

"keep these in thy name whom thou hast given me; that they may be one, as we also are." This was to be the distinctive mark of the followers of our Lord—their love for one another. Hence St. Paul repeatedly exhorts the Christians to be of one mind and to think and speak the same thing, and St. John the Beloved Disciple makes union and brotherly love the constant theme of his preaching. This union is conspicuous in the Apostles. While awaiting the descent of the Holy Ghost, "they were persevering with one mind, in prayer with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and His [Christ's] brethren." And of the first Christians we read in the Acts of the Apostles that "they had all things in common," and that they had but one heart and one soul.

Strange that there should be any dissensions between individuals or parties in the Catholic Church, which is the ideal of unity; yet it cannot be denied that such do exist at times without, however, impairing her essential unity. Such disunion, where it obtains, does much harm to the Church, and therefore the Holy Father so eagerly desires that we should in this month of the Sacred Heart pray for an intention so dear to the Divine Heart—that all may be one as Christ and the Father are one.—Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Down With the Jesuits.

From the Irish World.

Everybody knows from the A. P. As that have flourished (and decayed) during the last three centuries, what a terrible body the Jesuits are. Externally, of course, the Jesuit one usually meets is a polished gentleman, a cultured scholar and a pious and zealous priest whose ruling passion is to do all things "for the greater glory of God." In short, the very type of the Christian militant against error. That he has been successful to a marked degree in building and rebuilding the Catholic Church throughout the world, anti-Catholics admit with a good deal of that gnashing of teeth which is scripturally associated with the outer darkness. The old Romans had a terse phrase which expresses admirably the reason for all the silly, semi-preposterous charges which have been periodically during the last three hundred years trotted out against the society, and the well-known battlecry, of which "Down with the Jesuits" is the attenuated or merely drawing room version. "Ubi dolor, ibi digitus"—where the pain is there goes the finger. If the Jesuits were not so powerful, they would never have killed Lincoln or Garfield, or undermined the foundations of our Constitution, or indeed performed any of the Jack-the-Giant-killing feats which a noisy section of the community lays at their wicked door. We have heard a good deal of this nonsense lately, but, strangely enough, England has taken the last and most audacious move of the dreadful Jesuits without a word of opposition or remonstrance. Now and henceforth they are entrenched within the solid walls of classic Oxford, and that they will give a good account of themselves there all the world expects. What a change in the attitude of England to the Catholic Church in general, and the Society of Jesus in particular, all this implies! It means that the old routing of Exeter Hall spirit which has unhappily found a temporary shelter with us is fast disappearing at the other side of the Atlantic. But it is the movement of progress in intelligence and enlightenment which is bound to make its way sooner or later even into cellar depths. Meanwhile sensible people will continue to listen with what patience they can command to the antiquated shibboleth of the fanatic ignorance.

The Abjuration of a Grand Master of the Freemasons.

From The Tablet.

After six months of preparation, Signor Zola, a very eminent member of the Masonic body, and a Grand Master of the Egyptian Lodge, according to the so-called Scottish Rite, abjured the sect in which he had held a leading position for thirty years and with hearty contrition returned to the faith of his childhood and was received by Mgr. Sallua at the Holy Office on Saturday, April 18. Grand Master, Grand Hierophant, and Sovereign Grand Commander of Egyptian Masonry, were some of the titles which proclaimed M. Zola [perhaps a relation of the novelist] a shining light in the Order; and in hopes that it may influence other members of the Freemason body, who, in England especially, have not the remotest idea of its evil tendencies, we here give the text of his solemn abjuration:

"I, the undersigned, Solutore Avventore Zola, ex-Grand Master and ex-Commander of the Masonic Order in Egypt and its dependencies, declare that I have been in that sect for 30 years;

and that for the last twelve, I directed the order as an absolute sovereign, so that I had ample time and opportunity to study its origin and tenets and also the end it proposes in its laws and doctrines.

"Freemasonry proclaims itself a purely philanthropic, philosophic, and progressive institution, having for its sole objects a search after truth, the study of universal science and art, and the exercise of charity and beneficence. It professes the utmost respect for the religious faith of each of its members; and affirms that it formally interdicts, in its assemblies or meetings, any discussion of religious or political matters, or any controversies on such subjects. It declares that it is neither a religious nor a political institution; but is a temple of justice, humanity, charity, etc. Well, I here solemnly affirm that all these Masonic declarations are absolutely false. The pretended religious liberty in its laws and ritual does not exist. It is not only a lie but a shameless one. This pretended justice, love of humanity, philanthropy, and charity, have no place whatever in the real Masonic temples, nor in the hearts of the leading Freemasons; for they, with rare exception, neither know nor practice any such virtues. Truth does not exist in Freemasonry, nor in any of those who fill the highest grades in the Order. In the sect itself, lying, deceit, and perfidy are the sovereign rulers; and those pretended virtues are simply put forward as the mask to blind men of honour and good faith, and to induce them to join a body of persons whose principles they would abhor if they knew what they really were.

"In truth, I hereby declare that Freemasonry is an institution, the scope of which is to undermine and destroy every form of religion, and especially the Catholic faith; and to try and substitute a diabolic worship and the restoration of humanity to primitive Paganism.

"Now that I am thoroughly convinced of this fact, and that I have for thirty years professed and preached Masonic doctrines, and induced other persons to follow me in that fatal error, I can only express my hearty sorrow and repentance. God having vouchsafed to enlighten me on the subject, I fully recognize the harm I have done; and have hastened to send in my resignation of all Masonic rights and dignities (to the Supreme Council of the 33); and abjure with the Church, all the sins I have as a Mason committed.

"I beg pardon of our Lord for all the scandal given by me during the time I belonged to the sect. I further beg pardon of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., and of all those to whom I may have been a scandal.

(Signed) S. A. ZOLA.

"Rome, April 18, 1896."

CURED OF SCIATICA.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A BRUCE CO. FARMER.

Suffered So Severely That He Became an Almost Helpless Cripple—Is Again Able to be About His Work as Well as Ever.

From the Walkerton Telescope.

During the past few years the Telescope has published many statements giving the particulars of cures from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They were all so well authenticated as to leave no doubt as to their complete truthfulness, but had any doubt remained its last vestige would have been removed by a cure which has recently come under our personal observation. It is the case of Mr. John Allen, a prominent young farmer of the township of Greenock. Mr. Allen is so well-known in Walkerton and the vicinity adjoining it, that a brief account of his really remarkable recovery from what seemed an incurable disease will be of interest to our readers. During the early part of the summer of 1895, while working in the



bush Mr. Allen was seized with what appeared to be rheumatic pains in the back and shoulders. At first he regarded it as but a passing attack, and thought that it would disappear in a day or two. On the contrary, however, he daily continued to grow worse, and it was not long before he had to give up work altogether. From the back the pains shifted to his right leg and hip where they finally settled and so completely helpless did he become, that he was unable to do more than walk across the room and then only with the aid of crutches. Of course he consulted the doctors but none

of them seemed to be able to do him good. People in speaking of his case, always spoke pityingly, it being generally thought that he had passed from the world of activity, and that he was doomed to live and die a cripple. We are free to confess that this was our own view of the matter, and our surprise, therefore, can be readily imagined when some few weeks ago, we saw this self-same John Allen driving through the town on the top of a large load of grain. Great however, as was our surprise at first, it became still greater when on arriving at the grist mill, he proceeded to jump nimbly from the load, and then with the greatest apparent ease began to unload the heavy bags of grain. Curious to know what had brought this wonderful change, we took the first convenient opportunity to ask him. "Well," said he in reply, "I am as well a man as I ever was, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to nothing else." Mr. Allen then gave us in a very frank manner the whole story of his sickness, and his cure, the chief point of which we have set forth above. After consulting two physicians and finding no relief, he settled down to the conviction that his case was a hopeless one. He lost confidence in medicines, and when it was suggested that he should give Pink Pills a trial, he at first absolutely refused. However, his friends persisted and finally he agreed to give them a trial. The effect was beyond his most sanguine expectations, as the Pink Pills have driven away every trace of his pains and he is able to go about his work as usual. As might be expected Mr. Allen is loud in his praise of Pink Pills, and was quite willing that the facts of his case should be given publicly, hoping that it might catch the eye of someone who was similarly afflicted.

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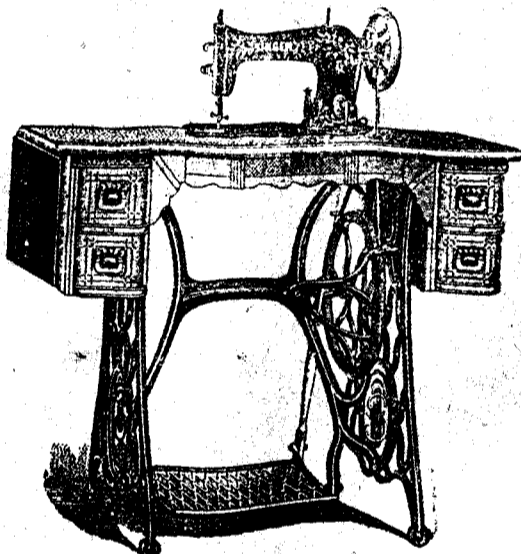
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