

of the end make them lawful. With every kind wish, I subscribe myself,

Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO DOESN'T.

P. S. As you are fair-minded, truth-loving men and women, let me give you kindly warning not to trust blindly to "what everybody says" about Catholicism.

Examine for yourselves. You, as Protestants, hold that each one should judge for himself in religious matter.

Well, then, all I ask is that you be true to your own rule. Ascertain for yourselves what Catholics really hold from Catholic sources, and not from Protestant tracts or Protestant friends. Why should these know more about Catholics than Catholics themselves? When I want to know what you hold, I go to Protestant books or people.

It is not common sense to go to a man's opponent for a true account of his character. At least one should hear his friends as well. Thus a man of intelligence studies both sides, and becomes capable of judging. — *C. T. S. Publication.*

A PARISIAN newspaper recently recalled one of the incidents of the misunderstanding which the illustrious Bishop of Poitiers, Cardinal Pie, had with the Emperor, Napoleon III., over a pastoral letter, which, at the time, made a deep impression in France. The letter displeased the Emperor, who gave orders for the arrest of the Bishop. The latter having had wind of the day and hour that he was going to be arrested, put on his full pontificals, with crosier and mitre. He then surrounded himself with his canons, also clothed in their insignia, and waited patiently for the police-officers in the large drawing-room of the palace. At the hour appointed the officers arrived and were shown into the drawing-room. But they were thoroughly abashed in the presence of so strange a spectacle, and the officer in charge muttered out: "My Lord, I can hardly arrest your Lordship under these conditions." "It is as a bishop I am accused," replied the prelate. "I shall not leave this place unless clothed as a bishop." In their discomfiture the officers left the palace, and wired to Paris the story of their reception at Poitiers. The Emperor answered: "Let me alone, and that Tartar of a Bishop, too!" A pleasant ending to the misunderstanding was the invitation extended the following year to the Bishop to give the Lenten course at the Tuilleries. At the end of the season, the Emperor presented the Bishop with twenty thousand dollars for his cathedral. This anecdote shows that the Powers that be can sometimes get themselves out of an awkward pass by using their wits.