sight and Wrong.

VOS VI SEMPRE PASSAR NO MUNDO

me the virtuous man contend With life's unnumbered wees; ad he was poor, without a friend, freeced by a thousand for

the Pamione' pliant slave paliant trim and gey; ourse o'er Pleasure's placid wa life a summer's day.

## DESMOND'S FATE.

A STORY POUNDED ON PACTS.

It was in a certain town in one of our inland counties. Never mind what the name of the town was; I walt tae name of the town was, I will call it, if you please, Tir-n-an-Oge, for it was a very pretty place, and in one sense a very land of youth, for I do not think I have ever seen any spot in the whole world's surface—and I have been in a good many—where people seemed to keep with them such a delightful air of

perpetual juvenility.

I do not know what the cause of it may have been, but the fact undoubtedly was that people did not seem to grow old in the ordinary way in Tir-

There was an old attorney thereis, no doubt, there still for aucht I w, for I have not been to Tir-nan-Oge since those days—who must have been 70 if he was a day, but who always seemed as fresh of face, as clear of eye, as smooth of skin as a chubby child of seven. He could hunt with the swiftest,

dance with the youngest, and drink hard with the youngest, and drink hard with the hardest men in all Tirnan-Ogo. He could keep it up at a revel till the dawn came creeping along the sky, and be at his office the first thing in the morning, his clean a thing in the morning, his clean, shaven face looking as rosy and contented as if he had been in

bed for a century.

He was a wonderful man, with a wonderful memory; and it was de-lightful to talk to him, and listen to

lightful to talk to him, and listen to his stories of local families, and the old faction feuds and former elections in which he nad taken part.

His own memory went back far enough, but his knowledge of things went back much further, for his father before him had been as remarkable for longarity as he himself markable for longevity as he himself was, and had been no less blessed with a good memory, and had poured into his dutiful son's ears whole volumes of local history; so that my friend was as much at home in the events of '98 as of '48 or '67, and would discuss the doings of the United Irishmen with a degree of easy personal familiarity which made one sometimes start and look at Cornelius O'Flynn with a some-what uneasy feeling, as if one had

been conversing with a ghost.

With a ghost? That reminds me of the story I am about to tell. I learnt all the important facts from Cornelius; for I was but a stranger at Tir-n-an-Oge. But I saw

We knew that there was to be a the movement stiff contest of a very peculiar kind, and we were naturally very anxious to get the National candidate returned, especially anxious because of the peculiar features which surround-ed the contest and gave it an air of

disagreeable novelty.

There was this especial peculiarity about the election which I had come down to take part in. Both of the candidates-for there were two in the field—were of the same name; both, as I learned from Cornelius, were of the same family and of the

same blood The two Desmonds were first cousins. They were both young men of about the same age; they were both singularly handsome; they were both strongly made; they were both re-markably gifted by nature, and both highly educated; they were both in love with the same woman; and they were both candidates for Tir n-an-

Thus far the parallel between the two Desmonds was close enough; but at that point the parallel ceased to exist. The Desmonds were an ancient and honorable family, who had aiways played a prominent part in Irish history, and, oddly enough, had almost always figured on both sides in the great national struggle between England and Ireland. There was never a national movement of any kind in which a Desmond had not taken part; but by a kind of curious fatality, some member of the house was always found enlisted in the ranks of the enemy. The Desmond war-cry had been exchanged on many a bitter fought battlefield had been shouted in angry defiance from the midst of the saffron-mantled Gallow-glasses, and yelled hoarsely back from the press of steel-clad Norman knights.

In fact, so inveterate had this be-

For nearly a century, however, the star of the true Desmond had been in the ascendent, and no suspicious act of treachery on the part of any bearer of its honored name soiled its annals.

annals.

During the penal days, indeed, a Desmond was found base enough to temporize with the tyrannical masters of his country in order to retain his possessions, but in '98 this was more than counter-balanced by the fact that one of the old race, the head of his house, Malachi Desmond, was hanged before his own door by the yeomanry after a desperate day's fighting, in which the Irish were defeated.

Malachi Desmord was the great-grandfather of the two young Des-monds who were now rivals for the representation of Tir-n-an Oge and the hand of the fair Kate Ferrall.

People said about the position of the two kinsmen that in them the old tradition had proved its truth again, and that the old rhyme of the "traitor" and the "true Desmond" was once more to be fulfilled.

Owen Roe Desmond was all that a Owen Roe Desmond was all that a good and gallant Irish gentleman, the descendant of an ancient house, ought to be. All that was best and bravest in the old house to which he belonged seemed to have been united and centered in his comely body, and the same fiery, national spirit which had set his great-grandfather swinging in sight of his own roof-tree burned hotly within his heart. There were only two things in the world that Owen Roe Desmond cared deeply for—his country and the girl deeply for—his country and the gir he was in love with.

Edward Desmond, on the other hand, concealed behind a stalwart hand, concealed behind a stalwart bearing and singularly handsome face—indeed both cousins were said to remarkably resemble their great-grandfather, Malachi Desmond—a

dark and dangerous spirit.

He had been brought up in England, where he had been sent by his father—a timid, feeble man, whom the '48 movement had frightened out of the little wits and courage he had possessed, and who determined that his son should be brought up out of the discontented and turbulent coun-

Edward Desmond completely reversed the old saying about the Geraldines. As the Geraldines became more Irish than the Irish themselves

more Irish than the Irish themselves
Edward Desmond became more English than the English themselves.

Now, for my part, I like every man
to be proud of the country to which
he belongs. I believe, with the
singer of the famous French song, that a Russian should be a Russian and a Frenchman, a Frenchman; and so, for the matter of that, an Englishman an Englishman, and an Irishman an Irishman. But Edward Desmond's only ambition in life was to be thought English; and his chief care

at all times was to express his hatred of Ireland and all things Irish. On the death of his father he re-turned to Ireland, and settled down on the property which was left to him. But he lived as little as posmost of the actors in the little him. But he lived as little as pos-drams, and so I can speak from sible in the country, and spent most authority.

I was down in Tir-n-an Oge at the regal court in Dublin, where he was conspic ious for the venomous readiness with which he was always prepared to inspire the ear of castle officials against his own countrymen.

Of late years, however, he had come a little more often to Tir n-an-Oge; first, because he was in loveso far as he could be in love with anything except himself and English rule-because he was in love with

Kate Ferrall.

The girl herself made no secret of the way in which her choice went between her two admirers. She loved Owen Roe Desmond with all her heart, and she cordially disliked and despised his cousin.

But her father's choice went other-

wise. He was a weak-minded, narrow, grasping man, who always said the great thing for a country was the great thing for a country was peace and quiet, and cordially agreed with Edward Desmond, that only the English rule, well and vigorously applied, could be the means of making Ireland peaceful and quiet. So he had made up his mind that his daugh ter should marry Desmond the traitor, and have nothing to say to Des mond the true; and he took no more account of the poor girl's feelings in the matter than he would of the feel-

ings of the birds he shot.

Edward Desmond hated his cousin with all his heart. Indeed, his devotion to the girl he loved was inspired less by any personal passion than by the malign hope of thwarting any desire of his National namesake. And it was with the same amiable intentions that he presented himself as a candidate for Tir n-an-Oge the moment he heard that Owen Roe was coming forward to contest the seat,

Small boroughs were not always the purest places in the world just then; and Tir-n-an-Oge was not a startling or conspicuous exception to the general rule. It was clear that Edward Desmond would have all the Roe about it when 1 met him next; influence paid him that wealth could

So when I came down to Tirnen-Oge I found that the result of the election was already regarded as a foregone conclusion. Almost every-one said that Edward Desmond would be returned at the top of the

So certain did it seem that it was popularly believed in the country that old Andrew Ferral! had openly declared that he would wed his daughter to the successful candidate; and that he did not fear to keep his promise because the return of Edward Desmond was as certain as the rising of the ann.

Desmond was as certain as the rising of the sun.

Such was the dispiriting condition of the election prospects when I came down to Tirnan-Oge to work up the constituency in behalf of the National candidate.

candidate.

My friend, Cornelius O'Flynn, who put me in possession of all these facts about the Desmonds, was himself not in very good spirits as to the result of the election. Everything seemed to be on the side of Edward Desmond, wealth, influence and unabashed But Owen Roe Desmond himself

showed no signs of alarm. He and I came to be good friends, and he told me frankly that he knew that all the chances were against him.

'And yet,' he said to me, 'I canno

quite teel downcast or despondent.'
'You know, I suppose,' he said, 'You know, I suppose,' he said,
'the story of my ancestor Malachi
Desmond, who was hanged in '98?'
Thanks to Cornelius, I think I
knew everything about the Desmond
family history.
'Would you like to see his portrait?'

tures were, of a young and handsome man in the military costume of the Volunteers. In spite of the difference caused by costume and the powdered hair, the portrait bore a striking resemblance to Owen Roe Desmond, and curiously enough, to Edward Desmond as well.

Owen Roe, 'Malachi Desmond, who the cause. It is a curious thing that ever since his death it has been a tradition in the family that he appears in a vision to one or other. pears in a vision to one or other of his descendants at any time when the house is threatened with peril or dishonor; and it is said that those who see him may learn from the expres-sion of his countenance, if set in joy or sorrow, how the threatened danger

I listoned eagerly. All this was news to me. Cornelius had told me nothing of the apparition of the '98 ancestor. But I saw that Owen Roe had something permething pe had something more to say, and I

had something more to say, and I did not interrupt him.

'It is curious,' he said, after a slight pause, 'but last night I dreamt—now don't laugh at me, please, as it is perfectly true—last night I dreamt that he came and stood beside me.'

'Your great-grandfather?' I asked, breathleady.

'Your great-grandfather?' I asked, Death, the doctor said afterwards.

breathlessly. 'Yes, my great-grandfather, Mala-chi Desmond, the original of that portrait, exactly as you see him there. You know that when he took

up arms in the rebellion he put on his old Volunteer uniform and met his death in it. Well, I dreamt that know what a successful member he Malachi Desmond stood by me last has made, and what a good servant night, and looked at me long and he has been to his country and his earnestly.'
'And his face?' I asked earnestly. 'How did he look ?'

'He seemed sad at first,' Owen Roe answered, 'and then he smiled a little, and I thought his lips moved as if about to whisper some words of hope and then he vanished, and I woke. It was a curious dream, wasn't it ?"

'A very strange dream, indeed,' I d. 'But, of course, you have been thinking about him a good deal lately, and that explains it. Owen Roe smiled curiously.

'Yes, that explains it, I suppose,' he said. Immediate business connected

with the election drove the memory of the miniature of Malachi Desmond and Owen Roe's odd dream out of my

and his friends after him, all looking

sullenly at me as they passed me.

It was an odd coincidence, certainly, that both cousins should have It was an odd coincidence, certainly, that both cousins should have dreamt such dreams so strangely alike, and I resolved to tell Owen Roe about it when I met him next; but by the time that we did meet the active business that I was encaged come that there was a kind of old give; and money could do much in active business that I was engaged when the Desmond deciding an election at Tir n an Oge. Upon had driven it entirely from my ulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Next day was the day of nomina-tion, and there was a kind of meeting in the court house, and the two candidates were present with their friends and supporters.

Owen Roe made a short, eloquent,

Owen Roe made a short, eloquent, manly speech, in which he appealed to the National spirit. His speech was received enthusiastically by the crowded court house, but unfortunately that was before the Reform Bill and few of his enthusiastic admirers were privileged to record their votes in his favor.

Then came his cousin's turn. Edward Desmond stepped to the front,

ward Desmond stepped to the front, surveyed the meeting scornfully, waited until the groans which had greeted his presence from the larger part of the audience had died away, and then began a bitter, venomous speech against his cousin and his country, and the National move-

The meeting rapidly became stormy. Angry shouts interrupted the speaker, but the interruptions only seemed to irritate him to further expressions of further malig-

nity:
In a sudden lull in the tumult Edward Desmond raised his voice and said, and the words are graven on my

said, and the words are graven on my memory.

'You have all heard of my great-grandfather. You have all heard that he was hanged in '98. You have all heard my opponent is proud of that episode in our family history. Well, I too am proud of it. I am proud to think that the law was so well enforced in this country, and

said the young man; and without waiting for an answer, he pulled out of his pocket a little leather case, which he opened and handed to me.

It contained the minature, exquisitely painted as last century miniately provided in this country, and that the law was so well enforced in this country, and that the rascally rebel was hanged for disgracing the name he bore.

A perfect yell interrupted the speaker at this moment. Men sprang to their feet; sticks were brandished; and one a moment it seemed as if a and for a moment it seemed as if a rush would be made on the platform to tear Edward Desmond from it.

But I heard his voice distinctly

rising louder; and piercing through all the din, as he shrieked out: 'Yes, I am glad he was hanged and would tell him so if he came here

from the grave to meet me!'
As the words fell from his lips, I,

sharply round as if some one had touched him on the shoulder.

Then I saw—you may call it fancy if you like, but I never saw anything clearer in my life—I saw distinctly behind him the figure of a man in the weather-worn, blood-stained uniform of a volunteer of '98. His pale face was the face I had seen in Owen Roe's miniature. There was a thin, livid line about the neck, and his strangely gleaming eyes were fixed sternly upon Eiward Desmond. I saw, or seemed to see, this for a second. Then Edward Des.nond

pickel him up. He was quite dead. Death, the doctor said afterwards, was caused by heart disease, suddenly accelerated by undue excitement.

Well, that's all my story. Nobody else was brought forward as a candidate, and Owen Roe Desmond

Of course he married sweetheart, for her father's promise to give his girl to the successful candidate was insisted upon. And, indeed, he had no reason to object, for all the property of the dead man came to Owen Roe Desmond as the nearest heir at law.

But he would have none of it, and

it was all sold, and the money realized given to religious and national purposes.

This is the story of my experience at the election of Tir-n-an-Oge, and if you know of a queerer election story, why I, for one, should be glad to hear of it .- United Ireland.

## Little Vices.

and Owen Roe's odd dream out of my head. Canvassing is busy work and leaves one little time for fancies of any sort.

But I must confess that I was a little startled on the following day when chance brought me into a public room in an inn where Edward Desmond happened to be with some of his supporters, and I heard him telling his friends in his harsh, mocking voice that he had dreamt a few nights before that his ancestor had come to him, and looked at him a few moments, threateningly, and then disappeared.

'Indigestion, no doubt,' he added, with a coarse laugh. 'Here's to the old gentleman's better repose and my better dreams,' and he drained his glass and swaggered out of the place, and his friends after him, all looking and him friends after him, all looking and him for fancies of my but her takes a social glass, but seldom." He takes a social glass, but seldom." Her takes a social glass, but seldom

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

HORE HISBEPRESENTATION.

The following letter addressed to a Kingston daily we very gladly reproduce:

The Editor, British Whig.

Sis,—Apprehending that a statement of certain points of Catholic doctrine, which appeared in your issue of this evening, should be considered by your Protestant readers as a true representation of our teaching, I deem it important to correct the writer's statement in the order observed by him in his letter. At the outset, however, I would draw your readers' attention to the marked distinction between the meaning of the words adoration and worship in the English language. The word adoration, according to English usage, is restricted to that specific kind of worship paid to God alone. In the Latin language the three words cultus, adoratio and veneratio have the same extension. It is necessary to call your readers' attention to this difference of those two words because in rendering certain passages from the Latin into the English, the Latin word adoratio is not always faithfully expressed by the English word adoration. English-speaking Catholics would never make use of the phrase used by your correspondent, "the adoration of saints and images."

1. Your correspondent compares the Catholic worship of saints and images to the worship by the Hindoos of the images of their false deities. In reply I beg to state, as a fact known to the humblest Catholic, that we worship the saints with the true worship of dulia, i. c., worship due to them by reason of their created appernatural excellence. God we worship with the supreme worship due to Him by reason of His increated excellence. We adore Him as the Supreme Being. Between the latter and the former specific kinds of worship there exists the same relation that exists between the Creator and the created—between God and the saints—and his relation all Catholics understand. The images of Christ and the saints we worship with only a relative worship, that is, we worship them only on account of the relation existing between them and those whom they represent. The worship of

ship of the images of false gods. It is always idolatrous under these circumstances, but we believe, notwithstanding your correspondent's statement to the contrary, that it is also idolatrous because its votaries actually intend to pay absolute homings to stocks and stones.

2. It is true, as your correspondent observes, that we actually worship images in of Christ and his saints, that is, we reverence and venerate them with relative worship as explained in preceding paragraph. The peers of Britain also worship the authority of the throne, and worship the authority of the throne, and worship the suthority of the throne, and worship with absolute worship, which is, however, only civil homage, that is, that how already shown that our worship is not idolatry. Let us ascertain whether this charge of mutilating the Word of God in the brought home to Catholics. The object of mutilating the Word of God in the first Commandment, "Thou shalt not imake to thyself a graven thing, etc." Now in most of our catechisms and prayer this case is, according to your correspondent, to conceal the second part of the First Commandment is to be found in full. It is, as a matter of fact, in the ordinary the word of the First Commandment for the same reason that we, place the division of the First Commandment for the same reason that we, place the division of the First and Second Commandment is to be found in full. It is, as a matter of fact, in the ordinary the contract of the legislation in verses 2 6 of 20th chapter of Exodus, is the same throughtout, and when the child knows the verses 2 and 3 it knows also the other verses to the Catholic division, which amongst Protestants is maintained, also be the Garman and prayer feet. How I worship is a glorious are over whelmingly in favor of the Catholic division, which amongst Protestants is maintained, also be the Garman and prayer feet. How I was a proposed the protest the supernatural living in the work of the legislation in verses 2 6 of 20th chapter of Exodus, is the same through. The

strated.

4. The above Catholic teaching, involving as it does the natural, rational and obvious use of images generally, is distinctly understood by the very humblest Catholics, as any inquiring Protestant can prove at any time.

5. With regard to the differences which your correspondent finds amongst us as I have only to say that Catholics are unaware of their existence. Let the impartial reader bear carefully in mind the distinctions which we have previously laid down, and he will see how faithful an exponent St. Thomas Aquinas is of this, as of every other point of Catholic truth, when quoted with fidelity. Your correspondent quotes the following passage from Part III. S. 25 of the summa: "The same reverence should be displayed towards an image of Christ as towards Christ himself, and seeing that Christ is adored with the adoration of latria," Your correspondent omnitted to mention that he quoted only the last part of a sentence, passing over the first part with his usual disingenuousness. We beg to supply the omission: "It remainesh, therefore, that reverence be shown it (image of Christ) only in so much as it is an image, and thus it followeth that the same reverence, etc." From those words it is manifest that St. Thomas claims for the image the same kind of relative worship as the prototype receives of absolute.

6. Respecting the difficulties urged from the various forms of Catholic prayer, such as those quoted by your correspondent, they are of no weight. Besides the light thrown on them by an understanding of Catholic principles, every school boy who has read Alvarez's Prosody is aware of the existence of figures of speech which are of much more frequent use in poetry than in praces.

boy who has read Alvarez's Prosony is aware of the existence of figures of speech which are of much more frequent use in poetry than in prose.

"God is to be adored in spirit and in

"God is to be adored in spirit and in truth," your correspondent reminds us, and the outward adoration which He chose for many age; was in the form of bloody sacrifice. I but mention this in order to indicate that the adoration of God in spirit and in truth is not to be restricted to internal worship exclusive of all manifestation by outward act.

Lastly, concerning the two texts quoted in your cop-minication, the first is an Medicine.

remain, sir, yours sincerely,

JOSEPH J. McGrath, Priest.

Feb. 13.

## The Catholic Church.

The following beautiful tribute to the Church is from the pen of Professor Fairbairns, in the Contemporary Review. The Professor is an agnostic, he views the Church only as a human institution. The wonder is that he can believe her so beautiful and strong, and speak of her so lovingly, and yet not put to himself the question—Could a society so perfect be merely human?

beautiful and strong, and speak of her so lovingly, and yet not put to himself the question—Could a society so perfect be merely human?

If to be at once the most permanent and extensive, the most plastic and inflexible, ecclesiastical organization were the same thing as to be the most perfect embodiment and vehicle of Religion then the claim of Catholicism were simply indisputable. The man in search of an authoritative Church may not hesitate; once let him assume that a visible and audible authority is of the essence of Religion, and he has no choice; he must become, or get himself reckoned, a Catholic. The Roman Church assails his understanding with invincible logic, and appeals to his imagination with irresistable charms. Her sons say proudly to him: "She alone is catholic, continuous, venerable, august, the very Church Christ founded and His Apostles instituted and organized. She possesses all the attributes and notes of catholicity—an unbroken apostolic succession, a constant tradition, an infallible Christicle of the case of the case of the constant tradition and infallible Christiple of the case of catholicity and unbroken apostolic succession, a constant tradition, an infallible Christiple of the case o all the attributes and notes of catholicity—an unbroken apostolic succession, a constant tradition, an infallible Chair, unity, sanctity, truth, an involable priesthood, a holy sacrifice, and efficacious Sacraments. The Protestant churches are but of yesterday, without the authority, the truth, or the ministries that can reconcile man to God; they are only a multitude of warring sects whose confused voices but protest their own insufficiency, whose impotence almost atones for their sin of schism by the way it sets off the might, the majesty, and

be 6th. It is unnecessary for me to observe that the weight of authority and tradition are over-whelmingly in favor of the Catholic division, which amongst Protestants is maintained, also by the German Lutherans. The Catholic division, if necessary, can be earisfactorily demonstrated.

4. The above Catholic teaching, involving as it does the natural, rational and obvious use of images generally, is distinctly understood by the very humblest Catholics, as any inquiring Protestant can prove at any time.

5. With regard to the differences which your correspondent finds amongst us as I have only to say that Catholice are unaware of their existence. Let the impartial reader bear carefully in mind the distinctions which we have previously laid down, and he will see how faithful an exponent St. Thomas Aquinas is of this, as of every other point of Catholic truth, when quoted with fidelity. Your correspondent quotes the following passage from Part III. S. 25 of the summa: "The same reverence should be displayed towards an image of Christ is adored with the adoration of latria it follows that His image is to be adored with the same reverence should not mitted to mention that he quoted only the last part of a sentence, passing over the first part with his usual disingenuousness. We beg to supply the omission: "It remaineth, therefore, that reverence be shown it (image of Christ) only in so much as it is an image, and thus it follows that His image is to be adored with the same reverence, etc." From those words it is manifest that St. Thomas claims for the immersal and noted constitutional limitations. In the Church alone has causinty become a science as perfect as to have a law and a cure for every real corrections are deeper than words, speak when so it is an image of Christ only in so much as it is an image, and thus it follows: the first part with his usual disingent of the church as the first part with his usual disingent of the church as the first part with his usual disingent of the church as the first part with hi casuistry become a science so perfect as to have a law and a cure for every real or possible case of conscience: in her to have a law and a cure for every real or possible case of conscience; in her schools theology has become a complete science, which has systematized her body of truth, explicated her reason, justified her being and her claims. And so the Catholic Church is in a sense altogether her own, not only an ecclesiastical institution, but a Religion, a system able to guide the conscience satisfy the heart, regulate the conduct, adjust and determine the relations of God and man.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate

WER 47. 1866.

The Proof that Our Divine Saviour Instituted the Sacrament of Pen-

A VERBATIM REPORT OF A SERMON DELIV ERED BY THE CELEBRATED JESUIT MIS SIONARY, REV. ARNOLD DAMEN, S. J.

"That you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, then did Jesus say to the man sick of the palsy; 'Take up thy bed and walk into thy house,'" Matt. IX.

DEARLY BELOVED CHRISTIANS:-I an

Matt. IX.

DEARLY BELOVED CHRISTIANS:—I announced to you that on this evening, I would lecture on Confession, and prove that Confession is an institution of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

There is hardly a doctrine of our holy religion, on account of which we are so frequently calumniated, slandered and misrepresented, as on account of Confession. How often have you heard it asserted, sometimes by ministers of the Gospel, sometimes in Sabbath Schools, and sometimes in books, in which we are calumniated and slandered, that Catholics believe that, in order to obtain the pardon of their sins, all they have to do, is to go and tell them to a priest; and after having done so they can commence sgain their course of sin; and others have gone so far as to say that we, Catholics, have to pay to the priest a certain amount of money in order to obtain the pardon of our sins;—and a certain English minister, or preacher, has even ventured so far as to give the various prices for which sins are forgiven in the Catholic Church. He says that when a Catholic has been guilty of murdering his father or his mother and wishes to obtain pardon for the sin, he has to pay a pound sterling, that is \$5 00; when he has been guilty of whipping his wife, a crown, or \$1.00, and when he has been gloriously drunk, a shilling will do.

"Well, now, all of you, my dear Catholics, you, who have been going to confession all the days of your life, well know that you have never paid one penny to obtain the pardon of your sins. What must we think of such men, who pread the Gospel, and what must we think of such men, who pread the Gospel, and what must we think of such men, who pread the Gospel, and what must we think of such men, who pread the Gospel, and what must we think of such men, who pread the religion that endeavors to put down another by calumny and slander? Is that the religion of God? Is that Christianity. I leave it to your own good sense to judge, to the good sense of those who are

another by calumny and slander? Is that the religion of God? Is that Christianity I leave it to your own good sense to judge, to the good sense of those who are not Catholics, and who have heard i repeatedly. Is that the spirit of God? I that the spirit of charity?—to put down another body of Christians by slandering and misrepresenting their doctrines. Who they not attack the real doctrines of the Church? Why have they beaten thair attacking doctrines, of which, ir reality, their ignorance clearly shows they know nothing.

know nothing.

Every Catholic abhors the idea of be money.

The Catholic Church considers it one of

The Catholic Church considers it one of the greatest sacrileges in existence. If priest were to take money for forgiving sins, according to the laws of the Catholic Church, that priest could never exercipriestly functions any more; but then never has been an instance of that kinfor that priest would be degraded for lift. What, then, is the Catholic doctrine of the subject of confession? The Catholic Church teaches that no sins can be fogiven without true and sincere repentance on the part of the sinner for the sin by which he has offended God, and a firresolution to avoid all sins for the futur. Ask any Catholic, "Can the priest fogive you your sins if you are not sorry from?" Even the most ignorant Cathlic will answer you, "No, sir."

No sins can be forgiven without trand sincere sorrow and repentance fthem. "Do you not believe in that, I dear Protestant friends?" "Of course I do you say in reply. Now that is the Catholic Church teach the sincere sorrow and sorry if

lic doctrine.
Then again the Catholic Church teach

Then again the Catholic Church tead that no sin can be forgiven, even if have true and sincere sorrow for the san unless we are fully determined to do in our power to avoid sin for the future for there would be no sincere repentar unless there was also a determination commence a new life—to avoid sin for tfuture. My dear Protestant friend, he you any objection to that? "No, sir, the precisely my opinion." Well, the you are so far a Catholic without know it.

it.

That is the Catholic doctrine; you if you only knew the Catholic religionary of you would abandon your errand you would embrace the truth. The misfortune is this, that many of y preachers keep you in error and they not let you see the doctrine of the Callic Church, for they know very well you were to know the doctrines of Catholic Church. you would beccatholice, unless some human consider. Catholic Church you would become catholics, unless some human considitions would hold you from embracing

So, then, the Catholic doctrine is, So, then, the Cataone docume is, when a man has true and eineers rep ance for his sins, and a firm resolutio do all in his power to avoid sin for future, and when with these disposithe confesses his sins to the priest of he confesses his sins to the priest of of that then the priest has the power of giving his sins in the name of God, an the authority of God. "So that," any Protestant friend, "you believe the phas the power of forgiving sins. I now, I do not believe in that, that a can forgive sins—I shall never believe that. Is not the priest a man?" "Well, then, I shall never believe that priest can forgive sins."

of course he is a man, he is not a wome "Well, then, I shall never believe that priest can forgive sins."

Now, my Protestant friend, are reasonable in your objection to that it us examine whether God can give power to man to forgive sins in His n and by His authority, if He chooses to the course, and the power to man? Course, and the power to He can do it—who is to hinder Him giving such power to man? Well, going to prove to you now, that Go given this power to man. "No, sir can never do that," says my Protefriend. But I will prove to you God has given such power to man no man with common sense or reaso doubt for a moment that God can this power to man. I shall prove to from the Bible, and that is the book like, do you not, my dear Prot friends? It is the book of God for we Catholies have a very high vener