"Peace! Be Still."

BY FATHER RYAN.

Sometimes the Saviour sleeps, and it is dark
For oh! His eyes are this world's only light;
And when they close wild waves rush on His bark,
And toss it through the dread hours of the night.

So He slept once upon an Eastern lake,
In Peter's bark, while wild waves raved at will;
A cry smote on Him, and when He did wake,
He softly whispered, and the sea grew still.

It is a mystery! but He seems to sleep
As erst He slept in Peter's wave-rocked bark.
A storm is sweeping all across the deep,
While Leo prays, like Peter, in the dark.

The sky is darkened, and the shore is far,
The tempest's strength grows fiercer every hour:
Upon the howling deep there shines no star.
Why sleeps He still? Why does He hide His power?

Fear not! a holy hand is on the helm,
That guides the bark thro' all the tempest's wrath;
Quail not! the wildest waves can never whelm
The ship of faith upon its homeward path.

The Master sleeps—His pilot guards the bark;
He soon will wake, and at His mighty will
The light will shine where all before was dark—
The wild waves still remember: "Peace! be still."

Reported for the Record.

THE LESSONS OF THE CRUCIFIX.

SERMON BY REV. FATHER MILLER, C. SS. R.

The following are notes of a sermon preached by the Rev. Father Miller, C. SS. R., at St. Patrick's, Ottawa, at the close of the men's mission on the 16th of March, 1884:

DEARLY BELOVED CHRISTIANS,—We find on the pages of the history of the missions every great and important and memorable event handed down to posterity by the erection of a monument. This is especially the case when the battles fought for the cause of a country have ended victoriously and deserve to be perpetuated in the minds of the nation.

During the last two weeks a great and important and a victorious battle was fought in favor of the grandest and sublimest cause for which any nation could bleed and die. When we opened this mission two weeks ago we told you that we had come to announce, to bring the glad tidings of redemption. Therefore did we hail ye one and all with the cheering, the inviting, welcome tidings with which St. Paul was wont to greet the people to whom he was sent as the champion of the faith, to plant the standard of redemption. We told you, after the pattern of the greatest of missionaries, St. Paul, the vessel of election, of that luminary of the faith of Christ Jesus, that we had come to preach to you the kingdom of God. Therefore did we say to you one and all, that we had in store for you the peace of God the Father and of the Lord Jesus Christ, now and for ever hereafter. Since we had the same message to bring, and, therefore, the same work to do, that was entrusted to St. Paul by Jesus Christ Himself, we, as missionaries of our holy church—had to wield the same weapons, because we had the same fight or battle before us. And what was the weapon, the arms, that the apostles of Christ Jesus wielded in fighting the battles of the Lord? Dearly beloved Christians, as the Lord and Saviour of the world Himself used no other weapons, fought beneath no other standard, save the cross upon which he bled and died; so did the apostles, the followers of Christ Jesus, chosen to perpetuate and to spread the same tidings and work that had been accomplished on Mount Calvary—use no other weapon save the cross of Jesus Christ, the merits of the Lord and Redeemer of the world, and erect no other standard upon the foreign strands of nations afar off than the cross, the banner of redemption. You now understand, dearly beloved Christians, why the missionaries erected here in the sanctuary that black cross, which confronted you the first morning of the mission you entered this church, encircled by the white shroud that hung loosely from its arms. The cross telling you of the great work that was to be wrought and achieved in this parish. Black, betokening the fearful siege that was to be undertaken and the fierce battle that was to be fought, a battle against sin, crime and iniquity; a battle most formidable against the most terrific of enemies; enemies, dearly beloved Christians, hordes of enemies more terrible before God, than man and the thickest walls that have withstood the breath of time and the violent armaments of long-repeated sieges and wars. You now understand how significant that winding sheet was that enshrouded the cross, telling you of the glorious victory that was to be achieved through this powerful weapon in the hand of the ministers of God, of the ministers of Christ Jesus, a victory that was to be as bright and as lustrous before God and man, before His holy angels, as the driven snow in its primitive whiteness and beauty. Dearly beloved Christians, what was the issue, what is the final crowning close of this battle? My good men, have we not reason tonight to glory in victory, in victory over the fiercest enemies of mankind—hell with all its legions, the world with its many inducements, allurements, the passions of men, with its obstinacy, with its blindness, with its avarice, with its pride and with its human respect? Can we boast of victory over these enemies? Do we behold this Goliath slain at the foot of this champion warrior of the faith, Jesus Christ the Redeemer and the Saviour of the world? Dearly beloved brethren, the fact that over two thousand of our people have approached the sacraments of Holy Church, and no doubt most worthily, with the best of dispositions, with the most cheering of promises, and with the most guaranteed resolutions—promises, resolutions unto a God whom they must serve hereafter, for the rest of their lives, and sealed with the blood of Jesus Christ, and stamped thereby with the earnest of predilection and of justification and sanctification and salvation of souls. Yes, dearly beloved brethren, every reason have we to-night to unfurl the banner of redemption, and let it wave with the breeze that cheers our hearts, and gladdens our minds, and fills us with joy. Hence, dearly beloved Christians, to-night we celebrate a feast of joy, a feast of triumph—triumph, victory over hell, over sin and over the world. And to what do we owe this great achievement, this glorious victory? Again, as it was from the cross that the pagan, the heathen world was conquered and made to bite the dust beneath the throne of the Almighty, so, dearly beloved christians, is the same battle, the same warfare, carried on throughout the world against the self-same enemies, by the self-same arms and battlements and armaments. It was in and through the cross that the church of Jesus Christ triumphed in this world and brought beneath her heavy, yet sweet yoke the nations. It is through the cross of Christ, the merits of Christ Jesus, that this work is perpetuated, that this battle is carried on and is victorious throughout the world. Therefore is the cross always used, the sign of the cross always employed, in holy church, in the sacraments, the channels of grace, of sanctification and salvation. Therefore do we find aloft upon the highest point of our temples, of our churches, the cross of Christ, telling us of the wonderful victory that the cross has gained throughout the world, and at the same time pointing out the hope there is by the eternal effects of that glorious victory achieved, of the kingdom of God, the eternal destiny of mankind. For the same reason, dearly beloved men, on account of the same weapons and armaments, do we to night, at the expiration of this mission—glory in the victory.

It behooves therefore that we should memorize, perpetuate, this great event achieved in this parish. We have therefore erected a monument that is to remain here as a trophy of victory gained over those most formidable enemies of man's soul. And what more appropriate, what more significant monument and standard, could we have chosen than the one you see here before you hanging against the pillar! It is the cross of redemption upon which hangs Jesus Christ the Son of God, true God and true man. And this monument, the cross of redemption, is to remain here as a perpetual souvenir, remembrance, reminder of the work of the mission, as well as of the benefits of the mission. That cross will therefore tell you, every time you enter this church, and gaze upon it, of the happy days you spent during the week here in the church at the foot of the cross. No happier days have fallen to your lot than those in which you gained peace with God and peace with heaven. And it was at the foot of the cross where you mingled your tears of repentance with the blood of the dying Saviour that trickled down from every wound, that made your tears salutary unto your souls, life-giving and refreshing. That cross will therefore tell of the good gifts that heaven in its infinite mercy showered down upon this parish; of the bounteousness of the infinite mercies of the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind, poured out among you into your souls, in and through the work of the mission. Yes, dearly beloved Christians, that cross will not remain there as a simple unmeaning figure or piece of art; for it is to remain there not only as a reminder of the mission by which the resolutionss will be awakened in your hearts, the resolutions you took at the foot of the cross, by which you will be reminded of the promises you made before God and your Saviour at the foot of the cross, but that cross will remain there also as a constant assistance. Dearly beloved Christians, whenever a nation wages war for a certain worthy and lawful cause, that war is not carried out, and is not finished, save for the establishment, the consolidating of the interests, of the well-being, and of the subsistence of the country. The blood that flows upon a battle-field, is not to be drunk in by the earth and to be left fruitless. No, dearly beloved Christians, the blood of the heroes that saturated every grain of sand upon the battle-field, is to be so much germ of fruit, and benefit, and welfare for the country. And so also, and the more so, for the great spiritual, Christian warfare that we undertake in the cause of our soul's salvation. You must not imagine therefore that because the mission is given but for a few days, that the fruits, the benefits of a mission are to be likewise short-lived. No, dearly beloved men, the crown of eternal glory, the crown of victory is not promised to those that begin well. No, he that persevereth to the end shall be crowned. Hence, my good men, it is good, it is necessary, that we begin well, better however that we continue well, and best of all that we end well. But how can we end well if we do not continue well? Since, dearly beloved Christians, we have a glorious destiny, a blissful immortality in the vista of faith, and hope, and trust, we have to continue well and end well. He, therefore, that would bear away the palm of victory—victory over hell, victory over sin, victory over death, over the world, must—as St. Paul says, "fight the good fight, keep the faith," and thus carry away, bear off, that crown which God in His justice has promised to all:—"He that perseveres to the end shall be crowned." Hence, dearly beloved men, the effects, the results of the mission are not to be short lived, temporary, passing; no, the effects of the mission produced in your souls, produced in your families, produced in the parish in general, are to remain, are to last, are to continue for the rest of your days, and finally be for you indeed an infallible, and an assuring, and certifying guarantee and earnest of your soul's salvation.

We missionary fathers, who by the grace of God, as poor unworthy instruments, have served the hand of the Lord to lead you on in this great battle, to point out the enemies, the adversaries, their cunning, their stratagems, their deceit and their lies; we, the poor missionaries of holy church who have unsheathed the sword of faith and put on the buckler of hope, and worn the helmet of love for God and your souls, helped you, under that emblem, to meet the enemy, brought the enemy to bay and prostrated him. We leave you, perhaps never again to meet each other as we confront each other to-night, hoping and trusting to meet beyond the grave, where there shall be no suffering and no parting. Since the work of the missionaries, by the grace of God—unto whom we owe to-night and for the rest of our days eternal thanks—the work, I say, is not to die out, to leave the parish with us. God forbid! and therefore do we leave behind us the greatest of missionaries, the model missionary, whose every dead accent, so significant, speaks to you volumes of salutary lessons—yes, [who will keep alive, ringing in your ears, the same eternal truths which the missionary preached to you, and by which—with the grace of God upon them—the manliness and courage, and the love of the heart, yes, by which tears were wrung from a once hardened soul, and by which the stiffened knee was bent to the yoke of the Lord, and the neck of the proud and the spirit of pride, of ambition, of avarice, and of malice of sin and crime has been brought to the yoke of the Lord. Dearly beloved men, that missionary is to remain with you and to continue this salutary work of the mission. And who is that missionary? Behold Him here hanging on the cross, Jesus Christ, the Saviour and the Redeemer of mankind. And indeed, my friends, dearly beloved Christians, a most eloquent, a most persuasive and a most convincing missionary He is. Though His accents and tones of voice are inaudible, yet so eloquent, so impressive, so heart-breaking, so overwhelming, that a heart must be made of stone did it resist the influence of that eloquence, of that heart-breaking.

Behold the cross! look at the simple cross with the figure hanging upon it and the construction of that infamous gibbet upon which Jesus Christ suffered and died will speak to you volumes of salutary lessons of eternal doctrine, of eternal truth. In its construction you behold that it is made of two pieces of wood, the one crossing the other, and hence it is called a cross. You observe the one piece of it standing horizontally, the one end pointing upwards and the other downwards. A most significant juxtaposition of the two ends of this one arm of the cross! The one part of the cross pointing upwards, therefore heavenwards, tells you at once of the one great fundamental truth upon which the whole Christian law and the whole Christian dispensation depends or tends to. It tells you of the glorious end for which you are created and destined and put into this world. It tells you of the eternal reward, that reward exceeding great—God Himself. It therefore arrests your attention, your aspirations and your affections from things temporal and worldly and tells you to seek first the kingdom of God, for "what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his immortal soul." That cross, therefore, pointing heavenward is to you a constant sermon, pointing upward, aspiring and soaring aloft, telling you, therefore, every time you come to the church, look up to heaven and there behold the glorious destiny awaiting you, destined for a crown most holy, thrice holy, a crown that will redound to your eternal bliss, happiness greater than this world can afford. Hence the cross will preach to you the same great truth which the missionary fathers expounded on the very first night of the mission in which they told you of the importance, yes, the saving and absolute necessity of working out your soul's salvation; that you should be constant and assiduous and zealous in working out the salvation of your soul. That cross will therefore tell you of the truth consistently flowing out of this one great fundamental truth to persevere unto the end. Why? Because that crown of glory is given to those only who will persevere. When, therefore, my good Christian men, the yoke of religion, the duties incumbent upon you as Christian Catholic men, heads of families, husbands and fathers, young men, Christian Catholic young men, when the burden of the violence that we must all do unto ourselves, unto our passions weighs too heavily upon you and it would seem to you that you must throw off that burden of violence unto yourselves. Ah! then, Christian men, Catholic men, one and all, young and old, look at that cross and raise your eyes aloft to that grand and sublime crown of glory that is vouchsafed to the one that will persevere in this battle to the end and will, like St. Paul—"fight the good fight, run the right course, and keep to the end." Not only does that cross point upwards, heavenwards, you will observe that it points downwards—therefore hell-wards—telling you what will be the lot, the eternal, irrevocable, irreparable lot, the fate of that one who will miss his high and glorious end for which he was created and forfeit that eternal crown of glory and reward in heaven. Hence that cross will remind you of that one terrible, eternal truth of which we spoke to you so emphatically and so earnestly and so vigorously, because of its importance—the existence of hell, the eternity of hell, hell with all its torments, hell with all its woes, hell with all its despair—which will be the eternal portion of sinners—the breath of God's eternal wrath and malediction. Christian men, Catholic men, whenever you behold the cross, be reminded of that terrible end that will fall to your lot, that will be your portion for an endless eternity beyond the grave. If you miss, through sin, through crime and through iniquity, that glorious home, that blissful immortality for which we are all destined and created, and which is gained by a life of virtue, by a life of probity, by a life of modesty, by a life of chastity, by a life of piety and by a life of true, zealous, practical Catholicity. Look again, dearly beloved men, upon the cross that here stands before you, and behold that the cross-piece stretches to the right and to the left. Hereby are we again reminded of another great eternal truth that the fathers have spoken to you of and impressed upon your minds in the time of the mission, that the cross pointing to the right and the left tells us of the two opposite directions in which the human race respectively is moving. The one on the right road, and the narrow road that leadeth to everlasting life, and upon which the great minority is walking; for "narrow is the gate and straight the path that leadeth to life, and few there are that walk upon it." It tells you also of the road on the left, pointed out by the Lord himself as the broad road upon which the vast majority is walking. It tells you, therefore, that the whole human race shall be divided on that day of reckoning when the angel of God shall come and the nations shall be divided between heaven and hell. That cross, therefore, tells you, Christian father, Catholic father, keep steadfast upon the road that you have now entered, upon the road of honesty, sobriety and chastity, upon the road of truthfulness, fealty, fidelity unto your God, unto your children, unto you families, unto society, unto your pastors, unto your bishop, unto your church. Dearly beloved Christians, true and faithful unto that faith which you have inherited from a glorious ancestor, from the glorious St. Patrick who left as a final legacy the one saving, true, apostolic, Roman faith, yes, faith that speaks of victory, victory over sin, victory over hell, and victory over the world, victory therefore over your passions, bringing the proud man, bringing the sinful man, by the power of grace, and crushing within him that serpent that would allure a man and lead him to destruction. Ah, men, Christian young men, that cross will therefore tell you of the important and necessary truths which the father expounded to you and impressed upon your souls the night—oh, never forget that eventful night when you listened to him, when he addressed you in that special young men's lecture on the duties incumbent on you as Christian and Catholic young men, both for the present and future, for this world and for the world to come. May you, young men, who have now put your foot on the right road, keep on firmly, fixedly, never looking to the right or to the left, having your eyes on the one glorious goal for which you are created, and, like a brave-hearted warrior and champion of Jesus Christ, achieve, by the sword of prayer, mowing down the enemies that would allure you and mislead you, and thus lead you away from the path of virtue and happiness. I must hasten to a conclusion. Let me, therefore, say but a word or two more of this great missionary. Oh, there is one part of that terrible tragedy that strikes the eye most glaringly as it falls upon that mystery of the cross. Oh, what is it? Do you see it, my good men? Look at it, fix your eyes upon it. Lighted up by the light of faith, as I gaze upon it, I behold a human figure with his arms outstretched. Oh, what are those ghastly wounds bleeding? Oh, do you see that horrid gash that pierces his side? Oh, it must have entered the heart, I see the blood oozing from it, his heart's blood, the mouth wide open and speaking of the agonies of death. Oh, the eyes sunken down deep in the clotted blood. The head depressed among those thorns long and pointed, piercing his very brain down to the sockets of the eyes. Oh, what a ghastly fiend, oh, what a wretch it must have been! * * *

Who is it, Christian men, who is it that hangs there upon the cross? I must say that were it not for the articles of faith, I could not, and I would not believe that it is the great Jesus Christ, true God and true man? Therefore, that death so ignominious, so painful, must have been for a glorious object. Were it again not for the authority of holy faith, I could not, and I would not believe it. It was for us, on account of our soul's salvation, that Jesus Christ came down from heaven and died upon the cross, upon that altar of sacrifice, for the redemption and the salvation of men. Well, then, beloved Christians, what was it that thus brought Him down from heaven to die for our souls? Sin, sin, sin it was that broke asunder the intimate relationship that God established when He created man, because by sin the whole human race was doomed to eternal perdition; and the hand-writing, the sentence, against the human race could not be cancelled except by the blood of a God-Man, the infinite merits of a God-Man, eternal satisfaction to the outraged, infinite justice of God. Hence, dearly beloved Christians, if you can judge of the value of a thing from its price, what must have been the value of a soul that was lost to God, lost to heaven, lost for eternity through sin? For what is the price that Jesus Christ paid, and the heavenly Father demanded for the redemption of souls unto eternal salvation? Behold it there! There is the price that the heavenly Father demanded for the redemption and for the salvation of souls. Such, therefore, must have been the enormity of sin in the sight of God that it was indeed infinite malice, infinite reprobation. Hence, dearly beloved Christians, every time you fix your eyes upon that cross you cannot help learning two great truths, first, the inestimable value, the priceless value of your immortal souls, which, therefore, you should esteem as God, as Jesus Christ, as the Holy Ghost esteems your soul—the heavenly Father esteeming your soul as the image of Himself; Jesus Christ esteeming your soul as the price of His heart's best blood, and the Holy Ghost esteeming and valuing your soul as His own abode, as His blessed mansion. Hence, dearly beloved Christian men, you should, as St. Paul tells you to do, carry your souls in your hands as a priceless vessel to be protected from that which would deprive it of its inestimable value and of the great lustre and beauty that it should have as a temple of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, Christian men, permit not the murder of mortal sin to enter that temple of God, to overthrow the temples of justice and sanctification, to tear down God who reigns there supreme, and supplant him by the idols of sin and crime, and by the worship of Bacchus, Venus and Mammon. * * *

Therefore, again, Christian men, when you kneel at the foot of that cross, how can you help learning, and feeling most sensibly the malice of mortal sin? For what was it that caused the blood to flow from every pore of the Saviour and Redeemer, and fixed Him to the cross, and to die upon it? Ah! every sin of thought, and word, and action, drove those nails and fixed Him to the cross. Every thought and desire of the heart, destructive of your soul's purity and sanctity, and against the law of God, thrust those thorns into His sacred head; every sinful act drove the lashes into His body. Hence, dearly beloved Christian men, you cannot help understanding, realizing, the horrors of mortal sin.

But forget not that the same blood, which oozed forth from the wounds of His virginal body, flowed for your soul's redemption, so also it flowed for your soul's sanctification and salvation. Jesus Christ, in His infinite goodness, has opened unto us,—yes, *us*, children of His holy church, the seven-fold channels that stand in connection with that inexhaustible and fathomless ocean of merits, of eternal, divine merits, through which channels the grace of justification, and sanctification, and salvation of souls will always proceed. Therefore, that blood does not cry to heaven for vengeance; that blood cries to heaven forever for mercy and pardon. All that you need to do is to come within its influence and reach.

Hence, dearly beloved men, will that cross tell you of the sermons we preached to you on the enormity and malice of sin, on the necessity of frequenting the sacraments of the church, the sacrament of penance and the sacrament of holy communion. Hence, too, you will understand the benefit of being a member of the Holy Family, in which you shall be banded and leagued together by the links of faith, hope and charity, which shall be to you not only a uniting link, but a support that will bear you out in difficulties, because in this confraternity will you be urged on, moved on, forced on to live as it behooves good Christian men, practical earnest Catholics. Therefore, beloved men, every time you come to this cross, you will observe that it speaks to you of the glorious truths, of the eternal truths, that the missionary fathers have told you during the mission.

How can I part from you without leaving with you that glorious legacy which was given to us all from the cross, as a parting, dying look of love and mercy by Jesus Christ! It was the same glorious, sublime, majestic Queen of heaven and earth, the mother of sorrows, that stands at the foot of the cross. "The mother stood at the foot of the cross," and there was she given up to us as a spiritual mother, as a parting legacy and guarantee, and earnest of the infallible security of our soul's salvation. Therefore, Christian men, when you kneel at the foot of the cross, forget not to cast one glance of confidence, of hope, upon your spiritual mother; and pray to her in temptation and in danger, that she will assist you, that she will protect you in every temptation and danger, lead you by the hand through all the snares of sin, of the world, and of the flesh, and guide you sweetly, kindly, enticingly, unto your life's end; in the hour of death, when the legions of hell will attack you to drag your souls into sin for your eternal destruction. Oh, if the Blessed Virgin Mary stands by your bedside at that moment, as she stood at the foot of the cross, then never will you have reason to fear the terrible judgment of God. No. Cry out to her in the moment of danger, "Oh, Mary, help me or I perish." She will be for you the "Star of the Sea." When you are in danger of shipwreck, she will be the anchor that will secure your soul. She is that glorious luminary of faith that will brighten your path with hope in God, with trust in your Saviour, and with the security of your eternal salvation. Therefore, you see that if we fathers leave you, we leave with you this perpetual missionary, who is to continue the work of the mission by keeping by you the sentiments called forth, the affections produced, and the persuasions impressed upon your souls. May you, Christian men, one and all, live by them; and living by them, die by them; and dying by them, live forever hereafter eternally with God in heaven. All sufferings, all trials, will be at an end. All temptations and passions will cease beyond the grave, where there will be naught but glory, naught but happiness, naught but felicity, unending for us. In heaven there will be no death, nay, eternal life, which, my good men, is the sole object for which the mission has been made.

Before I leave you, my good men, allow me, in the name of my confreres, co-laborers, missionaries, as well as in the name of our whole congregation, to perform a debt of duty I owe, first and foremost, to your Right Rev. Bishop, for having given us the privilege and permission of entering his diocese to open a mission in this parish. Allow me to tender to you my sincere thanks and those of the Redemptorist Fathers. Secondly, it becomes me that I should, in all justice and charity, extend my warmest and most cordial thanks, and those of my confreres, to your reverend pastor, the Rev. Father Whelan, for having, with the permission of the ordinary of the diocese, asked us to open this mission. I need not tell you that we spent with him, though we worked comparatively hard, that we spent with him cheerful and happy and friendly and brotherly days, in his hospitality, in his friendship, and in his kindness. What are we? We cannot reward any one. All that we have we give, our best wishes, our cordial thanks, and above all, our sincere and constant prayers, that the blessing of God may descend upon him and his good assistant, the Rev. Father Cole, who has likewise assisted in making our stay comfortable at the expense of his own ease. And you, my dear men, you can show your gratitude unto God and us poor fathers, by living up to what you have undertaken in this mission, by being thus for your pastor a source of encouragement, a source of help and assistance, a source of consolation. Well, then, my Christian men, what else has a priest to expect in this world, what else has he to live for? Not for money, not for worldly honor, position, renown. No. For one sole object; for his people, for his flock, and for their eternal salvation.

Hence the heart of a fervent priest can never be rewarded, except by the zeal, and the self-sacrifice, and the fidelity of the faithful unto him and unto the church.

Therefore, Christian men, be to him a source of comfort and consolation by your fidelity, steadfastness unto him and unto the faith.

I must also extend our thanks to all the men, married and single, to the women married and single, of this parish, coming early in the morning and late at night, spending hours and hours in waiting for the blessings from on high, putting yourselves to many sacrifices. Let us thank you for your appreciation of our zeal and efforts, and for your correspondence to our poor, unworthy weapons.

Therefore, men, young and old, every one member of this parish of St. Patrick, accept our sincerest, most cordial thanks. I have yet to express my gratitude, and that of the fathers, to the members of the choir, who by their real ecclesiastical chant have heightened the solemnity of the services of the mission. May God reward you. May God bless you, and bless you hereafter forever in heaven. I also thank all those, the men and the women, who in this or that way have helped the mission along, in making it so successful; those who have worked at the altar, those who have assisted us at the altar, those who have lent us a helping hand in the church, in the basement, everywhere, towards the helping on of the success of this mission. May God bless you then, one and all, and shower down upon you the blessings of heaven. May the blood of Jesus Christ remain ever vivid and fructifying and fruitful in your souls. May the Holy Ghost ever reign in your souls, so that your lives may be a foretaste of the blessed hereafter, which I wish you all in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Galileo and the Inquisition.

"If one attacks the Romish Church," says a writer in the Chicago Appeal, the organ of the Reformed Episcopalians, "Galileo is the gun of the largest calibre. If one assails Christianity, Galileo is a whole battery. The popular impression is that Galileo was a pious, truthful, learned man of science, who was hung, drawn and quartered by the Christian religion. In the face of all the tears, eloquence and indignation which have been spent over this one solitary scientific 'martyr,' it is almost cruel to tell the truth about him. He is such a magnificent weapon against the Jesuits that we Protestants are loath to give him up. But let us do justice even to the devil. Galileo's condemnation was the work of the scientists of his day; his enemies were his fellow astronomers, who sought to entirely overthrow him. All the protection and support he ever received were, directly or indirectly, from ecclesiastics! The Roman Inquisition repeatedly refused to prosecute him, though urged to do so, and, when at length his scientific enemies who all were advocates of the Ptolemaic System, forced the Inquisition to try him, the Holy office contented itself with permitting him to maintain that Copernicanism was 'scientifically likely in the highest degree, but not to teach that it was absolutely proven.' Under this decree the Inquisition virtually stood between him and his hostile scientific brethren for the space of seventeen years."

"No More Sphinx?"

It is a remarkable characteristic of the waiters in Paris restaurants that no matter what you may ask for, even if it be a fried piece of the moon, they will invariably reply "Yes," and either bring it to you, or on returning, assert with sorrow that unfortunately there is no more left. It is told of Mery, the author, that by way of trying this as a joke he peremptorily ordered of the waiter a sphinx a la Marengo. "I am sorry to say we have no more," replied the waiter. "What, no more sphinx?" exclaimed Mery, feigning astonishment. The waiter lowered his voice and murmured in a confidential whisper: "We have more, monsieur, but the truth is, I would not care to give them to you, as they are not quite fresh."

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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