

LLANFAIR COURT.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"A civil spoken wench," he muttered, "and a handsome one, too, albeit that proud gleam in her eyes. I think thee, maiden," he said, "and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

The blue room? For a moment poor Gwynnith's self-control almost broke down, and right as she was about to duck, which she felt to hide the color she felt was rising to her cheeks. How did he know? Was he also aware of the hiding place behind the chimney? Were they indeed betrayed? She shrank further back into the gloom of the old hall. But Dame Rachel rose to the occasion; there was no string in her voice, only the natural annoyance of a querulous old woman.

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffian men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

efforts. At last, weary and hot, they had to own that the task was beyond them, unless they set to unbuilding the chimney, an task could not be done till morning, for twilight was fast giving place to darkness.

Norton gave a hard laugh. "Think you I would go to that amount of time and trouble when I have by me so easy a means of obtaining access to the Papist? Here, then, dog, fulfil thy compact; touch the spring of this traitor's hiding place!" and laying his hand on Richard's collar he appeared almost to lift him into the fireplace. For a moment there was a conflict with his better nature, but fear and avarice gained the day. Breathlessly he ran his hand along the back of the fireplace until he felt his fingers slip into the niche he knew so well. He pressed it firmly. That which had appeared so unresisting before slid noiselessly into the wall, displaying a fair-sized cavity. Ere the soldiers could rush forward to seize their prey a man garbed as a monk stepped out and stood calmly surveying his assailants. But what was this?

Richard, with an exclamation of surprise, started forward, a sudden cry of "Father! father!" rang through the room, and a childish figure in white darted through the men, flinging herself into the arms of Sir Rupert Trevor, for it was indeed he.

Thomas Norton turned in a fury upon Richard. "What means this, thou hangman's cur? Hast thou played me false? Who is this man?"

Before Dick could collect his startled thoughts his uncle answered. "I am Sir Rupert Trevor," he said, "master of Llanfair Court. The priest you seek is not here. 'Twas but to cover his retreat that I thus took his place; he has ere now, I trust, attained some safe shelter."

Norton was white with anger. "Thou shalt live to rue this day, thou traitor! Darest thou, as thou dost, so cleverly hadst down from under his very nose; since thou wert so eager to take the place of this rascal priest, thou shalt keep it, ay, to thy burn itself, if thou shalt say in the matter. Methinks we shall find here proof enough of thy villainous defiance of the Queen's laws."

With that he made a sign to his men, who immediately dived into the aperture, returning shortly with vestments, crucifix, chalice, missal, in fact, all the requisites for Mass.

"This," said their leader, "see that they take with them. And as for thee, thou gallow's bird," turning to Richard, "thou shalt have thy prize hat escaped. Henceforth I dismiss thee from my service. Dost hear, thou skulking hypocrite?"

But for once his words fell idly upon Dick, who could only lean against the wall, and stare at himself. "Oh! what have I done? My uncle! My uncle!"

Norton addressed his men. "Secure the prisoner," he cried; "I have no time to waste."

Two men stepped forward with iron manacles and attempted to push aside the child, who still clung to her father, her head buried on his breast.

"Sweet Gwynnith," he murmured, kissing her again and again, "thou must loose me now, dearest."

But the girl only clung on the more tightly, and it was by sheer brute strength that the men at last succeeded in forcing her away. Then did she self-control, all restraint break down as she saw him standing there so dignified and quiet while they loaded him with fetters. She turned upon Richard, her eyes flaming, her voice trembling with passion.

"See what thou hast done," she cried; "see what thy vile treachery has brought about! Base spy! Ungrateful dog! Murderer of one whom thou owest all things! There is a God above a God Who will avenge the innocent. May His curse fall upon thee and mayest thou never have a moment's peace! I am but a child in years, but grief has made me a woman, and as such I curse thee; with all the strength of my nature do I curse thee! May thy days be filled with sorrow, and may the thought of thy uncle, whom thou hast delivered to his death, torment thee ever, and the memory of thy cousin, whose heart thou hast broken!"

She paused, exhausted by her vehemence. Her father's words fell upon her ears, quiet and calm, yet full of love, a contrast to her own words of hatred.

"Father, father," she cried, "I will not hear my own child speak thus. Richard, my lad, I forgive thee freely and entirely. Turn from thy ways before it is too late; the God above is merciful; He will forgive thee, too."

and her old nurse followed to see the last of the beloved father and master. As the party wended their way down the ancient avenue of sycamores Sir Rupert turned to bid one more adieu to the home he was leaving, he felt, forever. Through the gathering gloom he could see the gleam of a white dress, framed in the shadows of the old hall. For a moment the life seemed to die within him; the strong man shook, his soul wrung to its depths in the intensity of his grief.

"Help me, my Lord," he murmured. And the God he called upon came to his aid, the God in Whose service he had sacrificed his all. A gentle peace stole over him, stilling the inward tumult and rendering him heedless of the rude soldiery. His heart burned within him; the time was come to show his fidelity in very deed, and half aloud he murmured the words of the inspired writings:

"For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."—Catholic Fireside.

THE END.

ON FRUITFUL GROUND.

A Sermon that Reclaimed—Story of a Repentant Soul.

BY MARY AGNES FULWATER.

It was near the end of the penitential season. The evening was surely one to impress upon the thoughtful a true spirit of this holy time; for rain had been steadily falling since early morning, and the air was damp and penetrating. The dark leaden clouds seemed to be weeping over the approaching death of their Maker and the large rain drops were like bitter tears coursing down the face of nature in sad anticipation of their Creator's death. The whole world seemed wrapped in sorrow and devotion and the mere suggestion of mercy was like a blur upon the very atmosphere.

Along the dimly lighted streets walked two figures. Although their wet garments impeded their progress they appeared supremely happy and were gayly laughing and joking of their revels the night before. Others were also passing, but their low murmurs contrasted strangely with the hilarity of these two girls.

"Where do you think these people are going, Jen?" asked the younger. "Oh, I don't know. To have a good time, I suppose. What do we care? We know where we're going."

The elder girl giggled and prattled as before, but the younger had suddenly grown quiet and was curiously watching the dim figures as they hastily ascended the steps and entered the door of a grand edifice, and the beautiful altar glowing with lights could be distinctly seen. Their eyes naturally fell upon the scene, and the younger girl, stealthily looking at her friend, hesitatingly said:

"Let's go in, Jennie." Jennie started, looked at her companion, she turned a corner and laughing and turning to walk away said: "Come on, May, don't be a fool."

"Just to rest a minute, I won't stay." A rude response was the only reply and May found herself alone before the house of God. "Shall I follow?" This was her first thought. "No, I cannot go here to-night." For a moment she stood and looked around, then quietly mounted the steps and slipped unnoticed into the last pew.

The notes of the organ now swelled into full volume, filling the enclosure with their melodious tones and then growing softer and softer, sweetly diminished, and were soon lost in silence.

A white robed priest entered the sanctuary with twelve little altar boys, clothed in the same spotless robes. Kneeling down he began the recitation of the rosary. The rosary! How well she remembered that prayer! Oftentimes had she said it in her earlier days, when the joys of innocence were still her own. Where were her beads now? She did not know. Five minutes she didn't care. Three times she tried to answer her prayers, but no words came, and she knelt immovable, saying over and over again in her heart, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners." How long she knelt thus she knew not.

A white robed priest entered the sanctuary with twelve little altar boys, clothed in the same spotless robes. Kneeling down he began the recitation of the rosary. The rosary! How well she remembered that prayer! Oftentimes had she said it in her earlier days, when the joys of innocence were still her own. Where were her beads now? She did not know. Five minutes she didn't care. Three times she tried to answer her prayers, but no words came, and she knelt immovable, saying over and over again in her heart, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners." How long she knelt thus she knew not.

bleeding with love for God's chosen ones. Bleeding because they refuse to accept redemption even after He has bought it with terrible suffering and sweat death. But even while you persecute Him, He casts upon you an eye of pity. His looks plead with you to go to your Heavenly Father and he reconciled. Answer this pleading! Go prostrate yourself before Him. Pray to Him, beg His forgiveness and implore Him to take you again within His loving embrace, there to become strengthened, purified, exalted. He loves you with a yearning, holy love, and is not the duty of you, His creatures, to return this love? Love Him, not for a few hours, not for a few days, but for all time and all eternity, as He loves us for He is our model, our guide and our benefactor. If we wish to be true followers of Christ we should love Him constantly, we should love Him forever, for "Jesus having loved His own. He loved them unto the end."

The effect was magnetic. The last words had a cape around the orator head and high coils. Her proud head had fallen forward upon her chest and tears of deep repentance coursed down her face. Thus she knelt unnoticed, immovable, contrite. She saw not the priest as he raised the monstrance in solemn benediction. She heard not the faint tinkling of the bell which sounded in gentle reminder. The vast throng of people passed her unheeded for her mind was not on her surroundings. She saw only her past life. She recollected the pure and innocent days of her childhood when she knelt at her mother's knee. She beheld with anguish the death of that mother and heard again her last request:

"Be a good girl, Mary. Love God and always be true to His Blessed Mother after whom you are named!" Had she been true? God only knows how far she had strayed. Left under the care of a cruel relative she soon felt the burden of life. Unused to toil and harshness she was often reviled and abused until her spirit was crushed. Beauty, pride and evil companions soon caused her to rebel. Urged by these dangerous attributes she left home and therefor followed the downward path.

Now kneeling in the sanctity of God's holy temple a kinesthetic view of her life passed before her mind filling her with anguish. Now feelings long foreign to her nature now arose in her soul, for there was still a fertile spot in this apparently barren soil, and the good seed falling upon it had already taken root.

One by one the lingering worshippers departed. The sexton locked the windows and put out the lights. She stepped back and waited. Then perceiving no sign of life he walked forward and placed his hand upon her shoulder. "You must leave now, madame," he said. She started, drew her cap closer around her, then quietly rose and left the church.

"Where shall I go, oh! where shall I go?" she thought. "I have no home but the home of sin and I can never, never go there again!" For an hour she paced the streets. Then collecting her scattered thoughts she recollected a widowed friend of her mother's whom she had loved as a child. Quickly passing street after street she eventually found herself before the door of a small, neat, two-story house.

Seeing her prostrate before the door of the friend of her childhood weeping out her misery and repentance. The kindly invalid took her within her motherly embrace and begged her henceforth to make her home here.

That whole night she lay awake in the anguish of a repentant soul, and the next afternoon quietly made her way to the church and kneeling before the altar she had first touched her heart, poured forth the sad story of her sinful life. And when the precious blood of Christ passed over her soul in the soothing purifying absolution of the confessional she felt a tranquil heavenly joy which can only be felt in its fullest extent by the truly contrite sinner who has been reclaimed.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

A practice familiar to Blessed Margaret Mary, and suggested to her by Our Lord Himself, promising her for all who followed it the grace of a happy death and the reception of the last sacraments, is a novena or Communion on the first Friday of each month for nine consecutive months, made for this intention in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Do not let the summer pass without doing something to honor the Sacred Heart. Renew your consecration and excite your fervor by special acts of love. Try to make the devotion known to all your friends. If you could act as promoter, it would be a work that would bring you many blessings, and you would be the direct means of making this devotion known to many who now have no knowledge of it.

You do not have to wait until the League of the Sacred Heart is organized in your parish to become a member. In most places where the League is started there are hundreds of members who belong to the association. If any of these who experience spiritual benefits from the association would write The Canadian Messenger, Bleary street, Montreal, we feel sure the editor would be glad to publish them. It is encouraging as well as edifying to hear of prayers being answered.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart is the devotion most pleasing to God, for thus we adore God, as Christ requires, in spirit and in truth, serving Him inwardly in our hearts, and endeavoring to please Him. By practicing it we daily increase in love and veneration for the Sacred Heart; make it our model for all our actions; we love what He loves and avoid all that is displeasing to Him. When we are weak and are tempted we fly to Him for strength; when in sorrow, for consolation. It is a most holy devotion, for therein men venerate in Christ those affections and motives of His Heart by which He sanctified the Church, glorified His Heavenly Father, and showed Himself

to men as a perfect example of the most sublime holiness.

THOUGHTS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

OUTSIDE ERRONEOUS OPINION OF THE GROWTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the task I have set myself in writing about the vital question of the progress of Catholicism in the American Republic, I am going to speak of the false impressions I had gathered and entertained on the subject from many ill-informed sources not hostile in their adverse criticisms, but rather bemoaning sympathetically the defections and losses the Church had sustained in America from one fell cause or another.

Being an Irishman, resident in Canada, and myself a devoted son of the Catholic Church, I had the best of dispositions to glory in the onward march of Catholicism in the great Republic, which has been a place of refuge, a haven and a home for so many of my countrymen who have been driven from the land of their nativity by misgovernment and landlord tyranny, and yet I had misgivings about the real and valid success of the Church's achievements in the democratic land of freedom and independence. From my general knowledge I knew that the handful of Catholics in the Republic in 1789, Bishop Carroll's time, had grown into a compact body of 11,000,000 or thereabout; at the present time, still I had a vague idea that a proportion of that number were lukewarm, indifferent, and Catholics in name. I had it fastened in my mind that the rampant spirit of "materialism," materialism and the dominant thirst for wealth, greed and gain had over spread the land, and that Catholics as well as non-Catholics and all of the unbelieving sects had fallen a prey to the all-consuming spirit of worldly ambition which would naturally exclude all true sentiments of religious piety and devotion. I had, of course, unfailing confidence in the Catholic stability of my own countrymen, who had drunk in pure Catholicity with their mother's milk on the sacred soil of Ireland, and that their fidelity to the faith of St. Patrick would endure to the end, but I thought it might cool in some degree by the association with strangers in a strange land, and that the younger generations growing up amidst Protestant and Atheistic influence might forget, or become ashamed of, their sacred Catholic traditions and deny the religious beliefs of their fathers and thereby fall away from the Catholic fold; and there is no denying that, to some extent, such has been the case both in America and Canada. I speak from actual personal experience when I say that it was once my lot to reside in a very non-Catholic quarter in Ontario, and on my entry there I was anxious to connect myself with my fellow-countrymen and co-religionists and in furtherance of that object I approached or rather made inquiries of such persons as have the name of O'Hara, Boyle, McLaughlin, etc., but to my grief I found that apostasy had settled upon those distinctively Irish and Catholic names, and they paid allegiance to the various erring sects. But it has to be borne in mind that in regard to Canada and the United States the Catholic Church has in a manifold degree made up for any partial defections from the true faith by the number of new recruits and conversions to her fold.

It is given on the highest episcopal authority that for years past the conversions in the Archdiocese of Baltimore alone have averaged 700 annually, and in another diocese from 500 to 400, and these were but specimens, for the zeal of Catholic missionaries is seen in living and energetic form everywhere in the land gathering back the strayed sheep, and hundreds from the erring creeds, into the bosom of the one saving fold. This is the fruitful outcome of the zealous labors of the clergy who preach missions to non-Catholics, explaining to them in clear terms the doctrines and principles of the true Church, without in the least offending their susceptibilities, and this seems to be the essential need of the age for in days gone by the Catholic religion was pictured in very unsavory colors and the Protestant and unbelieving sects were only too glad to accept and propagate the calumnies and slanders uttered against the religion which dared to curb men in their sinful careers or to impose penance and atoning mortification. One of the besetting sins of Protestantism is that men need not mortify the flesh or hold the passions in check in order to attain to life hereafter. As long as men in their fallen nature and instincts to evil can take to themselves such forbidden license and yet hope to escape eternal condemnation, there will continue to be abuses and crimes which the Catholic Church must shudder at and lament with all her soul.

It is to dissipate such soul-destroying theories that the ardent Catholic missionaries labor so hard among the multitudes who are spiritually destitute or dead, but it must be a great trial to devout priests who have been nurtured in the pure atmosphere of God's grace to have to come into contact with men and women who are totally ignorant of even the simplest truths of Catholicism, who are virtually moral lepers and outcasts; but when they know whose services they are and the reward promised them by the Master, Whose eternal recompenses are ever just and sure. They, too, remember the recognition given to a Magdalen and the good that came of that act of mercy.

To get a correct idea of the gains of the Church in the Missionary field it is only necessary to refer to the works

and achievements of a Father Elliott, a Father Doyle, and a Father Sutton, besides many others whose names at the moment I cannot recall. It is asserted on indisputable authority that the bigotry of a half century ago is fast dying out in the United States, and yet one must dare to think that remnants of it still exist if we can judge by the animus conveyed in many of the grossly ignorant and insulting questions put to the Missionary priests through the "question box."

A great American prelate who is alike remarkable for his great scholarly attainments, up-to-date Americanism and lenient and tolerant views in all things affecting the Church's interests in America, holds to the opinion that the persecutors and libelers of the true faith are almost blameless inasmuch as they only hated and slandered a persecuted representation of the Church, which bore no resemblance to the true original itself; but the question remains who painted this false picture of the saving Church of Christ, and was it done without a malicious motive and design? The very worst criminals who are tried at common law are not condemned without a hearing, while this formula of equity has been denied the Catholic Church on many occasions in the United States. We are therefore justified in concluding that the wonderful growth of Catholicism in the United States has been the work of God's fostering and protective hand; that the Church has thriven despite all the malign influences that could be set up against her by the world, the flesh, and the devil, and by the malicious opposition of the erring creeds and sects that have sought her overthrow and destruction. We admit that the constitution of the Republic was, and is, theoretically tolerant and favorable to the establishment of the Catholic religion, but what sort of fair play have the non-Catholic elements accorded to the poor Catholic immigrants from Ireland and Germany? Were they, in their helpless and isolated condition, not despised and humiliated and made to feel the disadvantages they incurred by being members of a Church bearing a foreign aspect, and which promised but faint hopes of ever harmonizing with the democratic spirit of free America?

These charges, as well as all the others of a malicious nature, which have been levelled against Christ's Church were false and unjust, because she has demonstrated her power to live and prosper under any form of government, her divine mission being to teach the Gospel of truth and thereby lift corrupt, fallen humanity to a regenerated and spiritual life, to teach men that "piety is useful to all things, having the promise of the life that is, and of the life that is to come," that it is her prerogative as well as her bounden duty to extend the boundaries of God's Kingdom on earth, and to procure the salvation of souls, as this is the express mandate she received from the Divine Founder of Christianity Himself. While the above is the characteristic of the Catholic Church throughout the world, she has proved by her hundred years and more of labor in this New World that the religion of Christ, as she expounds it, is the safest foundation and surest mainstay of the social structure, that the whole spirit and teaching of Catholicism aims at the elevation and welfare of the race, the uplifting and betterment of humanity here below and especially the security of man's eternal welfare in the great hereafter.

One of the distinguishing marks of the Church is her strenuous adherence to the lawful and constitutional edicts of whatever form of government obtains in the country wherein she finds a foothold. She is the consistent upholder of popular liberty, equality, and fraternity, because she estimates these as at their proper value, knowing full well that her adherents, who form the poorer classes in America, are the gainers in the fostering and upholding of such sacred principles of equity and justice. To a mind that can grasp the full significance of the growth of Catholicism in America during the past century is the most glorious feature in the picture is the consciousness that the progress has been made under difficulties—especially during the first half of the century, which would have dismayed any institution save a divine agency which had the inherent conviction and faith to realize that its commission and purpose was to save souls no matter at what cost of labor or self-sacrifice. In the days of early persecution of the Church by the Roman Emperors the faithful betook themselves to the Catacombs when there was not a refuge for them above ground; in the same way the Catholics of Ireland took to the caves and the mountain glens when they were hunted by English persecutors during the reign of the dreadful penal laws. When they were, in a modified form, despised, ostracized and distrusted in America they patiently bore their afflictions after the example of Him "Who reviled when He was reviled" and "was led like a lamb to the slaughter." If they were German immigrants they thought of their Catholic traditions, their faith and their Fatherland; if perchance they were Irish immigrants who had to face insult for their faith, they thought of St. Patrick and the Green Isle, and they nerved themselves to suffer any humiliation rather than sacrifice one jot or tittle of their Catholic belief. They saved their little earnings and contributed their pennies to the upholding of Churches and the support of their priests who guided them through hard roads to the paths of salvation, and to-day the keen discernment can see the Catholic Church in America resting or rather based upon the securest of all secure positions in

the great Republic, viz.: the love and devotion of her own adherents, who, according to reliable estimate, count not only 11,000,000 but 14,000,000, including those who received Catholic baptism and who have never formally renounced their faith by public declaration. Such results are the fruits of a special Providence and protection, and where such conditions exist trials and obstacles, no matter how onerous to human eyes, cannot retard the onward march and steady growth of true religion. At the present time the Catholic Church in the United States has fifteen or fourteen Archbishops, including two Cardinals, eighty Bishops and nearly nine thousand priests, behind whom stand the united millions of true followers, who are increasing every year. In prosecuting and fulfilling God's mandate they go forward with the strength and confidence of success already achieved, to make conquests for the Master and for the moral and religious welfare of the Republic.

In the material and commercial world anxious eyes are turned towards America because of her great success and leading status among the nations. The progress of the Catholic Church in her midst will also be anxiously watched by European countries. The task set before the Church is gigantic, but her material equipment is good, while her spiritual is supernatural, and her zeal warm and wide awake.—Wm. Ellison, in the Rosary Magazine for July.

A QUESTION RESTATED.

A Presbyterian contemporary says that "our rule of faith is the word of God, not any merely human interpretation of that word." This is correct, as every Presbyterian knows, but the Freeman's Journal raises the question: "Then, why does the Presbyterian Church require its members to subscribe to the Westminster Confession as a condition of membership? If it be not the word of God, but only a human interpretation of it, why bind the members to assent to it?" The Freeman's Journal is one of the ablest of all the Roman Catholic papers, but it seems to be ignorant of the fact that no Presbyterian is ever asked to accept the Westminster Confession as a condition of membership. The ministry and eldership subscribe to its system of doctrine as a condition of their office, but no such subscription is required of the private membership. Will our New York namesake kindly note the fact—The Presbyterian Journal (Philadelphia).

We are obliged to our esteemed contemporary for the correction. It requires us to alter our question a trifle. It will stand thus: Why does the Presbyterian Church require its ministers and elders to subscribe to the Westminster Confession as a condition of their office? If the Protestant rule of faith is "the word of God, and not merely human interpretation of it," why bind the ministers and elders, as a condition of office, to subscribe to that human interpretation of the word known as the Westminster Confession? Why require them to sacrifice their cherished rule of faith and bow to the dictates of certain men, as fallible as themselves, who met at Westminster two hundred and fifty years ago?

The distinction between the obligation of the ministers and that of the members as to matters of faith seems strange to us. If belief in revealed truth is necessary to salvation, is it the lay member, so far as belief is concerned, under the same obligation to the minister? Why spangle the latter and leave the former fanny free, so as the Westminster Confession is concerned?

Would the reverend editors of Presbyterian Journal receive into membership and communion, as a member, a man who tells them he does not believe in the doctrines of the Westminster Confession? If they would, then it follows that far as that confession is concerned, man may be an infidel, an atheist, Mohammedan, or a Jew, and at the same time be a Presbyterian lay member in full communion.

If they would not receive such a man, then it follows that belief in Westminster Confession is obligatory as a condition of lay membership. compliance with the condition is what we meant when we said members required to subscribe to the Confession. That word "subscribe" has a broad meaning than the mere physical act of writing your name with a pen. It means intellectual assent as well. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Surely this is the most terrible ghastly thing about all sorrow, sense that it must have been prepared for us in all the unconquered days of our thought of fate which takes the of suffering and presses it home to the very soul. How old, how lasting our suffering is! And then to many a soul Wisdom open voice and cries. Wisdom of the mind, the divine intention, will, she has something to say. "The mountains were settled, before hills was I brought forth." Yes, sorrow is old, it says, but the pl God, instinct with love, that mad sorrow, is older. More eternally more fundamental than your suffering is the love, the justice, the thoughtness of God. Let your soul be them and be at peace.

There reunited to the friends whom we took sweet counsel earth, we shall recount our toll to brighten our ecstasy; and of mind he toll and the din of war that, with a more bounding thro a richer song, we may feel and