

SANCTITY OF THE CHURCH.

GRAND SERMON OF THE RIGHT REV. P. J. RYAN, D. D., BISHOP OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

We cannot, brethren, overrate the salutary influence on individuals and society of this Catholic doctrine of no divorce with power to marry again. Look at that man, in whose breast is raging the contest between passion and conscience. The wife whom he once loved has become hateful to him; domestic trials and differences have estranged them. Before him appear youth and beauty. The reformed doctrine whispers in his ear: "Marriage is not indissoluble; youth and beauty can yet be yours." Only a divorce is necessary, and it is easily obtained by legal process; any pretext is now sufficient. Fatal hope! satanic whisper! the bond is broken, and the poor outcast wife is left companionless! But suppose the man a Catholic, he hears another and a far different doctrine. The holy old Church speaks to him in solemn warning; she says: "You took that wife in the day of her early joy; she gave you her young heart before you altar; you swore to be faithful to her until death you both part; your union with her is like unto mine with Christ, and at the peril of your immortal soul that union is to be perpetual, to end only when you have knelt by her grave!"

I ask the thinking men of this age who know "the signs of the times," and who feel that increasing divorces are corrupting human society, I ask them which is the more salutary, the whisper of the reformer, or the grand, solemn protest of the old Church? To those reformers I say: You raised the floodgates of passion when you abolished the old doctrine, and now you try, perhaps, to stem the torrent with a straw, for no greater is your influence. The Church, with folded arms, has had to look on with deep sorrow at your fatal work. She alone can remedy the terrible evil by restoring the ancient doctrine, and you must yet kneel at her feet, and beg her to return and re-sanctify the Christian family, or witness the appalling dissolution of society itself! You charge the Church with being "behind the age." I grant it. She is behind this age, and has old notions of conjugal fidelity and indissoluble matrimony. The Church has always certain historic relations to the age. Sometimes you will grant, she has been in advance of the age; as when she led the age from pagan barbarity into the light and glory of Christian civilization, when she was the only Church and the only Christianity in existence to do so. Now she is behind the age, because it has turned its back upon her, and is bounding headlong toward the paganism from which she had rescued human society. She is behind the age as a faithful character, because the age needs to be reined backward, since you, like the fabled reckless young charioteer of the sun, have permitted it to dash unrestrained and undirected toward moral chaos!

Another striking evidence of the Church's sanctity is her wonderful resemblance to her divine Spouse. Like him in wonderful variety and as marvellous unity, with divine and human elements, and all the varied human elements subject to the one divine will. His power and charity, his meekness and humility, his compassion for the poor and the sinful, his deep sympathy for the lowly and the afflicted, his grand and amiable in his character—you see reproduced in her, as clearly and vividly as his sacred face was once impressed on the napkin of Veronica. This wonderful resemblance is daily becoming more evident and convincing. Of all the bodies of men professing Christianity in this country, which one is most like unto Christ in his charity and love, his self-sacrifice? When the disciples of John came to our Divine Lord and asked him if he were in truth the Messiah, or should they look for another, Christ replied: "Tell John the things that you have seen and heard; the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."

To say we, brethren, to the enquirer for the true Church of Christ, who will want to examine her fruits of sanctity: Go tell the world what you have seen or heard—the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. Not only does she point to the physical miracles as attestation of her sanctity, but to the moral miracles of her charity. Who takes most care of the poor, the sick, and the friendless? Who has founded Sisters of Charity and Mercy for their relief? Who is most like to Jesus Christ in calling to her all "who labor and are heavy laden? Where, outside her pale, do we behold the similar institutions of mercy? Where do we see the young woman laying at the foot of the cross her youth and wealth, and all earthly hope and love, to spend her days in loathsome hospitals, tending the suffering members of her mystic Spouse? This resemblance between the Church and Christ, the source and the husband forms, at this day, and in this country, a popular and telling argument of the Church's divinity.

The sisters of charity are the evangelists of the hour. Their living testimony, backed by deeds of purest charity, is bringing conviction to the minds and hearts of our non-Catholic people. You remember, brethren, the plain, unadorned argument of the man blind born, to whom Jesus Christ restored his sight. The Jewish priests took him aside, and bade him give glory to God, because Christ was a sinner. The simple, honest man briefly answered: "If he be a sinner I know not; but one thing I do know, whereas I was blind now I see. God hears not sinners." Behold the argument; he cared not, by his fruits, to judge him. This required no great logic; the fact and its consequence were obvious. Let bigots tell the returned soldiers or the liberated prisoners that the Church is sinful and corrupt. They reply, if she be so we know not, for we have not examined her! "But one thing we do know," whereas we were sold, now we are well, and those who are in hospitals and on battle-fields, and they waited on us in hospitals and on battle-fields, and they did this without pay or human motive. A bad tree cannot produce such good fruit. God gives not such courage and devotedness to the members of such wicked societies as you would have us believe the Catholic Church to be. Splendid miracles, that appear at once, brethren, to intellect and heart, convincing the one and moving the other! The Church's mission now seems to be like that of Peter at the gate of the temple called Beautiful, when he raised the lame man and sent him bounding with joy through the gate into the temple of God. So, brethren, did the Church bend down to the country in the hour of her suffering, to speak to her children words of consolation and strength, raised them by ministrations of mercy, and now sends hundreds rejoicing through the "beautiful gate" of Catholic charity into the temple of the living God! She it is that also "preaches the Gospel of the poor." In her temples are the poor to be always found, and are the most cherished

members of her sacred charge. She alone can preach to the poor and illiterate by her system of oral, manual teaching. She preserves the dead and dumb by her striking pictures and statues and beautiful symbolism. Her means of instruction are Catholic as the doctrines she teaches; and, like her Spouse, she can adapt herself to every class of disciples, now teaching a Nicodemus and now evangelizing the unlettered poor.

Behold again his charity to the fallen woman, and see how in this also the Spouse imitates him. The "sinner of the city" falls prostrate at the feet of Jesus, washes them with her tears and wipes them with her hair. Scarcely are they dry when a fresh torrent wells up from her broken heart and she sobs out her sorrow, not daring to look into the heaven of his countenance, for well she knows that, like the heaven beyond the stars, nothing defiled should enter there. The Pharisees are scandalized at this scene, and whisper to each other: "If this man were a prophet he would know what manner of woman she is that touches him—that she is a sinner." But Jesus rejects her not. Still she embraces those sacred feet, which are indeed "beautiful on the mountains," high above the human respect and Pharisaic scandal—the feet of him that evangelizes good things to that poor, contrite heart. Many sins he forgave her, "because she loved much." With how much divine compassion and tenderness did he treat her! and how faithful did she not prove! How like the husband is the spouse! Behold the outcast sinner, whom our modern Pharisees believe beyond reformation. God has granted to her a consciousness of her crimes, has sent sorrow into her heart, and as diamonds glisten in the dark, and in the night we behold "worlds of light" on the firmament we see not in the glare of the sunshine; so now, in her deep, dark anguish of soul, the very feet of Jesus, upon her prayers, and upon her tears. The world that allured and seduced and destroyed her now laughs her to scorn, as Satan smiled at Eve after her fatal fall. Friendless, homeless, alone, the outcast wanders through the dark passes of this valley of tears, until she finds in the Catholic Church a place like the banquet hall of Simon, where she may fall at the feet of Jesus and weep, and "love much," and be forgiven. See these pure virgin nuns, styled appropriately of the "Good Shepherd," who have sworn at God's altar to devote their days to the reformation of outcasts like this one; see how gently they receive her; how kindly they treat her; how she enters the convent-chapel, and before the Holy Sacrament, at the very feet of Jesus, pours out her prayers, and sighs and tears, and goes forth justified rather than those self-righteous Pharisees who despise her.

In most of the cities of Europe and America are houses of this most charitable order of the Good Shepherd, in which the Church continues towards the fallen Christ's mission of peace and pardon. To the innumerable other points of resemblance between Christ and His Spouse, we need not now refer. Her doctrines, like His, are daily misrepresented. She is calumniated and persecuted by the world, and has been so in every age, as He prophesied she would be. The very words spoken against Him are spoken against her and her doctrines. When He forgave the sins of the paralytic, his enemies thought that "the power" had departed. Her doctrines, like His, are daily misrepresented. She is calumniated and persecuted by the world, and has been so in every age, as He prophesied she would be. The very words spoken against Him are spoken against her and her doctrines. When He forgave the sins of the paralytic, his enemies thought that "the power" had departed. Her doctrines, like His, are daily misrepresented. She is calumniated and persecuted by the world, and has been so in every age, as He prophesied she would be. The very words spoken against Him are spoken against her and her doctrines. When He forgave the sins of the paralytic, his enemies thought that "the power" had departed.

When the Redeemer was receiving converts from every part, and, as we read, "he had many disciples," he gave to Caesar what belongs to Caesar, and to God what belongs to God. The great moral question of right he decides as the Church decides the ethics of political questions, but the political question he leaves untouched. So, brethren, have men endeavored to make us, "take sides"; but the Church, while teaching obedience to law as a moral duty, has respected the moral and political issues, and hence she is respected and makes converts from all parties. Her mission is to human souls, and politics she leaves to politicians. Hence men feel she is above them, and she is a divine institution which politicians, imperial or republican, can never use for their temporal ends. And as, after this rebuke, and sectarian asked our Lord "no more questions," so have the politicians ceased their efforts to desecrate the Church, and now leave her to her sacred mission.

Behold, then, the wonderful resemblance between Christ and his Church, in their history, their doctrines, and their sanctifying influence on men. O glorious Spouse of Christ! truly did Isaiah say that "no weapon formed against thee should prosper and every tongue that spoke against thee in judgment thou shouldst condemn." Holy Spouse! how like unto thy Lord in all things. We have seen thy humble origin, when, in thy infancy, wrapped as it were, in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, thou didst commence the work of sanctification. We have seen the kings of the earth come to adore before, and lay their treasures at thy sacred shrines. We have seen thee grow into vigorous maturity, going round doing good to the nations, scattering miraculous benedictions in thy path—raising the blind, the lame, the lepers, and the deaf; raising the dead and preaching to the poor the Gospel of the Law; healing, civilizing, and sanctifying the children of men. We have seen thee, O spotless Spouse! rising in divine splendor above all human institutions, "thy face as the sun and thy vestments white as snow," transfigured before the world, with law and prophecy bearing testimony to thy divine origin; with the voice from heaven commanding men to hear thee, and declaring that who dared to de-

spise thee despised Christ and the Father who sent him; when dazzled humanity felt it was good to be near thee—rank in light and glory from the face of splendor, and "built tabernacles" to retain thee in order to bless all its institutions! And we have seen thee, too, in that other scene on the other mountain, when, indeed, thou wert "a Spouse of blood to him"; when thou didst come "with dyed garb, persecuted, cut and crucified by the nations thou didst civilize and bless. We have seen, too, thy triumphs like unto his; thy Calvary agonies succeeded by as many triumphant historic Easters! Thus hast thou, the mystic body, passed through the vicissitudes of Christ's natural body, continuing the work of benediction which he had commenced. So shall it be until the consummation of ages. Oh! my brethren, that these blessings may be fully realized in this country! The Catholic Church is no stranger here; her cross was the first civilizing standard planted on these shores; she was here before heresy or schism. The Catholic pilgrim from Genoa came before the Puritan pilgrim from England. The vessel of the blessed Virgin, that bore Columbus touched these shores before the May Flower. If political differences and civil wars among her people have impeded her full action on society; if she has had her great vicissitudes in the past—behold now "the winter is past and flowers appear in our land." In the healthy, intelligent, and comparatively free Catholicity of these States, we see the seeds of spiritual life in the fields are green, and the reapers are not in council to devise means to gather in the future golden harvest. And now, brethren, as our Divine Lord himself, the fountain of all sanctity, is about to give you his benediction in the most Holy Sacrament, with eyes and hearts directed to him. Oh! say, with all the fervor of your souls that his benediction may descend on the councils of your assembled prelates; that the spirit of wisdom and understanding may enlighten their minds, and the spirit of fortitude and piety nerve and warm their hearts; that they may be enabled to lead you and yours by the way of sanctity, to the nuptials of the lamb with his spouse triumphant.

TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

Treat your servants with confidence and consideration, and do not suspect them of doing wrong. They must be trusted more or less by the household, and trust, in most cases, begets a sense of responsibility. Require careful performance of their duties, strict obedience to your orders, tidiness and cleanliness in their persons, respectful manners and willing service, and make them understand how much their good conduct adds to the comfort of the whole household. They must have time to do their washing and keep their clothes in order, or they cannot be clean and tidy. Treat them with kindness, but never with familiarity. Don't ask unnecessary questions. If they are sad and moody, take no further notice of it, than to suggest (if practicable), that the usual holiday hours be taken on that day, rather than on the day appropriated for them. Without wholesome hours of recreation interrupted work becomes intolerable. If they are ill take care of them. Allow them to see their friends in the evening, not in the day-time if it interrupts work. If you deny the privilege of citizenship, you establish an unnatural condition, which is a premium for deceit and worse than deceit. Servants will have friends, even lovers. Do not compel them to hide in areas, or to make appointments, but let everything be honest and above board. There are and must be differences in the mode of pleasure and enjoyment, and in the gratification of wants and wishes, but there is a common womanhood. Let us remember this gratefully and feel how much is in the power of every mistress of a household to elevate those she employs.

Appoint a time for the holiday of each servant, and, if possible, do not allow arrangements to interfere with this appropriated time. If necessary to defer it, have no question about it. I have never known an instance of unwilling assent. "Good mistresses make good servants," is an old adage and usually true. Servants are influenced by example. If they see that your conduct is governed by principle they will respect you. If they see that your temper is well regulated, and that you desire to do your duty to them, while you expect a steady performance of their duty to you their respect will be mingled with affection, and a desire to deserve your favor.

AN AMERICAN LADY SEES THE POPE.

[Correspondence Philadelphia Telegraph.] We were quite a large American party. The ladies were required to dress in black, without gloves, and wear black lace veils off Espagnoil. Arriving at the Vatican at noon, we were ushered into the audience chamber by one of the attendants dressed in scarlet silk-brocade livery; about 400 visitors were present to see the solemn and imposing ceremonies. After waiting perhaps an hour, during which time, woman like, we had thoroughly canvassed and criticised the audience, just as they were no doubt doing with us, Leo XIII. arrived, accompanied by two Cardinals, but without any other pomp or delay. Removing his hat and scarlet cloak (pardon me if I do not speak technically), he appeared in a pure white robe, wearing a sash of moiré antique ribbon and scarlet slippers embroidered with gold. The visitors sat in rows around the audience chamber, and accompanied by one of his Cardinals, his Holiness, on having every person presented to him by name by the Cardinal, blessed each individual, all kneeling. Christians of all denominations kissed his hand, while the Catholics also kissed his ring and foot; many of those present brought rosaries to receive the Papal blessing. It was really a most impressive occasion; the Pope seemed most benign, happy and affectionate, and at the conclusion of his long ceremony, which lasted an hour and a half, he pronounced a general benediction from the Pontifical chair, and the audience dispersed.

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

"Do you ever have malaria here?" said a lady to an illiterate hotel-keeper. "Yes," said he, "we'll have it to-day, for I've got the best French cook in the city."

A little boy got a great way from this city, inquired concerning the stars: "Pa, what are those things up there—are they little drops of sun?"

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a sty in them when I saw her last."

At a shop window in the Strand there appears the following notice:—"Wanted 2 apprentices who will be treated as 1 of the family."

"My dear boy," said a fond mother, "never defer till to-morrow what you can do to-day." "Then, mother," replied the urchin, "let's eat the plum-pudding to-night."

Why are sheep the most dissipated creatures in creation? Because they gambol in their youth, spend most of their days on the turf; the best of them are black legs, and they are sure to be fleeced at last.

A man died last week, leaving considerable property, one-half of which he left to three needy and deserving young lawyers, to enable them to get the other half.

Somebody remarks that young ladies look on a boy as a nuisance until he is past sixteen, when he generally doubles up in value each year until, like a meerschaum pipe, he is priceless.

"The trouble with this goose with wine sauce," said a guest at an hotel to the proprietor, who smilingly asked if everything was satisfactory, "is, that the age is in the goose instead of the wine."

Mamma (suddenly)—"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Jack—"What's the matter, mamma?" Mamma—"I've jammed my little finger in the door of this wretched store-cupboard!" Jack—"Jammed your little finger? Oh! let me suck it, mamma!"—Punch.

"What do you mean by a cat-and-dog life?" said a husband to his angry wife. "Look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug. I wish men lived as gracefully with their wives." "Stop," said the lady, "let them together, and see how they will agree."

PUZZLER'S CORNER.

We cordially invite contributions to this corner with the name and address of each contributor.

Answers will appear two weeks after each set of problems. Solutions must reach us by the "Monday," previous to publication. Address: "PUZZLER," "Catholic Record" Office, 388 Richmond Street, London Ont.

PRIZES TO PUZZLERS. To be awarded on St. Patrick's Day, 1879. 1st. Prize, a handsome Bible, value \$10. 2nd. The Life of the Blessed Virgin; value \$5. 3rd. The Catholic Record for one year, and any book from Sadler's list of value \$2. Total value \$14. 4th. The Catholic Record for one year, value \$2. If preferred, any book of the same value from Sadler's list will be sent instead of prizes, 1, 2 and 4. To encourage our young friends, we allow them to compete for all the prizes, not more than two will be awarded to competitors over 18 years of age. We hope our youthful readers will, for their own improvement, take a special interest in the "Corner."

THE CHRISTMAS PUZZLER'S CORNER will be open for solutions till 1st March, 1879. Take notice of the special prizes offered for it.

76. DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. B-S-R-Y-U-R-R-G-T-H-N-O-H-A.

77. POETICAL ANAGRAM. Owl rifle si feil! who signay ireh! Who er bit sti jny nad rease! Ti mases of eb in agelne thw meit, Nad seveal su awaes run.

78. Si Walter Scott was born on the 15th August, 1717. On what day of the week did that date occur?

79. Name the author of the following verse. During what period of British History did he write? Name some of his principal compositions: "But see, the Virgin blest Hath laid her Babe to rest; Time is, our tedious song should here have ending; Heaven's youngest-tempered star Hath fix'd her path'd car; Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending; And all about the courtly stable Bright-harness'd angels sit in order servicable."

80. How far may a person go in a stage which makes 8 miles an hour, so that by walking back at 3 miles an hour he may be gone only 6 1/2 hours? By arithmetic.

81. If an article had cost me 15 per cent. less, the same selling price would have brought me 25 per cent. more. What was the gain per cent? By arithmetic.

82. Find the values of x in the following equation without employing the methods of quadratics: 1 + 1/x = 1 + 1/(x+a)

A MULES RESERVED POWER. Louisville Courier-Journal.

This mule looked like he was 135 years old, and was dead standing upon his feet. He was hitched to a pine-bodied spring-wagon, with a high dashboard. The "team" was standing on the levee in mute silence, while the old darkey who "driy" it went ahead the what-not. A tramp could make a barrel of money selling pictures of this mule, labelled "Patience." His long, flabby ears hung down each side of his head like window-awnings with the rods out of them. His face wore a sober look, while out of his mouth hung a tongue eight inches long. His tail was swung down from the rear end of his hirsute roof like a wet rope, while his whole body seemed as motionless as death itself. Presently a red-headed urchin, with an old ball in his hand walked up in front of him, and looking into his face, saw that the mule was asleep. He walked around, climbed up into that wagon, leaned over the dashboard, lifted that mule's tail, and let it come down in time to catch a death-grip on that boot-heel. That mule woke up so quick that he kicked the boy and the dashboard twenty feet into the air. He didn't stop there. He changed the position of his ears, hauled in his tongue, planted his forefeet, and his head between his knees, and from the fore-shoulders to the tip of his trunk was in motion, and he didn't look like he was more than two years old, the way he was kicking that old wagon-body into the air. He kicked the boy and the dashboard twenty feet into the air. He didn't stop there. He changed the position of his ears, hauled in his tongue, planted his forefeet, and his head between his knees, and from the fore-shoulders to the tip of his trunk was in motion, and he didn't look like he was more than two years old, the way he was kicking that old wagon-body into the air. He kicked the boy and the dashboard twenty feet into the air. He didn't stop there. 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