

FAITH AND REASON.

The Christian Religion Combines in It Teaching These Two Elements.

Cleveland University. A large audience, including Protestants and unbelievers, was at the opera house in Youngstown Sunday night and listened to Father Elliot for almost two hours while he made a powerful and convincing arraignment of agnosticism.

The closest attention was given the eloquent speaker as he tore to pieces page after page of the doctrine of unbelief in the revelation of the Bible. The lecture was a brilliant and scholarly effort and was in part as follows:

"Before going into the main subject to-night I want to say a word regarding the dogmatic position of the Catholic Church in regard to the Bible. The books of the Old and New Testament, as enumerated by the Council of Trent, and which are also contained in the King James version, are held to have God for their author. This does not lead one to infer that the authorship was verbal. The inspiration is a matter of faith as far as the books and parts of them are concerned.

All the books that have doctrinal statements, rules of conduct and narratives of events, and especially those that belong to faith and morality, are held to be inspired. Of course an inspired book must be constantly in use by those who hold it inspired. The priest must study it again and again in his preparations for the ministry, and for an hour each day he must read and ponder over some of the lessons it contains, and he must read to his people the books of the epistles and gospels.

THE THIRD COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE urges it as the daily reading of the people, and its inspiration is to every Catholic an element of divine faith. "The power of reason held by the Catholic Church to be the vital principle of religion. But for the ignorant and vicious and those who are blinded by passion, and for those who have the chance of development in literature, reason produces nothing. In ancient times the most perfect nations undertook to get along without revelation and by unguided reason and they failed. For force of mind and creative intellect, they have been surpassed. We in our day have had great poets, but no Homer, no Virgil, Horace or Sophocles. The ancient orators are easily supreme. In art, painting, sculpture, architecture and music the nations of Pagan Greece and Rome led, and do still lead, the world. The fact is that the leadership in all the achievements of human reason found its great capacity in the day when reason had its reign.

"But what of religion? What about the great problems of life? Reason was found to be inadequate in that its greatest day. Reason tells of God and God seemed to have vanished from among men.

REASON WAS ENSLAVED TO PASSION, and all of good was clouded over with the deep mist of error. And when you study it deeply you find it had its day and failed. I may have been a religion to a few philosophers, but to the great majority of the people it meant a total collapse. In the relation of man to his brother it found no law, and yet reason would seem to treat that all men are brethren. Yet in those times it had been forgotten. Rome knew and cared for nothing outside of Rome, and between man and man there was no bond. The position of woman under this order was frightful to contemplate. The family bond had no stability. Parental and sex tyranny developed to the full, and war was the great high-road to glory. Slavery was the rule, and all horrid crimes saw their greatest development in this the day of reason. For the great masses religion without revelation was like a mass of groveling superstition and was like a small capital invested in a great enterprise which failed. Reason without religion led the human heart empty.

"The cry of reason cannot now be brought up. They must go back to its day, for now the very air we breathe is fragrant with the teachings of JESUS CHRIST.

You cannot appeal now to reason, you must now compare Venus to Mary, the Virgin, and Jupiter to Christ. Consider the present attempt to place reason on the throne. What can Colonel Ingersoll give us to take the place of the teachings of Christ? Nothing but the cowardly refuge, suicide. When life is a failure, when racked by pain and sickness, when the heart is filled with despair, what can he give to offset the purity of the Gospel and the hope that it teaches? What has he to offer us to crush and bury our passions? Nothing. Again he only scoffs and cannot be brought down to argument. He sucks his talk from dead bodies and spits it at us in gorging oratory and eloquent rhetoric. Colonel Ingersoll may be a good parent, but allowing obscene literature to go through the mail, as he openly advocated in the city of Cleveland, would bring us to the destruction of the pagan nations. He may have been a good soldier, but suicide is the coward's refuge.

"Reason is like a man struggling in the waves to get into the boat. He must have the help of those that are in the boat to drag him in. Reason is the light of nature, but against it is the HOLY AND DIVINE LIGHT OF NATURE. Reason tells me there is a God, but what with the unaided light of reason tells me that God is my father? There is that which makes me wish God for my father. The gift of the fatherhood of God and the doctrine of the incarnation of Jesus Christ are both the gifts of revelation. How do I know God is the author? Take the Old Testament,

read it steadily. The influence is vague indeed, but something tells me more than human eloquence can that it is so. The burning eloquence, the touching pathos and beautiful phrases all tell me the book is more than human. It brings out the best and noblest traits of the human heart. It tells me the supremacy of God, His rule and His law. His truth and mercy go together. The Jewish race is a living evidence of it. A people chosen especially by God have to this day the religion of a book, and for all the world to day the great authority is Christ Himself. The old book and its men were types of Him. The book of the Jews is the book of Christ. He was 'the man.' His testimony was supreme, and can any one doubt that He believed it to be the work of God? He was to make good that book. He was to fulfill the law.

"The New Testament we first find on the bleeding bosom of the Christian Church as she comes forth from the catacombs of Rome. All admit the authenticity of the gospels and the five epistles of St. Paul. Even Renan and the great agnostics admit no books were like them."

The lecturer in beautiful language painted the beneficent effects of the teachings of the new law, and closed his lecture with an eloquent appeal for a study of the sacred book.

DR. BATAILLE.

The Devil in the 19th Century.

In a former article the reader was given a specimen of a meeting in which an Elected or Chosen performed wonders. Now an example of what the Advancing Called may do. Dr. Bataille, in the course of his travels came to Montevideo, South America, where he paid a visit to a family with whom he became acquainted as physician on board of a French liner. The family consisted of Colonel X., a big, strong man; Mrs. X., a little, proud, plump, idle, ignorant quarter-ton with a gipsy head; her two daughters of extraordinary beauty, but as vain, pretentious and ignorant as pretty. After supper a number of friends turned in, and the evening was spent in dancing, flirting, etc., till past midnight, when most of the visitors left. All the doors and windows were open and the lights put out. Hear Dr. Bataille: "We were sitting on the balcony enjoying the still coolness of the night almost in silence. I was certainly not thinking of Lucifer, when, behold, of a sudden, I felt the clear, short taps on my shoulder. I arose quickly and heard the voice of the younger Miss X., saying: 'Why, here comes our friend! What do you wish here to-night?' We were twelve in number, and, to my astonishment, I saw a bright light and number thirteen floating in the air before us, but disappearing a few moments later in the dark. 'Ah, laughed the little miss, 'the doctor does not yet know our friend.' At the same moment the light reappeared showing the mysterious stranger, while I felt the strokes again on my shoulder. He was a beardless youth of about eighteen years with feminine features that I must have seen before. Again he disappeared. The young lady continued: 'Ah, doctor, that is our good friend; he comes when we do not expect him and we know not why nor how; we speak with him, and he is often quite useful to us.' Again he appeared in his queer light, and I thought I recognized him or her—I did not know exactly which. Again he disappeared. 'Eight days ago,' related Miss X., 'he helped mamma to find a precious ring that was lost. He has this peculiarity, that he has no shadow.' Again our visitor appeared distinctly against the wall, I advanced towards the apparition to verify it, and all at once remembering the features as those of Soundiron, the Luciferian Vesta I had met at my first visit to the Luciferian meeting at Calcutta I called her by name. As I approached, the figure again disappeared, as if to escape from me. I was told that he, or rather she, would not come again because I had tried to approach and examine her. They asked me what strange word I had pronounced. I replied that it was an Indian word. They were satisfied, and I was certain that it was a demon whom I had before seen as a Priestess or Vesta at Calcutta and whom I met several times later on different occasions and various places. The lamps were lighted, and the ladies said: 'Ah, doctor, you drove our friend away, that is bad; and you would have been able to assist at a very interesting seance.' Expressing my astonishment and regret, they continued: 'Indeed! If you know how sweet, spiritual and gentle our friend is and what services he renders us! We have long, intimate conversations with him. We sit around that stand and he sits between me and my sisters and the stand knocks with its feet, writes phrases, talks with us and tells us things that happen far away, about our brothers at sea and the like. Our friend brings us flowers. It took us a long time to get accustomed to his visits; but now we fear nothing. He is so good. But once,' they continued, 'he got very angry at one of our negro women through whose room he was going. It seems the negress wanted to do him harm. We heard a terrible shriek and never saw the woman since.' Colonel X., who was a devotee of table turning, etc., invited me to call again in order to assist at a regular seance. It appears I had got into a whole family of mediums who were addicted to the calling up of spirits without in the least being aware of being engaged in dangerous,

superstitious practices. The number of such is legion. I met them everywhere in large numbers, and in places where I would have expected them the least. And very many of these in the course of time became Chosen and Perfect Initiated devil worshippers.

HER CREDENTIALS.

The Unmistakable Proofs of Divinity That Stamp the True Church of God.

When we glance upon modern society and behold the strange variety of jarring Christian sects, we are naturally inclined to exclaim: Is this the Church of Jesus Christ? Is He that foolish architect whom He Himself depicts, saying: 'He built His house upon sand, and when the sky became lowered, and the lightning flashed, and the floodgates burst open, the house was swept away by the angry torrents because its foundation rested on sand?' Reason and faith both cry aloud, No! This is not the Church of Christ. These are the branches lopped from the Tree of Life; the sheep who have left the fold; the nations who have apostatized. The Church of Christ, the Catholic Church, is still a living, lasting power in the world, and no mysterious hand will ever trace upon her walls, as it has done upon those of Protestantism, the awful Mane, Tekel, Phares of Babylon.

The Church is a power—a lasting power.

TIME WRITES THE WORD DECAY on every institution, on every nation. The Church alone knows not its touch. Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome astonish the world by the marvels of their deeds and the seeming immortality of their national life, when, lo! in the midst of their sinfulness and luxury the Angel of Death summons them, and they are buried in the tomb of departed peoples.

The power of an Otho, a Charlemagne, a Napoleon is but the dream of a passing day. As the kingdoms of this world, so also do the kingdoms of man's proud reason pass rapidly away. Plato and Aristotle succumb to an Epicurus; the great philosophical schools of Greece, as the Ionian, Peripatetic, Stoic and others are silent; and in our own day, Sensism, Pantheism and Naturalism follow each other in quick succession. It is thus with the works of man—whether the result of the sword or the product of a haughty intellect. Only one doctrine, one kingdom remains everlasting. 'Tis the doctrine of Jesus Christ, 'tis the Kingdom of His Church.

This Church invites to her service neither

THE VAGARIES OF PERVERTED REASON, nor the unbridled passions of sinful concupiscence. On the contrary, her faith demands a full and sovereign assent to incomprehensible mysteries, and her morality calls for a Calvary on which to immolate the idols of man's rebellious passions. She does not lean on the strength of the sword, for her servants style themselves the ministers of peace, and in three hundred years only four of her Pontiffs died a natural death. She does not fear the sword, neither is she enticed by the siren voice of a false peace. Unlike all human institutions, she withstands every attack—and yet her youth remains like that of the sun, and her strength unconquerable like like the billows of the ocean. This thought made St. Augustine address her in transports of joy: 'Oh, beauty, ever ancient and ever new!'

Verily, when we consider the rock upon which she rests, 'like an immortal Syleite'; when we see her 'a column among ruins'; unchangeable in the midst of changing and crumbling systems, states, institutions and nations; when we consider her whom the inspired scribe designates as 'the bride of the Lamb,' 'the house of God,' 'the kingdom without end,' then we are forced to cry out: 'Thy existence is either an enigma which the mind of man can never solve, or it is a manifest proof of thy divinity. Ten times did pagan Rome employ all her

PERSECUTING MALICE AGAINST THE CHURCH,

and already had she stamped upon her coins: 'Nomen Christianum delictum est' ('Perished in the Christian name). For centuries in the Middle Ages did rulers endeavor to degrade her to the level of a vassal, and pollute her sanctuary; the heresy of the sixteenth century, the rationalism of the eighteenth century, the hydra-errors of our day as expressed in the immortal Syllabus, have been still more violent. In very truth, all have endeavored, like another Tullia, to ride their chariots over her dead body, and to have the licter proclaim with satanic joy: 'Actum est!' ('she is no more!')

But in vain. The tumultuous waves of persecution, heresy and infidelity can never reach that Ararat of the new law, whereon rests the Ark of Jesus Christ, the hope of a Christian and civilized world. From that height the Church will ever pray: 'The Lord is my refuge and strength, my helper in afflictions'; and with the royal harper of Jerusalem she will sing: 'We will not fear whilst the earth is troubled, and the mountains are cast into the bosom of the sea.' For

THE SAME UNCREATED VOICE that said on the morning of creation: 'Let there be light!' and on the evening before His Passion: 'This is My body,' has also spoken these authoritative words: 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.'

Behold the greatness of the Church from only one point of view—her indefectibility, her perpetuity, and grandeur is still more luminous, and challenges our admiration all the more when we consider the various causes of

her being, organization and scope. Accordingly, we might speak of her efficient cause, which is the Adorable Trinity; her ministerial cause, namely, the apostles and their successors, or the Teaching Magisterium; her material cause, namely, the faithful the world over; her formal cause, which constitutes her one body; her final cause, which is the sanctification and salvation of all men. However, we will not view her greatness from any of these heights; we will take a cursory glance at her record, and in a few words mention her benefits.

There are two powers in this world, the Church and the State. There can never be a conflict between them as long as they will obey the injunction of Jesus Christ: 'Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.' On the contrary, just as grace does not destroy nature but rather perfects it, ennobles it, so in like manner does the Church not destroy or absorb the State, but perfects it, benefits it by pouring out on society

AN EVER-FLOWING STREAM OF SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL BLESSINGS. Hence, instead of being a menace, she is a friend to society, to mankind.

Follow her for a moment along her historic pathway of nineteen centuries in every land, among all nations, and tell me whether she is not the personification of Christ, 'going about doing good.' Her history of charity, her mission among men, her benefits both temporal and eternal may be epitomized as follows:

I. She has benefited every man by telling him that he is born in the image and likeness of God; by telling us all that we are called to be children of God, brethren of Christ, and heirs of heaven.

II. She has benefited woman, in so far, according to Allen in his 'Formation of Christendom,' as her position has been restored in four great points: (a) She is herself a human creature, to take a rank by man's side, unknown to Greek or Roman; (b) she has restored her relation to man as his companion, wherein her subordination has been preserved, while the impress of a glorious likeness has been set upon it; (c) she is the mother of the family, the creatrix of that home which Athens in the greatness of her science, and Rome in the glory of her empire did not know; (d) she is the nurse and nurturer of the race, and the first lessons of instruction belong to her. The Church, in this one case, has RE-ESTABLISHED THE BASIS OF SOCIETY, for marriage is the germ of human society; the family, the tribe, the nation are but expansions of it in the one line, and town, city and empire are but the aggregations of it.

III. She has benefited subjects by telling mankind that all power is from God, whether directly or indirectly; and that the more sacred that power is to the public conscience the more secure is the peace of nations.

IV. She has benefited rulers by telling mankind that all power is from God, whether directly or indirectly; and that the more sacred that power is to the public conscience the more secure is the peace of nations.

V. She has benefited the poor, as her asylums for the alleviation of every form of human misery conclusively demonstrate.

VI. She has benefited and still benefits the heathen by letting the light of God's gospel shine upon their lands and into their hearts, as is evidenced from the facts recorded in Marshall's celebrated work on 'Christian Missions.'

VII. She has benefited the mechanical and liberal arts by her schools and universities, the centers of learning for so many ages and generations. HER INTELLECTUAL, MORAL AND MATERIAL CREATION are so grand and manifold that Dalmes has forever immortalized them by his colossal literary monument, 'European Civilization.'

Behold, in a few words, the grandeur of the Catholic Church, our Church, whether considered in her perpetuity, or her benefits to mankind. Our greatest happiness ought, therefore, to result from the fact that we are sheep of this fold, children of this mother, subjects of this kingdom, soldiers of this Church militant. Hence, too, it ought to be the pride and constant aim of our life to live as to exemplify in all our thoughts, words and deeds that we can be loyal to the cause of Christ and His Church, and true to the land on whose escutcheon is emblazoned what was first proclaimed by Maryland's Catholic colony: 'Religious toleration to all.' REV. G. H. RIEKEN.

Extreme Rudeness.

As the tramp was seated on the kitchen steps eating the breakfast he had asked for, the hired girl stood by and watched him curiously.

"What you gazin' at me for?" he inquired nervously. "J'on think I'm yer long-lost brother?"

"No," she replied easily, "but you somehow remind me of a man I used to know."

"Sweetheart?" inquired the tramp with charming naivete. "None of your business. Something happened to him, though, that will never happen to you."

"What's that? Died a millionaire?"

"No. He was drowned while bathing."

The blue-bird is hailed as a harbinger of Spring. It is also a reminder that a blood-purifier is needed to prepare the system for the debilitating weather to come. Listen and you will hear the birds singing: "Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla in March, April, May."

IS DEATH PAINFUL?

Rev. John S. Vaughan, of Westminster, England, asks the question, 'Is death painful?' and then answers:

As to the mere physical act of dying, well there is really not much in it. Setting aside exceptional cases, there is very little if any trace of pain. It is characterized rather by an absence of pain. Real and acute suffering is a note of life, not of death. As the body wears and the senses numb, the very capacity of pain grows less and less. The soul at last quits the body, not by any violent wrench or agonizing effort, but simply because the body is too feeble, too disorganized, too wasted away and incapable to retain any hold upon it.

I have always been very much puzzled at the extraordinary calm, peace and freedom from anxiety and fear that I have often found in the dying.

Well do I remember proposing this very fact as a difficulty to His Eminence the late Cardinal Manning. I was seated one winter's evening in his own room, almost roasted by the huge fire before which he was wont to toast his meagre and wasted form, and chatting upon all kinds of engrossing topics, when he began to refer to his declining strength and advancing years. This turn in the conversation soon gave me the opportunity of putting my difficulty. "How," I asked him, "do you account for the extraordinary circumstance, that when death really comes people seem to fear it so little? It seems me," I continued, "that, however good a man may be, that the mere notion of falling into the Great Unknown, of meeting God face to face, and of having one's fate definitely and irrevocably settled for all eternity, ought to cause any one on the brink of the grave the most indescribable apprehension and the most acute anguish."

"Well, dear fellow," replied the Cardinal, "the vast majority of persons do undoubtedly die calmly enough, and my explanation is briefly this: So long as God intends a man to live, He wisely infuses a certain natural dread and horror of death in order that he may be induced to take care of himself and to guard against danger and needless risks. But when God intends man to die, there is no longer any object for such fear. What can serve no further purpose. What is the result? Well, I take it that God simply withdraws it." The explanation of the Cardinal pleased me well and seemed not only to account for the strange phenomenon, but to place God in a peculiarly amiable and tender light.

Docility and easy acquiescence with good advice are the signs of a humble heart.

How to Make a Prosperous Year.

The way to make a prosperous year is to make it.

Quit borrowing trouble. Quit conjuring up hard times.

Remember that the sun will shine, the rains will fall, health and strength are yours, and that your fortune is with yourself and not with the stars.

Nervous People

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