

of them can never compensate for the loss of that higher order of truth and mental perfection they departed from. What are the creations of our day compared with those which were the outcome of the priest-ridden ages, with those of an Aquinas, a Dante, a Shakespeare, of a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, a Rubens, of a Columbus, a Richelieu, a Ximenes. The ages of Faith can point with pride for all time to the Dome of St. Peter's, to the spires of Cologne, while the Reformation, the Revolution can only boast of its Eiffel Tower. The mind of the Middle Age produced a Plantin's workshop; the glory of the nineteenth century is the machinery hall. Whilst we gaze with wondering eye and bewildered sense on the triumphs of material progress let us not forget that they serve but to perfect the animal within us. Let us not lose sight of that higher order of truths and mental learning which alone perfects the man. Whilst we educate the business faculties to lay hold of the dollar, let us not neglect that higher intellectual training which lifts up soul and heart to eternal truth and brightest happiness.

Montreal, Sept. 9th

J. J.

GOOD-BYE TO THE SAULT *

THE JESUIT NOVIATE.

Written for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

*Au revoir, not Adieu, dear refuge to you,
Sweet spot of contentment and love,
Again, do I pray, that returning some day,
Once more in your stillness I'll rove,
What greatness you've wrought, what lessons you've taught,
I shall cherish wherover I go—
And my soul shall still burn, for a day to return
To the dearly loved shrine at the Sault*

*May Heaven's own peace, in your cloister increase,
May the blessings of happiness shine,
Like the glorious blaze of Divinity's rays,
Round your humble and purified shrine!*

*May the Saviour's great love, from His mansions above,
Fall fair as the crystals of snow,
That feathery and white drop from regions of light,
And in purity rest on the Sault.*

*More precious than gold are the treasures untold
That are hid in your silent abode,
And a halo of grace illumines the place
Where perpetually dwelloth our God.*

*The turmoil and din and the blackness of sin,
Your corridors never shall know;
But glorious and bright be the heaven-born light
That shall constantly flash on the Sault.*

*The man doomed to fight in the battle of right
With temptations unnumbered around,
Can feel a relief, though the moment be brief,
As he walks on your sanctified ground.*

*And he leaves it with pain, in the hope that again,
Ere his days shall be numbered below,
That returning to rest in this home ever blest,
He may kneel once again at the Sault.*

*May tyranny's hand never strike at the band
Of soldiers that Christ has array'd,
In this fortress of love, where His word from above,
Is respected, is honoured, obeyed!*

*May the standard of God, wave over our sod,
In the flush of prosperity's glow,
May our country behold that banner unrolled
By the garrison now at the Sault!*

*Au revoir, not Adieu, Oh! be faithful and true;
May no wickedness cause you to fear—
In your phalanx is strength that in glory at length
The standard of Christ shall uprear*

*Like dew from above, may the treasures of love—
Refreshment and pleasure bestow
If Humility mook at last refuge would seek—
In Obedience, 'twill be at the Sault.*

19th July.
Sault-au-Roccollet, P.Q.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

*Pronounced "So."

NECESSITY OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION.

In the prevailing confusion of the present time it cannot be too often repeated or too earnestly insisted upon that what all men need is authority in religion. We want not only to know that Almighty God has given us a revelation of His will, but, also, and especially, to be assured as to what that revelation, that will, is. It is absolutely necessary that we should not only have the law, but an authoritative interpretation of that law, to decide differences of opinion and to settle disputes about its meaning. In short, the law without an interpreter is a nullity. There is just as much necessity for a judicial tribunal—a final court of appeal—in spiritual as in civil matters. Otherwise, we are all at sea as to what the will of God is and exposed to all the evils of spiritual anarchy and confusion. And why should we not have authority in religion as well as in other things? Men talk of free-thought, liberty of opinion, the right of private judgment, as if there were absolutely no higher authority to which we owe allegiance than that of their own fallible, and oftentimes weak, wayward and erratic intellects. In fact, speak to them of the necessity of authority in religion, especially of an infallible authority such as Catholics claim, and they are up in arms at once; they repudiate the very idea; they exclaim against the absurdity of submitting to the dictation of any external authority, especially an authority claiming to be infallible. The very idea seems to be abhorrent to them, and they indulge in the freest and most outspoken expressions of contempt for what they designate as the "tyranny of Rome" and the "obsequious severity of the Romanists."

Now, while great allowance is, no doubt, to be made for the influence of education upon the mass of Protestant people, who have never been taught to realize the necessity of authority in religion, and who are incapable of rising above the influence of their traditions and associations, yet, we must confess, it is a constant source of wonder and astonishment to us that the intelligent, the intellectual, the leaders of thought among our Protestant friends, should be so slow to apprehend, and so loth to acknowledge the absolute necessity and imperative obligation of obedience to a supreme, inerrable, judicial authority in spirituals. One might well suppose that the very condition of harrassing doubt and uncertainty in which they are necessarily involved, would be a powerful stimulus to them to seek some adequate mode of relief, and predispose them to receive any theory of authority that should be presented to them with a semblance of truth, with the greatest avidity.

Surely it is not a precious privilege to doubt. It is hard to conceive what comfort and satisfaction there can be in beating about in a wild sea of uncertainty, without chart or compass, and, consequently, with no certainty of reaching the desired haven. Every intelligent person, except the enthusiast of one idea—if, indeed, he can be called intelligent—who has ever undertaken to construct a religion for himself, even out of the manifold materials at hand, must have found how extremely difficult it is not only to satisfy others, many of whom, perhaps, are engaged in the same pursuit with himself, but even to satisfy himself. However firmly he may be convinced of the certainty of his conclusions one day, the next, if he be a thoughtful and a reading man, is almost sure to show him some defect in his theory, and, therefore, good reason for changing his opinions; and he has no certainty that this process will not go on, from day to day, as long as he lives.

Is it not strange that such men should not after a while discover the unreasonableness of their pursuit? Why can they not some time be awakened to the consciousness that, as we must have authority in science, in law, in physic, and even in the common concerns of life, so we must have authority in that which transcends all other subjects in interest and importance—religion?

Now, the Catholic Church claims to have such an authority, and it gives most excellent and satisfactory reasons for it. We are not going to repeat those reasons here. We simply state the fact as an *a priori* reason why our Protestant friends especially those who have begun to realize the irksomeness of their position and to long for some solid foundation for faith, should look into the subject and examine the truth of the Catholic claims.—*Catholic Review, Brooklyn.*

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