

# The One True Church

A scholarly and forcible sermon was preached by the Rev. Joseph A. Osborn, on the occasion of the blessing of the foundation-stone of the new Church of St. Margaret, Norberth, Pa., by Archbishop Ryan. He said:—

Circumstances of time, or place, or surroundings can add but little to, and can detract still less from, the real importance of an event like this. Be it for a stately cathedral, resplendent with its wealth of architectural beauty, or only for a modest house of worship, in some unfrequented district, the action is ever the same and the solemnities that accompany it can differ only in degrees. The corner-stone is set in position, and upon its foundation will be reared a Christian temple, an earthly habitation of the world's Redeemer, an abode wherein the living God has chosen to dwell amongst the sons of men."

In graphic language the preacher reviewed the trials and triumphs of the Church, showing that she had passed "virtually unscathed through every storm, her glory unshaken, her doctrines safe and inviolate, herself a continued miracle." Continuing, he said:

When we see that Church, the holy Catholic Church, superior to the ravages of time, and thriving uninterceptedly with the lapse of ages; when we see her existing through all the varied history of the world, finding a place in its countless details, and yet ever enjoying an independence peculiarly her own; when we see her surviving the fall of empire and monarchy, of State and kingdom, evangelizing each in turn, yet above them all herself; when we see this; we recognize at once the stamp of the Master's approval: "I am with you all days, even to the end of the world."

The Church is divinely sure of her position; the truth is hers, and the whole truth; with the absolute conviction of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, she proclaims with him to all within hearing of her voice, "Though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that, which we have preached to you, let him be anathema, that the gospel, which was preached by Me, is not according to man." (Galat. ii. 8 and 11).

Ah! right there is the tender spot, for, although the world would seem to know it not, there is a crying need in the world to-day for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, since there stalks abroad, only too well veiled by specious appearances, a gospel which is according to man. Do you ask what it is? Would you know some of the disguises it assumes? Witness the violent, the unnatural, the defilement of the pure created intellect, when human reason will cite before its tribunal, and will pompously pass judgment on the eternal truths of God. Witness the efforts of self-styled scholars—exponents of higher criticism they like to call themselves. Witness their efforts to eliminate the divine element, wherever possible, from the most serious concerns of life. Witness the abortive attempts of so-called scientists to bring into disrepute not only the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, but even their authenticity. The idea of revelation these reject with ill assumed scorn, and even the divinity of the world's Redeemer, their own Redeemer, is not at all to their liking. The miracles of Jesus and His wonderful works they would actually weigh in the scales of the chemical balance, and pretend to explain away by figments of their own diseased imaginations. The last attempt failing, they helplessly make a childish appeal to the dawn of some uncertain day when the hidden forces of nature will be more fully developed. Witness, again, the compromising of truth, the minimizing of duty and the gradual rejection of individual responsibility to God, which are being preached so extensively and being put forth so boldly in the name of religion pure and undefiled. Witness the feverish exaltation of merely natural good qualities to the exclusion of all respect and all reverence for the supernatural virtues of the Christian life. Witness all this; see its baneful effect on the State, on society, on the family, on the home, and at once you have proof positive of the manifold evil wrought by the preaching of any gospel which is according to man.

Apparently the only gospel to find popular acceptance just now is one all brightness, all cheerfulness, pandering to the tastes of vanity. Ignorance, poverty, misery, distress—these are deadly sins in its category; but

the aims that lead to distinction, to wealth, to social advancement, are classed as the theological virtues. Vehement denunciations of sin are ruled out of order, and are not to be tolerated; the ways of iniquity that lead to perdition must not be so much as mentioned; death and the judgment to come—perish the thought; the consideration of these must not be allowed to disturb the peaceful tranquility of easily assumed righteousness. But little is needed to make every man his own priest and his own church, in regulating the affair of salvation according to the gospel that finds such ready acceptance.

Against all this stands the Catholic Church, preaching and teaching faith in a life to come, where happiness can be obtained only by fidelity to the voice of conscience in this life. On the hilltops that Church may be seen; she is found in the highways and byways of life, announcing the Master's message. That message conveys the truths of faith, the doctrines of salvation, and they are coming to be recognized as such even by the world at large, disgusted as it must be and disheartened by the disintegration that has already set in as a necessary consequence of such bitter doctrinal strife and doctrinal differences. The world has tried, to its cost, others than the true standard of morality; the world has built around its God a wall of error that cuts off its own vision of His essential attributes; the world has determined the quality and the character of its own elect, with no regard at all of the immutable law of God—and, having rushed to the verge of ruin, the world is even now casting about for some force, for some power, to avert its own destruction. Such a force and such a power are to be found only in the Gospel of Jesus Christ as announced by the Catholic Church and thither the world must sooner or later turn.

I am measuring the words I utter, and they call for no defense. There are glaring abuses basking to-day in the sunshine of the world's favor, abuses which threaten to upturn the foundations of society itself; but not a single such abuse has escaped the vigilant eye of the Catholic Church, not one has she failed to brand with her condemnation. Once and for all time that Church took her stand to defend the absolute sanctity of the marriage tie; the same is her firm stand to-day, and divorce with its nameless evils is an abomination in her sight, is unknown in her communion. She has defined the minimum of Christian duty, the line which cannot be passed without violence to the rights of the Almighty; and so she has preserved the dignity of Christian worship, whilst maintaining its necessity and enforcing its practice. She has jealously guarded the attributes of the Creator, with His prerogatives as Saviour and Redeemer. Thus infidelity is kept in check, whilst the supreme dominion of God is everywhere upheld. In the matter of education she has steered a course which appeals to the intelligence of every thinking man. In her system the intellect receives all due attention, but its faculties are never developed to the exclusion of the heart or to the detriment of the God who is above all and in all. To be brief, the Catholic Church finds her way into every detail of life; she brings God down to man, she elevates man to God.

There is good reason, then, for the importance attached to the ceremony just performed; the ritual that accompanied it is very significant. We see before us a piece of granite with little to distinguish it from others of its kind—a small and perhaps insignificant part of the structure soon to be merged into the edifice above it. But in that piece of granite is epitomized and symbolized all that we have said—in fact, all that we could say—regarding the Catholic Church in her humble beginning, her marvelous growth, her miraculous preservation, her undying renown. That piece of granite is the corner-stone of an edifice set apart for the worship of the Living God; just as Christ Himself is the foundation on which our religion rests, just as Jesus is the true corner-stone of the Church of God. "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

I say it again, the occasion should be one of gratification to us all, to non-Catholic as well as to Catholics. This temple once erected, it will be an oasis of everything good, and noble, and pure, in a desert of misery, and sorrow, and sin. The woes, the agonies and the trials of life will here find a haven of refuge; here the poor will be blessed and the grief of the mourner assuaged; here maladies that afflict the soul will be banished by remedies better than human. Nay, even the criminal, the outcast, the degraded and the sinful—if such be found—even they will be moulded again into the image of their self-respecting fellow-

creatures. They will be taught to love what they hated, and to hate what they loved whilst they were prodigals from their Father's house, strangers to the home of peace and joy. In a word, this house of God is destined to become a fruitful source of blessings to the individual, to society, to the State; it is destined to diffuse abroad the heavenly odor of Jesus Christ; and the badge of its authority is the Master's commission delivered nineteen hundred years ago: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

## The Beauty of Brotherly Love.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Illinois, who is a member of the commission appointed by President Roosevelt, to consider and report upon the condition and claims of coal miners of Pennsylvania, preached recently to a crowded congregation at Scranton, Pa., on "Man's Love for Man." He said in part:—

Infinite power is the power of kindness in justice. The essentials of life are therefore a kindly love, helpfulness and faith. I contend that there is no deeper thought than this. Whether we look beyond or within one cannot escape the idea that what appears is not merely what is; but that beyond and above all things there must be a cause, known or unknown, from which all things spring and to which all things must be referred and to which they must in some way return.

Since the visible universe springs from an invisible cause we must think that cause is love. Love creates all harmony. Love alone creates beauty. The more one considers nature the more we see it is a harmony, not a chaos; not disorder.

The quality of a man's love is the test of his nature. A man's worth is not what he has most of. Consecration to God and to truth is the test of a man's life. We must seek and understand what the man really does. We love the things which we are always thinking of. We are taught to know ourselves, and if we know ourselves, what is our purpose? What is it that I look upon as ideal? What is our permanent thought? What is the goal we are all striving for? Is it something material? Is it money, things to wear, or to feast upon, or distinction? Is it to appear among men in something that will lift us up in their estimation?

The quality of such a man is material. If he be a fop, he does not need serious attention. What our Lord aimed at in sending His son upon this earth was to create a new life in man. It is the tendency of all education to bring unto God what is His talent. Our Lord wanted to make us feel that we were under the eye of a Father whom we cannot escape. The more we think of it, the more we are made His children.

We can sin against love, although we hurt nobody else; against our body, which is the seat of an immortal soul. Lust kills all that makes life pure and fair. To love our neighbor as ourselves means every human being, whatever be the color of his skin and whatever tongue he speaks. We are to constantly do him good, and never hurt him.

"Thou shalt not steal!" If the world has grown up to recognize the right of property. Everything that we have has come down to us. We must, therefore, respect the law of property.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness." Calumny is worse than death. If the quality of our love were spiritual, there could never be any jealousy or strife, but if we strive after material things we become extremely jealous, because the thing held by one cannot be held by another. If this desire is not watched over with care it becomes greed and lust, a turning to things in which no human being can find joy. The man who is always seeking to possess more goods becomes hard, metallic and material.

The law of life is the law of love of God, of home, of the Church and of country. Society is not possible, unless men love one another. It is then representative of God Himself.

There is nothing steadfast in life but our memories. We are sure of keeping intact only that which we have lost.

## American Ritualists Joining the Church

"A. F. D.," writing in an American exchange, says:—

The latest convert to the Church from the ranks of Episcopalianism is Mr. Johnson Stuart. He was formerly a minister and had been associated with missionary work in the Episcopal Church. He is a man of about 35 years of age, and is unmarried.

Somewhat over a month ago Mr. Stephen W. Wilson, formerly rector of Grace Episcopal Church, in Cleveland, resigned his rectorship, and after a due course of instruction was admitted to a profession of his faith by Rev. Richard O'Sullivan, of St. Thomas Aquinas' Church. Mr. Wilson had been of the party who believed in the validity of Anglican orders, but when the Holy Father issued his letter in which the historical controversy was reviewed and declared that it was impossible to recognize the validity of orders received in the Anglican ordination, he turned his face to the old Mother Church, where he was sure of possessing the Apostolic succession.

These are but a few of the more prominent converts who are coming as the fruits of the new ritualistic movement. Among the laity there are hundreds in whom the love of the fundamental truths have been strengthened by ritualistic practices and who could not be satisfied with the husks of empty form and ceremony that they were getting. At the mission given in the Cathedral in Chicago by Father Conway there are now one hundred and fifty-six in the class of inquiry preparing for reception into the Church.

At the opening of the new Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Ignatius in New York the sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. George Christian, a gentleman of character, dignity and position among his people. He said in part: "We are here to emphasize the fact that this church is a part of the Catholic Church, and not a part of the Protestant sect. This is the church of the worshippers in the Catacombs and through the middle ages up to to-day."

How such a church repudiating Protestantism can affiliate with the sect whose official title is the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America is a mystery, and on the other hand how such a church can be identical with the Church of the Catacombs, and yet reject the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors is equally mysterious. No wonder the strong common sense of the best of the Ritualists is asserting itself, and one by one in ever increasing numbers they are coming back to the one fold of the Great Shepherd.

## IRISH GIANTS.

Irish traditions abound in stories of famous giants, such as Finn McCool Cucullen and others, whose extraordinary deeds of valor and strength were the themes of bards and story-tellers for centuries. The description given of those ancient giants presented them as mighty. Of the ancient giants it is said that they were mighty men of valor, their strength being in proportion to their size.

But the modern giants do not keep up this reputation. A memorial tablet in the Catholic Church, Trenchard street, Bristol, informs us that: "Here lie the remains of Patrick Cotter O'Brien, a native of Kinsale, in the Kingdom of Ireland. He was a man of gigantic stature, exceeding eight feet three inches in height, and proportionately large."

He was born in the year 1761 of parents of ordinary stature. When 18 years of age a showman paid his father for three years £50 per annum. He showed himself, and was so successful that in three days he made £30. The following is the substance of one of the handbills of the time, circulated to advertise the appearance of this giant:

"Just arrived in town and to be seen, . . . the celebrated Irish giant, Mr. O'Brien, of the Kingdom of Ireland, indisputably the tallest man ever shown."

This freak of nature seems to have had less imbecility of mind than other giants, but all the weakness of body by which they are characterized. He walked with difficulty and felt considerable pain when rising up or sitting down.

Patrick Cotter O'Brien was not the only Irish giant. The following

prodigies of nature appeared before or after him: Edmund Malone, born at Port Leicester, Co. Meath, Ireland, in 1665, and when 17 years old, with his shoes off, measured 7 feet 7 inches in height.

In the "Philosophical Transactions" we find Dr. Wm. Murrison writing thus of Malone: "The measures of some parts of Malone, shown at Oxford were communicated by Dr. Plott. One of his fingers was 6 1/2 inches long, and the length of his span 14 inches."

The two subjoined handbills are from the British Museum, 1784 and 1785: 1. Irish Giants—"The most surprising gigantic twin brothers are just arrived in Newcastle. . . . These truly amazing phenomena are indisputably the most astonishing production of the human species ever beheld since the days of Goliath. These modern Colossi are about 23 years of age, and very near eight feet high; nor does their amazing size more agreeably surprise the curious spectator than their proportion in every respect to that stupendous height, a circumstance seldom to be found in any extraordinary production of nature."

2. Irish Giants—"The most surprising twin brothers are just arrived. These wonderful Irish giants are but 24 years of age, and measure very nearly eight feet. In short, the sight of them is more than the mind can conceive or the tongue express or pencil delineate, and stands without a parallel in this or any other country."

Among the Sloan manuscripts in the British Museum is found the following certificate: "I, James Paris, born near Dublin, who was seven feet eleven inches high, without his shoes, or with anything on his head." Also, "I, James Paris, saw a woman in Ireland in 1696, who was born at Portrush, not far from the wonderful causeway. She was then 23 years old, and stood seven feet high without shoes, very well shaped, with a handsome face."

In the London "Daily Advertiser," of January 31, 1753, we find this announcement: "Just arrived in this city from Ireland, Cornelius McGrath, the youth mentioned lately in the newspapers as the most extraordinary production in nature. He has the most stupendous and gigantic form, although only a boy, and is the only representative in the world of the ancient and magnificent giants of that kingdom. He is seven feet three inches in height, without shoes."

## WAKE UP, BABY!

A NEW GAME FOR MOTHERS

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry, and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep every one miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

God never makes us feel our weakness except to lead us to seek strength from Him.

The style of a writer is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore, if any man wish to write a clear style, let him first possess a noble soul.

WALTER G. KENNEDY, DENTIST, 788 LaSalle Street (Palace St.) Two Doors West of Beaver Hall, MONTREAL.

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## Healy's Ironical Speech.

At the opening of the present session of the British Parliament, the Premier, Mr. A. J. Balfour, declined to assent to the demand of the Irish members for an opportunity to discuss the present situation in their native country, where the constitution is suspended, and several members of Parliament have been imprisoned with hard labor for denouncing the system of misrule which exists throughout the land. Mr. Balfour went on to announce that, in addition to the Education Bill, one of the questions which the House would be called upon to consider would be the construction of a railway in Uganda. This brought forth a protest from Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who said that as the Government had silenced the voice of the Irish people in Ireland, at least in that great court of appeal their voices ought to be heard.

Mr. Healy made an ironical speech to which the cable news recently alluded very briefly. He said he rose for the purpose of saying a few words on the subject of the Uganda Railway. (Loud laughter.) Speaking as a native of Uganda (renewed laughter), he wished to thank the Government for a great measure of advancement, which he was sure would bring calm to Kerry and balm to Ballydeob (laughter), namely, the proposed expenditure on that country of a large amount of public money and the taking up the time of the House with regard to a project of that description. We could not help felicitating the Government upon the proposal to spend time and money upon the inhabitants of that distant and neglected island. (Loud laughter.) Uganda was a place which had ever been foremost in his thoughts. (Renewed laughter.) They had been brought up to love and reverence it, and it was now a consolation that that long-neglected country should at length have won the favor and approbation of the Prime Minister of England to such an extent that he was prepared, at a time of great stringency, and when the Education Bill for England was exciting so much passion, to give to the people of that country the hope of having a large portion of the time of the House of Commons devoted to it. There must be some reason for this flattering attention to Uganda.

He believed it was a perfectly crimeless country. (Loud laughter.) He believed its administration was in the hands of the most pure-souled removable that the British Empire could afford. Law and order there proceeded with a regularity of which they had no example in this country, and hence it was that the British Parliament turned aside from paltry topics, such as the affairs of Ireland, of England, of Scotland, and of Wales, and devoted itself with one voice to the interests of the people of that afflicted area. (Laughter.) New as the right honorable gentleman opposite was to the office of Prime Minister, he had given a pledge to the Empire at large which would rebound through Australia, through Canada and through every island and kingdom, and republic, absorbed by England (laughter) that, however much this Parliament might have its hands full, if you are a nigger, a painted savage, or a heathen roaming in the woods, he still had a tear for you at his disposal. (Loud laughter), and that in his generosity he would be prepared to appeal to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to pour out the gold of England for the benefit of this benighted and dejected savage.

The Irish members had long glowered in the destruction of their own Parliament, because where, in Ireland—where, within the walls of an Irish Parliament—could they imagine such disinterestedness, such altruism, when their own country was palpitating, thrilling and throbbing with passionate emotion as to turn aside to contemplate the condition of the niggers of Uganda? (Laughter.) Hence it was that in future the admiration he had always felt for the House of Commons would now be something ethereal and ennobling, and they would go back to their own country with these glorious and glowing principles that Kerry might be neglected. O'Connell might be starving, but at least the House had an eye and a watchful care for the people of Uganda. (Loud laughter.)

There is no need, I think, for me to go into details of the life of Father Mathew familiar to you all. You was not until his forty and the twenty-fifth of hood, that he began his of preaching total abstinence strong drink. But all were an unconscious pro his work; throughout of God was framing and a life and character for t store for him. Father gifted with a tender h moved at sight of suffer generous purse, that we to empty itself to relieve of others. His zen h duties had made him m tion of zealous priest tring work in the c which he often entere o'clock in the morning to him sinners and said heroic labors during a plague of 1832 had won esteem and admiration and conditions of men. of the industrial schoo and maintained by his forts, had caused his n known throughout the when the psychological riven, when God called great work, he was v to be a leader of men, no raw recruit seeking a new field; no ambitio siring reputation and Father Mathew's reputa ready established; he w years, rich in experie was to be among the l lowly, and no material is hoped for in compen less and self-sacrifici ways been, and so when Light he followed it. In life we are struck with he waited so long. As had been familiar, as al with the ruin and miser low in the wake of stro had seen the need of a others saw it; yet he, they, hesitated to apply. It is an awful ope the public sentiment of that such a man as Fa was should have waited had been a priest for t when the providence of him as a duty the cl Public Alms-house in the Cork. Here he was face the very flossam and let wrecked by strong dr crushed, brightest intel out; manly honor and vity dragged in the mire parents, rights of childr and neglected; marital r mockery and a scorn. I hew's tender heart was this asylum of wretched ed to be able to do som lieve it, to prevent the evil which he knew wa and continuing to work lives of men and women without.



When Almighty folds His Roll of highest place there found, not the mil riors whose laurel dended with innocer not the kings of t whose thrones are the bones of murde not they who have cynosure of men's cause of their skill, or amassed wealth first place, in golde will be recorded of those who ha their fellowmen; reached down and the lowly; who hav peace and happiness world; who have t how to lead bet how to reverence t Among these heroe in highest place, brilliant letters, st name of Theobald

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