

CHRIST AND PETER.

An Eloquent Sermon by Very Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J.

Very Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, of New York, provincial of the Society of Jesus, preached at the late Mass on Sunday in the Cathedral. The subject was the miraculous draught of fishes spoken of in the Gospel of the day, Luke v., 12. The distinguished speaker said in part:

"The beautiful selection, dear brethren, which forms the Gospel of the day is not a mere narration of events that follow each other by chance and not in any way connected one with the other. The great event seems to be the miraculous draught of fishes, but that was not the great event. The great fisherman on that day was Christ and He began by drawing the people to Him, and it was the miraculous draught of fishes on land that is most worthy of our notice. St. Peter's draught of fishes was a small event compared to the other. It was said of our Lord and He has said it Himself, 'I will draw all things to Me.' It was easy for Him to call the fishes from the sea, but the fishes on land were much harder to be gained because they had minds, wills and passions of their own. And notice the whole Gospel forms so beautiful a picture. Our Lord began by calling to Him and allowed St. Peter to try his hand at the work. Then, not content with giving him the power, He tells him to continue to gather men into the net of the Gospel, into the folds of the Catholic Church, to preach the Gospel to the world. Is it not true it was a beautiful object lesson? It takes upon itself an importance it never could have except as a lesson.

A GREAT LESSON.

"It is the first lesson, namely: He is to do the work; the Church needed that lesson; think of the wondrous task before her. She was to come to a wicked world and tell it its wickedness; to an impure world and tell it of its impurity; to a world buried in the affairs of time, and tell it of the affairs of eternity. She would see the world rise against her; she would see her children put to death; priests exiled; her children tortured and imprisoned, yet the Church was to be true to her mission to preach the Gospel to all nations.

"To ask has the Church been true and has she been successful is but to ask has Christ been true to His word, and the question is almost a blasphemy. She found the people in degradation and she raised them to the dignity of the children of God. Such is her history. Page after page, year after year, Pope after Pope, from Peter to Pius and Leo, you will find the same history—the world rising against the Church; the Church always victorious. It is true there may be rents in the net; the rents may break, and this because the Lord has not taken the human element out of the Church. Yet the Church will always be the saving element.

"Is it not a most impressive lesson? It was poor Peter that helped Christ, that came to the rescue of Christ. The people were so anxious to hear the word of God that they were pressing on our Lord and He was receding, and back of Him was the sea. Peter took Him into his ship and the Lord asked Peter to push out from the shore till He would speak from it.

CHRIST AND PETER.

"It would have been as easy to walk on the water then as at another time, but he wished to need Peter. He wished to give Peter the joy of saying he was toiling for the Master; the work of the Church was not to be done by Christ alone, but by Christ and Peter. God stood in need of human hearts and lips and barques. Oh! I envy St. Peter as he was toiling about in his barque. He must have been so contented. There he was, the Master in the barque, the crowds on the shore. Peter was sure he was feeding all these and Peter was going to the charge. It was the world, the people, Christ and Peter in the barque, the sea with its unknown inhabitants, unknown to Peter, but known to Christ; they were coming together at the voice of Christ. Image of the world, image of every age of the world. Looking into the barque of Peter they have failed to recognize Christ as the earnest searcher after truth recognizes Him. There is recognized only the man; if only Peter were in the barque we would fail to realize the promise of God to Peter, 'Henceforth you shall catch men.'

"How was Peter to bring into his net the men and nations of various centuries, the men of to day, that can see difficulties in Scripture and find that human thought meets a wall that is impassable.

"How could Peter, an ignorant fisherman, do this unless in His name? Here is the miracle, namely, that there is a Church that speaks as authoritatively and as boldly to-day as in the first century. It speaks to the enlightened century in which we live as it did to the pagans; the only institution that dares tell men in unmistakable tones not that this is my opinion, but this is the Word of God; that comes not to propose doctrines, but to impose them; that preaches the same to the King or the prisoner, in Rome or Alaska. They only have to look carefully into the barque of Peter and the work is over.

"Consoling doctrine to us that not only as members of the Church, but as individuals, you and I can help Christ, that we can be helpers of God. If we are in a state of grace, if His friendship is ours, we have a claim on God's omnipotence, then you and I can be omnipotent. When Peter passed by

the sick the very shadow of Peter healed them. Peter was going forth in the name of God, and therefore wonders multiplied at his steps, handkerchiefs that he had touched were placed upon the sick and cured them; that is Bible. The Church does the same thing to-day; it is the same doctrine, the same Church; there is no break between us and the past. My only difficulty is that there are not more miracles now.

"THE POWER OF FAITH. 'What we lack is faith; with it we could move mountains. That which should cause the most wonder causes the least. Peter was surprised at the number of the fish, not at the number of men who followed Christ. That was wonderful because Christ was teaching them self denial. It was as if He said: 'You people coming in crowds see Me multiply the loaves and fishes, but teaching that unless you take up your cross and follow Me you cannot be My disciples.' That people with human hearts and passions would listen to the tremendous doctrine of mortification and be told that the road to heaven could only be taken by suffering violence is surprising. The wonder is that He had one follower.

"But He was God, and, as I glance hurriedly at the pages of Church history and see the King on his throne, throwing the crown at his feet and trampling on it to take up the cross, and the little girl of thirteen or fourteen, like St. Agnes in her prison house, with a happy smile upon her countenance, and He drawing her pure heart unto Himself, I am not surprised at men turning into the wilderness from the most civilized towns to meditate upon Him. I am not surprised that pagans complained of the desertion of their gods.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

"As long as one single soul does not profess the faith, as long as one single fish is not in the net, there is some responsibility resting on you and me. Don't say, 'What have I to do with it?' You can help the Lord as I can. We can by prayer for souls seated in darkness and infidelity, by keeping ourselves in the state of grace, preserve the power of inerrant truth. If that power were in us we ought to convert the world. Christ needs your barque and mine. Oh! if I had only been there instead of Peter! Why, I would have been so overjoyed! I am afraid I would have thought my ears had deceived me. Had He entered my barque I care not how dark my life had been after that, one look, one thought of the happiness of having Christ at my side in my little ship, with me at the oars, oh! that would have been happiness enough to brighten the darkest day.

"Our Lord wishes to preach from your barque. You come in contact with more people than we do. You come in contact with people who love you, but hate us. You need not argue, but lead lives that will preach. Oh, we Catholics sometimes preach a very strange doctrine and at times we lead immortal souls to sin. We become the occasion of scandal, we preach ruin to those for whom Christ died.

"Is that the way to lend your barque? You resemble one who would invite Christ into his barque and then attempt to drown Him. By inducing others to sin you are trying to drown an immortal soul for which Christ died. If any soul is doing this, that soul is answerable to Jesus Christ. He comes to call souls, and you are drawing them from Him.

"To conclude I will complete the metaphor—the fishes, the Sea of Galilee and the nets. The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net cast into the sea and gathering together all kinds of fish. The fish are taken to shore, the good selected to be taken to the Father; although they are in the net, some are worthless. We sometimes glory in belonging to the Catholic Church, but that is not sufficient. We believe, so do the devils; they believe and tremble. We must be united to Christ; we must receive Christ. Do you all do it; all I say? It is not sufficient that ninety-nine do it. He would leave the ninety-nine to bring back the one. Perhaps you are that one. In offering up the Holy Sacrifice pray that all may enter the barque with Christ and Peter. Beg God's graces on all mankind, then you and I will have brought souls to Christ; we will have cast the net."

Tired, Weak, Nervous.

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MR. SATOLLI ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Incidents of a Lady's Call Upon the Apostolic Delegate.

It is not hard to see Mgr. Satolli, says the New York World. He is the American Pope in more than name, for his ways are democratic and he is almost as accessible as was bluff old General Jackson himself. If you wish to see him, therefore, do not stand on ceremony. Do not wait for a letter of introduction from some Catholic dignitary, but proceed directly to the old brick house on New Jersey avenue, Washington, and ring the bell with the audacity of a hardened book agent.

A beautiful little Italian boy will open the door for you. He looks like that too familiar picture of the "Neapolitan Boy," except that his hair is smoother and he is dressed like any American child. He will not bow like an American boy, however, but will sweep the most gracious salutations, take your card, ask if you understand Italian, and then show you into a little reception room on the right hand when you have made the answer that he evidently expects—that you do not know Italian and speak an inferior quality of French. At least all these things occurred to a New York woman the other day who took her courage in both hands and went to interview Satolli on the burning question of woman's rights.

Soon the pretty boy returned, and saying that Monsignor would see her, invited the now nervous guest to step into the adjoining parlor. The most striking object there is a picture of Pope Leo, a copy of the Chattrain portrait, which is inscribed with a verse in Latin and the words, "To Francis Satolli from Leo XIII."

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

There was a swish of silk and with a swift and noiseless step the American Pope came in. Mgr. Satolli wore the black soutan with red buttons and buttonholes worked in red. He wore nothing on his head. His habit was lined with silk and it was the rustle of this which announced his coming. Around his neck hung a silver chain, curiously wrought and thick as a man's index finger, and the gold cross, which he afterwards showed the visitor, was thrust into his breast. He bowed and graciously extended his hand, on which gleamed the amethyst ring. His New York guest gave it a warm pressure in the excitement of the moment, for the difficulties of her position had begun to dawn upon her, and Monsignor waited for her to tell why she had come. Fortunately she had been brought up in a Montreal convent and she mentioned the name of a distinguished Catholic prelate as that of a friend. It was charming to see how the priest's ascetic face lighted up. He began to speak very slowly and to express his admiration for that great and good man.

"I speak but little English," he said after a moment, and indeed his effort to speak our native tongue had woefully contorted his face, while with both hands he played with the silver chain continually and nervously. Then he introduced his visitor to Father Papi, his Italian secretary and interpreter, who had stood unnoticed behind the Delegate. At his words the good looking, smiling young priest came forward and proffered his services.

NOT FOR HIM TO DECIDE.

Father Papi speaks almost perfect English. The caller took a long breath and said:

"You are known, Monsignor, to follow with ardent interest all the movements of civilization which are going forward in this country. I would so much like to have your opinion of a movement which is interesting the women of New York. I mean the question of woman suffrage."

Mgr. Satolli heard Father Papi's translation with a puzzled air. At the end he shook his head and smiled gleefully. "The women to cast votes for their law-makers—why not?" he finally said, in Italian. "It is not a question which comes within my scope. I know not well enough, intimately enough, the conditions of life here—the social conditions. But if you ask me in what respect the possession of such powers would oppose the teachings of the Church I can speak. There is no distinction of sex in the great Church. She recognizes all of her children, women and men, as equal. The obedience she asks of one she requires from the other. The mercy she extends to one is as freely offered to the other."

This was better than the visitor had dared to hope. It was, however, somewhat vague, and with an attempt to obtain a more succinct expression of his views, she asked the question.

"Then, since no tenet of the Church is defied by the women in seeking to make themselves equal in this matter with their brothers, is it your opinion that the laws should be so altered as to extend to them the right of suffrage?"

But at this the Apostolic Delegate smiled and shook his head again. "It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to answer that question with authority. Spiritual and temporal things must be kept separate. What is best for the women of this beautiful country may not be the same 'best' as the sister women of Italy have found it. There the women have for centuries wielded immense power, politically and in every walk of life. Should the cultivated feminine portion of my country demand the rights of electors I might from knowledge be able to speak. Here in this

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe.

land you will see I am not the proper or final judge in such matters."

AN ENTERTAINING HOST.

The delegate then spoke charmingly of the women of Italy, their intelligence and devotion. It was to them, he said, that Italy owed her pre-eminence in literature and art; they had carried the torch across dark epochs of captivity and foreign domination when the aspirations and hopes of their fathers, brothers and husbands were darkened by despair.

In speaking of America the Apostolic Delegate became enthusiastic.

"It is wonderful—it is marvelous," he said. "I have been from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in the West I have seen towns two—three years old already growing so fast!"

"Then you will remain with us always, Monsignor?"

"Ah, that I do not know," he said, smiling, and he gave the same answer when asked if the Catholics meant to build him a permanent home in Washington, adding rapturously that he loved Washington. "It is so tranquil—so beautiful." But pointing to the Pope's portrait, he added: "First of all, I practice obedience to our Holy Father."

A little later Mgr. Satolli said he would give his guest a rosary blessed by the Pope, and while Father Papi had gone upstairs for it he showed her his cross, in the centre of which, protected by glass, is a piece of the true cross. "Come," he added, with the *savoir faire* of a real Italian gentleman, "I will show you my house."

It was with undisguised pride that he led the way about the big, old-fashioned, high-ceilinged rooms of the house, opening the doors of all the rooms on the reception floor with just such an air as many newly married couples wear in showing friends their new, their first flats. Most of his furniture was of that stiff, clerical sort which one sees in all the homes of the Catholic clergy. In the dining-room the table was set for two. Mgr. Satolli and his secretary evidently dined alone that night. In the centre was an old-time epergne heaped high with the most delicious-looking fruit. Beyond the dining-room is the billiard-room.

"Do you play, Monsignor?" Satolli threw back his head and laughed.

"Quelque fois."

The windows of the billiard-room look out on the grounds in the rear of the house. The Delegate said he was sorry the flowers were not yet in bloom. "But we will have many, many, I hope—the rose and many roses." Returning by way of the pantry and long hall, Monsignor said:

"Upstairs it is only to sleep."

Father Papi was waiting in the big parlor with the rosary in his hand. Satolli took it and explained that this little rosary contained but five Pater Nosters and fifty Ave Marias and that this special devotion had been recommended to the faithful. Then the American Pope shook hands again and bade his guest good-bye, but he, as well as Father Papi, followed her out into the hall. Before the pretty Italian child could reach the door the secretary had opened it, and the last view she had was of their kind and smiling faces framed by the portal.

WESLEY AND LIBERTY.

Antecedents of the Present Self-Contented Paragons of Patriotism.

A dispatch from Baltimore dated June 5th, affords further proof of the truth of the statements made in these columns some months ago, that the history of Methodism in this country scarcely justifies that sect in taking under its sectarian wing, the institutions of this country. The dispatch says:

"Bishop's must not be bosses," was the way the Rev. Dr. Henry R. Naylor paid his respects to Bishop Charles H. Fowler in his address in the Methodist Ministers' meeting on the subject of limiting the power of Methodist Bishops. The story of Dr. Naylor's removal from his former position as presiding elder of the Washington district to the South Baltimore Methodist Church, of which he is now pastor, is well known. The removal was made by Bishop Fowler in the annual meeting of the Baltimore Conference in Frederick in March. Dr. Naylor had not served as presiding elder in Washington the full time allowed presiding elders, and he did not want to be transferred. He was unusually popular with the churches, and a majority of them openly rebelled against the action of the Bishop in sending Dr. Naylor to Baltimore, and passed resolutions requesting that such action be reconsidered. The Bishop did not comply.

Dr. Naylor said that a Bishop had removed a preacher from an appointment to another with the avowed intention of crushing him. Before the year was out, the preacher had died of a broken heart, leaving a widow and orphans. Dr. Naylor said the system crushed manhood, made widows and orphans, created sycophants and muzzled the (religious) press.

"The idea is," said Dr. Naylor, "that when a man enters the Methodist ministry he surrenders his will. I have never seen a church or a man to whom I would surrender my will. Who is the Church? Are there not 12,000 ministers in the Church? Who are the 12,000 ministers' wives, if they are not in the church? What are the 25,000 ministers' children, if they are not a part of the Church?"

"John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church in America, was a Royalist, who considered George Washington a rebel," said Dr. Naylor, "and

his instincts were towards a monarchical form of government. Hence, when he appointed the first Bishop for America, it was not strange he gave them absolute powers. It might have been wise and necessary then when there was only one conference. But now, with nearly a hundred conferences and 12,000 preachers, it is unwise and unjust."

For the benefit of our Methodist readers we give as additional testimony in the indictment against Wesley, his address to the American colonists, when the struggle of liberty with tyranny hung in the balance, and when one would imagine that the impulses of every noble mind and the instincts of every generous heart would side with right against wrong and with freedom against deception. Not so John Wesley. The following are his words:

A CALM ADDRESS TO OUR AMERICAN COLONIES. (Printed in the year 1775, by John Wesley.)

12. But my brethren, would this be any advantage to you? Can you hope for a more desirable form of government, either in England or America, than that which you now enjoy? After all the vehement cry for liberty, what more liberty can you have? What more religious liberty can you desire than that which you enjoy already? May not every one among you worship God according to his own conscience? What civil liberty can you desire which you are not already possessed of? Do you not sit without restraint, "every man under his own vine?" Do you not, every one, high or low, enjoy the fruit of your labor? That is real, rational liberty, such as is enjoyed by Englishmen alone, and not by any other people in the habitable world. Would the being independent of England make you free? Far, very far, from it. It would hardly be possible for you to steer clear, between anarchy and tyranny. But suppose, after numberless dangers and mischiefs, you should settle into one or more republics, would a Republican government give you more liberty, either religious or civil? By no means. No governments under heaven are so despotic as the Republics, or so subject to be governed in so arbitrary a manner as those of the commonwealth. If any one doubts of this let him look at the subjects of Venice, or Genoa, or even of Holland. Should any man talk or write of the Dutch Government as every civilizer does of the English, he would be laid in irons before he knew where he was, and then, woe be to him! Republics show no mercy.

Ten times over, in different words, you "protest yourselves to be contending for liberty." But it is a vain, empty protestation; unless you mean by that breathless word, a liberty from obeying your rightful sovereign, and from keeping the fundamental laws of your country; and this undoubtedly it is, which the confederate colonies are contending for.

And it is the clerical sons of this man, the Methodist preachers, who in their unholy alliance with the A. P. A. set themselves up as the special champions of that freedom which John Wesley did his utmost to destroy!

A NOTABLE CONVERSION.

Rev. George Fisher, a Methodist Minister, Joins the Catholic Church.

Church circles in Brooklyn's suburban villages of Newtown and Corona are excited over the conversion to the Catholic faith of Rev. George Frederick Fisher, the former pastor of the Methodist church of Newtown. For some time the Rev. Mr. Fisher has been under the instruction of Rev. M. R. Flannery, of the church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Corona. On Thursday evening several of his Catholic and Protestant friends were present in that church when Mr. Fisher read his solemn profession of faith at the epistle side of the altar.

The ex-minister then made a general confession, received a general absolution, and on Friday received his first Communion. He is a married man, with three children. His wife is still a Protestant. He intends to practice law. He is a brilliant man, and has a reputation as an eloquent speaker.

The great popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a cough cure is easily explained. It is soothing, healing, agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and is the most economical of all similar preparations. It is prompt to act and sure to cure.

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Thos. Sablin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

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