

## The Sea.

BY FIVE LINES O'BRIEN.  
 Hiss and howls and howls!  
 By night, through caverns low,  
 Through rifted rocks, our softly swayed,  
 On windy beaches of naked sand.

To and fro! to and fro!  
 Chanting ever and chanting low,  
 The sea is deep, or in quietude,  
 And thy voice is breathing of distant lands.

Great and low! low and low!  
 Shown golden sunsets in the sky,  
 Thy lips are rich and sweetly sound,  
 And the tenuous fogs have touched thy mouth.

Come and go! come and go!  
 The sun may smile, and the winds may blow,  
 But thou wilt forever sing, O sea!  
 And I, an ever, shall sing like thee!

## THE CROSS IN THE DESERT.

Some few years ago a pilgrim sailed across the blue waters of the Mediterranean, smitten with the love of the cross, and bearing in his hand "the banner with the strange device."

It was a lovely summer's evening. The fierce African sun was sinking in his rest behind the hills on which the ruins of the old city of Hippo stand; and as the pilgrim, who had climbed to its summit, stood gazing around him, the glow of the western sky bathed his dusty garments in a golden light, touching the ruins with a splendor of its own, and lighting up the sea, that heaved gently down below, with the brightness of amber and gold.

This, then, was all that remained of the proud old city whose name Augustine had made famous to the end of time!

These crumbling walls were once the school where he taught, the halls where his youthful eloquence fired the hearts of the great scholars of the day; here were the baths where he lounged in his idle hours with pleasure-loving companions; here the streets where every day he came and went from Monica's quiet home to the busy haunts of learning, of sophistry, and science; here was the place where she had wept so bitterly over him, the spot where that salutary fountain of a mother's tears had had its source; here he had sinned; hence he had gone forth in search of truth, and, having found it, he had come back, transformed into a confessor and a doctor of the church; here, finally, he died, full of years, leaving behind him a name great amongst the greatest saints whom the church has raised to her altars.

And what now remained to Africa of this light which had shed such glory on her church? Where did his memory live? And the faith that he had practiced—whether he had fled?

The pilgrim stood upon a stone, and, after indulging in reflections such as these for some time, he rose and descended slowly towards the plain.

Was it a fancy born of recent musings, or did he hear a voice issuing from the massive fragment of a wall which still supported a majestic dome, once proudly the throne of the luxurious and wealthy citizen of Hippo? Did he really see a light burning, or was it an hallucination born of the mystic hour and the suggestive surroundings? He drew closer, looked in, and, behold, a white bearded Arab, clad in a piece of light on the highest point of the wall. Was it some idolatrous rite, a spell, or an incantation they were performing?

"What are you doing?" inquired the pilgrim.

"We are burning lights to the great Christian," was the reply.

"Who is that? What is his name?"

"We do not know it; but we honor him because our fathers taught us to do so."

So, then, the memory of Augustine survived in the land, though his name had perished!

The pilgrim murmured a prayer to the great Christian, as the Arabs called him, and turned away, carrying in his heart a hope that Augustine was still watching for the resurrection of the cross in the land of his birth, and hastening its advent by his intercession at the throne of Him whom he describes as "patient because he is eternal."

It is a fact, as striking as it is compelling, that within the last few years the faith has been making rapid conquests amidst the barbarous nations, where in the days of St. Augustine, and long after, it flourished so magnificently. Perhaps it is more surprising that this result should not have been under the rule of a Catholic power; but the mistaken policy of the French government, and, alas! we must add, the evil example of the French themselves, instead of breaking down existing barriers, have raised new and insurmountable ones against the work of Christianity amongst the conquered tribes. France proclaimed her intention of not alone tolerating, but protecting, Islamism throughout her African dominion. She carried this policy so far that she made it punishable by law for French law to convert a Muslim to the Catholic faith, whilst, on the other hand, it was perfectly lawful for any number of Catholics to turn Muslim.

The priests who went out as missionaries were thwarted at every step by the French authorities. "Our adversaries, the men who worry us and stand in the way of our making converts, are not the Arabs or even their marabouts," said one of these devoted men to us only a few days ago; "it is our own countrymen, Frenchmen calling themselves Catholics, whom we have chiefly to contend against." And he went on to describe how, during the famine of 1867, when the Arabs were dying like flies all over the country, the French authorities were constantly on the alert to prevent the missionaries visiting them, even in *extremis*. They actually sent detachments of spahis to the various places where the poor famine-stricken creatures congregated in greater numbers to die; and when the priest was seen approaching them, as they lay gasping in their agony, the soldiers rushed forward to stop him from administering the sacrament of regeneration. One little missionary father contrived to outwit the authorities, however, and in spite of the lynx-eyes that were fixed on him, he managed to baptize numbers from a little bottle of water hid under his burqa.

No wonder the Arabs make small account of men who set such pitiful

store by their religion. They call the French "sons of Satan," and the French priests and good Christians among the seculars will tell you themselves that the name is well deserved; that the employees of the government, military and civil, make the most deplorable impression on the natives, and by their lives present a practical example of all the vices which it is the boast of civilization to destroy. They are so untruthful that the French missionaries declare they surpass even the Arabs in lies. The Arab is abstemious by nature, and the law of the Koran compels him to the most rigid sobriety; the Christians give him an example of excesses in eating and drinking which excite his disgust and contempt.

There is a legend current amongst the Arabs in the French dominions that on a certain day Maomet will arise and precipitate the sons of Satan into the sea. When a Frenchman, in answer to this prophetic point to the strength of his government, its enormous resources, the power of steam, and the monuments he has built in Algeria, the Muslim with grim contempt replies in his grave, sullen way: "Look at the ruins of the old Roman monuments! They were mightier than any you have raised; and yet, behold, they lie in ruins throughout the land, because Allah so willed. It is written: Allah will cast you into the sea as he did the Romans."

All those who can speak from experience agree that there are people so difficult to evangelize as the Muslim; the pure idolater is comparatively an easy conquest to the missionary, but it requires almost the miraculous intervention of divine grace to make the light of the Gospel penetrate the stolid fatalism of the Mahometan.

One of the greatest obstacles to the reception of truth in the Arab is the intuitive pride of race which arms him against the idea of receiving religious instruction from a race of men whom he despises with a scorn which is actually a part of his religion, and who in their turn look down on the children of the desert, and treat their manners and customs with contempt. In order to overcome this first obstacle towards the success of their ministry, the missionaries conceived the idea of identifying themselves, as far as possible, with the natives, adopting their dress, their manner of eating and sleeping, and in every way assimilating outwardly their daily lives to theirs.

They tried it, and the system has already won many wonders. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? If faith can move mountains, cannot love melt them? Love, the irresistible, the conqueror who subdues all hard things in this hard world—why should it fail with these men, whose chances are more in favor of him, fashioned after the likeness of our common God? Just five years ago a handful of priests, Frenchmen, gone mad with the sweet folly of the cross, heard of how these Arabs could not be persuaded to receive the message of the Gospel, and, but for the heroic effort to reach them. They were seized with a sudden desire to go and try if they could not succeed where others had failed; so they offered themselves to the Archbishop of Algiers as missionaries in his diocese. The offer was gladly accepted, but when the first presented himself to obtain facilities for saying Mass in the villages outside Algiers and in the desert, the archbishop signed the permission with the words *vinum pro martyrio*, and handing it to the young apostle, said: "Do you accept on these conditions?"

"Monseigneur, it is for that I have come," was the joyful reply. And truly, amongst all the perilous missions which every day lure brave souls to court the palm of martyrdom, there is not one where the chances are more in favor of gaining it than in this mission of Sahara, where the burning sun of Africa, added to material privations, that are absolutely incredible, makes the life of the most fortunate missionary a slow and daily martyrdom. His first task, in preparation for becoming a missionary, is to master the language and to acquire some knowledge of the healing art, of herbs and medicine; then he dons the dress of the Arabs, which, conforming in all things to their customs, he does not quit even at night, but sleeps in it on the ground; he builds himself a tent like theirs, and, in order to disarm suspicion, lives for some time in their midst without making the least attempt at converting them; he does not even court their acquaintance, but waits patiently for an opportunity to draw them towards him; this generally comes in the form of a sick person whom the stranger offers to help and very frequently cures, or at least alleviates, cleanliness and the action of pure water often proving the only remedy required. The patient, in his gratitude, offers some present, either in money, stuffs, or eatables, which the stranger with gentle indignation refuses. Then follows some such dialogue as this: "What! you refuse my thank-offering? Who, then, pays you?"

"God, the true God of the Christians. I have left country and family and home, and all my heart loves best, for His sake and for His service; do you think you or any man living can pay me for this?"

"What are you, then?" demands the astonished Arab.

"I am a marabout of Jesus Christ." And the Muslim retires in great wonder as to what sort of a religion it can be whose marabouts take neither money nor goods for their services. He tells the story to the neighbors, and by degrees all the sick and maimed of the district come trooping to the missionary's door. He tends them with untiring charity. Nothing disgusts him; the more loathsome the ulcers, the more wretched the sufferer, the more tenderness he lavishes on them.

Soon his hut is the rendezvous of all those who are afflicted with wounds for miles round; and though they entreat him, sometimes on their knees, to accept some token of thanks for his services, he remains inexorable, returning always the same answer: "I serve the God of heaven and earth; the kings of this world are too poor to pay me."

He leads this life for fifteen months before taking his vows as a missionary. When he has bound himself to the

heretic apostasy, he is in due time ordained, if not already a priest, and goes forth, in company with two other priests, to establish a mission in some given spot of Sahara or Soudan, these desolated regions being the appointed field of their labors. The little community follows exactly the same line of conduct in the beginning of its installation as above described; they keep strictly aloof until by dint of disinterestedness and of devotion and skillful care of the sick, they have disarmed the mistrust of the "true believers," and convinced them that they are not civil functionaries or in any way connected with the government. The Arab's horror of everybody and of everything emanating from French headquarters partakes of the intense character of his fanaticism in religious matters. By degrees the natives become passionately attached to the foreign marabouts, who have now to put limits to the gratitude which would invest them with semi-divine attributes. The great aim of the mission is to secure to the French the possession of the children, so as to form a generation of future missionaries. Nothing short of this will prevent them, in Africa, and while securing the spiritual regeneration of the country, restore to that luxuriant soil its ancient fertility. Once reconciled to civilization by Christianity, these two millions of natives, who are now in a state of chronic suppressed rebellion against their conquerors, will be armed and their energies turned to the cultivation of the land and the development of its rich resources by means of agricultural implements and science which the French could impart to them. Nor is it well to treat with utter contempt the notion of a successful rebellion in Algeria. At the present moment such an event would be probably impossible; but there is no reason why it should be so in years hence. The Arabs are as yet not well provided with arms and ammunition; but they are making yearly large purchases in this line in Morocco and Tunis, and the study of European military science is steadily progressing. The deep-seated hatred of the Muslims for the yoke of the stranger is moreover as intense as in the first days of their bondage; and it even to proclaim the talismanic promise of the Koran: "Every true believer who falls in the holy war is admitted at once into the paradise of Mahomet." The number who would call on the prophet to fulfil the promise would not be small, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day," and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the mission of the apostle, and leaving that great, silent, and unchanging world pretty much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine principles penetrate. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the Gospel, and the French would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say unfurled, but simply shared with the people, their position would be a very different one