

The Catholic Record

Published Weekly at 154 and 156 Richmond street, London, Ontario.
Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum.

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Editorial:—Ten cents per line each insertion, space measurement.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor and must reach London not later than Monday morning.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Subscribers when changing their address should notify this office as soon as possible in order to insure the regular delivery of their paper.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.
Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as the wholesome influence reaches more homes.

I, therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,
OTTAWA, CANADA, March 7th, 1907.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

The matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success.
Believe me to remain,
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,
J. D. FALCONI, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR. 2, 1907.

CHURCH UNION.

In the address of Bishop Carmichael, the Anglican Bishop of Montreal, to his synod, we have a pronouncement which touches Church Union. The importance lies in the question of the apostolicity of the episcopate, one of the bases upon which His Lordship regarded organic union alone possible.

Whether this is an ultimatum beyond which the English Church cannot go, so that Presbyterian or other non-Conformist hopes must rise to that mark or ebb away with no prospect of uniting, might be easily dismissed as unessential to the proposal and difficult of solution. It is hard, when listening to Bishop Carmichael, to know whether he is speaking for the whole English Church, or whether he simply represents his own diocese. In either case he has placed himself on the horns of a dilemma. If an apostolic and historic episcopate be an essential of Church organization, then the Church of Rome and not the Church of England is the centre of union. Bishop Carmichael, in making the historic episcopate a necessary condition, practically gives up the case to Rome. In so many words he tells the non-Episcopalian believers: "You must seek an unbroken line of Bishops. Wherever you can find that golden chain whose links reach down from St. Peter, there attach yourselves. Without the episcopate there can be no Church, no organization. And without the apostolicity there can be no episcopate." Apostolicity and perpetuity are attributes upon which he rightly insists with polished diction and cultured phrases. But the minor premise of the syllogism is entirely omitted or lost in the noise of rhetoric, which, more than logic or theology, ran through his long preamble. We take it that the minor premise is that these marks or properties belong to the English Church, at least as a branch. This we deny—and not we only, but all outside the pale of the English Church. Who ever looked for apostolicity and perpetuity in the English Church? We cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. And as for the branch theory, that is equally unreasonable. Why seek union at all if the branch theory is correct? If the Bishop in his missionary zeal wishes to increase his particular branch then he should candidly say so. But if he makes the proposal as a condition of engraving others upon the olive tree, then they will reasonably retort that they will seek apostolicity and perpetuity where all men are to be found. Let us listen to the argument. The principle of succession, associated as it is with family, tribe and nation, becomes in the field of divine revelation all the more important; "for it then becomes a divinely-ordered institution." And our Lord having founded His Church, "nothing

is historically clearer than the fact that out of the body of his followers twelve men were named by Him apostles, that He invested them as his envoys with graces suited to their work, breathing on them, and saying: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." The Bishop should not have stopped here. There is nothing clearer in the gospel constitution of the Church than the primacy of St. Peter. "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church." Again: "Satan hath tried to sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." If apostolicity and perpetuity were the plain will of Christ so was the primacy. In summing up his case the Bishop admits its weakness: "Imperfection," he says, "there might be in what I would call the historic routine of succession, as with royalty in England from 1649 to 1660, but in both cases the succession remained." Not so fast, Lord Bishop, if you please. Succession to the crown is one thing, but perpetual apostolic succession in the episcopate is altogether different. If the latter is broken the chain is broken. Its reality depends upon the validity of the sacrament of Orders. Cranmer, whom the Bishop justly accuses of Erastianism, changed the matter and form, and thereby invalidated Anglican Orders. There are other reasons also for holding against the validity of Anglican Orders. Nowhere are they acknowledged. Not even are they in many of their own churches regarded as proper, sacerdotal orders, still less as sacraments. There is an expression which rather mystifies us—historic routine. Perpetuity requires unbroken history, and apostolicity implies divine institution. To admit imperfection in the "historic routine" is the acknowledgment of a broken link. How therefore can Bishop Carmichael candidly insist upon a perpetual episcopate, and at the same time invite his Presbyterian brethren to seek it in the so-called branch where he admits one of the links to be broken? Finally when the Bishop says that in the Church of England "no one shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful bishop, priest or deacon, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereto according to the form hereafter following, or hath formerly episcopal consecration or ordination," the Church of England perverted history and destroyed the episcopate. She had no right to interfere with the form. If the institution is divine, apostolic, perpetual, it must not be interfered with. It must, if it is to be valid, be handed down with matter and form intact and unchanged. With the Bishop we admit the great attributes of that divine historical institution, the episcopate of the Catholic Church. We deny his minor premise that this is to be found in the Anglican Church. We would wish to see both himself and all others seek it where alone it can be found—where Peter's primacy is upheld and where sacramental matter and form have been so carefully conserved.

MR. CAMPBELL AGAIN.

We have from the Literary Digest a more definite account of the teachings of the Pastor of the City Temple, to which we made some allusion in a former issue. Mr. Campbell explains his faith. His starting point is "the immanence of God and the essential oneness of God and man." It is not clear that he believes in a Personal Deity; for he says: "The word 'God' stands for the infinite reality whence all things proceed." He believes that there is no real distinction between humanity and the Deity. "Our being is the same as God's," claims the new theologian, "although our consciousness of it is limited." We quote in full the last two paragraphs in regard to sin and the incarnation:

"The doctrine of sin which holds that we are to be blameless for deeds that we cannot help, we believe to be a false view. Sin is simply selfishness. It is an offence against the God within, a violation of the law of love. We reject wholly the common interpretation of atonement that another is beaten for our fault. We believe not in a final judgment, but in a judgment that is ever proceeding. Every sin involves suffering, suffering which cannot be removed by any work of another. When a deed is done the consequences are eternal. We believe Jesus is and was divine, but so are we. His mission was to make us realize our divinity and oneness with God, and we are called to live the life which he lived."

Such utterances might well be expected to rouse general comment even amongst those whose indefinite theological views are not easily shocked. This is too much. Many regard it as less rational than the old theology, and much more dangerous to society. The idea of sin and crime is not consistent with a creature in whom God is immanent, and whose activities are the mere self-expression of God. The fundamental pantheistic error lies in the identification of humanity with the

deity. To lower the Creator to the creature is not to exalt the latter, but to degrade and falsify the former. Virtue lies in the mean. And the truth of Christianity lies between pantheism on the one hand and atheism on the other. These are opposites in the sense that pantheism is an excess and atheism a defect. Both are equally repulsive and erroneous. Both lead to the most illogical consequences. And what is their worst feature: they both reject the supernatural, without which Christianity is a mere system of philosophy. Let us briefly examine this question about God's nearness, not oneness, to His creatures. It is true that to be a creature is to rest in the arms of the Omnipotent, or seek the rays of His light in the uttermost parts of the morn. God fills heaven and earth. And if He fills them there is no room for any other being. God, in knowledge, power and essence, is everywhere; because he is immense. He is infinite: He is. Besides God and without God, and what God has made, there is nothing. God and His works: these are all. God, says St. Gregory, abides in all things. He is outside of all things, He is above all things, He is beneath all things. He is above them by His power, He is beneath them by His support. He is above them ruling them. He is beneath them conserving them in the hollow of His hand. He penetrates all, yet is penetrated by none. He comprehends all, yet He remains incomprehensible. He is more intimate to us than we are to ourselves, yet when we reach out our hand to clutch him he eludes our grasp. All things are naked and open to His eye. He is in all nature, and in every part thereof, yet He is infinitely away from it. Most closely united to every creature, He fashioned even the least as well as the greatest—the amoeba just as the seraph. He is infinitely separated from them. What ever in-dwelling he may assume, in the natural order or the supernatural order, He must be forever immense, unmeasured and unmeasurable, absolutely simple—infinite. The creature, on the other hand, must be ever and always finite. Let the creature's nature be what it may, the fact that it is a created nature renders and keeps it finite, and distinguishes it from God—the one and only Infinite. The finite cannot be a part of the Infinite. And the Infinite is distinct from the finite universe with a real, physical distinction. God is infinite, not as being identified with the universe either visible or invisible, corporeal or spiritual, but as being infinitely superior to it, better than it, so much better than it that when compared to His being it is as if it had no being and as if it were nothing. Yet the universe is. God made it and He conserves it. It shows forth His power and declares His glory. Yet the sons of men have not always read aright the story of creation. And no error can be more misleading and more fatal than to identify this half-wrecked world with the Deity Whom our intelligence must acknowledge to be perfect, absolute, infinite. Before touching upon any other point of Mr. Campbell's errors we can see how diametrically opposed his pantheistic basis was to Christian truth. Nor does he approach Buddhism so closely in this article as when he holds that pain is the effort of the spirit to break through the limitations which it feels to be evil. The only way, according to Dr. Campbell, in which the nature of good may be manifested by God or man, is by a struggle against the limitation; and, therefore, it is not appalled by the long story of cosmic suffering. The fundamental concept of Buddhist morals is to put a term to the transmigration of souls by putting an end to their sufferings and that evil which is inseparable from existence. This is attained by diminishing and annihilating the manifestations of individual activity. To arrive at absolute impassibility, this is the Nirvana, the final destiny of man. Buddhism is atheistic. Its moral precepts have a relative dignity when compared to other philosophical systems. But neither in essence, in means, in rational principle do they compare with Christian morals. The very fact that the love of God is eliminated, and no word spoken of worship shows an atheistic basis. This age has several admirers of such systems as Buddhism, even in western schools of thought. It may be that Mr. Campbell is somewhat imbued with some of these notions. His theories, however, bear more the character of Hegel's thought. Hegel maintained that the world was a particular evolution of the great Idea. By a series of evolutions the world will return again to the infinite Idea who by it manifested Himself to Himself. How dreamy, how far removed from the wisdom and power of the Cross all this is—how meteoric and wandering—can only be made evident by the humble acceptance of faith. Sometimes men stand appalled at the amount of evil they see around them. Sometimes the yearning desire for truth makes them

break away from the confusion of tongues. They see as in the air some shadowy form. They think it truth, and call it. It is gone. Truth dwells where Christ's voice is heard, and where simple souls are bowed in worship of the God Who is ever above them but Who is ever calling them nearer to Him, to share His life, to enjoy and praise Him forever.

We cannot part with this new Theologian without a word concerning his rejection of the Atonement of Christ. It is more or less fashionable amongst certain schools of philosophy to falsify or entirely deny that our Lord by His sacrifice gave satisfaction to His eternal Father for sinful guilty man. Those who, in the Cross of Christ see not the odious atonement and superabundant satisfaction for sin, pervert history and lose the deepest mystery of our Lord's mysterious life. Not only did our Saviour come as Teacher of truth and Fount of grace, He came as combatant with sin and Satan, "consecrated through suffering." He was, as His prophet had depicted Him, "red in His apparel." He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood. He who had grown up as a tender plant hath surely borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our iniquities. He was bruised for our sins, and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. With His body dislocated, His flesh torn, His blood poured out, His soul separated from His body in death, He died for us—the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world. He alone was our atonement: no one shared in the work. He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him. This atonement was the master-act of the Master's love. His whole life, His transcendent example, His tenderness and humility, His sacred lessons of holy truth, are the testimonies of His divine Sonship and His love of man. But the crimson light of His atoning Blood in which the Son of Justice set in death, was truth and justice, mercy and peace and reconciliation. Without it the world would still be sick with sin and death. The coming of Jesus would have been a mockery: for His sacred teachings had raised our hopes only to break them against the sense of our own guilt and despair.

DEATH OF SIR WM. HINGSTON.

The sad news comes to us of the death of Sir Wm. Hingston, one of Canada's best and noblest citizens. He died suddenly, in Montreal, on the 19th Feb. As a surgeon he enjoyed an international reputation, but it was not for this alone that his name was held in such high honor. He was recognized throughout the Dominion, but more particularly in Montreal, where his name is a household word, as one of the most estimable, courteous and sterling characters of our day. In all matters pertaining to the public weal the name of Sir Wm. Hingston stood well to the front, while in private life his example followed more generally would lend a charm to life that would bring us back to the ages when faith and morals and honor were deemed the charm of manhood and womanhood and brought untold blessings to the world. As a Senator of Canada Sir Wm. Hingston was held in greatest esteem. His advice was often sought by leaders of parties and whenever his voice was heard in the Senate chamber his fellow members appreciated at its full worth the outpouring of a warm heart and a beautiful mind, added to which was a culture and a beauty of expression that left for long pleasant memories. May the divine light shine upon him and may the example he has left us be an added glory to his pure soul in that kingdom to reach which he had striven so faithfully in this world of time.

Sir William Hingston was the son of the late Lieut-Colonel Hingston, formerly in Her Majesty's 100th Regiment. He was born near Huntingdon, January 29th, 1829, and was educated at the Montreal College, entering McGill University and taking courses in arts and medicine. He completed his university career at Edinburgh, where he received his diploma as surgeon. He returned to Montreal, and in 1853 began the practice of his profession, a practice which extended so rapidly that in a few years the name of Dr. Hingston was very well known throughout the city. In March, 1875, he married a daughter of the late Hon. D. A. McDonald, formerly Postmaster-General and Lieut.-Governor of Ontario.

Sir William Hingston is survived by his wife, Lady Hingston, one daughter, Miss Eileen, and four sons. The eldest son is at present studying for the priesthood; the second is Dr. Donald Hingston of the Hotel Dieu, while the third, Mr. Basil, is with the firm of W. P. O'Brien & Company, stock brokers. The youngest is a student at Laval.

In youth, your vices are faint; in age, your faults are vices.—B. Constant.

THE LATEST FROM FRANCE.

Although a peaceful settlement of the French difficulty is apparent at times there still remains the undercurrent of infidel striving to uproot Christianity. For the concessions already made with a view to promote an amicable settlement with the Vatican no thanks are due to the members of the Government individually or collectively. Their course has been dictated not by a love of justice—not by a desire to promote the honor and glory and strength of the French Republic—but by the force of public opinion in the other Christian nations of the world.

A despatch from Paris, dated Feb. 22nd, states that the Croix, a Catholic paper, defines the attitude of the episcopacy with reference to the negotiations between the coadjutor Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Amette, and the prefect of the Seine, M. de Selves, as follows:

"The Bishops did not accept the contracts which make parish priests responsible for the important structural repairs of the churches or the contracts containing a clause excluding secularized members of the dissolved orders from acting as parish priests, claiming that to do so would be a recognition of the law of associations. Further, the Bishops look upon the inclusion of a similar embargo on foreign priests as being an insult to the former's patriotism. Mgr. Amette will not take the initiative to resume the interrupted negotiations, which, therefore, may be said to have terminated until further orders."

And so continues the controversy, which will not, in all likelihood, be brought to a satisfactory conclusion until the Voltairians are ejected bag and baggage from the control of the Government.

HOW ONE CONVERT WAS MADE.

The following story as given in the Missionary well illustrates the good that may be done by a word or two in season:

It is not very difficult to persuade oneself that in dealing with the soul God has his special moments and, moreover, He utilizes the most unlooked for means to bring about conversions. Speaking of His way, the other day, a priest who was moreover a Benedictine monk, related this incident from his own personal experience.

I was traveling some years ago in the train from Chicago to Pittsburg. The time hung heavy on my hands, and to break the monotony, I entered into conversation with a gentleman in an adjoining seat. He seemed like a prosperous merchant, and I learned from his statements that he was on his way to Europe for a year of travel. After means to pretty well exhausted the commonplace topics of conversation, he proposed a game of cards.

"I am sorry," said I, "I do not play cards. In fact I never learned."

"That's unusual," he answered. "Well, suppose you watch me do some little tricks with the cards. I will interest you some, and it will pass the time pleasantly."

The tricks were well done, much to the interest of quite a little crowd who had gathered about us. In the interval between the various tricks the gentleman kept up a running fire of comment on many topics of public interest, and finally touched on the topic of religion.

Said he: "There is one thing in a religious way that I could never stomach, and that is the Roman Catholic Church with its superstitions, and its idolatry, and—"

"Excuse me, Sir," said I, "I am a Roman Catholic."

"Ah! I really beg your pardon. No one would believe it from your appearance. You do not look like one of these priest-ridden unfortunates," he said.

"But I am and what is more, I am a priest."

"A priest! How strange! One would never know. You are really the first priest I ever met. But how different you appear to be from the miserable monks I've read of in Europe, who seem to have sunk all intellectual and spiritual aspiration in the growth of the flesh and its hungers."

"But, Sir, I am also a monk and if you ever come to our home you may see others who are far from the notion of monks that you have."

"I beg a thousand pardons, my dear Sir, I am truly astonished. You are a Catholic, a priest and a monk, and—besides, a gentleman!"

"I hope so, my friend, and will you believe me when I tell you that your reading has been all one-sided. You are too intelligent, too upright, not to do the correct thing. Let me ask you as a favor to read something of the other side, and see if you have not judged us wrong. We won't forget each other"—and we exchanged cards.

We parted and it was long before we met again. Several years went by, and the incident almost totally passed out of my memory.

One day a stranger rang the door-bell at our monastery. The porter informed me that a gentleman wished to see me. I went to the parlor and at first I did not recognize the gentleman.

He held out his hand to me in a friendly way, saying, "Do you remember me, Father? I traveled with you from Chicago to Pittsburg seven years ago. I went to Europe, and I made it a point to visit churches—Catholic churches, monasteries, and convents—to convince myself that my reading was not one-sided, but I found that it was. You were right! The remark you made so quietly and emphatically when I had abused your faith, your priest-hood, and your vocation, sank deeply into my heart. I could not forget you. I am now a Catholic, my wife is Cath-

olic, and so are my three children. I have come to thank you."

I could not help throwing my arms about his neck and exclaiming: "How wonderful are the works of God!"

This little incident taught me never to lose the opportunity to cast a bit of seed in the heart of the passing acquaintance: in God's own time it bears fruit.

KEEP CLEAR OF THE SEWER GAS.

Sewer gas is among the deadliest and quickest of bodily poisons, and men flee from the risk of it as they would from the bubonic plague or yellow fever. Yet, at the present hour, the air is rank with sewer gas, and it is being inhaled by a large part of the people as if it were the fragrance of spring flowers.

The newspaper cartoon, representing men and women of every age, sex, and small boys and girls, each with the most detailed and sensational presentation of the Thaw murder trial in hand, greedily absorbing it as they crowd into the Boston Elevated, is no exaggeration. This unspeakable case, the reports of which should have been circumscribed within the strictest professional limits, will be responsible before its close for incalculable moral evil.

"Thaw killed one," said a distinguished Boston lawyer, "but the reports of this trial will kill thousands."

The reading of its details cannot be useful even to the strongest and sanest adult, and is soul murder to all others. The Rev. Peter Roman, of Dorchester, urged on all parents last Sunday the present obligation of keeping the daily papers out of their homes; and the Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S. J., said at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston:

"What spiritual good, in the name of God, I ask you, can result from the reading of such moral filth and corruption? If you go down into a sewer, you cannot come up clean."

Freedom of the press is one thing, but filthy license is quite another; and the alleged "enterprise" which panders to the worst of human appetites here is not justified because a certain class in London and Paris are making of this bestial record their daily novelties.

All honor to the Boston Post for its readiness to put decency above money profit; to the Canadian law-makers who are shutting out offending American journals; and to President Roosevelt for his manly and Christian denunciation of the scattering of printed filth and for his resolute effort to find law to stop it.

With the harvest of this evil planting is reaped in desolated homes, in prisons and morgues, what shall we hear from men, official counsellors to their fellows, who proclaim their willingness to put the testimony of the star witness of the Thaw trial into the hands of their daughters?—Boston Pilot.

A HUMBUG EXPOSED.

Bishop Codman (Protestant Episcopal), of Maine, has been recently in France, and he testifies honestly to what he saw there. The priests, he says, are for the most part sincere, earnest and devoted men; as a rule, quite as intelligent as the Protestant clergy of America. The churches are well attended. If religious indifference and agnosticism exist, they are no more in evidence and apparently not so generally effective as in Protestant countries. The present faith of France is not likely to be supplanted by Protestantism, to which, as the Bishop realizes, the French people are wholly antipathetic by taste, tradition and conviction. Bishop Codman, however, sides neither with the Papacy nor the State, but sympathizes with the Church in France, and prays and asks prayers for her. Evidently, he is not praying as non-Catholics profess to pray, for he is in a very healthy condition. Is he praying for her triumph over the forces of evil, for greater union and public spirit among her children? Then his prayers are quite in accord with those of the Pope, and offered for the only triumph which the Papacy desires.—Boston Pilot.

All of which is respectfully inscribed to the people in Canada who are collecting funds for what is called the McAll Mission but in reality the McAll humbug in France.

Death of Count Creighton.

Count John A. Creighton of Omaha died early Thursday morning after several weeks' illness. Count Creighton was over seventy years of age and was perhaps the most magnificent individual benefactor of the Church in this country. With his brother, the late Edward Creighton, he founded Creighton University, Creighton Hospital and a number of other Catholic institutions in Omaha. He leaves an estate valued at \$8,000,000. He was knighted by the Pope and was one of the recipients of the Lactare medal.

No man ever revolted against the Catholic Church except from the basest motives. Dollinger is supposed to be a splendid type of the ex-priest. But Dollinger's disease was disappointed ambition. Jealousy, Judy, passion and avarice are the motives that inspire the outlaws. Turn, however, to converts from Protestantism to the Catholic Church! Consider the sacrifices they make! Newman could reasonably hope to become Archbishop of Canterbury with \$50,000 per year, the salary of the President of the United States. Dr. Ward belonged to one of the most aristocratic families in England, and for a time he was ostracized because he abjured Protestantism.—New World.

Since the Sacred Heart has no more cherished love than meekness, humility and charity, we must cling to these dear virtues.

CATHOLIC H.

Canadian Messenger.

"That the Catholic become a little part of the power of modern world of occult or indignant pride. Unfortunate things to sadden Who has not lamented cramps all our charitable institutions, endeavors, our schools and colleges, while donations to Bible called foreign missions, are millions? Every tells of new men directed against the materialism, social sap the very found are disseminated by newspaper, and now, France, nation," "the Church," has turned light!"

The Catholic or not too robust fact these facts which thrust upon his given way to a it is not perhaps so, although worthy; but he errs because his one-sided, and of some other trivious and less pious notice.

The first of Christ had predicted His Church. lambs among, was is not greater than persecuted secute you?" "The called the Church sends God's side fare against the devil. Why Church should downcast when happen which blessings they shall revile and speak all the untruly, for My juice."

The second of hearted Catholic that, for him Church has truth quite as grave as front her, nay, graver. She can greater than thought she not trem in the pre as she has over Ah, but it was past! Whatever have had to no was ever supreme Catholic. Then was an arm moment of the baron, trembled before over them at terrors of exco-

dict; but he were answered word unmake the glories of triumphs of our And yet the view of the pious, but it the world as it should like it as it really w during the A work-to-day, a warfare, a battle. It is aids joy; ignom lude of world's eyes Forgetfulness is but the ex teaching, is stincts and m results. That in the formerly glorious successful again gress through march of J around Jeric trumpets born crashing to other hand, seeing that battle hard very dogma set at naught enemies char such a Catho faith that His He has his faith. His all this can swer. How the Church world had causi them? Is tween relig the Church not the wor a Church childhood witnessing away of a vigorous a which has new? The faith are from morn basis of fal his faith. graphic row which the either imp What is mind of the Church weakened tically to out of daki ing force less ready weaker bet respect. done are ways then Now th on a false say that on the wo suffers b Choose a