IRISH PRIESTS AND PEOPLE.

The Rev. Michael Phelan, S. J., | Limerick, preached a singularly clo-quent and instructive discourse on occasion of the ordination of the Rev. J. Murphy in his native parish church at Dunshaughlin, Co. Meath. In the course of the sermon, which was based on the text "Thou art a pricat for ever according to the cr-der of Melchisedech" (Ps. 109), the preacher said :- The young levite is u priest; he is more, he is un Irish priest-and how much does not Irish priest—and how much does not that one word symbolize! Let me turn your eyes along the dark avenue of our country's history and read the story of that priesthood. It runs like a golden thread through the weft of our national life, but it stands out in boldest relief during four epochs; two of triumph and two of surrow. As we take up and varied panorama passes before our guze! The light of the seventh century is upon us. Europe is in a roll the canvas of time, what a varied panorama passes before our guze! The light of the seventh century is upon us. Europe is in a strange plight. The unwieldy fabric of the Roman Empire has fallen. Naked savages were long looking out from their forests through hungry eyes upon her bloated greatness. They dashed across her frontiers, sweeping like broken toys the proudest monuments of antiquity; ten centuries of civilization ended in wreckage, and the armed barbarian of the North placed his foot in triumph on the fallen majesty of Rome. When the waves spent their fury what a sad spectacle did not Europe present, the Faith in some lands extinguished, in others the flickering embers alone survived. Ireland never belonged to the Roman Empire, therefore she was saved from its corruption and its ruin. At this very heriod, too, her fervor was most intense. Her monastic universities were sheltering youths in tens of theusands from every land. A cry for help arose, and all Christendom instinctively turned its eyes towards Ireland.

THE FLAME OF FAITH.-Girded THE FLAME OF FAITH.—Girded in giant strength, her apostolic armies but waited the trumpet blast. Forth they marched to fan the flame of a dying Faith or enkindle it anew. Their conquests over the rude savage, the revived Faith and restored sanctuaries, the cathedral domes and monastic schools that quickly dotted the face of Europe, are imperishable monuments of their are imperishable monuments of their are imperishable monuments of their zoal. England and Scotland, France, Italy and Germany have embalmed the glorious deeds of our apostles, and their canonized names live enshrined in the martyrology of every country of Western Europe. What a saintly drama passes before our enreptured vision! We see Aidan preaching to the Northumbrians, with a king for his interpreter; Virgilius proving to the astonished scholars of Germany the rotundity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes eight centuries before the Magellan double the Cape. We see St. Gall casting the Helvetian idols into the deep lake at Zurich; or Geiumbanus erecting in every land from Belgium to Central Italy monastic institutes that, in the number of their children and the splendor of their conquests, rivalled the countless sons of Benedict and their effects for civilization. Finally, we behold Duns Scotus on the steps of the French throne, with a palace for his school and kings for his school are seen and the seen of the sechool and kings for his school are seen and the seen of the sechool and kings for his school are seen and the seen of the seen o

the French throne, with a palace for his school and kings for his school and behold priest and people are dealed his high school and his palace her heads for his school and their achievements more impersishable than the stateliest column or the proudest arch of triumph. The scene is changed; shadows darken the cauvas and tears replace the sunbauns Tyranny has planted her heed on the neck of a prostrate nation. We are in the years of pentil woo. Ire and is in the catacombs. When the children of Israel wept by the waters of Babylon and mourned the durk years of capitity their bitterest anguish was the recollection of departed greatness. When they recalled the glories of their hoty it and the pride of their ancient temple they struck their harrs and every string quivered with the wain of lamentation; and they swore that the right hand should forget its cunning rew worlds and planting the bounding pulse of their virile faith coursing through the English of the people ashed with the sortest of their native chiefs either razed to the ground or sheltering the special press. In the eyes of the people ashed with sortest point and one power alone to be proud to-night, that wone power and one power alone to facilitate the press to see the princes of agony what vestige of the race would have survived? That dark tide would have dashed, like alabaster vases, the atoutest hearts to pieces.

SAVED THE RACE.—There was one power and one power alone to facilitate the spread of His

SAVED THE RACE.— There was ne lower and one power alone to ave the race—the priest. Denied hat education at home that he so neely shared with others, he goes broad. He is ordained. He turns is face towards Ireland; but he is a cuttaw, the same price offered on his head and the head of a wolf.

very dogs were taught to track his blood. But neither gyves nor gibbets will hold him back. Ireland is in Gethsemane and the comforting angel will fly to her side. He shares the reasent's humble fare, teaches the catechism by the turf fire, and creeps through the darkness to console the dying. He gathers the people in the sheltered glen; and with the rock-ledge for an altar stone, the canopy of heaven for a roof, and the morning star for a sanctuary lamp, he says Mass. The windy gusts are sobbing "Miscreres" of sorrow around. The chalice in his hands is made of wood, but the heart behind it is of purest gold. Often, alas! the altar stone on which he offered the Blood of Christ was reddened with his own. When the storm threatened to overwhelm them and quench hope's faintest ray, he bid them look up

To a land where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature
bliss.

lie reminded them that the Cross was the dearest keepsake Christ had for His chosen friends. He taught them to sanctify their suffering and cling closer to God. Under the desolate skies, on the bloodstained sod, with the silent stars witnesses of nuprial rite, in the dark night of penal wee, the hearts of Ireland's priest and people were wedded in everlasting love. No stress has ever snapped the links of the golden chains that bind them. He shares their cross, he weeps with their sorrow, he rejoices with their sunshine. In every phase of fortune he is by their side.

Who in the winter's night. He reminded them that the

Who in the winter's night, Who in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin door
And on my earthen floor
Knelt with me, sick and poor?
Soggarth aroon.

another Moses, across the sert of these dreary years he marched at their head. He bid them sigh not for the flesh-pots of guilty, apostacy, but cling to the ark of the Living Faith and lift their eyes to the bright land of promise.

FAMINE DAYS.—The renal night mare has passed away and the third period opens. Another roll of Time's canvas and a new dark chap-ter unfolds itself. The wing of a deter unfolds itself. The wing of a de-stroving angel is sweeping over the land, and under its shadow corpses are piled. The horrors of black Forty-seven are upon us. The twin spectres of disease and famine are skilking abroad. What was lately a smiling land is now a charnel mound, and rotting humanity on-cumbers it. Here again the heroism of the people's true friend gleaus out. The names of the priests who iell martyrs to charity and duty re not recorded on human tablets, out. He Who rewards the cup of cold water cherishes them. The very chal-ices of the altar were beaten into breud to feed, and the clothes torn of their backs to shelter the famish-ing people. In the cholera shie, in of their backs to shelter the famishing people. In the cholera ship, in the fever ward, in the recking garret, wherever disease and life vr. stied he was to be found. What wonder that the name "Sogga-th" is engineen deep and large on the lish heart. We have now come to come list picture. The dawn of the twe fieth century is oreakin; upon us, and behold priest and people clasped hand in hand, daily conquering rew worlds and planting the

A TOUCHING SCENE.—At the Vatican Council of '70, seven hundred and sixty-seven mitred heads circled around the Chair of Peter. These seven hundred and sixty seven bishops represented thinty different nations; yet in that angust as emblage the bishops of Irish blood outnumbered by twenty-four the representatives of any given nation. The sight touched the heart of Cardinal Manning. When he beheld the long array of Patrick's mitred sons sweeping through the heart of Christondom he exclaimed: "Surely it there is a saint in Heaven that has reason to be proud to-night, that saint's name is Patrick." Pagan Home built roads through the universe, broke down mational barriers, united French and Spaniards, German and African under a common flag and gave the world a common language. Her efforts God utilizer to facilitate the spread of His spostles marched with His message; their preaching was understood in the common tongue, and it became easy to unite the shadow of the carle, but the Cross; to teach them to look to Rome once more as a common centre. Mark the analow of the carle, but the Cross; to teach them to look to Rome once more as

and commerce are penetrating every land. That language the Irish are consecrating to the service of Christ and in the wake of English enterprise is flowing the full tide of Irelard's apostolate. The men who are combining the resources of science with their own restless energy in pursuit of gold are opening up fresh paths for the men who are flying in pursuit of souls. Which empire—the Empire of Heaven or the empire, of clay—will survive?

LESSONS OF HISTORY.—If history teaches any lesson, it is the vanishing nature of territorial conquest Rome, Greece, Assyria have parsed away, and the proudest kingdoms of to-day will follow. Hence if the Irish wolf-dog guarded every harbor from Labrador to New Zealand; if every sea were dotted over with the green pennants from your masts; if your cities trembled unner the tread of victorious armies: if your streets resounded with the clank of the sabre and the ring of the rowelled heel—all that earthly greatness would rise and swell, and melt away like feeble water. But when within the nation's clasp is placed the banner of Faith and benedictions from on high waved above, her mission, and the charge "Go forth and teach" sounded from the lips Eternal, that banner you can no more tear from ner grasp than you can tear a star from the firmament. Such, dear Reverend Father, is the army in which this day your receive your captaincy. Uphold the glory of its traditions, and in the words addressed to you by the consecuting prelate, "Let your doctrine be the spiritual medicine of this people of God. Let the odor of your life he the delight of the Church of Christ, that by preaching and examile you may edify the house, that is, the family of God."

CATHOLIC LIFE

In the South Sea Islands.

The wonderlands of the South Sea are surrendering to the sweet and civilizing influence of Holy Church. I'riests and nuns are to be found in all the islands sharing the hardships of the missionary life. are native priests, and seminaries in which natives are trained, receiving the highest education. And native island missionaries go to civilize their brethren in other islands. The heroism of the priests was recently illustrated by the voyage of Father Rouillac, in a broken-down schooner with a native crew, from the Solomers to Sydney. Many fine tributes of the worth and the work of the

mens to Sydney. Many fine tributes of the worth and the work of the Catholic priests and nuns among the natives are found in the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson and others.

The story of the conversion of the Wallis Islanders is typical and reads like a romance. Wallis Island is a gene amongst many other beautiful islands in the Pacific. It is, perhaps, the only place where the population has been steadily increasing ever since it was converted to Christianity. When in 1837, Father Bastaillon landed, there were only 2,300 inhabitants; there are now over 4,100 sturdy fellows, determined, and afraid of nothing. Before the arrival of Father Bassoillon two attempts had been made to Christianize them. The Wesleyans of Tonga, had sent 50 of their number to preach the Gospel, but everyone of them was murdered. Another attempt was made from Sandyich Islands, but with the same result. Even the crews of two large ships met the same fate. Then came Father Bataillon. After obtaining permission from King Laveluo, he was landed on the shores by Dr. Pompallier who, fearing the king might go back on his word, left at once for Futuna. There was the unforask about the names of objects that fell under his eyes were in the habit of deceiving him and sometimes giving him words that were most of fensive to the ears of the natives. The king, who, at the beginning, used to send him food, soon treated him as a slave and at last forbade that any food should be given him by any native. The good priest had to go to the woods and pick up a few roots that even he did not dare to cook, for fear of attracting the attention of the savages. Many a day he was reduced to pick up a part of what was thrown to the pigs. It is state of destitution gained the sympathy of Amelia, the young daughter of the King. Privately and stea thilly she began to bring him what was necessary to keep body and soul together. She became his first neophyte. When convinced she brought other young girls; the young men came after; at last, the men. In three years the whole Island was Christian. When this was reported in Rome Father Bataillon was made a bishop, but when the man-of-war brought his bull of consecration, the captain found the new bishop hatless and shoeless, with nothing but a rag around his bedy The conversion of Futuna, is a end triumph over perverse and savage nature. In this island where before nobody lived but to fight and revel in nocturnal debauchery, you have the most exemplary community. Everyone goes to Mass every orning: prayers and Rosary are said in common, Holy Communion is received every month. Queen Amelia, when she succeeded her father, esclabilished two strange laws which

have undoubtedly benefitted the morality of her people. The first is that unmarried young men sleep in one vilage set apart for them, whilst single girls sleep in another under the guardianship of an old matron. The other is that marriages are celebrated only on two days in the year. A month before the marriageable young men hear it announced that the time has come for them to make their choice. No company keeping is permitted at any other time of the year.

As a proof that Christianity has taken deep root in the hearts of those Islanders you have only to remember the way the election of a successor to the late Queen Amelia took place. First, all the chiefs who had a right to vote went to Holy Mass, then chanted the "Veni Creator," recited the Rosary, and with the two pretenders went to their Parliament House. There they discovered the titles of the two, and, after hearing orators, on both sides, the Young took place. As soon as the election was over they repaired to the church, and the "Te Deum" was intoned by the defeated candidate. You would hardly find such spirit of self-denial anywhere else

After leaving Wallis, Bishop Pompallier had gone to Futuna, there to land Rev. Father Chanel, who was destined to be the first martyr of Oceanica. He had pretty well the same difficulties that Father Bataillon met in Wallis; but whilst Father Bataillon for many years on earth had the happiness to live anongst those children he had brought to the Faith, Father Chanel had hardly any success whilst alive. It was by his death that the whole island was converted. At the moment he was murdered, though the sky was perfectly clear, a thunderclap was heard all over the islands, and the poor savages, ac-

moment he was murdered, though the sky was perfectly clear, a thunderclap was heard all over the islands, and the poor savages, acknowledging by this that they had been guilty of crime, at once desired that another priest should come to instruct them, and receive them into the Church. The most fervent were found among his murderers. Futuna, like Wallis, enjoys the privilege of being all Catholic. Let a Futunian go wherever he pleases—let himilive amongst pagans or Protestants—a Catholic he shall be, and nothing will shake off his faith.

Tonga was next evangelized. At first the chiefs refused to allow the nuissionaries to land, but some time after a young Tongan chief, who was in Fiji, told Father Chevron to "Go to Pea; my relatives will receive you with pleasure. And so it turned out. The Father landed thero on July 2, in the year 1842. Soon he ingratiated himself with the Tongans and even succeeded in bringing to the Church Tui-Tonga, one of the most influential chiefs in the group. But the conversion of the Tongans by another chief, the celebrated King George, who made of the Wesleyan Lotu the pedestal to the throne of his amplition, he persecuted the new converts, and attwas only after many years that, haraid of the threats of a French man-of-war, he gave liberty of conscience to his subjects. When dying he thought seriously of becoming a Catholic. He was stopped, however, by a minister. But the Church there is now free and progressing.

isiands in the Pacific. It is, perhaps, the only place where the population has been steadily increasing ever since it was converted to Christianity. When in 1837, Father Bastaillon landed, there were only 2.300 inhabitants; there are now over 4.100 sturdy fellows, determined, and afraid of nothing. Before the arcival of Father Bassoillon two attempts had been made to Christianize them. The Wesleyans of Tongaham sent 50 of their number to preach the Gospel, but everyone of those was murdered. Another attempt was made from Sandwich Islands, but with the same result. Even the crews of two large ships met the same fate. Then came Father Bataillon. After obtaining permission from King Laveluo, he was landed on the shores by Dr. Pompallier who, fearing the king might go back on his word, left at once for Futuna. There was the unfortunate missionary, without knowing a word of their language, and unaware of their customs, obliged to work amongst people renowned for their cruelty. The learning of the language was no easy matter, for the children whom he used to ask about the names of objects that fell under his eyes were in the habit of deceiving him and sometimes giving him words that were most offered the activation had been a difficult mission since Fathers Brehere and Rouleau landed there is ned there not only had they to face pagamism, but also the vilest lies of the read to the vilest lies of the work amongs telore that stracts from "Maria Monk" were repeatedly published in a newspaper circulated amongst the natives, and they were given as if they had happened in Fiji. Matters there are now very inuch improved. The spirit of intolerance is disappearing, and as Catholicism requires to thing in order to succeed—nothing but liberty—there is no doubt that in a short time we shall have a large harvest of souls, though in Fiji, as amongst all South Sea Islanders, there is a great obstacle to the conversion of the natives of the carbot conversion of the natives of the carbot conversion of the natives of the carbot conve Fiji has always been a difficult early Church. In spite of the un-ceasing difficulties and struggles, one cannot but admire the prodigi-ous advance since 1888. The present state of the Catholic religion in Fiji ous advance since 1888. The present state of the Catholic religion in Fiji promises much for the future. There are fourteen stations established in different parts of the group. A school for catechists has been formed, as well as one in which an English education is given to sons of chiels; two novitiates, one for native Brothers and one for native Sisters, are in a prosperous condition. Besides this, there are flourishing schools for native children in the fourteen mission stations. Stone churches and schools are being erected. Thousands of acres of land have been bought for missionary purposes. To the above enumerative of good works established during the past eight years, must be added a school for European children and one for Fijians, both directed by the Marist Brothers; a school and orphanage for girls at Levuka, under the care of the Marist Sisters, and another girls school at Suva, directed by the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Cluny. Thirty breeting of the present with the 10,500 Catholics out of 100,000 inhabitants. The chiefs have been attracted by this religion, so much critical of the past of the manifest an inclination to examine it and to know more about it. Some have obtain

fear but the club of the cannibal or the fever. The members of the Melanesian Mission received them with delight as co-workers in the Same thunkless field. The British resident (Mr. Woodford), with broadmindedness, gave them every encouragement and assistance. But their first fifficulty was to know where to land. The chiefs of the different trites who knew nothing of the new-comers, would not allow them to settle on their territory, and there they were with a house on board a saip, but without any ground whereon to build. Happily, there was a small island, Rua Sura, at the south of Guadalcanar, all covered with gigantic trees, but without any infinitants. They secured it from the owner, who was a European, and there, in the bush and in the shrub, they deposited house and provisions it was no easy matter to fell to the ground the trees that covered the island, and to uproot all the shrub, esp-tally working under a tropical sun and without any water, except what came inshowers from the heaven: Whilst the clearing of the ground was going on, some of the quarrelsome tribes, and not the landike ones, came often to see whither, by a lucky stroke, they could not get hold of the provisions and the owners, and feast on both teginning with the latter.

The eannibals were going to report favorably on the attack, when one of the Fathers, who is a remarkable shot, seeing a wild pigeon dying over his head, took his gun and brought the bird to the ground. That saved the position.

On nother occasion, some other the—the fiercest of the lot—thating that the first expedition have a try and get a cheap supply of neat. They arrived in their big war anoes armed to the teeth, the chief, a big, tall fellow, advancing first. Abuidog just landed (a present from Father Rennetal of Sydney), and not used to the blacks, made for him immediately, and did not part with the chief before the latter mad parted with one of his calves. Ever since the dog is more respected than any man in the island.

At last Providence came to the

with the chief before the latter had parted with one of his calves. Ever since the dog is more respected than any man in the island.

At last Providence came to the hele of the mission. The same Malay to expeditions to Guadalcanar were wrecked on Rua Suroe Islands. Fcd and well treated by the Fathers, they were then taken back to their shores on board the Eclipse.

From this out, danger was pretty well over, both Guadalcanar and Malayta sending young men to be instructed and to work on the mission.

with the chief before the latter and provided with one of his calves. Every since the dog is more respected than any man in the island. At last Providence annotation to the mission of these cannactive countries are to the mission of these cannactive countries. The same was constructed on Rus Suroe Islands, lead and well treated by the Falk, and in times when the eoversigns of the glorious Dynasty of diabburg threw their might and blook of their shores on board the Eclipse. From this out, danger was pretty well over, both Guadalcanar and Malayta sending young men to be instructed and to work on the mission.

The Catholic mission has now four schools about 40 miles from each other, all of them among the tribes of the seashore. (It is still impossible to penetrate to the bush tribes). In every school there is an average of sixty young fellows, who remain a year in the mission and then go back to their tribes and prepare them to receive the missionaries.

The "Los Yon Rom" Crusade,

The Austrian correspondent of the Liverpool "Catholic Times," in a recent letter. says:—Until recently it looked as if the elections then going on (the elections to the Land tag) were giving the "Los von Rom" movement a new stimulus, especially in Bohemia. There can be no doubt that great efforts are being made to keep up the movement, especially through the money and the holp of German Protestants, who seem to think that the time has come for Protestantism to get a better footing in Austria. Some to the footing in Austria. Some to the sepecially through the money and the help of German Protestants, who seem to think that the time has come for Protestantism to get a better footing in Austria. Some to the footing in Austria. Some to the footing in Austria. Some to footing the fo

tional movement; and secondly, directed against the Catholic Church and its institutions and to prevent—i.e., frughten—the Catholic party from acting with the Slavs as they formerly did—an alliance which was the original cause of the "Los von Rom" movement. Amongst the lax Catholics—and there are to-day so many of them!—the movement finds disciples; but I personally do not take the matter very seriously. In one direction the movement has a very good effect; it helps to unite good Catholics and to open the eyes of the undecided and bring them back to the good cause. And on the other hand, it calls for a more cautious and more judicious policy on the part of the leaders and influential parties.

We require new blood in our party, and this circumstance decided me to give way to the urgent calls of my friends to be on the list of candidates for Parliament. From the letter of the Austrian bishops against the "Los von Rom" movement I gather that our bishops take a nore serious view of the question. The letter signed by 36 bishops not only deals with the religious side of the "Los von Rom" movement I gather that our bishops take a nore serious view of the question. The letter signed by 36 bishops not only deals with the religious side of the "Los von Rom" movement, but calls it directly a treacherous one, directed against the country and the crown. In this letter the bishops say: "With deep sorrow we state that we experience again in our dear Austifun fatherland a revival of an old speciacle in a most hideous form. The cry "Tos von Rom" is proclaimed anew and has found an echo. Every Catholic Christian rows positively that this during invitation to fall away from Home.

the centre of Christian unity, en the centre of Christian unity, each ungers his spiritual welfare. "Los yon Rom" "Los yon Petrus;" it mouns separation from the Catholic Church, which Our Lord Jesus Christ, has founded upon the rock, Peter. It means separation from Jesus (hrist, Who has made. Peter his successor and representative in this successor. He was separation from God, because Jesus Christ is the Sun of God. Considering our responsible position and out of love for our Austrian Fatherland, as well as for our monarch, His Majesty our dear Emperor and Sovereign, we always diligently endeavored to protect our sheep from the danger hidden in this ominous cry, "Los you Rom."

den in this ominous cry, 'Los von Rom.'

The originators and leaders of this "Los von Rom" movement intend to estreage Austrian Catholics from their Holy Faith as well as from their Holy Faith as well as from their dear country. And even if they tried to hide their plans of high treason they would be laid open by the attacks upon religion. For disobedience against God and His Church entails disregard for the existing worldly authority and endangers the constitution of the State most seriously. He who is unfaithful to God is not faithful to his emperor, who by God's grace sits upon the throne. Seriously considering these truths, continually confirmed by experience, and in order to prevent in time the great danger against your spiritual and ten regional salvation, we have from the reginning in our common counsels exposed the abominable doings of the originators of this "Los von Reu." movement. In compliance with a common decision each bishop has, according to the peculiar circumstances of his diocese, warned and instructed the Faithful about this movement directed against the Catholic Church, the Dynasty of Habsburg, and the Austrian Fatherland. Furthermore, where necessary we drew attention to the dangers against the common welfare springing from these dark designs. With a frivolity knowing no bounds the leaders of this daring movement have made known their political ends. Austria, they say, can only prosper in the future by shaking off the yoke of the Catholic Church. It is evident that this aims at the destruction of the Habsburg monarchy.

For Austria in the past performed the most glorious feats when her

For Austria in the past performed

twion has been granted to the people by which they participate in the affairs of public life. We also remind all those who have a vote at the elections that it is a matter of conscience to use that rightly and to clect men who are willing to throw all the influence they possess into the scale to further Christian principles in social life and enact laws in a Christian spirit."

Bractical Ferdinand.-She was in the first blush of the honeymoon's happiness. He was there with her, but he was a man, and it didn't but he was a man, and it didn't stick out all over him so. He was leastless, too, and she was sentimental. They were diving out, and the conversation turned on untimely deaths. "Ferdinand," said she, lovingly across the golden chrysanthemulas. "Ferdinand, dear, if I were to die what would you do?" He was lust putting a piece of roast beef into his mouth and he chewed on in silence. Then, with the brutality of a man bent on his dinner, he said: "I'd send for the undertaker." And he doesn't know yet why she wouldn't kiss him good-night.

SATURDAY, JA

with a letter fro column; in fact, I first that I ever riety of subjects to the conclusion attention was pai tions." Still I them, possibly communication "Mr. Curbstone." name, and it may it is or it is not little, for the let tended destination writer was greatl comments upon t I have to say abo would be so good the word "fireman and change a few described in my l the circumstances, that I wrote in th subject he suggest not go into all th garding the daily oranch of the gre tion body to form the real value and its of the men be

I have entitled 'Protection." I supposed for a mo the remotest idea political policy-a different class. Si my articles has led tion, I could no tion, I could not have a few words 'Protection' in geture is naturally quently independent feel that we need me are not depended son. It is foreign which is rebellious tection. No man that he owes what the rebellious tection. No man that he owes what the order of thing one of us who is ent; we all depend a certain degree of it otherwise we woo nearth, we would humanity has never day of original six sess untold wealth most extent of pormost extent of pormost extent of points. try, still we are in tion. I will take a illustrations, and that none can gain

In the first play aside, as unnecessa sent the general d mankind upon the P our lives would be enter into the religi question to talk a tion of the saints, Blessed Virgin, or earth. These are liong to another sph not require any e hands. I am only with the purely nat question, leaving one to those more proposition is this on my own observa the first to the last on earth the human of protection. question to talk a

Truly the affairs entirely dependent, chances of existence tection of its parent To secure the very cessary to feed its covering required body from expose without which it my fant cannot do wit When it grows olde walk, to talk, to get that it cannot recognized the protecting have a protecting steps others for its food child becomes a your girl, more than every girl, more than every girl, more than every fore and around it, must be protected a his youthful tendency for and around it, must be protected a protection for a pustions, the your protected against the rors, the dillusions, hundred and one ene her path. And so fa are as much at the protection of the protection of the protection and the protection of the protection and the protection of the protection and the protection of the prot covering required