

Mad River, in the White Mountains.

TRAVELLER.
Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Why dost thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and hurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

THU RIVER.
What would'st thou in these mountains
O stranger,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of mine, to put the world I speak
Into a plaintive dir?

TRAVELLER.
Yes, I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long.
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.
A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Came venturing down the walls of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the world I sought and fled;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled.
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the rain, the rushing flood,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Impelling and entreating
Drawn onward by the wind, I fell
I plunged, and the loud water fall
Made answer to the greeting.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep the woods and bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating;
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time.
The mills are tired of waiting.

—H. W. Longfellow, in Atlantic for May.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

Its Architectural Beauty and Riches.

St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome may be justly called the metropolitan church, not only of Rome, but of the whole world. It may fairly be pronounced, when considered in every point of view, the noblest pile of buildings ever formed upon earth. Solomon's Temple not excepted, which was a figure of the heavenly Jerusalem, and the metropolitan sanctuary of the faithful in the Old Law; so is St. Peter's the metropolitan sanctuary of the faithful in the New Law, or law of Christ, showing forth the splendor, the grandeur, and the magnificence of the church, or sanctuary of God on earth.

The foundation of this incomparable church was laid by Julius II., in 1505, finished under Paul V., dedicated by Urban VIII., in 1626. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, and the proportion is so exactly observed in the length, height, and breadth that the eye cannot perceive anything extraordinarily large, long, broad, or elevated; and its enormous size is only perceived when every part is examined separately. This superb structure is 722 feet long, 520 feet broad, 144 feet from the pavement to the ceiling, and 432 feet high—that is, from the pavement to the top of the cross which crowns the dome, or cupola.

Under this structure there is a subterranean church with a number of elegant altars, marble statues, and vaults, where are deposited the remains of many holy martyrs, Popes, and other saints. But the richest treasure of this venerable place consists in one-half of the precious relics of SS. Peter and Paul, which lie in a sumptuous vault, that is most richly ornamented with pillars of alabaster, and enclosed above with a semi-circular balustrade of antique yellow and white marble. As the observer advances towards this beautiful church he enters a great area of an oval form, never equalled in magnificence by any area placed before a building. This area interposes between the church and the beautiful bridge of St. Angelo, being nearly 1200 feet deep, which is placed in its majestic appearance and placed in the most agreeable point of view; it is neatly paved with white marble.

The area is adorned in the centre with a majestic obelisk, which formerly belonged to Nero's Circus in Caligula's time, and was brought from Egypt to Rome; it is 90 feet high, exclusive of the pedestal or base below, which is 37 feet, with the cross above; altogether making an elevation of about 130 feet. Four lions, which support the obelisk, are placed on the pedestal, and are of gilt bronze; the cross on the top, which is seven feet long, is of gilt brass, and has enclosed within it a piece of the cross on which our Saviour suffered. Two very beautiful fountains at equal distances from the obelisk, one on each side, are incessantly playing, and emitting their waters through a great number of united tubes, and to an amazing height, until they descend again in the form of a bow.

This great area is enclosed by a splendid piazza or colonnade, crowned with a balustrade, ornamented with a great number of costly and beautiful statues. This oval colonnade has four rows of stately pillars, each about forty feet high, consisting in the whole of 320 columns, so large that three men can scarcely grasp one of them. These columns form three grand walks leading to a square court in front of the church. This court is open, but its two sides are formed by two magnificent porticoes, through which you enter into the church from the area or colonnade.

The court itself is so spacious that it might be looked on as a noble church anywhere else. At both ends of it there are two spacious galleries, separated by iron palisades from the remainder of the court. Exclusive of these two apartments or porticoes the court is 216 feet long and 40 feet wide. Including this, the whole length is reckoned at 945 feet.

There is a majestic passage from each of the porticoes to the colonnade—a very extensive staircase of twenty-one marble steps, which, being divided into three flights, and projecting in an oval figure in the middle, affords a very agreeable and to descend from the church. At the bottom of the steps on each side are the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. Eight columns, scarcely to be grasped by five men, together with several others of fine

teverino stone, support the architrave. On each side of the five grand gates or entrances into the court stand two Ionic columns of purple marble. The court itself, including its two porticoes, is paved with the finest marble, and the ceiling is embellished with stucco-work and gilding. In the portico, on the right hand, near the steps, is an equestrian statue of Constantine the Great, whose joy and surprise at the appearance of the effulgent cross in the sky is admirably expressed. Opposite to this, on the other side, is an equestrian statue of Charlemagne the Great cut out of a single block of marble. From this court four doors open into the church, of which the furthest on the right hand is closed, and opened only once in twenty-five years—that is, at the jubilee.

On entering the church the two first pillars which are erected on each side of the principal nave, at proper distances from the middle gate, are two shells or basins of yellow antique marble for holding holy-water, amazingly beautiful and grand, held out by two angels of white marble. The drapery that embellishes this noble piece of sculpture is composed of lapis-lazuli.

The breadth of the middle aisle, which runs the whole length of the church, is 86 English feet; but the whole breadth of the church, exclusive of the thickness of the wall, is 433 feet. Its length of the cross aisle is 433 feet, and its breadth 73. The most amazing part of this vast edifice is the grand dome or cupola; it is a work of astonishing art and grandeur. The outward circumference of the dome is 620 feet and the inward diameter 143. This dome was built under the pontificate of Sixtus V. The honour of the undertaking and the design is owing to the great Michael Angelo, who, hearing some persons crying up the Rotunda as a work of antiquity never to be paralleled, said he would not only build a dome equally large, but also build it in the air. Giuseppe d'Arpino drew the designs for the mosaic ornaments of the cupola, among which the four Evangelists, in four large compartments are particularly admired. This amazing structure is supported by four stupendous pillars. The interior of the dome is finished in the highest taste, and encircled with a palisaded gallery, and terminates with a beautiful lantern and spire. The great dome is so conspicuous that it is easily discerned by travellers at the distance of twenty miles from Rome.

Entering into one of the ten chapels which are in the aisles, with ten smaller domes, or oval cupolas corresponding to them, you find yourself in each as if in a cathedral. At the upper end of the church, which is built in the form of a Greek cross, the grand monument of the Chair of St. Peter presents itself with an unparalleled majesty. The ornaments of it are said to have cost 175,551 Roman crowns. The four feet of it are supported by four gilt bronze statues, each seven feet high, of four doctors of the Church—two of the Latin Church, St. Augustine and St. Ambrose, and two of the Greek Church, St. John Chrysostom and St. Athanasius. These statues are elevated on four lofty pedestals of variegated marble to such a height that the feet of the chair are upon a level with their heads. The figures of two angels of gilt bronze are placed on each side of the chair holding the keys in their hands, and above them the Holy Ghost is represented in the form of a dove, with a surrounding multitude of cherubim, and the figure of a grand glory, all in gilt bronze, casting brilliant rays to a very considerable distance, and at times redoubting their brilliancy by means of the rays of light which the meridian sun conveys through a yellow stained-glass window in the rear.

The papal or high altar, at which the Pope alone is to officiate, stands in the middle of the cross aisle, directly in front of the centre of the grand dome or cupola, and first attracts the eye. Over this altar is a canopy of gilt bronze, embellished with four angels seventeen feet long, and cast of gilt bronze, each of them holding a garland of gilt bronze in the hand, and with the other supporting a square gilt pedestal of the same material, on which is placed a crucifix terminating the whole at the distance of 177 feet from the floor. Those figures rest on four huge twisted brass pillars. There are a great number of chapels, finely ornamented with sculpture, painting, and the most beautiful mosaic work. The further end of this beautiful church is taken up with the altar of St. Peter, where the wooden pulpit of that apostle is enclosed in another of gilt bronze. Before this altar stands a large bronze lamp, made by order of Clement XI., who granted to all the religious orders the privilege of having the image of their founder placed here. The statue of St. Dominic is cut out of a single block of marble, which before it came into the sculptor's hands cost 2004 crowns.

The altars of this church amount to twenty-nine. The pavement is entirely of marble, and there are in this church about 180 large marble pillars. The square alabaster are encircled with red marble adorned with white medallions and busts of the Popes. Everything is kept with such neatness and order that it looks like a new-built church, and upon the least appearance of any dust on the walls and ceiling people are drawn to the machines who wipe it with linen cloths.

The inside of this grand and magnificent sanctuary being lined with the most precious marble and adorned with all the powers of painting and sculpture, presents to the eye such a multitude of beautiful objects that scarcely any room can be conceived for the reception of more, yet it is posed with such consummate art that none seem superfluous. So dazzled is the sight with the profusion and variety of riches and ornaments that 120 great lamps of solid silver, which flame incessantly, night and day, round the great altar, almost escape the observation of the visitor, being, as it were, lost in the general blaze of decoration. The building and embellishing of this unparalleled structure more than one hundred years were spent, during the reigns of several successive Popes, and a sum of money exceeding eleven millions of British pounds expended. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the other grand and costly ornaments and decorations of this church, which are so many and so great that after viewing them with attention for the course of a year, new beauties will be discovered in the end.

CATHOLIC INDIANS.

Bishop Mora Confirms a Number of Aborigines in California.

Editor of the Monitor:—Dear Sir: A religious event of much interest took place last week, and it has occurred to me that a short account of it would find space in the columns of your Catholic journal.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be at Fresno on Tuesday, May 23, when Bishop Mora, of Los Angeles, had made arrangements for visiting the Indians on Upper King's river, for the purpose of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation to those amongst them who might be prepared, and being one of the party selected to accompany the Bishop, I shall ever remember the interesting ceremony of which I was a delighted spectator.

THE INDIAN CAMP OR RANCHERIA is located away up in the mountains, about thirty miles from Fresno City, and in order to go to return the same day it was necessary to make an early start. Everything being prepared the evening before, including a few necessities to sustain the material man, we had long anticipated the blush of the gray dawn into the rosy hue of morn, our spanking team having placed to their credit eighteen miles before six o'clock. Aurora having drawn back the bolts of the Oriental gates, old Sol came forth in all his fiery ardor bathing the rich green foliage of the deep mountain gorges in a flood of golden liquid. The road which enables one to gaze on and admire those beautiful pictures painted by nature's own hand, is one to the patience of the traveler and skill of the driver, and the perseverance of the horses. Even the Bishop was obliged to lay aside for a time the episcopal dignity, and wrapped in his duster with staff in hand

climb the rugged ascent, or with cautious step descend the steep declivity in true apostolic style. In order to prevent the headlong course and ultimate demolition of both horses and wagon, we were obliged to retard the progress of the fast revolving wheels by securing them with strong ropes, a most necessary provision for such a journey. About ten miles from camp we were met by two Indians who came to act as guides for the remainder of the journey. Following their leadership we passed over trackless valleys, steep hillsides, mountain streams, and narrow trails, until we reached the summit about two miles from camp where we had to leave our conveyance. Several Indians were awaiting our arrival at this point with horses to convey us to camp. Here we mounted in true vaquero style, after distributing valises, etc., among the Indians to be carried by them to camp. Then commenced a most solemn procession in single file along a narrow trail or path which was scarcely one foot wide, whilst several feet beneath the deep rocky ravine lay gaping to receive us in case of a mis-step by our bare-footed, but sure footed ponies. After riding about one mile, a beautiful panorama of indescribable grandeur was presented to our astonished gaze. Several miles away could be seen the wildly rushing waters of King's river leaping madly from the rocky cliffs, and boiling into snowy foam at their deep base, while through the valley below the river flowed on majestically, having gained a width of about 500 feet. On the south side of the river

WERE THREE VILLAGES OF THE INDIANS were plainly discernible, and as the Indians could be seen running to and fro, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, the camp presented a very lively and picturesque appearance. We began now for the first time to realize that we had led to believe that the Indians were encamped on the north side of the river, but here we found ourselves separated from their camp by a treacherous river at least 500 feet wide, and at this season impassable for man or horse. We were assured, however, by the Indians, that we could make the passage by boat. The idea of crossing the boiling, swelling, rapid waters of the Upper King's river in an Indian boat did not find much favor with any of the party. Having at length arrived at the place of embarkation, I imagined our feelings when we looked for the first time upon what they call a "boat." From what I have read in the papers I think Robeson must have had something to do with the building of this boat. It is simply

A FEW BOARDS NAILED TOGETHER, and the water that flows in at one end seems to run out at the other. The oars are two pieces of board, a little broader at one end than at the other, and with the Indian captain manages to navigate his boat through the waters of the King's River. When we made a survey of this specimen of naval architecture, I can assure you the missionary thermometer fell some degrees below zero and strong and eloquent arguments were made in favor of returning home without visiting the camp of poor Lo. But the bishop's zeal for the welfare and salvation of souls, and the souls of poor Indians, and a manifestation of that spirit of self-sacrifice which I can not believe that they call a "boat."

HAVING MADE THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, and recommended ourselves to the God of the white man and the red man, we consigned ourselves to the skill of the Indian captain who landed us safely on the opposite shore. Here we were met by the white Father, Don Juan, and William, who had been in the Indian camp for some weeks, preparing them for Confirmation. Having paid his respects to the Bishop, Father William led the way to the temporary church or "Enramada," which had been erected for the occasion. To describe this church would occupy too much space; it has a seating capacity of 400, and a standing capacity of—I don't know how many. The Indians formed themselves into two lines, and as the Bishop passed between them they all knelt down to receive his blessing, they, at the same time, making the sign of the

cross in the most correct manner. They then assembled in the church, having been notified by the ringing of a bell; there were about 200 Indians in all, consisting of Kings River, Mill Creek and Mono tribes. The preaching was both amusing and interesting. Father William would first speak in Spanish, then an Indian would repeat the same in his language to those of his own tribe, and another, and another would go through the same performance until it was repeated three or four times in as many languages. The Bishop also addressed them upon the nature of the Sacrament they were about to receive.

THE GRACE GOD HAD CONFERRED UPON them in bringing them into the true fold of Jesus Christ, and exhorting them to remain firm in their new life. It was most amusing to hear them all recite in unison the Lord's Prayer, Hail Mary, Apostles' Creed, the Commandments of God and of the Church, the seven Sacraments, and the principal parts of the Christian Doctrine, in all of which they were well instructed through the wonderful influence over them. It is astonishing how much good this faithful son of St. Dominic is accomplishing amongst those children of the mountain.

The Bishop continued all of one day, and it is not often he confirms 300 in one day. Many of these poor Indians came a two day's journey in order to receive Confirmation, and on foot in a boiling sun. Really, their piety and religious decorum would put to shame many of our self-esteeming civilized Christians. The most striking mark of civilization of the white man, I observed amongst those children of the forest, was that the majority of the women, even the old grandmothers, had their hair banded in the most approved style.

After partaking of some lunch, imbibing some "manzanita," a sweet-scented King's river

ponies, reached our conveyance, and returned to Fresno about 8 o'clock, P. M., after a most interesting and I hope useful trip.

N. R. N.

ST. THOMAS.

Were Any of the Apostles in California?

The question was answered affirmatively and conclusively by Father Gleeson in the course of a very interesting lecture which he delivered in this city on Thursday last, and in the course of which he read numerous extracts from the writings of reliable historians—notably missionaries who lived and labored among the Indians of this coast from the time of the first discovery. From these writers Father Gleeson gathered some curious and interesting traditional lore of the Indians to point directly to the presence of one of the original twelve Apostles upon this coast. The identity of the particular Apostles has not yet been fully established, but the opinion of those competent to judge seems to settle upon St. Thomas, who, it is well known, preached the gospel in India and adjacent islands, and who, it is presumed, crossed over to this portion of the American Continent, preaching through California and Mexico. As Father Gleeson well remarked, the apostles were sent to preach the gospel, "to all nations," and in response to this commandment they divided the whole world into districts, each one taking a portion as his missionary field. In this way the gospel of Christ was preached, even unto "the uttermost ends of the earth." The question, then, naturally arises: Why should the aborigines of America have been left in ignorance of the Christian doctrine for thirteen hundred years, when the faith of Christ had been preached in other lands? The traditions found among the Indians by missionary Fathers point directly to the fact that they were included among the nations visited and converted by the Apostles, as they possessed Christian traditions regarding the unity of God, and also the Trinity. They also practiced a rite very similar to Christian baptism, and it is a singular but well authenticated fact that the discoverers of America found numerous crosses erected in different portions of this continent, and these emblems of Christianity were worshipped by the aborigines as objects of adoration, and the places where they were erected were regarded as sacred.

This emblem, however, was not the only evidence of Christianity having once existed on this coast in the first ages of the Church, as the Catholic missionaries found their feasts and fasts were observed by the aborigines, and one of these feasts extended over forty days—thus corresponding with the Lenten fast of the Catholic Church. This penitential time preceded the Indian festival of joy which was similar to our Easter. Still another more singular custom existed among the aborigines of this coast, and one not found among any other pagan people, and that was the fact that they went to confess their transgressions to duly appointed priests who were sworn to secrecy. Many of their young men and young women also led lives of celibacy, a virtuous inclination which could only have its origin in Christian teaching. Thus, taking all these facts into consideration, the question is one which well deserves the attention of Catholic historians and writers who have sufficient leisure to pore over the ancient annals still extant regarding the discovery of America and the races who roamed over the region now known as the Pacific coast. This study should possess a peculiar attraction for Catholic writers, and we hope Father Gleeson may follow up the clue he has secured regarding St. Thomas and his mission upon the coast, and thus add another important work to those historical records which his facile pen has contributed to the Catholic literature of America.—San Francisco Monitor.

We have no hesitation in recommending to the favorable notice of our readers the preparation regularly advertised in our columns, under the name of "Burdock Blood Bitters." As a blood purifying tonic we believe its reputation is favorably established. We learn that it has a rapidly increasing sale in this locality and we believe it to be an honest medicine. We are told that over 25,000 bottles were sold during the past three months.

Can there be anything more in human nature than to think, to speak, and to do whatever good lies in our power to all?

A FATHER OF THE DEFORMATION.

John Wyclif is frequently held up to the admiration of the Protestant world as a person of the Reformation, and as a man who preached the Gospel in a time of general darkness. It is, therefore, of interest to us to find an article on this reformer and evangelist in a recent number of the London Month, from which we obtain some particulars as to the nature of the man, and the gospel preached by him. Wyclif, the swarthy old man, was a hero and showed no will to suffer for the opinions he professed. These, though dangerous and extravagant, did not interfere with his promotion or expose him to any loss or danger, and when he was stricken with paralysis, of which he died, on December 21, 1384, he was rector of Lutterworth, and was engaged in hearing Mass in his parish church. Notwithstanding his great show of sanctity and mortification, he did not scruple to conceal his opinions when he found it advantageous to do so. The more moderate members of the Church of England have been careful not to express too warm a sympathy with him, and the Continental "Reformers" also looked upon him with suspicion. "I have looked into Wyclif," says Melancthon, "and have found many errors whereby judgment may be formed of his spirit. He neither understood nor held the justice of faith. Concerning civil dominion he wrangles like a sophist and a rebel."

"Judged by his contemporaries," continues the writer of the article in the Month, "he was not popular. In temper he was harsh and over-bearing, and he made no attempt to bring this evil temper into subjection. Rash in making an assertion, he was obstinate in maintaining it when made, preferring to cling to an absurdity rather than to admit his error and abandon it. . . . The influence of the rector of Lutterworth was extremely prejudicial to the true interests of England. Under a numerous pretext of reform, Wyclif would have destroyed all legitimate power, as well political as ecclesiastical. He was ready to have sacrificed the doctrine of free will, with which would have perished all the principles of morality."

The writer then goes on to give a sketch of the reformer's doctrines, which are of an ultra evangelical cast. "Some of Wyclif's opinions," he continues, "were so eccentric that the followers of his other extravagances have not ventured to accept them. We might almost wonder for what purpose he introduced them into his system, did we not know he had a craving after the extravagant. Possibly he did so for no better reason than that they formed part of that 'Fasciculus Zaniorum,' as Thomas of Walden styles it, which he considered it his duty to accept from the Fallen Angel and to pass on to future ages of unbelief. There is assuredly something very startling in such propositions as the following: 'God, says Wyclif, can create nothing besides what He has already created. He cannot make the world to be larger or smaller than it is; nor can He create souls save to a definite or fixed number. He cannot annihilate anything that he has created. God ought to obey the devil.'"

But Wyclif's speculations were not confined to spiritual matters only. "If the personal will of the Wyclifite, or the private judgment of the Lollard, is to settle for him what he will believe in the matters of faith, why not in matters of civil government also? If he can be judge in the superior courts, surely he can be judge in the inferior. Why should the king's crown be more sacred than the Pope's tiara? In politics, then, as in matters of religion, Wyclif claimed the right to reject all authority save his own; in other words, he claimed the right of rebellion and revolution, and he exercised it." According to the principles of Wyclif, the State Church, being in communion with Rome might be destroyed, for it had thus become a part of the synagogue of Satan. Every religious Order had been introduced by the devil; to annihilate the works of the devil was to render God an acceptable service. If a bishop or a priest were in mortal sin, he could not administer the sacraments, consecrate the Eucharistic elements, nor baptize. No one could be master over another; no one was lawfully either prelate or bishop, while in mortal sin. The people, according to their own discretion, could correct their superiors if they offended. Parishioners, at their own pleasure, could send away their tithes from their priests. Universities, schools, colleges, degrees and professorships had been introduced by paganism, and benefited the Church no more than the devil does. The disciple of Wyclif had but to pronounce one comprehensive sentence against all the powers in Church and State, and then the saints might enter into the possession of the promised inheritance."

And yet Wyclif was an apostle of the "open Bible," and a precursor of the "Reformation," or, as the writer we have quoted from contends, its true originator.

THE LAW OF SELF-DENIAL.

The Bishop of Birmingham writes in a pastoral to his people: "To deny yourself is to abstain, to fast, to live plainly, to deny yourself the luxuries that awaken evil inclinations both in the body and the soul. This is the religion of the Cross, and the true way of denying the vices. A man who puts fire into his bosom, and declares he has no intention of burning himself, contradicts his intention by his actions, he commits a folly, and will find it out too late. But the starving of the vices, however important, is not the only reason for the law of self-denial. You will never know yourself, until you deny yourself; you will never know how much pride, how much conceit, how much malice, how much selfishness there is in you, until what is best in you tries to get the upper hand of what is worst in you. Now what is best in you is the light and grace of God, and what is worst in you is that which is most opposed to the light and grace of God, and that is pride. There is a pride of the body that swells against the will of God, because it would revel in its own corrupt and impure ways, and there is a pride of soul that revels in self-conceit and self-love, and refuses to be subject to the will and wisdom of God. These are the roots of all sins and all troubles, of all lusts and all passions. But unless you deny yourselves you will never find them out, you

will never know what it is that makes you unhappy. Always lopping at the branches, you will never take the tree evil by the roots. You will never make any way into yourself, you will see nothing of your soul but the surface. Deny yourself in one or two of your favorite appetites and inclinations, and you will begin to understand yourself. Do this for the love of God, and you will find your light and grace increase and have more power over you. And after you have denied yourself a little in things that are innocent, you will find how much more power you will have to deny yourself in things that are not innocent, and in time you will find, through this habit of self-denial, that many things that you once thought harmless are very far from being harmless, and that they were great disturbers of your peace and happiness. But there is a third reason for the Christian law of self-denial which makes it most precious. It is the great means of certain means of doing penance for our sins, of purifying our passions, and of proving our love of God. In this life you trust to no man's promises unless you see his acts, you tell him you do not want words, you want realities. Now the religion of Christ is the religion of facts, the religion of acts, the religion of realities. What is penance but the self-punishment of the person who has sinned, and his punishment is that by which he has sinned? He sinned by refusing to deny himself in things unlawful, and punishes himself by denying himself in things lawful; he sinned by denying the law of God with an evil will, and punishes himself by denying himself with a good will. He gives this proof that he is earnest in his repentance. Again he purifies his passions; for self-control gives us self-control, and self-control commands the passions and restrains them from excess; and he shows his sincere love of God when he denies himself for the sake of God."

PROTESTANT PROPAGANDISM.

The agent of Protestant propaganda generally opens his way to an unsophisticated and ignorant mind with the remark that "Protestant or Catholic, it is almost all the same!" And Catholics are to be found who echo this blasphemy, without the least thought of the atrocity they offer a grave insult to the Church, their mother.

You say Protestantism, with its myriads of subdivisions, is about the same as the Catholic Church. You do not understand yourself! You might as well say that counterfeiting money is about as valuable as gold coin.

Where the Church affirms, the Protestant denies; where the Church teaches, the Protestant revolts. In the Catholic Church the unity of faith, worship and religion is fundamental and perfect. Among the Protestants, every man believes as he chooses, and acts as he believes; there is religious anarchy, an opposition to unity. They agree on only one point,—hatred of Catholicity.

The distinct, infallible teachings of the Church are the rule of faith for a Catholic. The Protestant rejects the Church, despises her authority, and takes for his guidance only the Bible, which he interprets as he best may, or as he chooses.

The Catholic reveres the Pope as the vicar of Jesus Christ, the head of the faithful, the chief pastor, the infallible doctor of the law. But the Protestant looks upon him only as the anti-Christ, Satan's vicar, and the arch-enemy of the Gospel.

The Catholic adores Jesus Christ really present in the Eucharist; the Protestant sees in it only an empty symbol, a piece of bread.

The Catholic reveres, invokes, loves the Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God. The Protestant feels for her an estrangement so insupportable, that it often exhibits itself in contempt, and even in hatred.

The Catholic draws his Christian vitality from the seven sacraments of the Church and supports it chiefly by approaching the sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. The Protestant does not recognize these sacraments; says, few are the sects that preserve a true conception of Baptism.

And so on with all dogmas. Yes, I say all, even the most essential to the nature of religion, such dogmas without which there cannot be a Christian. The farther one advances, the more Protestantism will protest against the faith he has abandoned.

In Geneva, Strasbourg, Paris—in all the theological faculties of French, German, American Protestants,—their ministers deny the mystery of our Lord Jesus Christ, deny the mystery of the Holy Trinity, and original sin, and sap the very foundations of Christianity.

The Protestant sect about the same as the Holy Catholic Church, inasmuch as they are all separated from it, more or less, according as they are more or less logical, and apply more strictly the Protestant principle of private interpretation. And these sects which still seem to bear some resemblance to the Church, are none the less separated from her by a wide abyss.—[Mgr. Segur.]

An English Wife Sold for a Glass of Ale.

For a week past, says a Sheffield paper, a man and his wife have been lodging at a private house in Alferton. On Saturday night the two were drinking at a public-house, in company with the son of the man at whose house they lodged. It appears the woman and the young man had been somewhat too friendly to please the husband, and as the evening wore on, manifested some feeling of jealousy. But while drinking together on April 29 the husband seems to have looked at the matter in another light, and so offered to sell this wife to the young man for a glass of ale. The offer accepted, the glass of ale was provided, and the lady, readily falling in with the arrangement, took off her wedding ring, and from that time considered herself the property of the purchaser. The bargain was not made in the absence of other people. About a dozen were present, and one of these offered twopen