HIS CHOICE

He was engaged in the — for him — unusual occupation of hard thinking. But yesterday the last of his three boyhood chums had married and the aching void of their defection he told himself could never be filled but by the forming of a permanent comradeship with one of the opposite sex.

There were two he left (and that without any undue egotism) might feel themselves sufficiently interested in him to listen to his serious story. Of course up to this point there was nothing of love in their friendship. So the choice was between Lucy Romine, the non-Catholic, and Margaret Lacy, the Catholic. He placed them before him mentally.

mentally.
Miss Lacy was decidedly the prettier Miss Lacy was decidedly the prettier of the two, well educated and possessed of a charming disposition. Miss Romine was farther along the social scale and made up for any lack of facial attractions by her pleasing manner and bright, up to date fascination. Exteriorly, a flip of the coin might decide the one to be chosen because of her attractions. Best of all he seemed to stand well with both either one was ready to accept best of all he seemed to saint was what while both; either one was ready to accept any of the ordinary courtesies at his hands and neither had ever expressed a preference for another fellow within his knowledge. So which one should it

One Sunday evening about two weeks later he drifted into the club rooms the same old gang was industriously amusing itself, but in the whole crowd he failed to see one he could pick out in the happy way he met his three re-calcitrant chums. He ran out in disgust and wandering aimlessly about the city suddenly awoke to the fact that he was Lacy dwelt. He had scarcely seen her since that night she had come so seriously into his thoughts and spurred by

a happy impulse he sought her house. His ring was answered by Mrs. Lacy, who, standing in the hallway with Miss Margaret and a younger sister, had evidently finished preparations for going

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Murray," she greeted heartily, as her daughter helped with her finishing touches, "you're just in time to take Mr. Lacy's place." She neither could not or would not take cognizance of Margaret's frown als but went on with an invita tion to Frank to accompany them to

To church! Great Scott, was it for this he had run away from the club Miss Lacy with a roguish smile saw the drooping crest and sought to save

"Perhaps, Mr. Murray has another engagement, Mother," she frowned — but the parent was obdulate.

but the parent was obdulate.

"And what engagement wouldn't a
man break to go to Vespers?" she protested. "Mr. Laoy," she explained in
a voice raised evidently for the benefit
of someone else, "promised to take us,
but at the last minute he decided that his rheumatism was too bad. Now he's in there reading, and it ain't his prayer-book, either." If the beneficiary of this heard he was too wily to venture a re

"Don't insist now, Mother," soothed Margaret, 'I am sure he—"
"Oh, that's all right!" broke in the

victim of circumstances with a rather hark-from-the-tomb voice, "why sure I'll be delighted to go with you!" Then in a tone ringing genuine—"I'm versorry, Mr. Lacy—" but that worthy

sorry, Mr. Lacy—" but that worthy's wife broke in scornfuily.
"Don't worry about him—like most of the men he's always ready with an excuse to get out of going to church!" Then through a crack in the door she cried shrilly: "Where was your rheumatism the night you went to see the rasslin's match?" and slammed it shut in time to render his indignant rejoiner unintelligible. The little comedy put Frank in good humor and he joined put Frank in good humor and he joined his laughter with Margaret's as they

et out together.
"You're another victim of Mother's wiles. That's the way she gets the boys. Sometimes, you know, boys don't like to go to confession—" "Is it possible?" in well feigne

to cajole them into going to market with her. Passing the church she in-sists on stopping in and the rest is easy. If you want to see a funny sight watch the boys' faces when she says

easy. If you want to see a numy sight watch the boys' faces when she says market at the Saturday evening meal." "It's a lucky thing someone is too smooth for us," he answered fervent-

"But you are not one of the family and must not be punished—"
"Never mind," and he occupied himself in pondering how much harm he might have done himself in his un-Catho-lic hesitation.

The usual short sermon that evening was on the duty of parents and while of no greater excellence than the ordinary. served as a basis for an explanatory lecture from the impressionable Mrs.

Lasy.

"Well, your parents haven't failed in their duty, anyhow," she commented. "It sin't many young men I saw there to-night." He exchanged his guilty glance with the mirthful one of Miss Lacy. At least she made no pretence of not having been alive to his humburgery.

gery. "You will make a hypocrite out of e!" he protested.
"To avoid which Mother just hangs out a bulletin of father's rheumatism on

Mentally, young Mr. Murray was get-ting pretty busy about that time. Now he knew that according to the twentieth century rule of conduct that that was the time for Margaret to administer a Sunday nights." the time for Margaret to administer a stinging rebuke to her parent for unfavorably obtruding herself on the notice of an eligible young man and perhaps driving him forever from her society. But, incredible as it may seem, she persisted in looking on it as a joke on him and rather patted her

Lacy going over the sermon.
"Such a talk as that always sets me wondering if I've succeeded with my flock." she sighed.

"I guess you failed with Margaret," little Kitty spoke up.

"Well, I like that!" from her sister.
"Anyhow, I heard Mother tell father the was sorry you didn't go to the con-

"But you will, won't you honey?"

Kitty shook her head positively.

"No, I'm going to get married 'canse
Margaret is going to be an old maid."

"And where did you get all that in-

ormation?" "Mother says that you are too fond of the good things of this life to enter the good things of this life to enter either the religious or the married state," and Frank fell to wondering if he would ever be considered one "of the good things," as Margaret began brib ing the pers little ene to hold back further incriminating evidence.

Frank was taking it all in, and the trans fresh interest in the overling's

Frank was taking it all in, and the happy, fresh interest in the evening's amusement, evinced by the little mother left its indelible impression on him. "What will the daughter of such a mother be?" he asked himself and the answer spread itself before him.

"Let us play no favorites," he whimsically mused. "A square deal and an opportunity for Miss Romine to pin the "nothing doing" sign on me."

He shied warily at the Sunday night calling husiness: however an invitation

He shied warily at the Sunday night calling business; however an invitation to accompany that family to church might have disastrous results. But there was nothing to fear in that quarter. His entrance interrupted a rehersal of a variety of reasons by Mrs. Romine and her daughter as to why they should not go to the latest revival, that put old Lacy's rheumatism to blush.

should not go to the latest revival, that put old Lacy's rheumatism to blush.

"I am aware," languidly explained Mrs. Romine, "that the weather covers a multitude of sins, but really my engagements this week have worn me out utterly. In addition to the worry of my family"—"Her family" thought Frank and there arose the vision of her one child and the seven in Margaret's house.

"I have foolishly allowed myself to be "I have foolishly allowed myself to be run to death with other affairs." She run to death with other affairs." She Mrs. Lacy, though really younger.
"Monday night I presided at the Social
Settlement meeting; Tuesday night, the
chosen Ladies' Lodge; last night I read
a paper before our National Purity ne Conference and to-morrow night —goodness, I have forgotten what I have on for to-morrow night!" Miss Lucy laughed.
"Maybe you have a date with papa;

by the way, where is he to-night?"
"He called up just before dinner and said he would dine down town to-night, but where or why I failed to note." Here Frank made a mental note,—"How Here Frank made a mental note,—"How I should like a wife to take that interest

"You are too energetic, mama,' laughed Lucy with what Frank thought a slight tone of irony. "I take mine out in reading.-'
'Or studying some foolish new cult,'

broke in her mother pettishly. Again the daughter langhed. the daughter laughed.
"I am just now struggling through
Sinclair's 'Other World'—have you read

it?" He hoped he was not revealing his provincialism by blushing.
"Scarcely," with a covert glance at "Scarcely," with a covert glance at the reader of a paper at the National Purity League meeting. "I'm willing to take the word of the critics for his

"It isn't so bad, really. Humanitarian, advanced thought and all that sort of thing, but couched in language that fairly thrills." Ah, her mother does

venture an objection !
'I always claimed that your reading

is too diffuse—you merely confuse your-self and finally drift nowhere;" there, take that slap on the wrist! Miss Romine shrugged that off. "It at least keeps my mind off female suffrage, and that's saying a whole lot

these days."
"Interfere with your church work?" he volunteered innocently.

"Not to any appreciable extent. I am holding back for that until I have

attained mama's judicial temperament."
"When you will be lacking the greatest incentive of all, enthusiasm. I thought as you at your age and now find" —she really said it sadly—"it is too

with the two mothers contrasted, with the brilliant prospect of the two daughters drifting into the twilight of life with practically their predominating With the two mothers contrasted, away characteristics, he felt no hesitancy in making his choice.

making his choice.
"It is now not a question of which shall I have—but will Margaret have me?"
The Sunday night trips were supplemented by the purely social ones in between, made so regularly that it was not long before the family sat up and took notice. The universal opinion was best expressed by the slangy brother.

Bob. who never neglected an exportuni-

Bob, who never neglected an opportuni-ty of teasing his sister.

"Elegant stunt this Mr. Murray is "Elegant stunt this Mr. Murray is pulling off!" he jeered in his best baseball talk. "It may be Young Murray's first year in the big league all right, but this habitual Sunday inight turn with you and Mother shows that he knows it is all right to groove 'em over for her. Say, he's got everything, including nerve! Fine work, fine, fine! He's the hero of the pink sheet—so they all say. Oh, little Frankie is no bush leaguer—" but she fled with her but she fled with her

Then one Sunday night there came a very quiet walk home; there was a unusual lingering in the friendly shado he vines on the porch while he hed to be having a hard time making seemed to be having a hard time making his tongue behave. Perhaps love sharpened her wits and helped her understanding, for when he paused she let her hand rest in his while she murmured: "Yes, I do, Frsnk." And then—but at that critical juncture the door opened and Mrs. Lacy looked out. Into her face came mingled surprise, satisfaction and pleasure.

and pleasure. ere goes my old maid," she sighed. -By A. Nonymous in Catholic Colum-

By filling our minds with pure and saintly thoughts, prayer broadens our views, leads us to know more about the God who created all the marvelous joke on him and rather patted her mother affectionately on the back for her clever work. She never changed her smiling, unruffled demeanor. "And, by jingo, I like her for it!" he solid-quized, as he tried to listen to Mrs.

Lacy going over the sermon.

Lacy going over the sermon. close meditation, it gives us a clear included the collection which God. sight into the perfection which God displays in His laws, and in their purpose to bring us to justice, peace, happiness and the same fruition of His

"THE CHRISTIAN MAN THE MAN OF THE DAY"

BY THE LATE VERY REV. THOMAS BURKE, O. P. Delivered in St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, on Marc 22nd, 1872.] My friends, I have selected as the subject on which to address you, the following theme:—"The Christian Man the Man of the Day." You may, perhaps, be inclined to suppose that I mean by this, that, in reality, the Christian by this, that, in reality, the Christian man was the actual man of the day. That he was the man whom our age loved to honor; that he was the man who, recognized as a Christian man, received, for that very reason, the confidence of his fellow-men, and every honor society could bestow upon him. Do not flatter yourselves, my friends, that this is my meaning. I do not mean to say that the Christian man is the man of the day. I Christian man is the man of the day. I wish I could say so. But, what I do mean is, that the Christian man, and he mean is, that the Christian man, and he alone, must be the man of the day, that our age cannot live without him; and that we are fast approaching to such a point that the world itself will be obliged, on the principle of self-preservation, to cry out for the Christian man. But to-day he is not in the high places; for the spirit of the age is not Christian. Now mark you, there is no man living for the spirit of the age is not Christian. Now, mark you, there is no man living who is a greater lover of his age than I. And, priest as I am, and monk as well, coming here before you in this time-honored old habit; coming before the men of the nineteenth century as if I were a fossil dug out of the soil of the thirteenth century, I still come before you as a lover of the age in which we live: a lover of its freedom, a lover of you as a lover of the age in which we live; a lover of its freedom, a lover of its laws, and a lover of its material progress. But, I still assert that the spirit of this nineteenth century of ours is not Catholic. Let me prove it. At this very moment the Catholic Church, through her Bishops, is engaged in a very moment the Catholic Church, through her Bishops, is engaged in a hand to hand and deadly conflict, in Eugland in Ireland, in Belgium, in France, in Germany, ay, and in this country, with the spirit of the age; and for what? The men in power try to lay hold of the young child, to control that child's education, and to teach him all chings except religion. But the Bishops come and say: "This is a question of life and death, and the child must be a Christian. Unless he is taught of God, it is a thousand times better that he were never taught at all; for knowledge without God is a curse, and not a blessing." Now, if our age were Christian, would it thus seek to banish God from the schools, to erase the name of God clean out of the heart of the little ones, for whom Jesus Christ, Son of God, shed His Blood? Another proof that the spirit of our age is anti-Christian, for whatever contra-dicts Christ is anti-Christian. Speak ing of the most sacred bond of matrimony, which lies at the root of all society, at the fountainhead of all the world's future—Christ has said, "What God hath joined together let no man out anunder." But gether, let no man put asur the Legislature, the spirit of this age of ours, comes in and says: "I will not recognize the union as of God, and I will reserve to myself the right to separate them." They have endeavored to sub-stitute a civil marriage for the holy stitute a civil marriage for the holy sacrament which Jesus Christ sanctified by His presence, and ratified by His first miracle — the sacrament which represents the union of Christ with His Church. "I will not let God join them together," says the State. "Let them together," says the State. "Let them

go to a magistrate, or a registrar." Le God have nothing to do with it, Let no sanctifying influence be upon them; leave them to their own lustful desires. and to the full enjoyment of wicked passions, unchecked by God. Thus the State rules, in case of marriage, and says: "I will break asunder that bond." says: "I will break asunder that bond."
And it made the anti-Christian law
of "divorce." "Whom God joins together," says the Master of the world-

ociety, and takes the key stone out of the rch. But the State comes, and says:
'I will do it." This is the legislation this is the spirit of our age. I do not mean to say that there were not sins and vices in other ages; but I have been taught to look back from my earliest childhood, backward full six hundred childhood, backward full six hundred years, to that glorious thirteenth cen-tury, for the bloom and flower of sanctity prospering upon the earth. Still, I have been so taught as not to shut my eyes to been so taught as not to sout my eyes to its vices; and yet, the spirit of that age was more Christian than the spirit of this. The spirit that had faith enough to declare that, whatever else was touched by profane hands, the sanc-

though heaven and earth

tity of the marriage sacrament was to tity of the marriage sacrament was to remain inviolate—when all recognized its living author as the Son of God. It had faith enough to move all classes of men as one individual, and as possessing men as one individual, and as possessing one faith, and one lofty purpose. And this is not the spirit of our age. Whom do we hear are the men who invent and make our telegraphs and railroads, and all the great works of the day? We hear very little about Catholics being spathing generally but lookerson in

hear very little about Catholics being anything generally but lookers-on in these great matters, that Catholics had nothing to do with them, and that they came in simply to profit by the labor of others. And yet, don't we know that nearly every great discovery made upon this earth was made by some Catholic man or other; and some of the greatest of them all made by old monks in their cloisters. And as the spirit of the day cloisters. And as the spirit of the day makes the man of the day, I cannot con-gratulate you, my friends, that the man of the day is a Christian man. Now, I am here this evening, to prove to you, and to bring home to your intelligence, two great facts—remember them always: First—The man the world makes independent of God, is such an incubus and

upon history, it is a curse, and for evil. Secondly—The only influence that can purify and save the world, is the spirit

of that glorious religion which alone represents Christianity. Call me no bigot if I say that the Catholic Church alone is the great representative of Christianity. I do not deny that there

is goodness outside of it, nor that there

are good and honest men who are not of

curse, that the world itself cannot bear him, that the world itself cannot en-dure him; for if he leaves his mark

this Church. Whenever I meet an honest, truthful man, I never stop to inquire if he is a Catholic or Protestant; I am always ready to do him honor, as the noblest work of God. But this I do the noblest work of God. But this I do say—all this is, in reality, represented in the Catholic Church. And I further assert that the Catholic Church alone has the power to preserve in man the consciousness that God has created him. And, now having laid down my opening remarks, let us look at the man of the day, and see what he is.

Many of you have the ambition to become men of the day. It is a pleasant

Many of you have the ambition to become men of the day. It is a pleasant thing to be pointed at and spoken of as a man of the day. "There is a man who has made his mark." There is a man of whom every one speaks well; the intelligent man, the successful man, the man who is able to propound the law by expressing his opinion—able to sway the markets; the man whose name is blazoned everywhere. You all admire this man. But let us examine him in detail—for he is made for mere show, a mere man. But let us examine him in detail
—for he is made for mere show, a mere
simulacrum of a man. Let us pick him
in pieces, and see what is in this man of
the day—whether he will satisfy God or
man—see whether he will come up to the
wants of society or not. Man, I suppose
you will admit, was created by Almighty
God for certain fixed, specific purposes
and duties. Surely, the God of wisdom,
of infinite love—a God of infinite knowledge and freedom, never communicated
to an intelligent human being power and
knowledge like his own, without having to an intelligent human being power and knowledge like his own, without having some high, grand, magnificent, and Godlike purpose in view. A certain purpose must have guided Him. Certain duties must have attached to the glorious privileges that are thus imprinted in man's soul as the image of God. And hence, my friends, there are the duties man owes to the family, the duties of the domestic circle, the duties he owes man owes to the family, the duties of the domestic circle, the duties he owes to society, to those who come within the range of his influence, within the circle of his friendship, to those with whom he has commercial or othe relations, the duties he owes to his country and native land, his political duties and finally, over them all, permeating through them all, overshadowing all that is io him, there is his great duty to Al-mighty God, Who made him. Now, what are man's duties in the domestic circle? Surely, the first virtue of man in this circle is the virtue of fidelity, representing the purity of Jesus Christ in the man's soul; the virtues of fidelity, stability, and immovable loyalty to the vows he has pledged before high heaven and to all the consequences these vows have involved. God created man with a hearty disposition to love and to find the worthy object of his love; and to give to that object the love of his heart is the ordinary nature of man. A few are put aside—among them the priest and the monk and the nun to whom God says: "I, myself will be your love;" and they know no love save that of the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet they have the same craving for love, the same desire, and the same necessity. But to the the Lord says: "I, myself, will be your love, your portion, your inheritance." These, I say, are those who are wrapt in the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is not the time nor the occasion for me to dwell upon the infin-ite joy and substantial happiness of the days of those who have fastened their hearts upon the great heart of Jesus Christ, but, for the ordinary run of mankind, love is a necessity; and the Almighty has created that desire for love in the hearts of all men; and it has become sanctified and typical of the union of Christ with His Caurch—typi-cal of the grace that Christ poured abroad upon her. This love and union must lie at the very tountain-head of society, it must sanculy the very spring e all our human nature flo hearts that our race is propagated, and mankind continues to live on earth. What is the grace that sanctifies it? I answer, it is the grace of fidelity. Understand me well; there is nothing more erratic, nothing more changeable than this heart of man; nothing wilder more erratic, nothing more changeable than this heart of man; nothing wilder in its accs, in its propensities, than this treacher us heart of man. I know of no greater venture that a numan being can make than that which a young woman is leaves? Is he a reliable man? Is he word shall never pass away, heaven and earth shall pass young man, and hears the own from his lips that no other love than hers shall ever enter his heart. A treacherous. erratic heart is this of man; prone to change, prone to evil influences, excited by every form of passing beauty. But from that union spring the obligations of father and mother to their progeny. Their children are to be educated: and Their children are to be educated ; as they grow up and bloom into the fullness of their reason, the one object of the Christian father and mother is to bring out of these children the Christlanity that is latent there. Christ into that young soul by baptism; but He lies sleeping in that soul, acting only upon the blind animal instincts of intancy; and as the child wakes to reason, Christ that sleeps there must be awakened and developed, until that child comes to the fullness of his intelectual age, and the man of God is fully developed in the child of earth. Educa-tion is nothing unless it brings out the Christ in the man. This is the true end and object of all education. Now, how does the man of the day fulfill this end? how does he fulfill these duties to his wife and to his children, these duties, and to his children, these duties. which we call the domestic duties? This "clever" man of the day—how does he fuifil them? He, perhaps, in his humbler days, before he knew to what meridian the sun of his fortune what meridian the sun of his fortune would one day rise, took to himself a fair and modest wife. Fortune smiled upon him. The woman remained con-tent only with her first and simple love, and with fidelity to the man of her choice and the duties which that love brought with them. But how is it with the man of the day? Shall I insult the

ears of the Christian by following the

man of the day trying to conceal the silvering hand of age as it passes over

man of the day trying to conceal the silvering hand of age as it passes over him, trying to retain the shadow of departed youth—and why? Because all the worst vices of the young blood are this I do know, that if the politicians of

all these things better than you or I come to us, and say, "Oh! this is what is going on; this is the order of the day." There is no vestige of purity, no vestige of fidelity. Mind and imagination corrupted; the very ficsh rotting, deflied by excess of numeritonable sin deflied by excess of unmentionable sin.

And if children are born to the wicked and faithless adulterer, the time comes when the State assumes that which neither God nor man intended it should neither God nor man intended it should assume—namely, the office of instructor; when the State comes and says, "I will take the children; I will teach them everything excepting God; I will bring them up clever men, but infidels, without the knowledge of God." Then the man of the day turns round to the State, and says, "Take the labor off our hands; these children are incumbrances; we don't want to educate them; you say these children are incumbrances; we don't want to educate them; you say you will." But the Church comes in, like a true mother—like the mother of the days of Solomon; and with heart-breaking accent says to the father, "Give me the child, for it was to me

that Christ said, 'Go and teach; go and educate.'" But the father turns away. He will not trust his child to away. He will not trust his child to that instructor who will bring up this child as a rebuke to him in his old age, for his whokedness, by its own virtue and goodness. The spirit of our age not only tolerates this, but actually assists all this. This man may tell his wife that she is not the undisturbed mistress of her house. He may come in with a writing of "divorce" in his hand, and turn his wife out of doors. Yes; when her beauty and accomplishments are not up to the fastidious taste ents are not up to the fastidious taste this man of the day, he may call in

the State to make a decree of "divorce," and depose the mother of his children, the queen of his heart. Let us now pass from the domestic to the social circle. He is surrounded by his friends and has social influence. He has a duty, to lay at least one stone in the building up of that society of which the building up of that society of which the Almighty created him a member, and of which He will demand an account in the hour of death. Every man is a living member of society. He owes a duty to that society. What is that duty? It is a duty of truthfulness to our friends, a good example to those around us, a respect and veneration for every one with whom we come in contact, especially the young. Even the pagans acknowledge this in the maxim, "Maxima debstur puero reverentia". The man of the day opens his mouth to vomit forth words of blasphemy, or sickening obscenity, and before him may sickening obscenity, and before him may be the young boy, growing into manbe the young boy, growing into manhood, learning studiously from the
accomplished jester's lips the lesson of
iniquity and impurity shat will ruin his
soul. Hear him, and follow him into
more refined and general society. What
a consummate hypocrite he is, when he
enters his own house, dressed for the
evening, with a smile upon his face, and
wish words of affection upon his adulterous lips, he addresses himself to his wife,
or to his daughter, or to his lady
friends! What a consummate hypocrite
he is! Ah! who would imagine that
he knows every mystery of iniquity and he is! An! who would imagine that he knows every mystery of iniquity and defilement, even to its lowest depths! Ah, who would imagine that this smiling face has learned the smile of contempt for everything that savors of virtue, of purity, and of God! Who would im-agine that the man who takes the virgin hand of the young girl in his, and lead her with so much confidence and so much gladness to the altar, who would imagine that that man's hand is already defiled with the touch of everything abomin-able that the demon of impurity could present to him! Take him in his rela-tions with his friends. Is he a trust-worthy friend? Is he a reliable man? Will he not slip the wicked publication into the hands of his young friend to infriends will they trust him, and they will turn and laugh in your face, and

turn and saugh myour ace, and tell you he is as 'stippery as an eel."

This is the man of the day—this boasted hero of ours—in a social way.

Pass a step further on. Take him in his relations to his country, to its legis his relations to his country, to its legis-lature, to its government. Take him in lature, to its government. Take him in what they call the political relations of life. What shall I say of him? I can simply put it all in a nutshell. I a k you, friends, in this, our day, suppose somebody were to ask you to say a good wordfor him as for a friend; suppose somebody were to ask you the character of the man, and suppose you said: "Well, he is an honest man; a man of upright character in business; a man of well-ascertained character in society; a good father. a good husband—but, you ood father, a good husband—but, you now—he is a politician?" I ask you is there not something humiliating in the acknowledgment—"He is a politi-cian?" Is it not almost as if you said something dishonorable, something bad? But there ought to be nothing dis-honorable in it. On the contrary every man ought to be a politician—es-pectally in this glorious new country which gives every man a right of citi-zenship, and tells him, "My friend, I will not make a law to bind and govern you without your consent and permis sion "--why, that very fact makes every man a politician among us. But if it does, does it not also recognize the grand virtue which underlies every free government—which makes every man a sharer in its blessings because he en hances them by his integrity—which makes politics something, not a shame and a disgrace, but something to be honored and prized as the sim of unselhonored and prized as the sim of unsel-fish patriotism? What is that? It is a love, but not a selfish love, of his country; a love, not seeking to control or share its administration for selfish man of the day through all the dark paths of his iniquity? Shall I describe to you the glance of his lustful eye, for-getful of the vows he has made to the one at home? Can I tell you of the purposes—not to become rich, not to share in this or take that—but to serve the country for its good, and to leave an honorable and unblemished name in man of the day, following every passing form, a mere lover of beauty; without princi le, without God, without virtue, and without a thought of the breaking hearts at home? Shall I tell you of the the annals of that country's history. Is this the man of the day? I will not

answer the question. I am a stranger

there, for they are inseparable from the man of the day. Sometimes, in some fearful example, he comes out before us in all his terrible deformity. The world is astonished—the world is frightened for a moment; but men who understand all these things there. ing committed several crimes, and whilst he pleaded guilty to the various counts of the indictment, he added, as an extenuating circumstance, "but thank God I am no Jesuit." This man had been reading the French infidel newspapers, and he thought a priest something worse than himself. Bad as he was, he thought it was only due to his character to say that he was no Jesuit. "In the lowest depths there's a lower still," and this criminal imagined that he had not reached the lowest and worst depth of resented the lowest and worst depth of orime as long as he could say that he was no Jesuit. If a man were arraigned for any conceivable crime in this country, he might urge, as an extenuating circumstance, "Tis true; I did it; but I am no politician!" Thank God, there are many and honorable exceptions. If there were not many honorable exceptions what would become of society?
Why, society itself would come to a stand-still. But there are honest and independent men, and no word of mine can be regarded as, in the slightest decan be regarded as, in the slightest de-gree, reflecting on any man, or class of men. True, I know no one—I speak simply as a stranger coming amongst you, and from simply reading the ac-counts that your daily papers give. Now, I ask you, if the man of the age, or the day, be such—(and I do not think that I have overdrawn the picture;

nay more—I am convinced that in the words I have used you have recognized the truth-perhaps something less than the whole truth-of "the man of the day" in his social, political, and domes-tic relations)—I ask you—not as a Catholic priest at all, but as a man - as a olic priest at all, but as a man — as a man not without some amount of intelligence—as one speaking to his fellowmen as intellectual men—can this thing go on? Should this thing go on? Are you in society prepared to accept that man as a true man of the day? Are you prepared to multiply him as a model man? Are you prepared to say: "We are satisfied; he comes up our requirements ?" other hand, must you say this: will never do: if this be the man of day, there is an end to society; if this the man of the day, it will never do. we must seek another style—another stamp of man, with other principles of conduct, or else society comes to a dead-lock and standstill." And to those two propositions I will invite your attention. Go back three hundred years. When Martin Luther inaugurated Protestantism, one of the principles upon which he rested his fallacy was to separate the Church from all influence upon human affairs. Protestantism said: "Let her Church from all innuence upon numan affairs. Protestantism said: "Let her teach religion, but let her not be mixing herself up with this question or that." The Church of God my dear friends, not only holds and is the full deposit of truth, not only preaches it, not only pours forth her sacramental graces—but the Church—the Catholic Church the Church—the Catholic Church—mixes herself up with the thousand quesnot as diotating or identifying herself at the house of coming in to declare, in every walk of life, certain principles and rules of coming in the declare, in every walk of the certain principles and rules of comments of the certain principles and rules of comments. duct. Here let me advert to the fals principle that, outside of the four walls of her temples, she has nothing to do with man's daily work. This principle was followed out in France in 1792 3, when not only was the Church separated from all legitimate influence in society. from all legitimate influence in society, but she was completely deposed, for the time being. And now, the favorite expression of this day of ours is: "Oh, let the Catholic priests preach until they are hoarse; let them fire away until they are black in the face; but let us have no Catholicity. ns have no Catholicty here, Catholicity there, the priest everywhere! We will not submit to it, like the Irish, getting the priest into every social relation; taking his advice in everything; acting under his counsel in everything. We will not submit to be a priest ridden every man do as he pleases." For the last century all the Catholic nations of Europe—in fact, the whole world—have, more or less, acted upon this principle. Let us see the advantages of all this. Has the world, society, governments, legislatures, gained anything? To the Church they say, "Stand aside; don't presume to come into the Senate or the Parliament. We will make laws without you. Don't be preaching to me about God; I can get along without you. The world has tried its hand, and it has produced that beautiful man I have described to you—the man of the day— the accomplished man—the gentleman the accomplished man—the gentleman—the man in kid gloves—the man who is so well dressed—the man with the genmed watch and gold chain—the man with the lacquered hair and well-trimmed whisker. Don't trust his word—he is a liar. Don't trust him. Oh, —he is a liar. Don't trust him. Oh, fathers of families, children, don't have anything to say to him! He is a bad man. Keep away from him. Close the doors of your government house—of your House of Representatives—against him. This is the man whom the Church knows not as her avacation. nim. This is the man whom the Church knows not as her creation; whom the world and whom society have to fear. If this is the best thing that the world has oreated, surely it ought to be proud of its of maniful. Society the company of its offspring! Society lives and can only live upon the purity that pervades the domestic circle and sanctifies it; upon the truthfulness and integrity that guard all the social relations of life and sanctify them; and upon the pure and disinterested love of country upon which alone true patriotism de pends. Stand aside, man of the day You are unfit for these things. Standaide. O simulacrum! O counterfei aside. O simulacrum! O counterfeit of man, stand aside. Thou art not fit to encumber this earth. Where is the truthfulness of thy intellect, theu scoffer at all religion? Where is the purity of

and word, and act of my life. I believe in that responsibility before God. I be-lieve that these thoughts, and words, and acts shall be my blessedness or my damnation for eternity." These are the first principles of the Christian man. Give me a man that binds up eternity with his thoughts, and his words, and his acts of to day. I warrant words, and his acts of to-day. I warrant you he will be very careful how he thinks, how he speaks, and how he acts. I will trust that man, because he does not love honesty for the sake of man, but for the love of his own soul; not for the love of the world, but for the love of God. Stand forth, O Christian man, and tell us what are thy principles in thy domestic relations, which, as father and husband, thou hast assumed. He comes forth and says: "I believe. He comes forth and says: "I believe, and I believe it on the peril of my eternal salvation, that I must be as true in my thought and in my act to the woman whom I made my wife, as you, a priest, are to the altar of Jesus Christ. a priess, are to the antar of Jesus Christ.
I believe that, as long as the Angel of
Death comes not between me and that
woman, she is to be queen of my heart,
the mother and mistress in my bousehold; and that no power, save the hand of God, can separate us, or break the tie that binds us." Well said! thou faithful Christian man. Well said! Teil us about thy relations to thy children. The Christian man answers and says; "I believe and I know that if these children visca up in indeone of these children rises up in judg-ment against me, and cries out neglect and bad education and bad example against me, that alone will weigh me down and cast me into bell forever." Well said, O Christian father! You are the man of the day, so far. With you the domestic hearth and circle will remain holy. When your shadow, after your day's labor, falls across your bumble threshold, it is the shadow of a man loving the God of all fidelity, and man loving the God of all fidelity, and of all sanctity, in his soul. What are your relations to your friends, O Christian man? He answers: "I love my friend in Jesus Christ. I believe that when I speak of my friend, or my fellowman, every word I utter goes forth into eternity, there to be registered for or against me, as true or false. I believe that when my friend, or neighbor and that when my friend, or neighbor and fellow-man, is in want or in misery, and that he sends forth the cry for consolation or for relief. I am bound to console him, or to relieve him, as if I saw my Lord Himself lying prostrate and help-less before me." "Who are thy enemies, less before me." "Who are thy enemies, O man of faith?" He answers, "Enemies I have none" "Do you not hold him as an enemy who harms you?" "No, I see him in my own sin, and in the "No, I see bim in my own sin, and in the bleeding hands and open side of Jesus Christ, my God; and whatever I see there I must love in spite of all injustice." "What are your political relations?" He answers and says, "If any one says of another, he is a man who fattened upon corruption, no man can say so of me. I entered into the arena of my country's service, and came forth with unstained hands. Whatever forth with unstained hands. I have done, I have done for love of my country, because my country holds upon me the strongest and highest claims after those of God." Heart and mind are there. Oh, how

grand is the character that is thus built up upon Faith and Love! Oh, how grand is this man, so faithful at home, so truthful abroad, so irreproachable in the senate or the forum! Where shall we find him? I answer, the Catholic Church alone can produce him. This is a bold assertion. I do not deny that he may exist outside the Catholic may exist outside the Catholic Church; but if he does it is as an exception; and the exception proves the rule. I do not deny much of what I have said, if not all, to that glorious name that shall live for-ever as the very type of patriotism, and honor, and virtue, and truth—the grand, the majestic, the immertal name of George Washington, the father of his country! But, just as a man may find a George Washington, the father of his country! But, just as a man may find a rare and beautiful flower, even in the field, or by the roadside, and he is surprised and says, 'How came it to be here? How came it to grow here?' When he goes into the garden, the cultivated spot, he finds it as a matter of course, because the soil was prepared for it, and the seed was sown. There is no surprise, no astonishment, to find the people. We will not submit to have the priest near us at all, outside of his church. If he stays there, well and good; let these who want him go to him, but outside the church-walls let man of whom I speak—the Christian man of whom I speak—the Christian man—in the Catholic Church. If you man—in the Catholic Church. If you want to find him, as matter of course—if you want to find the agencies that produce him—if you want to find the soil he must grow in, if he grows at all, you must go into the Catholic Church, decidedly. Nowhere out of the Catho-lic Church is the bond of matrimony in-dissoluble. In the Catholic Church, the greatest rufflan, the most deprayed man that ever lived, the most faithless woman that ever cursed the world, if they are faithless to everything, they must remain joined by the adamantine bonds that the Church will not allow any man to break. Secondly, the only security you have for all I have spoker of as enriching man in his social and political relations, is in conscience. If a man has no consolence, he can have no truth; he loses his power of discerning truth; he loses his power of uncerning the difference between truth and false-hood. If a man has no consbience, he loses all knowledge and all sense of sin. If a man has no conscience, he loses, by degrees, even the very abstract faith that degrees, even the very abstract faint that there is for good in him. Conscience is a most precious gift of God; but, like every other faculty in the soul of man, unless it be exercised, it dies out. The conscience of man must be made a living tribunal within him, and he must bring his own soul and his own life before that tribunal. A man may kneel down, he may pray to God, he may listen to the voice of the preacher attentively and seriously; but in the Catholic Church alone, there is one sacrament, and that sacrament the most frequent, and the most necessary, after baptism—and that is the sacrament of penance; the going to confession—an obligation imposed under pain of mortal sin, and of essential need to every Catholic at stated times; an obligation that no Catholic can shrink from without covering himself with sin. at all religion? Where is the purity of thy heart, thou faithless husband? Where is the honesty of thy life, theu pilfering politician? Stand aside! If we have nothing better than you, we must come to ruin. Stand forth, O Christian man, and let us see what we once a guarantee for the existence of a conscience in a man, and a restraining conscience in a man, and a restraining power, which is the very test, and the crucial test, of a man's life. A Catholic may sin, like other men; he may be false in every relation of life; be may be false socially; he may be false politically; but one thing you may be sure of can make of thee! Hast thou principles. O Christian man? He advances, and says: "My first principle is this: that the Almighty God created me responsible for every wilful thought,