

# That Tired Feeling

Makes you seem "all broken up," without life, ambition, energy or appetite. It is often the forerunner of serious illness, or the accompaniment of nervous troubles. It is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is therefore apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

It cures liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.



COOKS FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of cakes—Rolls, Biscuits, Pastry, etc. Light, sweet, moist, and delicious. For further particulars apply to

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses.

For further particulars apply to REV. THEO. SPETZ, President

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH ONT.—The studies embrace the Classics and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For further particulars apply to Rev. J. O'NEILL, S. J.

THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY CHATHAM, ONT.

The Educational Course comprises every branch suitable for young ladies.

For further particulars apply to Rev. J. O'NEILL, S. J.

THE LADY SUPERIOR

The London Business University and Academy of Shorthand and Typewriting

(Formerly London Commercial College.) 212-214 Dundas Street.

We select the same liberal patronage which the readers of THE RECORD are entitled to us in the past. Satisfaction guaranteed.

W. N. YERK, Principal.

NORTHERN Business College

was founded, Ontario, in the very best place in Canada to get thorough business education.

For further particulars apply to Rev. J. O'NEILL, S. J.

LEGAL

LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 415 Talbot Street, London. Private funds to loan.

THOMAS J. ANDERSON, BARRISTER, Solicitor, etc. Office: Edge Block, South-east corner Dundas and Richmond streets. Money to loan.

Mustard - THAT'S - Mustard

Dunn's Mustard

MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH SEED

SOLD IN 2c. and 10c. TINS.

Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

PLUMBING WORK

in operation, can be seen at our warehouse, Opp. Masonic Temple.

SMITH BROS.

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers London, Ont. Telephone 58.

Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters.

STAINED GLASS

FOR CHURCHES.

Best Quality Only. Prices the Lowest.

McCAUSLAND & SON

76 King Street West, TORONTO.

Pictorial Lives of the Saints

The Catholic Record for One Year For \$3.00.

This Pictorial Lives of the Saints contains Reflections for Every Day in the Year. The book is compiled from "The Lives of the Saints" and other approved sources, to which are added Lives of the American Saints, recently placed on the Calendar for the United States by special petition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore; and also the Lives of the Saints Canonized in 1862 by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, L. D. With a beautiful frontispiece and 400 Holy Family and twenty-four hundred other illustrations. Elegantly bound in extra cloth. Greatly admired by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., who sent his special blessing to the publishers; and approved by forty Archbishops and Bishops.

The above work will be sent to any of our subscribers, and will also give them credit for a year's subscription to THE CATHOLIC RECORD, on receipt of Three Dollars. We will in all cases prepay carriage.

FAIR CANADA, 25c. - J. A. FAREWELL to Ireland, 40c. - two new and pretty notes. Send for same to WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 129 Yonge Street, Toronto. 939-11

## A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID. Author of "Arming," "Philip's Restitution," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"THESE THINGS ARE DONE THROUGH FRIENDS."

It required all of Craven's diplomacy to manage the Comte de Vêrac, and satisfy his inquiries with regard to Miss Lorimer. The young man had hoped much from his ambassador—the hope inspired by the ambassador's manner rather than his words; for Craven had at the time, as we know, felt very certain of a favorable issue to the matter. He had been very prudent—in speech. But something in tone or look had betrayed his inward assurance, and prepared the disappointment which he now found it hard to soothe.

"Tell me exactly what you discovered," said the Comte imperiously. "Let me be the judge whether or not there is a hope for me."

"It is impossible for me to tell you exactly what I discovered," answered Craven, who began to regret the intermediary part he had undertaken, "because it was in a measure confidential. I can only assure you that it is impossible for you to think of marriage with Miss Lorimer."

"On account of her fortune?" Craven replied, "on account of the question had not been on account of her want of fortune." Then, conscious of a twinge of conscience, he went hastily on: "She is a strange girl—altogether built on very original lines—and, fortune apart, I do not think that a marriage with her would be either for your happiness or hers."

"I have great respect for your judgment, my friend," said M. de Vêrac stily; "but this is a point on which no man can judge for another. If the practical side of the affair could be arranged, I should leave Miss Lorimer to decide whether or not she could be happy with me. There is no question in my mind of my happiness with her."

"It is very likely that there is no question in your mind," replied Craven, "but that is not saying that there is no question in fact. And, unless I am much mistaken, Miss Lorimer would recognize it."

"Did you betray me to her?" asked the other quickly and haughtily.

"I betrayed nothing," answered Craven, beginning to be irritated in his turn. "Do you think that your sentiments, which have been sufficiently obvious, needed any betrayal? But you may be sure of one thing—that Miss Lorimer is not a woman to make mistakes in such matters, even if you suppose me capable of making them. It was a very delicate business: I did my best for you to spare you awkwardness and pain, and I have my reward in suspicion and fault-finding."

"No," said the young man, looking a little ashamed, "not that. If I am a busy man, you must allow something for my disappointment. I have been foolish enough to hope much since I talked to you—to think that something might be discovered or arranged. I cannot resign myself to believe that nothing is possible."

Craven shrugged his shoulders. "If you wish to satisfy yourself," he said, "the way is open. I am sure that Miss Lorimer will answer frankly any question that you may ask her."

"You know that it is impossible for me to ask her any question," replied M. de Vêrac gloomily. "One cannot go to a lady and say, 'Mademoiselle, I should like to marry you, but I must first know the amount of your fortune.' These things are done through friends."

"Exactly," said Craven; "and if the friends fail to accomplish the impossible, they are not thanked for their effort, but blamed for their failure. It is an old story, but I forgive you for your ingratitude; you are in love and consequently unreasonable."

"I am neither ungrateful nor unreasonable," answered the Comte; "but I am in despair. My hands are tied—I can do nothing; and yet I adore her, my friend—I adore her."

"Why have you not courage enough to go and tell her so, then?" thought Craven, with a sense of wonder. He had an instinct that if this were done—i.e., risking the loss of some ambitions, the young man went to Cecil with genuine passion and true tenderness, he might, by the all potent force of strong feeling, conquer her hesitations, and win a reward of which he did not dream. But even to hint this was impossible. "And, after all," said the philosopher to himself, "it is better as it is. A marriage deconsecration will suit him best in the end. The fire of genuine passion is not in him; perhaps it is too much to expect that it should be. Few and far between are the men—or women either—who have in their nature the power of sacrifice. If all passions were put to that test, small would be the number, great enough to bear it successfully; and why, then, should I wonder that this man does not display what is so rare? Let him go. No doubt he is good enough in his way, but not worthy of Cecil Lorimer. No man is worthy of her who would not be willing to date or to sacrifice anything to win her."

With these sentiments it is likely that M. de Vêrac did not find him a very sympathizing listener. At least the interview ended soon after this; and Craven concluded with a sigh of relief as they parted, "Thank Heaven, that is over!"

His interview with the Vicomtesse was more agreeable. For one thing, she was always agreeable to him; for another, it was a more pleasant task to end her disquietude than to listen to M. de Vêrac's complaints. Seated in her boudoir—an apartment charmingly and luxuriously fitted up for her specially—they discussed the matter much as they discussed Cecil's coming, on that bygone spring day in Paris.

"And you are certain, then," observed the Vicomtesse, after listening to a report in which only the fact of Cecil's fortune was suppressed, "that Armand has no intention of offering himself to her?"

"I am as certain as one can be of anything that depends on the purpose of another," Craven replied. "He declares that he adores her and that he is in despair."

"That of course!" said the lady, with a gesture of her fan which meant that it signified nothing.

"But that he has not the least intention of asking her to marry him," Craven went on. "He seems as thoroughly reasonable on the subject, as little disposed to romantic disinterestedness, as you could desire."

If there was a faint inflection of sarcasm in the last words, Madame de Vêrac did not hear it. Delicate and refined as she was, on this subject the world had rendered her thoroughly obtuse. Romantic disinterestedness in such a case was for her only another name for criminal folly.

"It is a great relief to my mind to hear it," she said. "I confess that I have been very uneasy. I know Armand well, and the things that he must weigh with him. But a man in love—passionately in love—is for the time insane. He will commit acts of folly, he will even make sacrifices of his best interests, which he will bitterly repent as soon as he is sane. Wise women, knowing this, do not accept such sacrifices; but many women have to learn their wisdom at a bitter cost. It would have been too much to expect Cecil to be wise if so brilliant an opportunity had been placed before her. I am more than glad, therefore, that my fears were unfounded, and that she is to be spared the temptation."

It required an effort of self-control at this point for Craven to repress a smile. He thought of Cecil's words—"a temptation which I must put behind me"—and wondered to himself what the sensations of the Vicomtesse would be if the truth were revealed to her. To reveal it being out of the question, he decided to make Miss Lorimer's way as smooth for her as possible.

"Yes," he observed, "things seem for the present to have reached a very satisfactory point; but you must let me say that I do not think it would be well to put de Vêrac's resolution to a prolonged test. He is very much in love, and, as you remarked a moment ago, a man in love is capable of inconceivable folly. The less he sees of Miss Lorimer for some time to come, the better."

"You are right," said the Vicomtesse. "I have been thinking of that myself. I should like to take her away at once, but how can I? By Armand's request I am here as hostess; and with this party of people on my hands, it is impossible for me to leave." She was silent for a moment, reflecting deeply, her fair brow knitted into unusual lines; then she looked at him and said: "Why do you not follow our instincts? Or, rather, why do we follow our impulses? You remember our conversation about Cecil before she came—how I told you that I regretted having asked her to come, and dreaded the result? My dread is justified at last. I like her—no one could help liking her—but if Armand throws away the chances of his life by marrying her, it will break my heart."

"Have no fear of it," answered Craven. "M. de Vêrac has no intention of throwing away any of the chances of his life; and if he were so foolish as to dream of it, Miss Lorimer would not allow him to do so. Of that I am sure."

His listener made a gesture which indicated profound incredulity.

"When you say such things as that I lose respect for your judgment," she remarked. "There is no young and ambitious woman who would reject Armand and all that he has to offer. You may fancy so, but I know better. However, we will not discuss what she might or might not do in a situation which I devoutly trust may never arise. I must put it out of her power as soon as possible to do anything, by taking her away. I will go to England, to Russia—anywhere to get her out of Armand's path."

"I hope there will be no need for you to sacrifice yourself to that extent," said Craven, with a smile.

And indeed it was on the very next day that the mind of the Vicomtesse was set at rest by Cecil herself.

Miss Marriot's letter came, full of rapturous assent to her request and delight at the idea of her companionship.

"I did not venture to suggest that you should come," she wrote, "because you seemed to be enjoying your life in France so much, and it is far more brilliant than anything you will find with us; but I have been longing for you all the same. I never see anything beautiful that I do not wish for you to share it with me, for there is no artistic or intellectual pleasure that is lost on you. We are going into the Tyrol next week, and when it was first spoken of I thought, 'Oh, if Cecil were only with me, how charming it would be!' Fancy, then, my delighted surprise, when I received your letter. I could scarcely believe my good fortune as I read it, so seldom in life do we obtain what we want so quickly and so completely. Come, then, immediately. Our departure into the Tyrol will be delayed until you join us. Shall John meet you anywhere? He will be delighted to do so. Write at once and let us know."

It was pleasant to be welcomed so warmly, and with this letter in her hand Cecil went to seek Madame de Vêrac. She found her in her boudoir with her own letters—for after the post came in there was a general separation of the guests with their correspondents.

"Do I disturb you?" Miss Lorimer asked. "I have something here that I would like to speak to you about; but if you are occupied I can wait."

"Oh, no!" replied the Vicomtesse, dropping carelessly a note that she was reading. "These things amount to nothing. What have you there?" she continued, with a somewhat apprehensive glance toward the missive which Cecil held.

"A letter from my friend Grace Marriot, with whom I crossed the ocean," was the reply. "You may remember that I have spoken of her. She is in Germany with her brother and his family, and she writes me that they are going into the Tyrol next week, and would like me to join them. It is one of the countries I desire most to see; and if you do not object to my leaving you, I think I will take advantage of the opportunity."

With all her worldly training, the Vicomtesse could not suppress the glow of pleasure and satisfaction which came over her. Her whole face changed, her eyes brightened, she smiled radiantly. "I could not be selfish enough to desire to keep you from anything so pleasant," she said. "I shall be desolated to part from you, but it is only fair that I should spare you to your friends if you wish to go. But you will return to me again?"

"Oh, yes! I certainly hope to see you again before I leave Europe," Cecil answered. "My visit to you has been altogether charming, and I shall never forget your kindness."

"If you have enjoyed the time you have spent with me I am charmed," said the Vicomtesse; "for your companionship has been delightful to me. I am sorry that it is necessary for us to part. But you do not think of going before our visit to Villenur is ended?"

"Yes," answered Cecil, who understood the solicitude beneath this question. "If I am to join the Marriots before their journey into the Tyrol, it is necessary that I should start at once. I should not like to delay them. Do not think me abrupt in departure if I say that I must go to-morrow."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE CONFESSIONAL EXPOSED.

Report of a Lecture Delivered by the Rev. Father Canning before the St. Mary's Branch, Toronto, of the Catholic Truth Society.

Report of lecture delivered by the Rev. Father Canning before the St. Mary's Branch, Toronto, of the Catholic Truth Society.

There is in the Catholic Church no other object which arouses in the Protestant mind more curiosity, more suspicion, more mingled pity and contempt, than does the Catholic confessional; and there is no other Catholic institution which has been so bitterly attacked and so grossly misrepresented.

Once again, then, we crave the fair play and attention of our Protestant friends in this matter. We have no reason in the world to wish to deceive you; give us, therefore, at least, the credit of being honest, and we shall endeavor to allay your curiosity, to show you that your suspicions are unfounded, your pity and contempt misplaced, your attacks uncalled for.

First of all, then, we shall endeavor to place before you a true idea of the confessional. Afterwards we shall speak of your objections which have frequently appeared in print, under such headings as "The Confessional Exposed," "The Horrors of the Confessional," etc.

By the sacrament of baptism the soul is freed from all the sins by which it was burdened up to the time of baptism. But men, even after baptism, commit sins which if not pardoned, would be their everlasting ruin. The question then, at issue, is the forgiveness of these sins, committed after baptism. Note well, that the difficulty is not as to who is the forgiver—for all admit that God, at least primarily, alone has this power—but as to how He forgives. Does He, Himself, directly exercise this power in forgiving, or has He established a means by which He exercises this power indirectly, somewhat a.g., as He does in baptism? Has He established human ministers to act as His agents in this matter? It will not do to answer this question as some do by saying that it is cheating the soul to thus place a barrier in the form of a human agent between it and the love of Christ, for the confessor far from being a barrier to the love of Christ is most powerful in uniting us to Christ. Besides, it is not a question of theory, but of fact, it is not a question of what seems right or wrong to us, but of what Christ has really wished to be done in this matter. Again, it will not do, as most frequently happens, to answer this question by saying that no man can forgive sins; for, again, it is not a question of what man can do, as man, but of what he can do as the delegate of Christ. Certainly God has the power to delegate certain men to forgive sins, if He wish. All who admit His omnipotence must admit this. And not only is it certain that God has the power to delegate human ministers for this purpose, but from Sacred Scripture we learn that He actually did do so. For we read, (John xx. 22-23.) "When He had said this He breathed on them, and He said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." Here our Saviour evidently gave to the apostles who were human, the power of at least forgiving and retaining sins as they should see fit. But why should they forgive the sins of one, and retain the sins of another, unless one were worthy while the other was unworthy? And how could the apostles, know this unless they knew the spiritual condition of each? And how could they know this, again, except through confession? Therefore, confession necessarily preceded the exercise of the power of forgiving and retaining sins in the apostolic age. And so from this one text we draw two conclusions, viz., that confession was practiced at the very dawn of Christianity, and human ministers had then the power of forgiving sins.

Now, we Catholics hold that this power still exists, that this sacrament of penance of the apostolic age was to be a permanent Christian institution. True, Christ did not say to the apostles that others coming after them would continue to exercise this power; but there is as much proof from the text that it was to be permanent as there is for baptism, which all admit to have been established for all time. For when Christ commanded the apostles to baptize, saying, "Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them," etc. He did not say that others should continue this work after them. Consequently, if we say that the power of forgiving sins belonged only to the apostles, we must say the same of baptism. They are on the same ground as far as the Scriptural proof of their continuation is concerned. We logically conclude, therefore, that just as baptism was permanently established by Christ, so also was confession. And, of course, if God has established this sacrament, He did not do so to no purpose. He intended us to use it. Consequently, the Catholic teaching about this matter is that all who commit mortal sins after baptism are bound by the law of God to confess these sins to regularly ordained ministers of the New Law, and that through the absolution received from them, God indirectly pardons our sins. Of course, no one denies that his penitent is truly sorry for his sins purely for God's sake, they are forgiven without confession; but just as our Saviour was baptized that He might give an example of obedience, so all Catholics, even if they have good reasons for believing that they are

## Cardinal Logue on the Rosary.

I have on more than one occasion joined in the Rosary with the Pope in his court at the Vatican; I have joined in the Rosary in the cottage of the peasant; I have seen the beads slip through the fingers of the most learned men I ever met; I have seen them in the hands of the ignorant—and have seen in all the same earnest, unquestioned reverence. Now, it appears to me impossible that this or any other form of devotion could be so widespread, or indeed so deeply appreciated by men in every walk of life, if those that practiced it did not know from their own experience, from the experience of others, that it was a fruitful source of spiritual favors.

The history of Irish Catholicity is the history of devotion to the Holy Mother of God. We can trace it in those churches that have been founded by the early Irish saints in every land which has been blessed by their teaching. In dark and evil days it has been the solace and support of our fathers, drawing together more closely those bonds which bound them to their grand old faith with a love stronger than death. When the priest was slain or borne away on the high seas to enforced exile, when the Mass and Sacraments were no longer within reach, how often have our fathers gathered around their desecrated altars and within the crumbling walls of ruined churches recited the Rosary! This devotion to the Holy Mother of God has clung to the exiled children of our race wherever they have sought refuge from persecution. They have borne it away from home in their breaking hearts, together with love of the dear old land, and they have planted it deeply and firmly in those flourishing young churches, in the founding of which they and their descendants have taken a leading part.

### Building Up a Parish

The personal character and influence of its members will build up a parish. The tendency is to depend upon the priest, as if he were paid to maintain the church. It is more than he can do, and more than he ought to be expected to do. He is to be the leader of a zeal and willing people in worship and good works. He has a right to expect that, doing his duty, the people will also feel the responsibility of doing their share. Nearly everybody who goes to church has power to take another with him. This response of such personal invitations would greatly increase the congregations. People often think they need better preaching, better music, or a better church, when all that is needed is more of the spirit of God.

Perfect and permanent are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it makes pure, rich, healthy, life and health-giving blood.

## ness of human nature

to which it can be said to exclaim, "Thou art a creature of God!"

be distrustful of the grace of God!"

learns in humility on God alone: to be receives here in need of, and consideration. A place a great value but after all, honors strike the individual? In individual cases before the confessor, as Cardinal Guiseppe, "From the pulpit random; but be sure and definite this the secret power for good of the soul, and does not pass to treatise on discipline gives him instruction suit his particular priest not only general from the confessional and individual sorrow. For surely sorrows, surely aspirations. A sympathy. In be a dreary world The strongest of The weak espouse and receive sympathy. But often they pathy; not be it, but because their weakness noblest impulses man. But it was established to be enabled free scope to And nowhere I spent exhibited than in the conf may, as nature our sorrows and fear of public whisper the heart into the though they are sealed to a And now we Catholic exposure given in all the hope that we see as we see, seriously and searching, and all accomplishment

FLOWER

For some distinct signs of the use of the bottom of friends and ent at funeral reads, "On de fleurs."

asked not to occasion, especially never met with there is an ex we now observe commonly flowers here The effort to death and to ception upon in regard to pagans. Wh as France— as Jules Sim simplicity at — two or three needed to c wreaths and have been p Moreover, a known to a social position tude of non may, unless to prevent cemetery w be needed. flowers den tendency no est possible funerals lastings the cars of G would have Church in of the abuse of fl with death was recent on this sub at funerals become demonstra that these ally because way of all owe some agine that with a w place of c ings. F dead in that would such as th institution one ende Now a "b their ton enough. encourag place. upon a that will flowers t ity and feelings we affect —Liver

Let us, therefore, pass to another mistake which prevails in some quarters, viz., that priests, themselves, do not go to confession. This is pure nonsense. As a matter of fact, priests, Bishops, and even the Pope himself, go to confession much more frequently than the laity. And, by the way, herein lies a proof that the clergy were not the inventors of the confessional, otherwise they would most probably have exempted themselves from undergoing this humiliation in common with the laity.

Now, a word on another subject, and we are almost done. It is one of which we would fain not speak. But charges made from the house-top must be refuted from the house-top. It is that the confessional is a means of corrupting those of the other sex. In answer to this we cannot do better than to quote Father Searle. He says, "This charge is made as a rule, by certain apostate priests, who profess to speak from experience. Others make it on their own authority. But if such is the experience of these priests, so much the worse for them personally; if there had been corruption in the confessional in their experience, who, but themselves can have been the parties guilty of it? The sole foundation for this charge is that, as all kinds of sins must be confessed, those relating to impurity cannot be excepted, and consequently what are called "obscene" questions must be asked. But that such questions must be and are in fact obscene, is a falsehood. As well might one say that a physician must necessarily be obscene in his treatment of patients, or that physicians, as a rule, are so. The physician has to treat diseases of the body, the priest, those of the soul; both, to do any good, must know just what is the matter; the cases are parallel. But neither need act or speak impudently or obscenely in doing so. What, then, but a malignant hatred of the Church can make any one say that a respectable physician can be trusted, but that a priest cannot; that a physician who often makes no pretence to be specially conscientious will avoid sin, while a priest, whose conduct is otherwise blameless, will commit it? The priest's duty can be done with the greatest prudence and delicacy, as well as the doctor's; why should not he, as well as the doctor, do it in this way? It is simply monstrous to say that, as a rule, almost without exception, he does or says anything in this matter which would be wrong." Such is the main part of Father Searle's reply, and it seems reasonable and satisfactory.

There yet remains another objection with regard to corruption. This time it is the priest himself who is the object of their solicitude. Some years ago a rev. gentleman of this city, while discussing the Catholic Church in general and the confession in particular, gave it as his opinion that the mind of the priest must necessarily in time become corrupted by the steady stream of vice, week after week and month after month, poured into his ear, and, besides, we have frequently heard others drawing the same conclusion, and we believe it not to be an uncommon opinion among Protestants. Now, to this we could answer, that the priest who performs this special work of God, receives a special grace of God. But, apart from this, a little consideration will show that the danger is not so great as might at first be imagined: Vice as heard in the confessional is not as seen on the stage or read in the modern novel. On the stage it is clothed in a beautiful and attractive garb, while in the novel it is concealed between the polished lines; in both it is dangerous, because in its disguise its real nature is concealed; it looks and is said to be respectable. But in the confessional it appears just as it is, stripped of its disguise and standing forth in its horror and nakedness. Vice thus presented is rarely dangerous to look upon. And even if this were not the case, the sight of a poor soul struggling in its dreadful slavery would be sufficient to make the confessor oblivious of all except the liberation of that soul.

Confession, therefore, is a source of corruption for neither priest nor penitent. On the contrary, since it is a sacrament instituted by Christ, we believe that innumerable graces flow from it. And, besides this, even from a natural standpoint, it is beneficial to both confessor and penitent: To the confessor, because, seeing the weak-