

POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTROL.

On page 76 of "Romanism and the Republic" the author declares that a Cardinal of Rome among us "is a foreign prince exercising authority in the United States, contrary to the Constitution and the laws."

Now for the last twenty-three years, saving one interval of about nine months, we have had continuously in the United States a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, not merely of American citizenship, but of American birth and therefore eligible to any civil office under the United States, although, perhaps, as a clergyman, not as a Cardinal, still excluded from office in one or two States. During this time five presidential terms have passed and a sixth is passing. Seven presidents have held office, all of them Protestants, three of them adherents, and one a communicant of the Methodist Church, of which it may certainly be said that she has never trained her sons to negligence of the laws, above all, for the advantage of Rome. Two of them have been Presbyterians, one a Presbyterian elder, belonging to a Church stern and staunch in character, and in doctrine the antipodes of Rome. Each of these high functionaries has taken, and has kept, a solemn oath that he would, according to the best of his ability, "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Yet not one of these seven presidents has made inquiry whether there was among us "a foreign prince exercising authority contrary to law." Now as this indifference has certainly not been perjury, it is only explainable out of the fact that every president has been aware, first, that there was among us no such thing as a foreign prince, in any sense known to the law, second, that if there were, the authority which he has exercised was of a kind with which the federal government has not the slightest concern. There has been, therefore, no violation of the Constitution, and accordingly no call for any one to vindicate it.

Even Lansing, and the A. P. A., and the rest of this motley crew, have never ventured to present a remonstrance to any president as neglecting his oath. They have known very well in their inner souls that though it was very pleasant to fling about such dishonoring charges of disloyalty against their fellow citizens, their allegations would not stand a moment's inquiry by a jurist.

I have spoken at length, and shall have occasion to speak more at length, of the inconceivable ignorance of Lansing concerning almost every point of the history, doctrine, and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. This, however, is perhaps a point of religion with him. Nothing is so dangerous, if you want to hurl out exasperating charges against this vast and ancient body, as to know too much of it. However unfavorable your final impression may be, you would have to make so many restrictions and exceptions, and to contradict so many prevailing opinions, that the popular effectiveness of your attack would have vanished. How very uncomfortable, for instance, to say, with good Doctor A. P. Foster, that Judge Fallon is bound to believe that Leo XIII. can shut him out of heaven, and then to learn that it is heresy to believe that a Christian man can forfeit heaven for any possible reason except an unrepented mortal sin of his own! Or to taunt "the Infallible One"—as somebody else does—with having owned that his French policy has been a failure, and to learn, first, that Judge Fallon is bound to believe that Leo XIII. can shut him out of heaven, and then to learn that it is heresy to believe that a Christian man can forfeit heaven for any possible reason except an unrepented mortal sin of his own! Or to taunt "the Infallible One"—as somebody else does—with having owned that his French policy has been a failure, and to learn, first, that Judge Fallon is bound to believe that Leo XIII. can shut him out of heaven, and then to learn that it is heresy to believe that a Christian man can forfeit heaven for any possible reason except an unrepented mortal sin of his own!

Now Mr. Lansing holds himself, at least for our country, as perhaps the David who is chosen out to smite down the Roman Goliath. He, therefore, seems to argue with himself that to know too much about Roman Catholicism would be to encumber himself with Saul's armor. "The end sanctifies the means" is evidently his principle in this holy warfare, whatever we may say of the Jesuits, and the less he knows, the more confidently will he be able to rail. Yet he has gone too far in extending his ignorance to the Constitution of the United States. If he does not know Latin, or very little, he at least knows enough of English to be able to read it. Copies of the Constitution are easy to find. If he had condescended to look through it before charging our American Cardinals with being law-breakers, he would have found that "prince" is used but once in the instrument, and then in a sense with which the Cardinals have nothing to do. It occurs in the phrase, "King, prince or foreign state," designating

as we see, a sovereign of rank inferior to king. Now neither of the two American Cardinals has ever had so much as a square yard of land under his civil sovereignty, or exercised civil authority over the person of a single human being. He could not have it among us. He certainly could not fine, imprison, banish or hang without the sentence of an American court, of which he would then simply be the delegate. This he could not be unless he were sheriff or marshal. As Cardinal he signifies no more before the law than plain John Smith. The Constitution does not take the trouble to forbid a citizen to exercise civil authority by delegation from abroad, for the simple reason that such a thing is impossible, without an armed insurrection, in violating the penalties of treason.

As to civil authority exercised abroad by one of our citizens, the Constitution says nothing about it. A Cardinal, as such, can not have it, for the Pope does not have it to give. His Holiness is himself exempt from Italian authority, but not the Cardinals nor his servants. Although the Vatican and St. Peter's Basilica are, as I understand, sacred from invasion by Italian soldiers or officers of justice, yet I also understand all contracts formed or crimes committed there to be triable only in the Italian courts. An American Cardinal therefore, could not receive civil authority, for there is none to bestow.

Suppose, however, the Pope became again king of Rome. Then, I take it, if an American Cardinal consented to be included in a congregation entrusted with the temporal administration of the Eternal City, he would thereby forfeit his American citizenship, as acting under a foreign civil allegiance. The Pope might not choose to distinguish his two spheres of authority in Rome, but one of our citizens would be bound to distinguish or to give up his citizenship. Of course, membership in a spiritual congregation would in no way prejudice his home allegiance, any more than membership in the Elders' Conference at Herrnhut, in Saxony, would prejudice the citizenship of an American member of the Brethren's Unity.

What if an American citizen acceded to a foreign sovereignty? Then, of course, there would be no transfer of allegiance, for it is nothing to our law how many subjects a citizen has abroad, so that he still owes the United States for his own sovereign rights and acknowledges no other. Could we conceive such a thing as that the Tsar of Russia, being sane and acting in good faith, putting his empire under a viceroy, came over and swore allegiance to our republic, this would simply mean the virtual extension of American authority, during his life, over a mighty empire. He, meanwhile, living with us, would be competent to any office from which he was not shut out by his foreign birth. Here, then, we might conceivably—of course, only conceivably—have a foreign prince, of the most exalted rank, still retaining his transatlantic sovereignty, yet exercising temporal authority among us, as subject to our own national laws, as subject to our own national jurisdiction. Of course, on the other hand, were an American Cardinal chosen Pope, he would demit his citizenship, not, however, by any necessity of our political system, but by his own act.

The late Bishop Cox, however, showing a voluntary ignorance of the Constitution as unworthy as that of the Rev. Isaac J. Lansing himself, has reproached our American Cardinals with a violation of law in contravening the provision that no citizen shall accept a title from any foreign prince. Professor Nippold, of Germany, in his protracted and virulent attack on the Roman Catholics, copies this blunder, naturally supposing that so eminent a prelate would not bring such a charge without knowing what he was talking about. Yet this is just what the Catholics were concerned, contumeliously ill-mannered Bishop has done. Lansing is bad enough, but Lansing has never descended to personal abuse of any Italian prelate as a garlic eater, as if eating garlic checked the stream of the apostolic succession! It must have been checked very early, then, for, in all probability, St. Paul and St. Peter, on coming to Rome, ate garlic with the other Romans.

The Bishop's knowledge here is about on a par with his manners. The Constitution forbids federal functionaries, and no one else, to receive foreign titles, that is, as the whole nature of the instrument shows, civil titles. Even this prohibition is not absolute, for Congress may remit it. A private citizen, asking nobody's leave, is free to accept all the foreign dignities that may be offered him. He may allow himself to be created a duke by the Queen of England, a marquis by the Kaiser, a count by the Tsar, a baron by King Humbert, a grandee by King Alfonso, and may accumulate on his own person all the decorations of knighthood known to mankind from the Garter of England to the White Elephant of Siam. So long as he wears allegiance to nobody abroad, he is perfectly safe in his citizenship at home.

However, there has been pending, for perhaps ninety years, a constitutional amendment, providing that no citizen whatever shall receive any title from a foreign prince. If this should be ratified by three-fourths of the states, would an American be thenceforward inhibited from receiving a Cardinal's hat from the Pope? This was contended by the Evening Post, when Archbishop McCloskey was raised to the purple. The contention is manifestly false. The cardinalate, in its rank and substance, is a purely religious dignity, as much as the episcopate. The civil prerogatives and

dignities that have been from time to time heaped upon it are distinctly extraneous and separable. "Prince" of itself simply signifies "Chief Dignitary," and that, not of a State, but of the "Holy Roman Church." So long as an American does no act inferring civil allegiance to a foreign power, his religious allegiance and his religious dignities, at home or abroad, are something into which the Constitution rigorously forbids the national authority to make any inquiry. It would not be more unreasonable to say that if old Kaiser William I., being grand-master of the Freemasons, had conferred some exalted Masonic dignity on an American president, the latter, accepting it, would thereby have forfeited his office. American federal law, as concerns political rights, knows no more about ecclesiastical titles or functions than about Masonic titles or functions. What a grand master does, or what a Pope does, is in no way affected, juridically, by the accidental fact that the grand-master is also an emperor, and the Pope also a king.

CHARLES C. STARBURCK.
Andover, Mass.

THE CONVERSION OF A SALVATIONIST.

As you desired me to relate how and by what steps I was led to the Church, I will endeavor to give you a few of the many reasons why I came to accept the Catholic faith.

The very earliest tendency acquired in this direction was on the occasion of a visit with my father, when only twelve years old, to the cathedral in Atlanta, Georgia. There were no services in progress at the time; we simply stepped in to view the inside beauties of the church, but the impressions of that moment have never left me, and I was seized, as it were, by an apparition that inside its walls was a holy place.

My very first idea of what the Church was, or what it should be, was how it should come from God to man, and the importance of its being handed down and taught by a leader, who would make no mistake in governing it for the people.

Being raised amongst Baptists, I earnestly endeavored to accept that faith, but for some reasons never could be given up to that persuasion. I had attended, and knew some of the tenets, of fifteen different denominations, when I came in contact with the Salvation Army, which I then looked upon as the prettiest picture of Christianity I had ever beheld—only later to see the ideal and practical realized in the Catholic Church.

Soon after entering the ranks of the Army as an officer, and viewing its work in different cities, and later having an insight of its work from division headquarters, I was forcibly reminded of the Catholic Church, its Government and customs.

Again, as to the Army's regulations, I knew of commands that I could not conscientiously obey, and be what a Protestant avows himself to be; yet in the supposition I saw proceeding from the Church of Rome an authority I could obey, and commands which I would rather die than disobey.

In a certain city I stole away from an Army meeting, and attended the Catholic church, and in full uniform. On another occasion I left off my regalia in order to attend the Catholic Easter day services. It seemed that I was gradually getting nearer the Church, and that a great overshadowing light was dawning upon me by degrees.

A visit to Old and New Mexico, and the historic old missions of Southern California, had a tendency to revive my interest in the Church. Having read the dark stories of some of the unhappy Protestant missionaries in Mexico, I had supposed from such accounts that Mexico was an accursed country. But when I found there a happy and contented people, I straightway concluded that what all these missionaries was that these simple and believing people possessed something that they themselves had not.

Having now become particularly interested in Catholic literature, which aided much in bringing about a definite decision, I made known my resignation to Major Sullivan, which was later accepted by Commander Booth, and entered the true and authorized Church, not wishing to borrow one single trait of Protestantism, and from that time, nearly three years ago, have never attended services elsewhere—Laurence P. Adamson, in The Missionary.

Every child should be trained to be quick, cool and helpful in case of unexpected trouble. Even should no emergency arise for their application, the lessons will not be lost. Repression and self reliance once cultivated never go to waste. They are as applicable to the common as to the uncommon needs of life. The training of the average child is calculated to induce rather than to repress nervous excitability. Not only is the curb necessary, but it is useful also to teach the child how to curb himself.

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ON HEARING THE WORD OF GOD.

Every adult Catholic has heard hundreds of sermons on moral subjects; has listened Sunday after Sunday to explanations of the duties incumbent on a Christian, or to denunciations of a life of indifference, worldliness and sin; and it would seem that, had even one-tenth of these sermons been really faithful, the number of exemplary Catholics in the ordinary parish should be tenfold greater than it actually is. Why are so many instructions fruitless? Clearly because the seed of God's word fails to fall upon good ground. Certain conditions must exist in the soil that is to yield a plentiful harvest, and certain dispositions must be found in the heart that is to be truly benefited by a sermon.

The first of these dispositions is a profound respect, and assuredly this is not a difficult one to acquire. Had we been present when God spoke to Moses amid the thunder and lightning of Mt. Sinai, had we been living in the time of our Lord, and heard one of His admirable discourses, we should certainly have considered it a crime to lend to so divine a word an indifferent ear. But that that word of God any less worthy of our respect now in the mouth of His appointed minister who delivers it from the altar or the pulpit? True, the minister in commenting upon it may mingle with it his weakness or his ignorance; but, nevertheless, it is the word of God. Water is water, whether we drink it from an earthen mug or a silver goblet; gold is gold, whether it be tied up in the corner of a cotton handkerchief or deposited in a silk embroidered purse; wrapped in the swaddling clothes of Jesus Christ was not less adorable when Bethlehem than when clad in the regal glory of Mt. Thabor; and so the word of God is none the less venerable, none the less worthy of our respect, when dressed in the simple garb of mediocrity than when clothed in the most magnificent colors with which genius can array it.

Sermons should be listened to not only with respect, but with attention. We listen to the news of the world with a vivacity that loses nothing; we read letters from relatives or friends with an interest that engraves them upon the memory. Why is it, then, that when the preacher gives us news of heaven, our true home, and lessons on the means of arriving there, we become so listless, so careless and indifferent? Why is it that, instead of listening in the depths of our hearts, as Jesus Christ orders us to do, we are so often coupled about two points only: the length of time that has elapsed since the sermon began, and the period likely to elapse before it will be finished and we may go out and forget all about it?

It is, in all probability, because we lack another disposition for properly hearing the word of God—we lack the spirit of faith. We listen to a sermon as to a profane discourse, to a political speech, a scientific or historical lecture, of carelessness or of indifference. We see in the preacher simply a man. We criticize his language, his tones, his delivery, his presence; and settle in our own minds the important question whether he is a first-rate or a fifth-rate speaker. Now, were we animated with the faith that should be ours, we would view in the priest who announces God's word the ambassador of God Himself. We could listen with no other design than to seek in His divine word the means of becoming better; we would beseech Him to enlighten us, to touch our hearts, and give us strength to put in practice His holy counsels. Unless we forget the man who speaks in the words that are spoken, unless we behold in the ambassador the Sovereign whom he represents, sermons will avail us nothing.

And even if we have this spirit of faith, even if we listen to the priest as to God Himself, unless we apply it to our individual selves, the word will still prove ineffectual. It will be merely a seed carried away by the wind. One reason why so many instructions have proved of little or no profit to us is that, while we have often in the course of a sermon said to ourselves, "That just suits me," "That just suits me," "That just suits me," we have acted otherwise, and we opened our hearts to the divine word, it would have revealed to us the secret affections, the hidden passions, the deliberate sins even, that deform our souls. And this, perhaps, is the best test of a profitable sermon: for, as a distinguished preacher of our time has said: "No sermon is of any use which does not make people examine their consciences." However, this quality of a sermon depends as much upon the people as upon the preacher.

Fidelity in taking practical resolutions is the final essential to the fruitfulness of our listening to the word of God. Of little use will it be to behold our miseries in the mirror of the preacher's words, if, forgetting what we have seen, we take no means of correcting ourselves, no resolution to effect a reformation in our mode of life and action. We profit by God's word only inasmuch as we have patience to reform and vanquish ourselves, even as those of whom Christ said: "Who, in a good and perfect heart, hearing the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit in patience." (St. Luke, viii, 15.)—Ave Maria.

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OUR BOYS.

Remember, boys, that you have to work, whether you handle a pick or pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books; digging ditches or editing a paper, you must work. If you look around you will see that the men who are most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with work. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills. Work gives an appetite for meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives the appetite appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know even their names; it simply speaks of them as Old so-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them, the great busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less mischief you will get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on the street corners, wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty-five precious hours which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus wasted would pay for one or more of the leading periodicals of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or the cigar is only temporary, but positively hurtful. You can't indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you to your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.—The Working Boy.

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"You know our rules?"

"Yes, I know. I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sundays."

"Well, step up to the desk and the cashier will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man could find no work, but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person.

"But," said the banker, "you dismissed him."

"Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience's sake, would make a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed.

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