

SEPTEMBER 18, 1907.

THE USE OF TEMPTATIONS.

There are Christians who talk as if God was anything but faithful—Christians who look upon the trials and difficulties and temptations of life as so many traps set by Almighty God to ensnare them. By Almighty God to ensnare them? I was dreadfully tempted and could not resist. To talk and act in this wise is to do a great injustice to a faithful and loving God, and comes either from an imperfect knowledge of the nature of the temptation, or from an ignorance of God's providence in regard to it.

Know, then, that we must be tempted, and this from the very nature of our existence. We are made up of body and soul—at present two conflicting elements. There was a time when the soul, being the superior, had the right to command, and the body obeyed; but original sin destroyed that happy union of authority and submission, and the result has been a pitched battle ever since, the body with its passions, striving for mastery over the soul and its faculties. In this conflict the soul has to contend with many enemies. We have a battle ground within us, our own evil inclinations and inordinate desires—a source of contention ever present, which we will carry with us through our life; and for every action, every impulse, a battle has to be fought and a victory or defeat has to be scored.

And again, we have our enemies from without. The devil, who is alert, ready to pounce upon us in our unguarded moments—when he employs the world and the flesh in order the better to accomplish his ends—this is our great enemy from without.

All this is not very encouraging, this perpetual struggle with flesh and blood, with powers and principalities. But we must never forget that we are not alone in this conflict; that we have God with us, a God who is faithful and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond what we can bear. We must also remember that temptation, of whatever kind, is never permitted to save for our good, as a source of merit, the raw material out of which our glory comes. Our moral growth needs exercise. This is a principle of the divine economy. The use of a limb strengthens it, while an arm that lies idle loses its power. So it is with the soul—without temptations and trials it would lose the use of its spiritual vigor. Things upon which much depends are worth nothing until tried, and an eternity of happiness or woe depends on the trials to which the soul is exposed.

Let us understand, then, the true nature of these temptations. A temptation may be said to be an allurements of the soul towards evil under the guise of something good, or the allurements of the soul to a forbidden good. It is this very appearance of a good to be obtained that makes the temptation dangerous and sin at all possible. For no man is base enough or fool enough to commit a sin simply and solely because he wants to offend God. For example: a man commits a theft, certainly not for the mere pleasure there is in robbery—no, but because he discovers that there is to accrue to him some present good from his theft. It is, therefore, the apparent good in the temptation that makes it at all palatable.

So it happens when the devil would lead us astray he transforms himself, says the apostle, into an angel of light, and we must be on our guard to detect him. And so it is with most of our temptations: they appear pleasant at first, but their sting is soon felt, and we discover to our dismay that the wages of sin is death. We must needs be tempted; then let us fight our battles manfully, knowing that God is with us, that He is faithful, and that His grace is sufficient. —Sacred Heart Review.

A Hero Saves Nuns.

In connection with the floods that have inundated France, and while the Bishop of Montauban is begging for the victims of those floods, we hear of heroic acts on the part of soldiers in the matter of saving life, writes a Paris correspondent. In more than one instance those saved from watery graves were nuns. The *Semaine Religieuse*, of Auch, relates that an aged religious, Sister Agnes, belonging to the hospital of that town, was in the chapel praying before the altar with a lay companion when she saw the water rising rapidly. It had already risen to several feet. All communication was cut off and death seemed inevitable when a young soldier, Des Mesnards by name, swam on the scene. "Save that woman first," said Sister Agnes, "and leave me to die, for I am old. I will pray for you in Heaven."

"I will save you both," said the soldier, "or I will die with you." He kept his word, swimming for one after the other and dragging them out of the water by ropes. Elsewhere in the same town five soldiers went to the rescue of a religious of the Sainte-Famille, surrounded by water, on the roof of a small building in the convent garden. They saved the cloistered nun and in their turn had to be saved, for the bridge which they had to cross was under water. Their lives were saved by a priest and a lieutenant.

One advantage of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood is that you need not infringe upon your hours of labor nor deny yourself any food that agrees with you. In a word, you are not compelled to starve or loaf, while taking it. These are recommendations worth considering.

THE FOLLY OF SIN.

What is the good of being a sinner? No good, but much evil. Experience shows that we have gained nothing by sin but shame, sorrow, and death. And what has been your experience in the tribunal of the confessional? Did you never groan and shed tears there alone with God and His minister? Why was it? Your own conscience, your better self was tormenting you, your own tongue was lashing you, your heart was grief-stricken, your body was laden with sin, your face, and blood mounted to your cheeks and well it might, for you, ungrateful wretch, had dealt those blows. A moment of sensual pleasure, a life of injustice, a foul hatred, a meanness of human respect, or a slothful neglect has to be undone by a long penance: and is this nothing? Besides, death is ever pursuing you and will overtake you too soon.

What is the good of sinning? Ask that man whose blood is burning with fiery alcohol, some day when a hot summer's sun suddenly prostrates him in death. Ask the libertine when he drops into an untimely grave. Ask the avaricious man when his stocks, deeds, and bank notes are fading from his eyes, dimmed by the last agony. What is the good of sinning? Ask that soul that is speeding before the tribunal of judgment with scores of sins unrepented of. What is the good of sinning? Ask one who, after a case of dissipation, unexpectedly finds himself in hell. Ask the hardened sinner who refuses to repent to the very last, and now weeps and gnashes his teeth in everlasting torment. Ask him who gives up his faith and meets the traitor's doom of perdition. Ask the proud and disobedient who spurn holy discipline and are cast out with the devils. In a word, let death, judgment and Hell answer what is the good of being a sinner?

Our Lord compares him to an evil tree which cannot bring forth good fruit, and is cut down and cast into the fire. The soil is good, the rain invigorating, the sunshine fruitifying, but the fibre of the tree is bad, its sap watery, its roots languishing, and in the end it yields no fruit. Just so is the life of the sinner. The graces of God are given, but not used. The summer passes, the harvest ends, and he is not saved.

The demon in us enjoys pride. But the man enjoys the love of God. The love of God is the opposite of sin. That only love of the supreme God purifies us of the defilement of our animal nature, sets us free from the bondage of Satan, and makes us men—in the true sense of the term men—and in the supernatural order Christians and children of God. Keep the commandments of God, preserve a pure conscience, hate sin and the devil. This is the only true happiness, the only life worthy the man and the Christian. —Sacred Heart Review.

LONGEVITY OF TEETOTALERS.

The following statement appeared in a late issue of the *British Medical Journal*:

"The remarkable difference in favor of abstaining lives over those of non-abstainers, which has characterized the yearly returns of the United Kingdom Temperance Insurance Company for a quarter of a century, has been of again exhibited. During last year, in the non-abstaining section, the actual death claims were 356, or 46 fewer than the expectancy. In the temperance sections the actual death claims were 246, or 118 fewer than the expectancy. In other words, if the death rate of the non-abstainers had been the same as of the abstainers, there would have been 81 fewer deaths."

In the face of the great popular fallacy that intoxicating drinks are necessary to preserve our health, this statement from the very best medical authority is, to say the very least, of paramount importance. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," says Holy Writ, and it may be reasonably presumed that if mankind generally were positively assured of longer life on condition that they totally abstained from drinking alcoholic liquors, the ranks of the teetotalers would be swelled to formidable figures.

There is a peculiar life insurance company in Great Britain, which has no counterpart in the United States. It is the United Kingdom Temperance Insurance Company, and it makes a specialty of dividing its policies into two classes—policies issued to total abstainers from alcoholic drinks, and policies issued to non-abstainers. The non-abstainers are not intemperate persons; at least they are not at the time the policies are taken out, because no insurance company will write a policy upon the life of a man who either admits, or upon medical examination is found to be, using intoxicants to excess at the time he makes his application. —Sacred Heart Review.

Wonderful are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

The *Melroe for Liver and Kidney Complaints*.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmentier's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaints. I have doctoring for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me, with little or no relief, but after taking eight of Parmentier's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel free from the disease as before I was troubled."

THE EVIL OF LYING.

Establish the Idea of Truth in the Souls of Children.

A lie is defined to be saying what we know to be untrue or the saying of what one knows to be untrue with the intention of deceiving. This is the definition of a lie given in nearly all the dictionaries. The addition, "with the intention to deceive," is not necessarily part of the lie, and yet there cannot be a lie without the intention to deceive.

The whole essence of a lie consists in this—the saying of something which we know to be untrue. Inasmuch as, that if one said what was true and believed it to be a lie, it would be a lie; on the contrary, if one said what was false and believed it truth, it would not be a lie. Now, there are three kinds of lies. There is the jocose lie, the officious lie and the pernicious lie. The jocose lie is that lie which one tells simply to create a laugh, simply done for the amusement of others; and indeed that which seems a lie is, after all, no lie at all, for the person in making this fun has not the least intention of passing off as truth what is to create a laugh, and nobody is deceived.

A good laugh is the spice of life, times, and a hearty laugh is a regular goldmine, and one who in an innocent way can create a laugh is a benefactor of mankind. It would be well perhaps not to be too exacting or critical on little bits of fun of this sort, though they may not exactly fit in with rigid truth. The officious lie is that told to gain our own ends. It is that lie so common among all classes of society, the lie which nobody censures in himself or considers a harm in telling. It is the lie of the commercial and political classes. The pernicious lie is the lie directed against our neighbor's character and behind his back—the delightful exercise of the backbiter and the scandal-monger. This sin is very great indeed, for it is a sin not only against truth, but also against charity. St. Paul tells us to put away lying absolutely, and the doctrine of the Catholic Church upon the point is very explicit and very much to the purpose. It is simply this—it is an offense against God, an injury to our nature, humanity, charity and society. In no circumstance or possible combination of circumstances, the Church says, is it lawful to lie. Sometimes "the end justifies the means" doctrine is described as Jesuitism, sometimes it is known as Machiavellism, writer and statesman, named Machiavelli. He it was who declared the end to justify the means, and that not even murder should prevent the realization of any good purpose. Now, because a liar is the pervert of nature, parents should make it the object of their lives to guard their children against so great an evil, and every act of lying should be visited with condign punishment. Youth is the time when evil takes root, and its meanness should be pointed out.

Once the idea of truth is established in the souls of children it will mould and ennoble their future lives. Acts of wildness or waywardness will pass off as childish pranks, but the lie, if it becomes a habit in youth, becomes an evil that holds society together. What is it that holds society together? Is it not the mutual interdependence of its members on each other's honesty and truth? Let lying become prevalent and unity would be an impossibility. The law of the land recognizes this. Outrages against society are more severely punished than those against the individual. The liar sins against society. He is the forger, the cheat who makes falsity pass current for truth and destroys the confidence of man in man. And it is of this St. Paul says, "Put away lying." Now the precept, "Confess ye the truth," stands upon a different footing. There are times, we know, when we are bound to speak out the truth, yet there are other occasions when it is prudent to keep our minds to ourselves. Our silence, however, must not go so far as to allow an offense to God or an injury to our neighbor. —Very Rev. W. O'Hagan, C.P.

A Queen Becomes a Nun.

Queen Adelaide, widow of the King Dom Miguel I. of Portugal, pronounced her solemn vows in the Convent of Benedictines, a Solesmes. Donna Adelaide, princess of Loewenstein-Vertzheim, entered the Convent at Solesmes last year. She was born in 1831, at the Schloss of Klein-Henrich, and married the King of Portugal at the age of twenty-one. By him she had seven children, the Infant Dom Miguel, who bears the title of Duke of Braganza, and six daughters, all of whom are married to high reigning families of Europe. Two nieces of Donna Adelaide were already in the Convent of Solesmes before she entered, Princess Agnes, daughters of her brother, Prince Loewenstein. One of them died last year, killed by an accident in the convent.

Testing His Honesty.

Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

AS PARMELEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they Live and Kidney Complaints with utter certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Carriere, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

THE ONLY True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye to day is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Therefore get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WHAT IS AMIABILITY?

Is it beauty? No; a person who is only pretty would be attractive certainly, but for a short time; and however faint may be the indication, yet when I discover under this charming exterior a cold heart, a false spirit, an irritable or vain soul, I am repelled. Something else is necessary to attach the heart.

Is it an elegant toilet? No; though it may charm the eye, if it be fresh, simple, and in good taste, yet if I perceive merely a desire to please for the sake of winning flattery and praise, the charm does not last. Something else is necessary to attach the heart.

Is it science? No; if it exists alone, and above all in a proud, pedantic, or disdainful mind, it repels instead of attracting me—compelling me to feel ashamed of my own ignorance. Something more than science is necessary to attach the heart.

Is it virtue in general? No; particularly if it has not learned, as St. Paul recommends, to make itself all things to all men.

Of course without virtue it is impossible, for any length of time, to be perfectly amiable; but we must not conclude from this that virtue, under whatever form it presents itself, is amiable.

If the person with whom I live makes me say every instant: "Do not be so harsh, have a little more compassion in your heart; be more gentle, more tolerant for my poor faults, which I try hard to correct, but which are always rebelling; do not be so sharp in discovering what I do wrong, and do not make me feel that I am less virtuous than you," she would never attract me to her or to the good God. Something else is necessary to attach the heart.

This is the amiable person whom I wish to resemble: she seeks to divine my tastes, my intentions, my desires, my repugnances, and in a measure identifies herself with me.

If I am unreasonable, she smiles sweetly and calmly, waits a second thought, which is always modified under her sweet influence.

She never speaks brusquely to me, her tone is never imperious, her words never wound, her reply is never sharp.

She never directly contradicts me, and never by a mocking smile gives me to understand that I have said something foolish or committed a blunder.

She seeks to please me by her devotion in actions rather than in words; she repairs, without my knowledge, the consequences of my negligence and want of thought.

She makes order everywhere; she is to all that surrounds me what spring is to nature; she is to my heart what perfume and bright sunshine are to my senses.

She bears with me without letting me know it; she makes me believe, not that I am perfect, but that I am becoming so.

How can I help loving such a person? Not only does she enrich my existence, but she improves my character, forms my heart, and aids the divine grace in sanctifying my life.

And if, in the depth of my soul, I try to discover in what her amiability consists, I find:

"Kindness, which makes her thoughtful of others."

"Love of duty, which makes her devoted."

"Piety, which sustains and gives her tact."

"The charity of Jesus Christ, which tells her to love always." —Golden Sands.

BACKBITING.

The tongue wrongly used is capable of effecting a great deal of evil. St. James calls an evil tongue a "world of iniquity." Calumny, slander and backbiting are but a few of the many sins of which it is the cause. Whence, indeed, come so many disputes, quarrels, and, as a consequence, so much animosity between those who were formerly, or who ought to be, on terms of intimacy? Ask your own experience if charity was ever wounded while you guarded against idle conversation, vain disputes, and unkind remarks. You may be certain that if the tongue be carefully watched over sins against charity will be fewer.

We are far from thinking that such faults are to be found only or indeed generally among habitual or hardened sinners. Some persons who consider themselves very pious and nearly perfect, who find it hard to collect sufficient matter for confession, do not always shut uncharitable conversations. Let them remember what St. James says: "He who offends not with his tongue is a perfect man." No piety is solid and genuine unless it be founded upon charity, which is the queen of virtues. We deceive ourselves in supposing that we are perfect, or even really pious, if we continue to gossip about our neighbor.

Sins of the tongue are often most grievous, and are often likewise irreparable in their consequences. Let us dwell upon a few such sins as offend God by reason of the injury which they do to our brother who is made according to His image. To speak badly of a person against whom we entertain an unkind feeling may seem to some people trifling or at most only venial. This is a great mistake if what we say does notable harm to him. It is no less grievous to injure our neighbor in his good name than in his property. To restore his goods is not very difficult if we still possess them or have the means of procuring others of the same value. But when there is question of repairing the in-

jury which we have done by speaking falsely about him, then the task assumes a much greater difficulty. It is about as possible to stay the progress of a forest fire as to prevent this fire of an evil tongue from spreading in all directions. Nevertheless, we are bound to make every effort in our power to repair the injury. We need not hope that God will pardon us unless we are so disposed.

But some one will say: "I do not belong to the class that you have now described. I never say anything that is untrue of my neighbor, but simply mention to others those faults of which he is guilty." To this we answer: If you do so in a grave matter, without necessity, and to those who are not concerned about the welfare of the person in question, you are guilty of the sin of slander. By whom have you been authorized to make known his failings? Are you perfect in virtue? Would it please your public? Do not, then, treat others in this way, since you are unwilling to suffer it yourself.

If you have been thoughtless in the past let the future find you more guarded. Cultivate a kind, charitable disposition towards all, even those who offend you. Weigh your words with care, think of your own sins, avoid idle conversations and gossip. —Sacred Heart Review.

A PROTESTANT VICAR'S OPINION.

The Rev. P. S. Cunningham, of Whitehaven, England, wrote a letter to the *Gazette* of that place (after attending one of Chiniquy's anti Catholic lectures), a part of which we reprint below:

"I have a horrible revelation in store! I beg therefore that you will summon all your fortitude. A dreadful Protestant plot is afoot to dethrone her Majesty and to set the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes upon her royal seat! Now this statement is moonshine—but not a bit more moonshine than certain statements that were gravely enunciated in the town hall on Monday evening. 'They are stifling the Plot,' belated that fervent Protestant, 'thus Oates two hundred years ago. They are stifling the Plot,' cried Chiniquy, Sterling & Co., with the Protestant Alliance as chorus on that occasion. They are great sufferers, these good people with plot on the brain. It is a terrible plot! A deep plot! A Jesuit plot! Woe! Woe! A Romanist king, the fires of Smithfield, etc., etc. So the Jeremiah, the Rev. C. Sterling leading! 'Quite in vain, gentlemen! The common sense of Englishmen intends to smother your plot; will have none of your plot; derides your plot.'

"At this point may I ask a solemn question of pastor Chiniquy and his chief supporter? They evidently think and they seem to say that no Roman Catholic can obtain eternal life. Do they deliberately consign to hell (an ugly word, but I beg them to face it honestly) Bernard of Morlaix, whose hymn, 'Jerusalem the Golden,' they have sung a thousand times; St. Francis of Sales, Francis of Assisi, Damien the leper priest, and ten thousand more? If they do, may God forgive them, for they need his pity more than most men. But what a spectacle! The Blessed City, a magnificent meeting house. Its people a little band of snug and selfish Pharisees.

"Now to quit points of ethics and come to the matter of the lecture or sermon, for it more deserves the latter than the former title. When a man stands forth with great demands, naturally credentials of some sort are required. But Pastor Chiniquy has no credentials. He tells a long story indeed of an appearance of our Lord to him personally, which is a sort of adaptation of the visions of St. Francis of Assisi, with all the beauty and reverence removed, and of a commission which he received from Christ to proclaim and apparently to bestow 'a gift.' But as the gift is simply that which every Christian, Roman Catholic or primitive Methodist, can and does obtain, there is nothing remarkable herein. But without argument, proof or anything else, Pastor Chiniquy proceeds to ride a very high horse indeed, and having cut off the powers of the simple priest-hood, proceeds to assume those of the Papacy itself. Personally, as an Anglican, but were I a Romanist I should certainly hesitate to change the limited infallibility of Leo for the unlimited infallibility of Chiniquy.

"But the States are clearly a queer country when law is afoot, for the Pastor (Chiniquy) informed the meeting that for fifteen years he was out on bail in the custody of various officials, and that he was brought up four times a year to answer for horrible crimes, every one of them the result of priestly murder (these attempts, however, seem to have included every stone thrown in thy direction) thy life has been of an exciting nature, indeed, and thou hast come a long way, to pour thy tale of woe into our ears in this 'city of Whitehaven! Peace be to thee! Toodle back to thy beloved French Canadians! In the old times thou mightest have added one more to thy twenty-five assaults and batteries, but on Monday the Roman Catholics were wise in their generation and added no gem to thy martyr's crown. And they may take my word for it that nothing said by thee that night was of weight enough to upset the religious convictions of a tomit."

RICH RED BLOOD is the foundation of good health. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, gives HEALTH.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folk. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child, why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?



Before Retiring...

take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work. Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effective remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is

THE PILL THAT WILL.

A Victim of Dissipation.

Who of his time possessed a greater or more versatile mind, or a keener sense of what was right than Robert Burns? Yet his most ardent admirers must confess in sorrow that he was the victim of strong drink. In early life he acquired a taste for it and the habit of taking it. When only in his nineteenth year, he associated with smugglers on the Ayrshire coast, and became accustomed, as he tells us, "to scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation, where he learned to fill his glass and mix without fear in a drunken squabble." He also tells us that when he was learning flax-dressing at Irvine, when he was a little more than twenty years of age, on a Hogmanay night, he "with some others was engaged in a glorious carousal, when the shop took fire and all was burned," and that put an end to his flax-dressing. Yes, and it did more than that, it strengthened the craving for and the habit for taking drink.

And what terrible evidence we have in his letters of the dissipated habits into which he afterwards fell. After a drinking bout in one of his friend's houses, when in a state of intoxication, he had been guilty of some improprieties; next day, when writing an apology to the lady of the house, he concluded his letter by saying, "O all ye powers of decorum, whisper to them [other ladies who were present] that my errors, though great, were involuntary—that an intoxicated man was the vilest of beasts." In the touching epitaph which he wrote for his own tombstone, he says:

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And staid his name."

Was Burns a weakling? Was his a small mind? Thomas Carlyle said it was the greatest of his age. No one ever sang the praises of whisky more warmly than our gifted poet, and no one ever had less reason for doing so, for it must be mournfully confessed "Scotch drink" mastered him. —Sacred Heart Review.

Fault Finding.

Fault finding is an art that is easily learned. All you have to do is to find out some little thing that is wrong, and then think about that, and keep your eyes always upon that, and by and by you won't be able to see anything but that.

You know there are black specks on the face of the sun? Well, some people are greatly interested in these specks, for they can tell us very much about the weather—about cold seasons, storms and the like. Once when a speck appeared on the face of the sun, a gentleman called upon an astronomer, who had been all day studying that speck through his telescope. "What a fine day we have had!" said the visitor: "I have seldom seen the sun so bright." The astronomer looked puzzled for a minute, and then gave a hearty laugh. "Do you know," he said, "though I have been looking at the sun all day, I have never noticed whether it was bright or not? I was so interested in the new speck which appeared that I didn't see anything else; and really until you spoke my idea of the sun had been that it was rather dark!"

That is the way fault finders get so much to do; they see something or other that is not just right and they go on thinking about that, and speaking about that, till they cannot see anything; yet the fault they notice may be only a speck in the midst of a great deal of brightness. Try to discover the brightness that is in people, and then you will scarcely notice the specks. —Detroit Jesuit Calendar.

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With a quiet gesture, and went on: "I am a man of myself, we can hurt us, we can kill us, and we are white and black and our own conduct all equal as service. The lowest of the same risks, death, and the Prince who places. The only is patriotism; the is measured by the the general cause." ded to read letters did not hear them, the shock that his she felt like a per- blindfolded into a when the bandage no way out of it, motive have been in a place? He had, vaguely by myster- never dreamed of of morality as this by Schenk. And it it seized with avid- of lighting up of red and what risks in her lot with him And these men were was impossible! Yet let. True, it did not Schenk's cold- time; it was only an in a contentment to rise ity as men, and their us; it dealt with ab- ciples.

ilderment could not, did that Schenk's con- the logical outcome of the world and the flesh in order the better to accomplish his ends—this is our great enemy from without.

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