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THE LOST LODE. A STORY OF MEXICO.

Far in the heart of the great Sierras that in wild and austere majesty stretch their length of tossed and broken heights along the western coast of Mexico lies the Espiritu Santo Mine. the history of a bonanza running through more than a century, of powerful families created and enriched by its wealth, and of a flourishing town, which built upon its prosperity, fell into decay with its failure. For there came a day when even the Espiritu Santo failed. The great bonanza, which had lasted for a length of time almost unexampled even in Mexican mines, disappeared at length. Whether it was finally worked out, or whether it had only been lost, as lodes are often lost, no one could say. It was in the terrible period which the people call "the times of the revolu-tion" that the ore ceased to pay; and in this era of confusion and bloodshed, of suffering and distress, financial col lapse in all forms was too common t excite surprise or comment. It seemed altogether a thing to be expected that the great silver lode of the Espiritu Santo should have failed at this time. Had it not failed, there was then either money nor men to work it The money was taken by forced levies for the support of armies and revolutionary leaders, the men died by thou sands on obscure battle-fields where the

and once famous mine was left deserted. water rose unchecked in its dark tun nels, from whence the value of kingdom's ransom had been drawn and no one was bold enough to attemp to touch it. Even after the long throe of revolution were over and something like peace descended upon the ex hausted land, men were too impover 240 is 'bed and too afraid of risking what yet "emained to them, to think of the Espirita Santo Mine. For in this case the Mexican proverb, "Un mina queire otra mina." ("One mine queire otra mina." ("One mine wants another m.ne"—to furnish means o work it), was especially true. To drain the mine and to explore its deep workings for the lost lode of fabulou richness, would require a large capital

—a capital so large, in fact, that no man was likely to furnish it. and the only hope for renewed work ing was in the organization of a com This being well known, every one

land was drenched in the blood of it

And so, for many years, the grea

was astonished when Fernando Sandoval "denounced" the mine; for nothing was a more indisputable fact than that Fernando neither had nor could command means to work it. He belonged to a family that in former times had owned a large interest and grown rich from its profits. But those riches had now taken wings, for in Mexico as in other countries, the case of the bottom rail finding itself on the top, and vice versa, was a frequent practical result of the wars. The The family Sandoval were now very poor. They, who had once counted their territory by leagues rather than by acres, were now reduced to one small estate in the beautiful valley over which frowned the rugged heights and passes of the mountains within whose great purple clefts lay the opening of the mine from which they had once de-

untold riches, that Fernando, the eldest son of the family, felt his heart like the azure battlements of heaven. burning with a discontent very unusual in one of his people, who, as a rule, accept the alternations of fortune with oriental stoicism. Or perhaps the fact that he wished very much to marry and could not afford to do caused him to think by day and night of the los lode, and to speculate upon the chances of finding it. For he knew well that unless he could reach fortune by some short-cut the soft, dark eyes of hi cousin Guadalupe would never be allowed to smile for him. She was an orphan, dwelling beneath his father's roof and subject entirely to the control of his parents, who, although they had given her a home and love and kindness, when the cruel chances of war in early childhood left her orphaned and penniless, would cer tainly never consent to his marrying her unless he could prove his right to do so by making money enough to enable him to do as he pleased. But how was this to be accomplished?

It is not an easy task, even in a country where opportunities for money naking abound, but in a country impoverished by revolutions, with few ndustries, few avenues to wealth, it becomes an almost insoluble problem. So Fernando found it, and so his thoughts turned more and more owards the romantic stories which abound in Mexico of sudden wealth vielded by the mines that from the days of Cortez to our own have surpassed in richness all others in the world. If he could but find again the lost lode of the Espiritu Santo! He began to haunt the deserted mine, to descend as far as he could into it, to old workings. Somewhere, where there—down there—must lie the lost lode! He felt it with an intensity and a certainty that was like a consuming passion. For money to drain those dark waters and search untiringly until the lode was found, what would he not give or do! But money for such investment he neither had nor could possibly obtain. And this being

About this time he began to corres pond with a friend in the City of Mexico, a lawyer known to have business dealings with certain English companies. The result of the correspondence was that one day Fernando went to the Mining Deputation and denounced the Espiritu Santo Mine, thus becoming its owner after the formalities of the law were complied with, but bound by law to do a certain amount of work within a certain limit of time, or to forfeit his title, in which case the mine would again revert to the state and be again open to de-nouncement, as the process of acquiring title is called. It was then that his friends and

acquaintances began to wonder what Fernando meant do. They were not long left in doubt. Soon two foreigners appeared on the scene, who inspected the mine as far as inspection was possible, and then took a bond upon it. Men were at once placed at work, although no work of any real this afternoon. When he reached the importance was possible until the mine was drained; for which purpose a powerful modern pump was necessary. In the course of a few months this arrived, the engine was put up, and soon the water of the mine was pouring in a flood through the mouth of the tunnel which was the chief entrance into it, and flowing tumultuously down the steep arrayo of the mountain-side Following upon this, a new person arrived on the scene—a young Englishman who, it was understood, was to take charge of the work now that there would be something of importance to be done. He did not seem very much like one who would stimulate or hasten work, this dark, languid young man, who, except in manner and speech, had no appearance of an Englishman; but since he carried half the alphabet after his name, in token that he belonged to half a dozen scien tific societies, it is to be supposed that the new owners of the Espiritu Santo knew what they were about in sending him to look after their interests. That he was the son of one of them had perhaps as much bearing upon the case as the scientific initials; but neither fact impressed Fernando Sandoval with much belief in his practical abil ity. Although he did not smile when he saw him, for a Mexican has the impassive calm of an Indian together with the stately dignity of a Spaniard, he certainly thought that this boredlooking fine gentleman, with his sleepy eyes, his English drawl, and admirably

The house La Providencia, the small estate of the Sandoval family, stands on a gentle eminence hardly large enough to be called a hill, behind which, at the distance of about half a mile, rise abruptly the steep, serrated mountain range, and before which extends the level lands of the beautiful valley, in the midst of which is the once flourish ing but now decayed town that dates its era of prosperity according to the length of time when the Espiritu Santo Mine was "in bonanza."

cut London clothes, would not be likely either to find the lost lode him-

self, or to interfere seriously with cer

tain plans already matured in hi

Sandoval's) mind regarding it.

The casa of La Providencia looks naturally toward the town, and from the corridor, or arcade, that extends along the front of the house, any one with an appreciation for the beautiful dominating the poverty in which he spent his life with the suggestion of untold riches, that Fernanda On each side the great encircling sierras extend-vast purple masses in distance, rugged, heights close at hand, with forests still standing in their deep clefts and gorges, but the slopes of their immense shoulders bare and brown, save in the rainy season, when a beautiful mantle of green spreads over them. In the middle distance lies the town, apparently embowered in tropical foliage. above which rises the noble tower of the church, a perfect picturesque object, as all Mexican churches are, outlined against a sky that burns ever with the blue intensity of a jewel. Broad, white roads lead from the town in various directions, and along one of these roads about four o'clock one afternoon the young English superintendent of the Espiritu Santo Mine was riding

He did not look amiable as he walke his horse along a foot-path at the side of the road, to avoid the suffocating clouds of white dust which every step on the highway raised. He was a very foreign figure, despite the broad Mexi can hat he wore to shield himself from the sun; and as he let the reins fall carelessly on his horse's neck and gazed with sombre eyes across the valley, over which, on the western side. broad, deep shadows were already lying, an observer could hardly have failed to see that he was a very dis-

satisfied man indeed. And certainly, in Mr. Cecil Vyner's opinion, he had every reason for dissatisfaction. To be summarily exiled from the only life worth living—that of London in its season of gaiety and gaze with passionate longing at the fashion—and sent, not to some foreign depths of still water that covered the city where there would at least be a few social distractions, but a remote resources, and where, possessing very spirits. so, it was necessary to put his wits to not least, the Espiritu Santo Mine, a the natural scenes around him.

work and endeavor to accomplish by the rode along the sunlit valley, which other means the end on which he had set his heart.

he rode along the sunlit valley, which to other eyes might have borne the aspect of a paradise, but to him was more repugnant than a desert. There was but one ray of hope before him If he could find the lost lode his father would be so much pleased that he might condone the financial extravagance which had outraged hlm; and he Vyner) might be recalled from exile and restored to the life he loved and the woman he fancied he adored. But the realization of this hope seemed to him vague and distant. He looked with lowering brows at the great deep gash in the mountain where the open ing to the mine lay, and was possessed with a sense of impotent rage as he thought of the baffling secret which i held. So another man had often looked and longed, feeling as Vyner felt now, that if he could not soon wres that secret from nature's dark depths the woman whom he loved might be

placed for ever beyond his reach. But, though he might look at it with rage in his heart, it was not to the mine gates through which a road passe the highway into the of La Providencia, he from the turned and entered them. through wide fields, just now bare from the garnered harvest, he presently reached the gentle hill on which the house stood, and passing through another gate, surrounded by the small, dark huts of the laborers employed on the estate, rode up a sloping road to the corridor that, with its picturesque

arches, overlooked the valley.

A girl seated in the shade of this corridor, with some fine needlwork in her hands, had observed him ever since he turned from the highway into There was not much interest in her observation, for she knew very well who he was, and that he had a right of way across the lands of the hacienda to the mine in the heights beyond. She supposed that he was-bound to the latter place until hisnorse's hoofs striking on the stony hillside told her that he was, instead. oming to the house. A minute later he reined up before her and un-

"Good day, senorita," he said in ufficiently fluent Spanish. you do me the favor to tell where I can find Senor Don Fernando Sandoval? Then to himself he added, "What a

beautiful girl!' And indeed it could only have been blind man who did not perceive the beauty of the face looking up into his -a face with purely-outlined features of almost classic delicacy, large dark eyes of singular sweetness, set under the midnight shadow of sweeping lashes and perfect brows, a complexion like ivory in its softness and smooth ness, a mouth of noble beauty, and rich nair waving in curling tendrils around a forehead that in proportion and form was one of the most charming features of the countenance. And with this lovely countenance were united a clear directness of gaze untinged by coquetry, and a simplicity and grace of bearing without the faint est trace of self-consciousness. All over the Mexican land, in lowest as in highest, one finds this simplicity and been so struck with it as in this girl who, seated under the shadow of what was little more than a farm-house answered him with the quiet courtesy

of a young princess:
"I am sorry, senor, but Don Fer nando is not at home. When he ros from his siesta he went out into the fields and has not returned. Pancho emerged from some inner region-"do you know when Fernando will may finish their course with joy and Hoop's PILLS are purely vegetable, per

Pancho shook his head, which was them that they ought to spare themcovered with a mop-like growth of thick black hair. "No," he answered, 'Fernando went out to the vaqueros, who are branding the calves. I all have a ready will to lay down you wished much to go," he added in a life by the bedside of the sick. The tone of personal injury, "but I had no horse and Fernando would not take me behind him. He took Manuel in-

The girl looked at the stranger. "It is very far, senor," she said, "to the place where the vaqueros have the If my cousin has gone there, he will not return until late, and it is not likely that you can see him to-day; but his father. Don Ignacio, is at home

if you would like to see him. "I will go and tell him," said Pancho without waiting for a reply, and he darted in to the house.

Vyner had no desire to see Don Ignacio, but the matter seemed taken out of his hands by the prompt action of the boy, and after all, when a man has nothing better to do, why should he not pause in grateful shade on a warm afternoon, and please his eyes by the sight of the most beautiful face he has seen for many days? Certainly the eyes in question remained fastened upon the face with a persistence which might have unsettled the composure of an older woman, but that had apparently no effect upon this

Mexican girl. "You will descend from your horse, senor, and sit down until my uncle comes?" she said; and then, with the graceful, oriental gesture common in

the country, she clapped her hands.

A mozo, who looked like a bronze statue dressed in white cotton cloth city where there would at least be a and girded with a red sash, appeared, took the horse and led him away, Mexican village where he was thrown while Vyner, entering the brickliterally and completely upon his own paved corridor, the floor of which was on a level with the ground, sat down in one of the chairs of bamboo and few of these resources, he was almost in one of the chairs of bamboo and ready to cut his throat from ennui, was leather placed there. Now for the first surely enough to account for the gloom time he looked away from the girl of his face and the depression of his over the wide, beautiful picture which He was inwardly cursing his the arches framed, and for the first fate, his father, and last, but certainly time he saw and felt the loveliness of

"You have a charming situation here, senorita," he said. "This view of the valley and mountains is superb. Body and Blood of His Divine Master to strengtened him for his trial. And as he came back to Chelsea in his boat Do you not admire it?"

She hesitated a moment before replying. It had never occurred to her to think whether she admired it or not. It was part of her life-almost her earliest youth had been spread be fore her eyes in unchanging beauty "Yes, it is fine—one can see all the valley from here," she said after a "The senor likes our val-

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MARTYR SPIRIT

We do not live in an age of Martyr every man must bear a martyr's will Now at the moment (1875) I am speaking there are Bishops of the Church of ment, imprisoned and threatened with deposition, and under sentence of pre-tended deposition. Be it so. Do you think that one such paster, who has received his consecration from the Son of God, and who, through the Vicar of Jesus Christ, has received the charg of his flock, with the words, 'Feed M sheep, that one such man will be found who will lay down His pasteral staff at the foot of an imperial throne? Wait till we see it: then we will believe it. The whole history of the Church give the lie to such a slander against the fortitude of the Bishops of the Catholi Church. But the man who will prove this must carry the will of a martyr in his heart, for who knows what may b before him? Now, as we are taught there are three kinds of martyrs There are those who are martyrs both in will and in deed, like the Apostles, all except one; next; there are thos that are martyrs in will but not in deed, like Saint John-he alone among them died a natural death; thirdly there are those who are martyrs i deed if you like, but not in will, for they die out of the Church, out of the faith. To what do they bear witness? Saint Cyprain says of such in his day: "They are slain but not crowned: (Occisi sed nor coronati.)" Now every man must a Now every man must at least bear in his heart the will of Saint John; he may never be called to lay down his life, but he mus have the will to do it, if he were ever called to bear witness to the faith or to his own pastoral office. Then he must have the will to suffer all things: fines, exile, or imprisonment, violence usque ad sanguinis effusionem-eve unto blood. And so it must ever be it must be so with you. For there are three kinds of martyrdoms, as there are three kinds of martyrs. all, there is the martyrdom of those who willingly give their lives, if need be, in the care of the sick and dying, and in the fever hospital, or in times of pestilence. Their's is a martyr's will and a martyr's death. The poor priest, the Sisters of Charity and of Mercy, and the like, and many a generous heart, are in more peril in the fever hospital than on the battle-field; and yet some have been struck even there in their Master's work, and have given up their life in our increasing devotion, the day may the midst of the wounded and the not be far distant when the only con dying. And, lastly, there is the tentions as to Our Lady will be—who martyrdom of those who were them shall give her greatest henor.—Ave selves out early and late, summer and Marie. winter, in weariness and poverty, by broken rest at night, never-ending work by day, in the service of their neighbour, and in the love of the souls whom Jesus shed His Precious she turned to a small boy who Blood. Such men have fortifude

enough to care for nothing, if they when kind, but not wise, friends tell selves, they remember what their Master said to Peter. Now you may all have that spirit in you. You may all have a ready will to lay down you poor nuns, the poor priests-whom the world despises and hates-live all day long in that readiness to die for their neighbour's good. It is in our own life-time-only the other day, I may say—that a Bishop and twenty-seven of our priests gladly gave their lives, struck down by fever, in the towns and cities of the north of England. They came up one by one, each filling the place of the other; as when a soldier is struck down a man from th rear comes to the front, so they died with the fortitude of martyrs. The First and Chief, the great ex

ample of this spirit of fortitude, as I have already said, is Jesus Himself.
And He has been followed from the beginning by a line of martyrs. martyrs of early days you all know The line has never been broken though at times the world has ceased for a while to persecute. Now fortitude is tried even more in the foresigh of the suffering that is to come than in the actual presence of death. Our great Saint Thomas of Canterbury knew for five years that he would hav to lay down his life for the liberties of Church, and with that perfect knowledge before him, he inflexibly persevered, and even returned from safety in exile to his martyrdom at Canterbury. Sir Thomas More, the greatest of English laymen, as Saint Thomas of Canterbury was the greatest of English pastors, knew long before that his fate was sealed. He foresaw that he would be called upon to deny the supreme and divine authority of the Church of God, and to choose between the divine jurisdiction of the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the usurpation of a royal master. And when called on to give his answer, he gave it with fortitude and with joy. On the morning of his first examination at Lambeth he had confessed his sins and received absolution, and the Precious

upon the Thames, there was a radiant joy upon his face. Those that were with him asked why he was so glad. He answered, "Because I have gone so far now that my weakness can no longer tempt me to go back." In this, too, he was like his glorious predeces for Saint Thomas, who some hours before he suffered, being asked why he was so merry, answered. "A man must be merry who is going to his Master." We need go no further than our own land, and almost our own times, for heroic examples of the gift of fortitude. They are to be found now at this day in the missionaries of the Catholic Church. While we in our everyday life here, are reading of martyrs in antiquity, we forget that there are martyrs at this moment in the East, in Corea, and in China. If you will read a book called The New Geories of the Catholic Church, you might believe yourselves to be reading the acts of the martyrs of the first ages And there marryrdoms have been tak-ing place now, while we have been living our commonplace life of the nineteenth century here in London I will give you one example. A man ity, metives of Corea, were seized and brought before the tribunal; the man was a catechist, the boy was a catechu men, only just baptized. The man, in terror, renounced his faith, and the

boy, bound to the stake, and seourged until the blood burst from him, and the filesh was cut from his boxes; stood firm. Reproaching the man, he said te-him, "You are a man, and I'a poor bey ; you ought to have strengthened me, and I, a poor boy, repreach you for your apostasy." Then taking a remnant of his own-torm flesh, in indignation, he cast it at the apestate, There are things of our own day, hardly twenty years ago. And from whence some these glories of the faith? From the cardinal virtue of fortitude raised and perfected by the gift of the Hely Ghost. ("Cardinal Manning's Internal Mission of the Holy Chost."

Devotism to Mary.

One of the most gratifying signs of the times in this age and country is, to our mind, the continuous and ever breadening sweep of the current of de votion to the Blessed Virgin. Then he features of Catholic life are reflected in the Catholic press; and no child of Mary who scanned the columns of our contemporaries during the past month could fail to experience the liveliest joy at the manifold evidence to be found herein of the universality of special devotions to the celestial Queen of the May. It is significant too, that as de votion to our Blessed Lady increases among Catholics, her exalted rank and her importance in the Divine economy, is becoming better understood and appreciated by our non-Catholic brethren. No scholarly Protestant dreams-now-a days of asserting that we place the Mother above the Son; to do so would be to forfeit all claim to scholarship, and to proglaim oneself a disingenuo bigot. Let us trust that, as a fruit of

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AUGUST 6, 18

According to the Ca Jesus Christ has ins Church an apostolic suc ing body, invested with announcing to all peor truth, and speaking with divine authority formal promise of the tion of the Divine Sa assistance of the Holy This protection of Ch His apostles "until the of the ages," this as Spirit of Truth, who with them "until the e to the teaching of auth infallibility in the exe sion, and imposes up what St. Paul calls i language, "the obedie There exists, then, i

Jesus Christ, a living infallible authority co ing to the will of successors of Peter, an the Pope and the Bisho lie Church. The Pope pate united to him, v assembled in a counci subjects of the infa Church; they form Docens." This doctr mental one in the con Catholics and Protesta The question propo cil of the Vatican was Christ, in building l

Peter, in giving hi confirming his breth and charging him to and His sheep, the successor? In other w by himself alone, als infallibility? Has i to him in the person first Pope?
The Council answer ative by defining ti

defining ex - cathed same infallibility as has been pleased to in Infallibility, accor gift communicated gives neither the Bis nor to a Pope, an in The gift of infallibil in this: That the l the teaching Churc from falling into e words of the Council. lible, "by the divine has been promised to

of blessed Peter." The Pope has, like ing Church, the cha the deposit of faith.' contained in holy Sc infallable only when of preserving this de tegrity, of explaini and of defending Hence, it is said, the and tradition are the remote rule of f proposes infallibly the them, as the in may require. The called dogmas, and to believe all of the

"fide divina"). Hence, there is ence botween a de from the Pope alone of a general counci without unio that is to say, the v sentence is the sam authority is the sar and consequently C to submit themselv The difference can doctrinal decision the united magist and the Bishops h solemnity and ecla But it follows, ir

to submit themsel Pope ex-catheo know with certain tion of doctrine th fallible authority: ing his supreme a the faithful by su of the Council. I faithful that the I of his supreme an when he teaches a be held by all. explicitly; but th he can indicate i which he exercise it is certain he m way or another h a definition. Th any one say "we define," such or such a do or even "errone "heresy," etc the decrees of co

The intrinsic o of the Pope is th the entire Tes Catholic doctris that the definiti not based on me 'Catholic revel the revelation believed by eve by God, was c Ghost in the A will not be an ecenomy, but o ment, i. e., a n of the doctrin more explicit e

intention of exe