

THE CATHOLIC CHAMPION.

The paper with the above name, edited by Rev. Arthur Ritchie, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Saint Ignatius, in this city, and published by the Guild of Saint Ignatius, is a somewhat remarkable sheet. The very title of the paper is a bold declaration of the theological status of the reverend editor. In one word and in popular language, he is a High Church, Ritualistic, Anglo-Catholic clergyman of the most advanced type. He is pretty thoroughly versed in Catholic teaching and practice, and it must be acknowledged that he wields an able and vigorous pen. He, of course, has a hard row to hoe. He has three dangerous foes to contend against, viz., Protestantism in general; the "Roman Obedience," and his own brethren of the Low and Broad Church persuasions.

Upon the whole, we believe, "Father" Ritchie, as they call him, is doing a good work. We, of course, sympathize with him in his opposition to Protestantism, and Low Churchism. He is to be commended also for his bold and manly advocacy of Catholic doctrine and practice. In that respect there is nothing namby pamby about him. He boldly and persistently advocates the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar; transubstantiation; auricular confession with priestly absolution; prayer to the saints; devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary; Purgatory, with prayers for the dead, and he advocates and practices what he calls saying Mass and reserving the Blessed Sacrament for the adoration of the faithful. He also uses lights on the altar, incense, holy water, and crucifixes.

All this has been a terribly uphill work. The number of the Champion before us gives a little sketch of its progress for the last thirty years in connection with the consecration of the new church of Saint Mary the Virgin, which is equally notorious for its High Church "Catholic" proclivities with Saint Ignatius. Our esteemed contemporary remarks:

"The Catholic movement in New York has not had the brilliantly successful career, in the world's sense, many hoped for in the earlier days of its existence. When Saint Alban's began, some thirty years ago, there were high expectations and there was good promise of greater things. Everything was so well done then, and the spiritual life of the parish seemed so genuine. But disaster came in God's own mysterious way and Saint Alban's disappeared. For a short space Saint Sacrament's mission with Father Bradley's inspiring preaching and characteristic organ-playing was a triumph of Catholic enthusiasm. But presently Bradley went to Rome and Saint Sacrament's was no more. At Christ Church Doctor Ewer made a gallant fight and put the enemy to flight, horse, foot and dragons, and when the money power was brought to bear to get rid of him, with splendid heroism that martyr spirit went forth to found Saint Ignatius."

He then goes on to speak more fully of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin which is about to possess a "stately and impressive edifice, of grand proportions," in which the services according to the Ritualistic pattern can be more thoroughly and correctly carried out. We are told that there will be the Blessed Sacrament constantly reserved, the many confessionals, the Holy Water, the Stations of the Cross, and the reverend editor throws out mysterious intimations of a "something else for which many Catholics will be glad which need not here be mentioned." The uninitiated are, of course, left in the dark and to mere conjecture as to what this most desirable "something else" may be. Judging from intimations heretofore thrown out in the columns of the Champion we venture the guess that the new church will have a niche over the tabernacle for the placing of the Blessed Sacrament during public exposition at which the "Catholics" of the congregation will be allowed to be present and freely pay their adorations and their devotions to it. The people are hardly yet prepared for this bold step but we doubt not it will, in due time, be taken.

Now, though we may be disposed to look upon all this as sham and mere imitation, and though we may wonder how our Protestant friends can thus coolly and deliberately go back on the "glorious Reformation," without being conscious of their inconsistency, yet, we may well take courage from these indications of progress in a Catholic direction. These earnest leaders are really doing our work for us and, perhaps, in a more effective way, than we could do it ourselves in this special field. It is a curious fact that the people will swallow almost any Catholic doctrine, however really "Popish," if declared by one of these imitation "Fathers" when it would stick in their crop if preached by a real Catholic priest. Prejudice has so much to do with the formation of opinion and the acceptance of the truth.

Our Ritualistic friends are really preparing the ground for a great harvest of souls for Holy Church. The present generation may not, except in occasional instances of special grace, be led to realize that they are engaged in the hopeless attempt to draw water from dry fountains, but the time will surely come when the thoughtful and candid among them will get tired of the confusion of tongues—the contradictory teaching and practice in their church, the everlasting contest between the various wings of the denomination—the High Church; the Low Church; the Broad Church, and even the differences among the Ritualistic wing differ-

self—though each leader is infallible in his sphere—more infallible, in fact than the Pope himself—and they will ask with all the earnestness of their souls for some central, reliable authority to determine what shall and what shall not be believed—some tribunals of final resort to end conflict and dispute, and establish the peace of God in the hearts of men.

When that time arrives the work of conversion will be very much simplified. The seekers after the truth and the true Church will find that they are already Catholics at heart and that there is only one direction in which to look for the solution of their difficulties. The evidence that the Chair of Peter is the centre of unity, to be separated from which is to be separated from the true Church, and so overwhelming that all that is necessary to be convinced of the fact is to have a willing mind. It stands to reason, therefore, that a head and centre of unity must be a head and centre of final resort to end disputes, or men will be eternally contending about even the fundamentals of the faith and find no end, in wandering mazes lost.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

THE RESTORED ENGLISH CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.

The Church Reunion Movement in England.

At a great meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, of Manchester, Eng., on the evening of January 8, the Right Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow, Bishop of Salford, presided. After the reading of an able paper by Mr. J. B. Milburn, on "The Restoration of the Hierarchy and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," Dr. Bilsborrow made an interesting address, touching the same subject, and the growth of Anglican sentiment in favor of reunion with Rome.

He said the old Catholic hierarchy, which began in this country with St. Augustine in 597, expired with Bishop Watson in 1534, and it might be a matter of surprise to them to hear that as soon as that prelate died, petition after petition went up to Rome for the restoration of the hierarchy, and the poor people of this country were yearning, year after year, until after 1850 when it was again established. Was Rome so deaf to the pleadings of her children as that fact would seem to imply? No; that was not the case. But there was another power at work.

There was another party in England that was busy making false representations to the Holy See, and it was that party which, by its misrepresentations, delayed year after year for more than two centuries the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in this land. Dr. Bilsborrow proceeded to say that he was glad that Mr. Milburn did not flude to the existence of this party. He had shown his great ability that evening quite as much by the omission of unpleasant facts as by the insertion of the interesting particulars which he had related. He was, especially in the early portion of the paper, skating on very thin ice, and he displayed his skill in doing so successfully without falling through. The sad state of religion in England in those days might be imagined from the fact that after Bishop Watson's death in 1534 there was not a Catholic Bishop in the country, no holy oils consecrated for the dying, or for administering the sacrament of confirmation, or the ordination of priests, during the whole of that time. It should be remembered, too, that the heel of persecution was pressing with intolerable force upon the Catholics of England at that period, and they were thus deprived of the strengthening powers of the sacrament of confirmation at the time when they most required a special gift of the Holy Ghost to make them steadfast in the profession of their faith. There was also one other point which might be made a little clearer. The three Archbishops, Vicars-Apostolic, who were appointed in this country after the death of the old Catholic hierarchy were not Bishops, but merely priests, Vicars-Apostolic. The names of the first were Blackwell, Birkhead and Allison. They were priests only, and had no episcopal authority. They therefore had not that power to unite the Catholic body in England together that an episcopate would have had. It was not until some time afterwards that a Bishop, dependent upon the Holy See, was appointed. After the decease of the old hierarchy, of course the Pope, as Head of the Church, became the immediate Bishop of the whole of England, and it had no other; so that the ordinary life and authority of the Church, the hierarchy, lapsed, and how the Church survived was almost a miracle of God's grace. His Lordship thought that, ordinarily speaking, they would have had a hierarchy established much earlier, at the time of the conversion of King James II., if he had not been such an incomparable fool, and, in the second, were it not for the unwise guidance of others, and especially of one whom he trusted. It was on that account that his conversion did the country so little good. But it was a joyous thing to contrast their present times to what they had been. In the year 1763, the Vicar Capitular, or one of the Vicars Capitular, was Dr. Talbot, and in that year he was brought up and placed on his trial for the crime of offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. This was in 1763, scarcely more than a century ago. Was it not wonderful when they contrasted the spirit of those times with the spirit that existed now? Again when that outburst of passion broke out which had been smouldering for centuries, which was fanned by people

in high places until it attained its full volume on the introduction of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, could they wonder at the ignorance, the deep-seated prejudice, nay, the bitter feelings that remained still in the minds and at the bottom of the hearts of many of their fellow-countrymen, and this more especially when they knew that there were volumes of drivel wherein all this filth was collected, to be repeated and put into the hands of the people through the columns of the newspapers at the present day. They had no need to be surprised if this moral offal was dropped upon them from time to time. He had had some sweet letters during the past few weeks from so-called Churchmen who wondered how a minister of the Gospel could talk such rubbish as he did. They were anonymous of course. One of them asked what college bore the discredit of educating him. But while he had these experiences he had others of a more consoling nature. They would be glad to hear that the lectures he had recently delivered at the Cathedral, and which they might imagine could scarcely have got to Protestant ears, had been found quite interesting, and had created quite a spirit of interest and even of enthusiasm in a class of men one would hardly think would read them at all. He might tell them that there had been a great demand amongst Anglican clergymen for the copies of the Catholic Times in which the fine reports of the lectures were published, and his Lordship had a letter that morning assuring him that the interest manifested in that poor effort of his was going on with undiminished vigor even now. On the previous Thursday he had had a letter from an Anglican clergyman, in London above all places, informing him that he had been engaged for many months with great labor and great patience writing a life of St. Columba, in the hope of proving the continuity theory in a most indisputable form, but he said that some of the quotations which he (his Lordship) happened to give, illustrative of what was the faith in this country in pre-Reformation times, had so knocked him off his legs that he had given up St. Columba altogether. He (the writer) said he had come now to the conclusion that Protestant writers for three centuries had manipulated English history to their own tastes, and that they had been misleading the English public. He congratulated his Lordship upon his lectures, and prayed that the magnificent efforts which the Bishop of Rome is making to reunite Christendom, might be blessed with the greatest success. He felt himself a wanderer upon the earth. He had broken away from his own anchors, and did not know where he was floating, but he was perfectly miserable. No doubt there were many other cases which would show with equal force that the Catholic press, Catholic literature, and Catholic sermons could do more for the promotion of the faith, and in many places these might do the work with God's grace to bring people back to the truth. There was no doubt that there was a greater feeling of unrest in the Anglican mind at the present time than there has been for the last three centuries, and that these reports which they heard from time to time of disputations of the Anglican clergy going to Rome on the question of Anglican orders were not merely vain, foolish reports of the newspapers, but a faint expression of feelings that were strengthening and growing in many parts, and of a quickening movement, a good movement, which should have the benefit of their prayers.

Lincoln's Tender Heart. The martyr President's tender heart is clearly visible in the following pathetic narrative: One day in May, 1863, while the great war was raging in America between the North and South, President Lincoln paid a visit to one of the military hospitals. He had spoken many cheering words of sympathy to the wounded as he proceeded through the various wards, and now he was at the bedside of a Vermont boy of about sixteen years of age, who lay there mortally wounded. Taking the boy's thin white hand in his own, the President said in a tender tone: "Well, my little fellow, what can I do for you?" The little fellow looked up into the President's face and asked: "Won't you write to my mother for me?" "That I will," answered Mr. Lincoln; and calling for a pen, ink and paper, he seated himself by the side of the bed and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but the President betrayed no signs of weariness. When it was finished he rose. "I will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?" The boy looked appealingly to the President. "Won't you stay with me?" he asked. "I do so want to hold your hand." The kind-hearted President at once perceived the boy's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist, so he sat down by his side and took hold of his hand. For two hours the President sat there patiently, as though he had been the boy's father. When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over his breast. As he did he burst into tears, and when soon afterwards he left the hospital they were still streaming down his cheeks.

The entering wedge of a fatal complaint is often a slight cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. Therefore, it is advisable to have this prompt and sure remedy always at hand to meet an emergency.

THE SUBJECT.

Some Important Points in Cardinal Newman's Presentation of the Subject.

It was once our good fortune, or rather our valued privilege, in golden by-gone days to assist at the spiritual conferences of a venerable prelate—

"An old man, Gray, and white, and dove-like" whose profound erudition, praise be to God! was only surpassed by his singular self-abnegation and sanctity. We were a chosen few who were admitted to these holy reunions, and still in our mind's eye we seem to see that gentle, gifted teacher. The spare figure robed in its purple soutane, the pectoral cross glittering on the dark violet cloth like a star on the pansy-hued robe of the midnight heaven, the head with its crown of silvery hair drooping a little, as is the custom of the Celts and Romans, and the slender hand, lifted to emphasize a brilliant passage, almost transparent in its fleshless delicacy. It had been the duty and happiness of our venerable friend to assist at the last Vatican Council, and so it comes of his conferences was the dogma of the Papal infallibility then and there defined. So original and striking, in fact, were some of his points in the presentation of the subject that we think it advisable to crystallize the most valuable of them in this little paper.

Visiting in the south of England (the year of the Council), our dear old prelate encountered at the house of a noble lady a guest who claimed to possess a *chef d'oeuvre* of mechanism—an ingenious contrivance for the protection of his treasures, which defied all the devices of those audacious ones who might be tempted "to break through one's safe, having a dozen locks, each fitted with its particular key. One of the twelve, however, was a master key, which could open all the other locks as well as its own; but none of the other eleven keys could open its especial lock. Now, curious to relate, in the original Sanscrit or Syriac the word "key," as specified in the text St. Matt. xvi. 19, wherein our Lord gives to St. Peter the unqualified power to bind and loose—the Sanscrit or Syriac word "key," "I give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven," etc.—means precisely such a master key as that indicated above; thus showing clearly the primacy of St. Peter; inasmuch as he, the Vicar of Christ, exercises jurisdiction not only over his own lock, but over all the other locks—i. e., over all the other apostles. Here, then, we have admirably symbolized the impregnable and indestructible safe of the Church for the preservation of Christ's treasures; and even as the locks of the English gentleman's safe were described as specifically named or lettered, so do we find upon the celestial locks of our imperishable safe the "A" of St. Andrew, the "B" of St. Bartholomew, the "C" of St. Chananee (or the other Simon), the "D" of Didymus, who was St. Thomas; and so on to the end of the apostolic twelve.

It has been remarked, with a sort of grave humor, by a good natured theologian that the Gallican opposition to the dogma of Papal infallibility must have been based upon the legend that the martyred Dionysius, the patron saint of France, walked a considerable distance after his decapitation, carrying his head under his arm. But as it is not an article of faith that St. Denis, in days of yore, walked a single step without his holy head, neither is it an article of faith that the Church of God has ever existed or can exist without a visible head. The Greeks declared that he who acknowledges the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff is logically bound to admit the infallibility of the Pope. Again, the strength of the superstructure depends upon the strength of the foundation; ergo, no superstructure can be stronger than the weakest part of the foundation. No chain can be stronger than its weakest link; ergo as all Roman Catholics believe in the infallibility of the Church, the body, they cannot logically deny the infallibility of its head, the Pope.

When the late Dr. Whately (afterwards Protestant Archbishop of Dublin) was tutor at Oxford to the young Protestant, John Henry Newman, he one day threw open before his pupil's eyes the final chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. It was in the original Greek (and, alas! said the Bishop, how much do we not lose by its translation into English). Whately laid his finger upon the fifteenth verse, beginning, "When, therefore, they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?" Whately's finger is still resting upon the passage, "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?"—Agapas me?—and now it runs rapidly along the printed line, indicating to young Newman with nervous emphasis St. Peter's answer: "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." "Philo—I love Thee."

"Not agapo, but philo," interpolates Whately to his pupil: "not agapo, which is the corresponding verb to the one made use of by Christ, but philo, which expresses a far higher and tenderer love!" "Feed My lambs."

"And He saith to him again: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?" Once more, "Lovest thou Me?" Agapas me? And once more the answer gushes forth from the ardent heart of St. Peter, "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!" Philo! "Not agapo, you see, reiterates Whately to Newman, "but philo—I love Thee!" always "something more

exquisite still." Philo! "Feed My lamb." "And He saith to him the third time: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me?" Philo! Philo! This time (O condescension of the divinely sensitive Heart of Jesus!)—this time it is not "Agapas me?"—but higher, tenderer, more passionate still—"Philois me?"—"Lovest thou Me?" And when the sweet, exquisitely fervent Philo! bursts forth for the third and last time from the glowing lips of St. Peter, then and there the lullible seal is stamped upon the speaker's spiritual supremacy, and the Lord Jesus completes and confirms His divine commission to the prince of His apostles by these emphatic words: "Feed My sheep."

Like a milestone in the Campagna, pointing the road to Rome and the Vatican, yet going not hither itself, let us fancy we see the unconscious Whately (even Calphas could prophesy), pointing out to his pupil these irrefragable proofs of St. Peter's primacy—of the Roman See's supremacy. Let us study the effect of his words upon the young eagle at his side—later, to be lured from his free, untrammelled eye into the secluded devotée of St. Philip's Oratory; later still, to wear the scarlet jesses and biretta of the Roman Cardinalate. How the fearless, acute intelligence, spreading its untired pinions, springs forth into the glorious sunshine of truth and darts unerringly upon its prey.

"Agapas me?"—"Philo!" "Diligis me?"—"Amo?" "Lovest thou Me more than these?" "Yea, Lord—philo! amo! Not with the agapo, not with the diligo of a lower, lesser love; but philo, amo, my God and my all! to me, Thine own chosen Cephas, Thy Rock, Thy Vicar, to me and to my undying successor, the Bishop of Rome, let it be given now and through all the ages of Thine eternity, to cry out philo! amo! My Master, my Redeemer! More than all the rest, philo! amo! "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!" The milestone had done its work. John Henry Newman had turned his face toward the Eternal City, after many days, to sit down in the shadow of St. Peter's chair, a loyal, devoted son of Rome, the beautiful Rome, the ever-ancient, yet ever new.—Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Cardinal Manning on Children.

I have sometimes thought when looking on a church full of children, there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God. A beautiful garden full of roses, lilies and lovely flowers, is sweet and beautiful to the eye. The hand of man guards and watches over it so that no harm can enter. Sometimes a storm of wind or hail breaks the lilies, destroys the roses, and makes ruin where before all was sweet and orderly. The wicked and malicious man comes in to wreck and ruin his neighbor's garden and when he sees this, everybody is touched to the heart. Everything lovely and sweet, trampled down and wrecked, makes one grieved; but in the sight of God, not the most beautiful garden fashioned by the hand of man, not even Paradise, the garden of Eden in all its glory and beauty of flowers and fruit, was so bright and glorious as are the souls of little children in whom the Holy Ghost dwells. Such a scene is sweeter and brighter in the sight of God than any garden man ever formed.

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