a question whether He came at all or not. If I were only to put that question plausibly to you, what is to hinder me, if I am able to do it eloquently and foroibly? What is to save some of you from believing me? You are at my from being imposed upon, and some of you from believing me? You are at my from being imposed upon, and some of you from believing me? You are at my mercy, so far as I can raise a doubt in your minds. I can put an intellectual chain upon you. You are at my mercy, and I am at the mercy of my own idle dreams. Well, let us take things as they are. I came here as a Catholic priest, to you, who are Catholics. If I were here, this evening, to breathe one breath—one word—against the real presence of Our Lord, or against the infallibility of the Pope, or against the in

dogma between you and every false teacher—between you and every one who would try to make you believe a

lie. Isn't this freedom?

Some time ago, a poor man from the county Galway—my own county—went over to England, to earn the rent by reaping the harvest. He happened to go into a Protestant church, thinking it was Catholio, and everything that he saw there confirmed him in the idea; for an it was a simplication of the confirmed him in the idea; lie. Ian's this freedom? for as it was a ritualistic church, h for as it was a ritualistic church, he saw the alter, the tabernacle, the lights, the vestments, everything, in fact, apparently Catholic. Our poor friend said his prayers, and felt quite at his case and at home, until the sermon began, when to his great astonishment, he heard the preacher insisting on our Lord's pres-ence in the Blessed Sacrament, and at the same time lament the want of belief the same time lament the want of belief in this mystery, especially on the part of so many bishops and priests. The preacher went on to speak of our belief in Christ's presence as if it were an act of plety rather than of absolute necessity and faith. The moment the Irisa Catholic heard the strange lament over the bishops and priests, and the hesitating, faitering, almost apologetic assertion of the mystery, he picked up his hat and made for the door, for he at once understood that he was in a Protestant and not a Catholic Church. Now, I ask you, who it not the man whose intelligence, humble as he was, uneducated as he was humble as he was, uneducated as he was in worldly learning, but with the knowledge of the Catholic Church in his soul—was it not he whose intelligence instantly rose up and detected the false religion by his knowledge of the true? Need I say any more? Before I end I will come to vindicate the Church, my workbar evils my days for the religion of the true? 107 lopping off a sacrament, now mutilating the liturgy, now denying some ancient and hitherto accepted point of christian faith as "not necessarily involved or enforced in the formularies of the Church of England," now dissolving some indissoluble bond which God Himself made, constantly insisting on "the wise latitude and toleration of the Church," mother, as is my duty, from any charge of ever fostering slavery, or of ever rivetting one fetter upon the intelli-gence of man. But I think I have so far sufficiently brought it home to the inbut never by any chance asserting a single dogma of belief, or maintaining a single point of ancient Christian moraltellect of every one amongst you that if the knowledge of the truth, the posses-sion of the truth, the grasping of the ity; so that no man knows what to be-lieve or what he is strictly obliged to do. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, comes out on a question affecting the existence of God, Heaven, the Revelation of Scripture, the Divinity of Jesus Christ. She gives to the Church on this or that article of faith language as clear as a bell—language so clear and decided that every child may know what God has revealed; that this is truth, creates freedom of the intellect according to the definition of it by the word of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ-that man alone can have that freedom who receives the truth, knowing it to be the truth, from the mouth of one whom Christ, the Son of God, de clares could never teach man a lie.

> For you know that, strictly speaking, the will of man—that free will that God gives us—is really and truly the subject gives us—is really and truly the subject matter either of freedom or of slavery. It a man has the freedom of his will he is free; if a man's will is coerced he is a slave. But when is that will coerced? What is the definition of the word "freedom," so far as it touches human will? I answer at once, and define the freedom of the human will to be, on the one side, obedience to recognized and just law. of the human will to be, on the one side, obedience to recognized and just law, and on the other side, freedom from overruling or coercing action of any authority, or of any power that is not legitimately appointed to govern and rule the will. We are bound to obey the laws and legitimate authorities that govern us, nor is there in this obedience anything unworthy of freedom, seeing that law and authority are the protector of our rights and liberties. But we are slaves if we are bound to observe ors of our rights and liberties. But we are slaves if we are bound to observe laws that are, in themselves, unjust— laws that involve an immoral act; and no man but a slave obeys them. Thus, for instance, if the law of the land tells me that what I have heard from any one of my Catholic children at the confes-sional, I am to go and make a deposition of—that is, use it as evidence against him; if the law said that (and the law has sometimes said its, the Catholic priest knows, and every Catholic knows, that the observance of that law would make a slave of the priest; it would destroy his overruling conscience, that dictates to his will, so that it he ob-served that law he would be a slave; but if he died rather than observe it he would be a martyr and an apostle of freedom. Secondly, the freedom of the will lies in being free from

echo of the eternal voice, commanding or prohibiting. I will only obey the law because St. Paul tells us "the law comes from on high"—that all power, all law, comes from Almighty God. Any other power that is opposed to God has nothing whatever to say to the will of man, and if the will of man submits to the reservice of that correction of the correction of that correction of the corr

man, and if the will of man sabmiss to the persuasion or coercion of that power by that very fact it becomes a slave. Now, what are the great powers that assert themselves in this our age upon the will of man? What are the great powers that makes slaves of us? I answer, they are the world around us and its principles—our own passions within us, and our sinful inclinations. Reflect upon it! We live in a world that quiet. Keep it under the rose as long as you can. There is no great harm in it. It is only the weakness of our nature. You may go on and enjoy yourself as much as you choose; only be circumspect about it. Keep it as quiet as possible, and do not let your secret be found out." The great ain is being found out. This is the way of the world. It thus influences our will, and makes us bow down and conferm to the manners and customs of those around us. How true this is! Is there anything more common? I have heard it over and over again since I came to America: "Oh, common? I have heard it over and over again since I came to America: "Oh, father, we are very different in this country from what we were in the old country. In the matter of going to Mass in this country on Sunday, you cannot go unless you are well-dressed. In the old country they go, no matter how they are. In this country people would look on it as queer if you did not go as well-dressed as your neighbor. go as well-dressed as your neighbor. In the old country they were very particular about stations, and about going to confession. They used all to go to their duty at Christmas and Easter—and often more frequently—but in this country scarcely anybody goes at all."
This is the language I have heard. It is not uncommon. Now what does all this mean? What has this country or that, this portion of the world or that—what has it to do with your will? Where, in has it to do with your will? Where, in reason—where, in faith—where, in Scripture, can you find me one word from Almighty God to man: "Son of man, do as those around you do; conform your life to the usages of the world around you—to the maxims of the world in which you live." But Christ has said: "Be not conformed to this world, for the friendship of this world is enmity before God." The passions within us—oh! those terrible passions! the strong, the unreasoning, the lustful desires of youth—the strong, unreasoning. revenge ful —the strong, unreasoning, revengeful pride of man—the strong unreasoning desire to be enriched before his time by means which are accursed—the strong passions within him, whatever they may be, that rise up, like giants, in his path
—ah, these are the most terrible tyrants
of all, when they assume dominion over
man — and, above all, when they assume man — and, above all, when they assume the aggravated and detestable dominion of habit. Let me say a word to you about this. There is not a man amongst us who hasn't his own little world of iniquity within him. Not one! There is not a man amongst us, even of those who are within the sanctuary, that must not work out his salvation with fear and

trembing. And why? Because he has great enemies in his own passions. Now, the Almighty God's design is that those passions should become completely subject to the dominion of reason by the those passions should become completely subject to the dominion of reason by the free will of man. So long as man is able to keep them down, to subdue them—so long as man is able to keep them so long as man is able to keep himself humble, pure, chaste, temperate, in spite of them, that man is free, because he controls and keeps down those servants, his passions, which the Almighty God never intended should given him. Now, the intention of Almighty God is that we should keep down those passions. The second intention of Almighty God is, therefore, that if they rise—as rise they do, in many cases—and, for a time, overpower the soul and induce a man to commit this sin or that—shat he must at once rise up out of that sin, put down that passion, and chain it down under the dominion of reason and will, fortified by divine grace; because if he lets it remain, But, now, we pass to the second great stronghold of freedom or of slavery in the seul of man; and that is, the will. divine grace; because if he lets it remain, and allows it to subdue him and seduce him into sin again, in an inconceivably short time that passion will become the him into sin again, in an inconceivably short time that passion will become the habit and the tyrant of his life. For instance, if a man gets drunk, if so I sak that man and say: "My dear friend, try to recall the first time you got drunk. Do you remember next morning what state your head was in? A splitting as if it would go asunder. You felt that you would give half of all you were worth for a drink of water. Your tongue was dry and parched, and a coarse fur on it. How you got up in the morning and did not know what to do with yourself for a whole day, going about here and there, and afraid to eat, your stomach being so sick, afraid to lie down, and not able to remain up or go to work; meaning and shaking, and not able to get over the headache of the preceding night. That was the first time, and you made vows it should be the last. Next day a friend came along and said: "Let us go out and take a glass of toddy!" He wants you to take medicine. I remember once I heard of a man in this particular state, and when he saw brandy and water before him, he said: "No. air: I would rather take he saw brandy and water before him, he dom of the will lies in being free from every influence, from every coercing power that has no right or title to command our wills. Who has a right to command the will of man? Almighty, God, Who made it. Every human law friend. Don't mind that. When that headache and that first sickness goes he saw brandy and water before him, he accusation, and sense of self-degradasaid: "No, sir; I would rather take to for having committed it—is, in
Epsom salta." And why? Because the
habit is not yet form-d; the habit is
not yet confirmed. But go on, my
friend. Don't mind that. When that
headache and that first sickness goes
leading into it, or repeating it. As the confessional saves from the tyranny of the

away, go on, and after a while, when you have learned to drink, the head-ache does not trouble you any more; you get used to it; the poison

you get used to it; the poison assimilates to the system; but the habit is come, the physical weakness is gone, and the habit of sin is come. Now, I would like to see you, if you were drunk yesterday evening, to be able to resist "taking your morning." You could not do it! I have seen a man—I was at his bedside—and the doctor was there, after taking him over six long days of delirium tremens, and the doctor said to him: "As sure as God created you, if you take brandy or powers that makes slaves of us? I answer, they are the world around us and its principles—our own passions within us, and our sinful inclinations. Reflect upon it! We live in a world that has certain principles, that lays down certain maxims and acts upon them. The world has its own code of laws. For instance, a man is insulted. The world tells him to go, take a revolver, and wipe out the insult in the blood of the man who dared to insult him. This is the world's law, but it is opposed to God's law which says, "Love your endmies, and pardon them for my sake!" The world says to a man, "You are in a good position; you have place, power, influence, patronage; you have it in your power to enrich yourself. Ah! don't be so squeamish; don't be so mealy-mouthed; shove a friend in here. Let a man have a chance of taking up his own pickings. Put another man to do the same there. Take something for yourself." The world says to the man of pleasure: "You are fond of certain sins of impurity. Ah, but, my dear friend you must keep that thing very quiet. Keep it under the rose as long as you can. There is no great harm in it. It is only the weakness of our nature, You may go on and enjoy yourself as in the had no will. Speak to me of the freedom of the with the doctor said to him: "As sure as God created you, if you take brandy or whiskey for the next week you will be a dead man! it will kill you!" I was present. I was trying to see if the poor for the man tit will kill you!" I was present. I was trying to see if the poor for the man tit will kill you!" I was present. I was trying to see if the poor for the man tit will kill you!" I was present. I was trying to see if the poor for the man tit will kill you!" I was present. I was trying to see if the poor for the man! I was trying to see if the poor for the man tit will kill you!" I was present. I was trying to see if the poor for the waste, on this kill will he he ad the had cotor was the bottle of brandy: I was the bottle of brandy: I was the bottle of brandy: I was the bottl freedom of she will of a thirsty animal going to the water to drink, and I believe it. Speak to me of the freedom of will of a raging lion, hungering for days, and seeing food and leaving it, and I will believe in it as soon as I believe in the freedom of the will of the war. the man who has enalayed himself in the habit of sin! Therefore Almighty God intends either that we should be free from ain altogether, keep-ing down the habit of all those passions, or, if they, from time to time, rise up, taking us unawares, taking us off our feet, not to yield to them, but to chain them down again, and not, by indulgence, to make them grow into habits. Now, the essence of freedom in the will of man lies not in the restraint of legitimate authority, but in the freedom from all care, and from those powers and influences that neither God, nor man, nor society intended should influence or govern his will. Here I come home again to the subject of my lecture. or, if they, from time to tim govern his will. Here I come home again to the subject of my lecture, Now, I invite you again to consider where shall we find the means of emancipating our will from these passions and other bad influences. Where shall we find the means? Will knowledge do it? No. Will faith do it. No. It is a strange thing to say, but knowledge, no matter how extensive, no matter how strange thing to say, but knowledge, no master how extensive, no master how profound, gives no command over the passions; no intellectual motives influence them. "Were it for me," says a great orator of the present day, Dr. Wilberforce, in his "Earnest Cry for a Reformation:" "when you can moor a vessel with a thread of silk, then you may hope to elevate this human knowledge, and by human reason, to tie down and restrain those giants—the passions and the pride of man." I know as much of the law of God as any amongst you of the law of God as any amongst you—
more, probably, than many—for we are
to teach. Does my knowledge save me
from sin? Will that knowledge keep
me in the observance of the sacred
vows I took at the altar of God? Is it to that knowledge that I look for the power and strength within me to keep every sinful passion down in sacerdotal every sinful passion down in sacerdotal purity—every grovelling desire down in monastic poverty—every sin—every feeling of pride down, in religious abedience? Is it to my knowledge I look for that power? No! I might know as much as St. Augustine and yet be imperfect. I might be a Pilate in atrodity and yet as mend a men. There is the same of the same o city and yet as preud a man! There is another question involving the great necessity of keeping down these pas-sions. I would like to know where, in history, you could find a single evidence of knowledge restraining the passions of man, and purifying him? No; the grace of God is necessary—the grace of God coming through fixed specific channels to the soul. The actual participation of the holiness and the infinite sanctity of Christ is necessary. Where is that to be found that will save the young from sin, and save the sinner from the slavery of the habit of sin? Where is that to be found which will Where is that to be found which will either tie down the passions altogether, or, if they occasionally rise up, put them down again and not allow them to grow into the gigantic tyrannical strength of habit? Where, but in the Catholic Church? Take, for example, the Sacrament of Penance. These children are taught, with the opening of reason, their duty to God. You may say the Church is very unreasonable because, to-day, she tells you that she will not allow these children to go to your commonschools, or to any other schools where they are not taught of God—where they are not taught of God—where they are not taught of God, the influence of God, mixed up with every addition of knowledge that comes to their minds. You may say the Church is unreasonable in that. No! because she tries to keep may say the Church is unreasonable in that. No! because she tries to keep them from sin! She tries to give them the strength that will bind these passions down, so as to make moral men, truthful men, pure-minded men of them—and to give them complete victory, if possible, over these passions. But if, as are comes on as temptations come on possible, over these passions. But if, as age comes on, as temptations come on, if the Catholic man goes and gets drunk — if the Catholic man falls into any sin, this or that one, at once the Church comes before him, and at the mement he crosses the threshold of the sanctuary, and his eyes fall upon the confestional, that moment he is reminded of the admention, "Come to me! come to me! and wash your soul in the Blood of the Lamb! Come, and tell your sin!" The very consciousness of the knowledge of the Lamb! Come and tell your sin! The very consciousness of the knowledge of having to confess that sin; the humiliation of being obliged to tell it in all its details—to tell it with so much selfaccusation, and sense of self-degrada-