

lie Church. What is the high Church ritualistic movement which insists upon calling itself Catholic discards and denounces Protestantism, teaches all Catholic doctrine but the Pope's supremacy and adopts all Catholic practices, even pretending to say Mass, which, for three hundred years they have insisted was a blasphemous farce? Is all this but an open, public confession that the so-called reformation was a failure, that Protestantism is a delusion and the teaching of the Catholic Church alone is true? The denial of the supremacy of the Pope is a mere ruse to justify their remaining where they are instead of acknowledging their fault and returning to the bosom of the holy mother from whom the ancestors so unnecessarily and so ruthlessly revolted and upon whom the traditional prejudices of education lead them to look with suspicion and distrust.

But I firmly believe that the Ritualists are doing an important work. The three thousand clergymen of the English Establishment and the constantly increasing number in this country who sympathize with this movement are teaching a great deal of Catholic doctrine and practice to a multitude that Catholic priests could never reach. As time goes on the confusion and contradiction of religious opinion and teaching which prevails among them, and not less among Ritualists than others, without the possibility of determining what to believe, will convince them of the necessity of having an infallible tribunal to decide for them. This they can find only in the Catholic Church, where our Lord, Himself, has placed the Chair of Peter to be the tribunal of final resort in all questions of faith and morals. They will discover that the fact of a divine revelation necessarily implies an infallible interpreter to assure us of its real meaning. If our salvation depends upon our believing certain truths which God has revealed, is it not absurd, on the very face of it, to suppose that He would leave it to every man's private judgment to determine for himself what those truths are? If it is necessary in temporal affairs to have a Supreme Court, can anyone give a good reason why we should not have such a tribunal in spiritual things?

When our friends have come to realize this important truth they may be induced to candidly investigate the claim to supremacy of the successors of St. Peter in the See of Rome. If they do they will be surprised at the overwhelming strength of the argument, from both Scripture and tradition as well as from reason and common sense. And, then, if by the grace of God, they are enabled to make their submission and return to the loving bosom of the dear old mother Church I venture to predict, with absolute certainty, that they will experience a peace, a joy and a satisfaction to which heretofore they have been entire strangers. They will feel like mariners who, after a stormy and perilous voyage, have arrived at a safe and pleasant harbor. They will find themselves in a new world of which they never had any conception.

I have been fifty years a Catholic and I have never ceased to discover new beauties and attractions in the Church to the present day. The Catholic Church is the mother of Saints; she alone possesses, understands and inculcates the science of the Saints. If the deluded multitude who are groping after something to satisfy their natural craving for a more spiritual and higher life under the names of Christian Science, theosophy, spiritualism, and such like, could be made practically acquainted with the magnificent system of the Catholic Church they would be surprised to find their highest aspirations and their deepest longings more than satisfied. The Catholic Church is the true home of the soul. She is a true mother of all classes. In her capacious and loving bosom the rich and the poor meet together on a common footing. The poor, especially, find a home and sympathy which are nowhere else to be found.

To illustrate this fact I will repeat here a circumstance of my experience, heretofore published, but many years ago. About the time when my mind was first directed to the claims of the Catholic Church I had occasion to visit New Orleans, and I naturally availed myself of every favorable opportunity to find out all I could about the Church. Among other places, I visited the Cathedral on a Sunday and there I was surprised to see an immense crowd of a miscellaneous character of which a considerable portion was made up of creoles, colored people and various nationalities. The aisles were crowded, all were on their knees, devout old negroes with white heads devoutly joining in the worship, and I noticed that the colored slaves sat in the same seats with their free Catholics—even went to Holy Communion at the same sanctuary rail. The scene made a deep impression upon my mind. "This," I said, "is true Christianity. Here is a practical illustration of Catholic unity and the spirit of humility and divine charity inculcated by our Lord. Here rich and poor do really meet together for the Lord is maker of them all. Let my portion be with the true people of God."

Another incident occurred while I was officiating as rector of St. Paul's, which has also been heretofore published but which, perhaps, will bear repeating as an illustration of the absurdity of any Protestant denomination presuming to call itself Catholic. I was officiating one Sunday in Trinity Church, the rector being temporarily absent. At that time was quite high church and accustomed to ring the changes on the claim that the true Catholics—not Roman, you know, on retiring after the service I had reached the vestibule when I was met there by three Irishmen who had apparently just arrived from a journey. They approached me respectfully, tipping their hats, when one asked: "Your reverence, is this the Catholic church?" Instinctively and without time for reflection I replied: "No, my good man, this is not the Catholic church. You see that tower over there above the houses—that is the Catholic church."

Imagine my mortification when I had time to realize how completely and unconsciously I had simply given myself away. It was only another practical illustration of the truth of the saying of St. Augustine, that a stranger going into any town and enquiring for the Catholic Church would never be pointed to a schismatical conventicle but to the place of worship of the real old Catholic Church universally recognized as such.

Well, thank God, I had the grace at last to cast my lot with the favored children of holy Mother Church and to enjoy its inestimable privileges for fifty years, and here, by the great mercy of God, I am to-day in my eighty-eighth year in good health and spirits. But I am fully conscious that I am rapidly approaching the end of my journey. If by this last appeal I should succeed in inducing even one enquiring soul to examine and embrace our holy faith how happy I should be! I have vivid recollection, even to this late day, of dear old St. Paul's (where and what is it now?) its dear friends, its personal attachments, its intimate and pleasant social relations, all are enshrined in my heart. If I failed in my duty to aid during the ten years of my service I earnestly beg of the good and merciful God to forgive me. I pray for the repose of the souls of those who have gone before and if any of those are still living who predicted that I would discover my mistake and return, I hope this letter will convince them that they probably never made a greater mistake in their lives.

HENRY L. RICHARDS.

GIVING LIGHT ON SECRET SOCIETIES.

Non Catholic Ministers Attack Masonic Oaths and say they are barbarous.

Under the auspices of the National Christian Association, an organization "giving light on the subject of secret societies," a convention was recently held in the Reformed Presbyterian Church of the Evangelists, Monroe street, between Thayer and Summer avenues, Brooklyn, New York. The real object of the meeting was made plain when secret societies were bitterly attacked by two speakers.

The first of these was the Rev. F. M. Foster, pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, of Manhattan. His subject was "Lodge Oaths and the Confession of Faith." He said that the oaths he sees in the oaths of the different orders. His arraignment was directed particularly toward the Masonic fraternity.

Mr. Foster quoted some of the Masonic oaths. He said the claim could no longer be made that people outside the organization do not know what is going on within. He dwelt particularly upon the penalties attached to the oaths. For the third degree in Masonry, he said, the penalty for violating the oath is having the body cut in twain and the bowels gouged out and burned. Other penalties were having the heart cut out, having the throat cut from ear to ear, the skull smitten off and the brain exposed to the scorching rays of the sun.

Mr. Foster considered these oaths to be barbarous. He said the oath is one of the most solemn approaches to God. The candidate, he says, takes the oath with the due solemnity and pomp and ceremony. He swears to "always conceal and never reveal." He is thus swearing to a blank, which the order may fill out according to its liking. A blank oath is a profanation of God's name and a violation of the third commandment.

That those who fear God are willing to take such oaths, said Mr. Foster, is the most amazing paradox in the Christian life. When men bind themselves to secrecy by such horrible oaths, the presumption is that there is something wrong. The oaths are the presumptive evidence that the within will not bear inspection from without or the light of the Gospel. Mr. Foster cited the case of Captain William Morgan, who was put to death for having violated his oath. A monument has been erected to his memory at Batavia, N. Y.

Two moral principles are involved in such oaths, he continued. In administering them men claim to have the power of life and death. This is the principle on which the lynchings down South proceed. They either claim power, said he, or their rules are buffoonery. They are neither better nor worse than a mob that burns a negro. This is a judgment as severe as true. The offense of the blood-thirsty mob is entitled to better consideration, for they think they are punishing the guilty party.

"We are inclined to believe the institution means what it says when it talks about cutting a man in two, cutting out his bowels and burning them," said Mr. Foster. "God has not made provision for a few men who call themselves Masons to execute the death penalty. The order asserts its right to take life on grounds which it refuses to make public. They are falsifying the Word of God when they administer such oaths."

"In taking these oaths a candidate surrenders his life and yields himself to the execution of the death penalty for breaking the oath. Why will he place his life as a forfeit against a trivial offense? He has put up what belongs to another—his life. I say if the death penalty has been inflicted upon any one in this wide world for violating his oath all the members of the order become guilty. If I am a member of a church which has doctrines which destroy men, I am guilty."

"We wonder that a Christian man can sleep while in the Masonic order, from fear that this penalty will be inflicted upon some one. What answer would our Lord give, if asked to take an oath whose penalty was having His heart torn out, His skull broken off and His brains exposed to the rays of the sun?"

"Those oaths are barbarous, savage and bloodthirsty, and Masonry is a conglomeration of the most intensely perverted and savage ceremonies. A boy would fight every other boy on the block if they dared call him the Most Excellent Puissant Grand Commander."

The next speaker, the Rev. J. P.

Stoddard, of Boston, had as his subject "Lodge and Anarchy." His contention was that anarchism is the result of just such a course of training as is inculcated by the Masonic order. The crime of Colozos, he said, is the outcome of instruction in such ideas. Mr. Stoddard says the true sources of anarchism and assassination in America are the vast network of night schools spread over our country, where men are trained and drilled in mock murders and real tortures, until conscience is benumbed, and the sacredness of the law, liberty and human rights are trampled under foot. Until the secret lodges are outlawed and suppressed they will continue to yield a legitimate harvest of anarchy and assassination as they have in France and every country where they have become strong and popular.—American Herald.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Grand Results of the Recent One in Milwaukee.

Next to the non-Catholic mission given last March at St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, Milwaukee ranks second with regard to immediate results. Chicago method in five weeks 140 converts; Milwaukee in three weeks 74. This number far exceeded the most ardent hopes of all those interested in the lectures.

The attendance throughout was most encouraging—900 to 1000 being the average, the large proportion of which (from 60 to 65 per cent.) being non-Catholics. Many non-Catholics had come from a distance. The rule excluding Catholics, who came unattended was most rigidly enforced—a most wise rule to intensify the zeal of our own and make the outsiders confident of a welcome.

Of the seventy-four converts, twenty-seven were baptized at the close of the three weeks. The real secret of conversion making is the real secret of conversion. Besides the three classes, daily, 10-11 a. m., 3-4 p. m., and 7-8 p. m., non-Catholics were invited to call at any hour of the day they might appoint for the presentation of personal difficulties and queries. Again, the third week of the inquiry class did much to win souls. The one-hour lecture of the two preceding weeks was shortened by half, so that more time might be left for the personal talks.

PERSONAL TALKS. In the Cathedral with both of the missionaries, Non-Catholics frequently remained from 9 p. m. to 10:30 and 11 p. m.

The converts were of different nationalities and religion—Norwegian, Swedish, German, English and American—Jew, Lutheran, Methodist, Episcopalian, Reformed, non-Church, Protestants, infidels, etc.—all came in the spirit of little children to sit at the Master's feet in the kingdom of His founding.

Questions by the score were deposited daily in the question box, or sent by mail to the Cathedral rectory. In all, 245 questions were answered in the three weeks' public answering, although more than 10,000 were answered privately. The lecture or private talk unconvincing as yet of the truth of the Catholic Church, yet, at any rate, they unlearned some old prejudices, and from declaring "the Catholic Church is false," they advanced to the point of saying, "Perhaps the Catholic Church is true." The grand old Church that hitherto was almost a blank line of vision, had been brought nearer and nearer with each succeeding visit—and many thanked the Paulists for their kindly treatment of their special difficulties.

Many of the non-Catholics who the first few lectures greeted the missionaries at the door with a stiff cold bow, in a few days felt quite at home in a Catholic church, and in the last week, the most ardent of the converts, at the onset, sat sullenly all during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, were soon under the influence of Christ's blessing kneeling reverently—yes, some even kneeling in adoration, the grace of faith having been vouchsafed to them.

TOUCHING INCIDENTS. Many were the touching incidents during the mission. The first great step to the Church during a non-Catholic mission given by Father Conway in St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, last November, now came asking for baptism, once his difficulties concerning Papal infallibility and the real presence were settled. Again, a soul with a tale of sorrow, glad of the certainty of the cleansing of his sins which alone he had known of the Church could give; a third, with heart as pure as the little infant, following Christ more steadfastly than many of our own because corresponding to the slightest graces given; a fourth, won by the striking fact of Catholic unity; a fifth, declaring, "Why, yours undoubtedly is the original Church. We are only coming back," etc.

Many a soul, indeed, is now thanking God for the great conversion, who, perhaps, without this special season of grace, might have waited long outside the fold or have lived in for years to come, borne down with the burden of unconfessed sin.

The Catholic people of Milwaukee will not forget this mission which, with God's blessing, has done more effective and lasting good than any other mission ever given in the history of the city, having felt their hearts burn within in them as they heard of the many non-

Profans Altars. From the London Catholic Times. In "Why I left the Church of Scotland," the work just published by William Hodge & Co., of Glasgow and Edinburgh, for Mr. John M. Charlson, till recently minister of Thornliebank, there is a passage which we strongly recommend Ritualists who imitate Catholic practices to read and ponder on. Mr. Charlson had been struggling towards the light of Catholic truth. He had studied the Fathers and been convinced that in a unanimous voice they directed his steps towards the Catholic Church. With not less earnestness he questioned history, and its teaching was to the same effect. He turned to the Papal claims, examined them, and considered them reasonable. As convictions grew upon him they gave color to his ritual. But one day, reading the works of St. Cyprian, he was struck as with a thunderbolt. That holy Bishop, in the early days of persecution—the first half of the third century—denounced Marcian, the Novatian heretic, and in doing so used these words: "He had attempted to erect a profane altar, and to set up an adulterous throne, and to offer sacrilegious sacrifice opposed to the true priest."

He thought Mr. Charlson, schism makes the altar profane, and the Bishop's throne adulterous, and what is meant for the Blessed Sacrament to be instead a sacrilegious sacrifice, then what was he doing outside the Catholic Church but committing this terrible profanity? And he became a Catholic. The words of St. Cyprian, which conveyed such a tremendous warning to him, should impress the same lesson on the mind of many a minister who sets up an altar over against the Catholic Church.

LITTLE ANGIE.

An Angel's Visit and the Tired Priest's Sick Call.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

Father John closed the door of his study and sank into a chair before the fire. It had been a hard day with him, and he was weary, body and soul. Without the wind shrieked, the storm sobbed.

"Daddy wants you," piped a little voice at the young priest's side, and he turned, startled, to find he was not alone. A child, a tiny, fair-haired girl, had followed him.

"Daddy is dying," she continued, fixing a pair of wistful blue eyes on his face. "He wants the priest."

"Who is Daddy, and where is he?" asked Father John, roused from all languor by the call of duty.

"At No. 4 Long's court, in the garret," answered the little one.

"You are a brave little girl to venture out in such a storm. What is your name?"

"Angie," she answered, softly. "Sit down by the fire, Angie, and get warm. I will be ready to go with you in a moment," and Father John passed into his little chapel to make preparation for his sick call. But when he re-entered the room, the little messenger was gone. Anxiously he hurried into the street, thinking to find her without, but he was met by a wild swirl of wind and sleet, in which all trace of his tiny visitor was lost.

The priest struggled on through the storm to his goal—a wretched heap of roomer's tottering to their fall—in one of the lowest parlors of the town.

"The air is no dying man here," was the surly answer to his inquiries at No. 4.

"That I must see for myself," said Father John, taking the smoking lamp from the wall, and pressing up the rotten staircase.

"In the name of God, is there any one here?" he asked, as he reached the low-pitched dark garret under the leaking roof.

"Aye, aye," cried a feeble voice from a pile of rags in the corner. "I am here dying—dying alone. God be praised, it is a priest! Ooh, Father, who was it brought you to me in this devil's den?"

"My child, is it?" sobbed the dying man. "Shure, Father, I have no child; me darlin' little Angie died six months ago."

And Father John thought of his little blue-eyed visitant, and a strange sweet awe thrilled his soul. He felt heaven had been very near to him that night.—Catholic Home Annual.

Platin Talk from a Bishop.

From the London Catholic Times.

A bold utterance, which will, we trust, find a hearing from all for whose benefit it was intended, was that of the Right Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow, at the meeting of the Manchester Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Bishop, in terms which left no room for doubt or question, pointed to what he properly called the great evil of Cath-

olic society in this country. In effect His Lordship said:

"You wealthy Catholics—at least a very large proportion of you—think you can save your souls whilst following out mere epicurean ideas. Your motto seems to be: 'Eat, drink and be merry, and reduce religious duties to a minimum.' You avoid contact with poverty, live in comfortable suburban houses, and seek pleasures not only on six days of the week, but often on seven. Do you know that in the big cities there is flowing a great tide of life, and that there your presence is needed? The waves of religious indifference are washing away the weak and the young. What are you doing to help them? Have you no practical sympathy for them? The miseries of the poor are trying to flesh and blood. Why are you not offering solace, if not tendering assistance? Youths, who are as yet without experience in life, are surrounded by temptations. Why have you not held out to them the friendly hand which they require? You are afraid your respectability would suffer away with your respectability. What we want is genuine Christianity."

This, our readers will agree, is an excellent sermon, and we are sure it will cause some useful heart-searching.

Miles Standish Probably a Catholic.

From "Christiana's Love Affair," by Dr. B. F. DeGroot, in December Atlantic.

On May 11, 1650, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a law, obliging men to labor on Christmas Day and inflicting a fine upon all who might observe the feast. At this time there were a few Episcopalians who desired conscientiously to keep the festival. Some who substantially were contract laborers brought over for service irrespective of their religious or, often, irreligious tendencies, claimed the holidays according to their custom in the old world. Besides the men of the Bay were perpetually haunted by the idea that Jesuits were abroad in disguise. It is quite true that there were Catholics who did not deem it prudent to reveal their faith, and who worshipped secretly as best they might. Indeed there are strong reasons for holding that Miles Standish, the fighting captain of Plymouth Colony, was really a Catholic. He did not belong to the Plymouth "Church" and seems to have been connected with an old Catholic family in England. He was valued by the people of Plymouth on account of his invincible courage and his fighting qualities, of which the colonists stood in need.

Facts for Cataract Sufferers.

The mucous membrane lines all passages and cavities communicating with the exterior. Cataract is an excessive secretion, accompanied with chronic inflammation, from the mucous membrane.

Hood's Sarsaparilla acts on the mucous membrane through the blood, reduces inflammation, establishes healthy action, and radiates all cases of cataract.

A Broom—use your Looking Glass! "The D & L" Emulsion will always keep and build you up. Restores proper digestion and greases back health. Manufactured by Dr. Davis & Lawrence Co. Ltd.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, and removes them without the use of such a cheap and effective remedy within reach.

BLINDNESS CURED BY THE MILES. A man is never a man until he has been his aim a reader him more and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is dangerous. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parke's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and on along the effects of bile in the stomach they restore a man to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

ONE FACT IS BETTER THAN TEN HEARSAYS. Ask Dr. J. B. Rogers, Sup. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, where they have used it for years, for his opinion of "The D & L" Mental Plaster. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co. Ltd.

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Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old. It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful.

It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected.

M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Mattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it; it was cold even in July, and could not cross himself.

According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which corrects the acidity of the blood, on which rheumatism depends and builds up the whole system.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation. Price 25 cents.

From Capt. E. L. Lyle, Police Station No. 6, Montreal: "We frequently use Hood's Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps, and all ailments which beset men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that Hood's Pain-Killer is the best remedy I have used for such."

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