

Written for the Record. The Brooklet.

FROM THE GIBBERN OF GOTTIE.

Thou Brooklet stivry and clear, That, hastening, flows unceasing here, I stand and think, and think, And search thy waters for a sense; Whence comest thou here? Where dost thou hence? "I come from the Rock's dark breast; My course flows on, without a rest, The flower and the moss, While o'er my mirror gleams with grace The deep blue heaven's friendly face. "I have a pleasant, childlike thought Still arising on a path untaught— Hidden way, Unknown—without a pause or stop, Who called me from the darkness stone, I trust Him as my guide alone!"

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN QUEBEC.

We are indebted to the Quebec Budget for the following report of the able sermon preached in St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, by Father O'Leary, Cure of Laval, County of Montmorency, who is the son of Maurice O'Leary, Esq., City Assessor:

God, is admirable in his Saints. The God of Israel is he who will give Power and strength to his people, Blessed be God. D. B. E. Psalm—67.36

The love of country, the love of fatherland, is impressed upon the human heart, and impressed upon it by the hand of Deity itself. It is as ancient as time and as widely diffused as is the race of Adam. The history of most remote as well as the most recent times attests this truth. The most barbarous as well as the most civilized nations bear testimony to the strong love which burns in the heart of man for his native land. Even the sacred records themselves cast their hallowed shield over it. List to the inspired psalmist when recording the language of the captive Jews; he lends the charm of sacred poetry to this innate love, when in a moment of inspired enthusiasm he breaks forth in those sublime and energetic words: "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, may my right hand be forgotten; may my tongue cleave unto my jaw, if I do not make thee, Jerusalem, my joy."

There is something in the nature of things, in the nature of society, which endorses it to the heart of man.

In the day of childhood and early youth impressions are made on the young minds which after years are unable to efface; the scenes of childhood—a father's admonitions, a mother's counsel—the current events of early years, like impressions on flowing wax give shape and form.—I had almost said indelible shape and form to the opening mind of youth.

As he advances a little in years, he already looks back on the past.—The smiles of his playmates, the memories of his childish amusements, all these boyish struggles and triumphs, a thousand indescribable circumstances combine to throw a charm of the home of his childhood, and to endear to his memory, and to his heart his home and all around it.

As his mind gains strength in maturity his ideas become enlarged. The neighborhood, the scenes adjacent to his home become identified with it, until by force of natural association, his home gradually taking in new dimensions is at length bounded and circumscribed only by the limits of his native land.—Then it is that his home becomes his country, and his country his home.

Follow him still further in his onward career. He reads the history of his country, he knows that it is that of his own dear land, a strong sympathetic feeling rises up within him he becomes as if he were identified with the events which transpire in his institutions, her joys become his joys, her sorrows become his sorrows, until at length he thinks and speaks, and acts as if she were part of his very self.

This is the love of fatherland generated, fomented and cherished in the human heart. He who has not that love, if there be any such, is unworthy the name of man, but he who has that love properly developed will never, never forget his native country though he be in a foreign land.

In turning over the institutions of his country, should he find one which is his country's boast, her pride, her glory. Oh! how naturally does his young heart cling to that of his country, clinging to that institution and glory in it! If among his institutions he find one which surpasses all others in human origin, came down from Heaven, resided for a few years on earth and again returns to Heaven, what legitimate pride will he not feel in it! How fervently will he not bless him by whose ministry it was first established in his own dear native soil.

Should his fathers have suffered in defence of this institution, should they have shed their blood, should they have shed their eyes, but they will not be tears of bitterness and woe, but tears of holy joy; that his fathers like the apostles were deemed worthy to suffer in the cause of God, whilst every pang that they endured, every tear he sheds over their sufferings, will sink his love for that institution, still deeper and deeper into his heart and as by so many ties will bind closer and closer still to his inmost soul.

Land of my fathers! Blessed land of my fathers! Thou art such a land! Oh! such a Heaven born institution those dost boast. Our fathers have suffered in defence of such institution. We are their children. We have read the history of their trials, their persecution and their wrongs. Every pang they endured has sunk into our inmost soul. Every tear we have shed over the recital of their long and agonizing sufferings, has strengthened our faith, has warmed our hearts and has drawn us closer and closer still to that divine institution for which they were persecuted, for which they suffered, for which they died.

And why are we here to day, my dear friends! Why this vast congregation! Why those banners unfurled! Why those songs of joy which have touched our Irish sympathies and gladdened our Irish hearts! If not to attest once again our attachment to that holy institution by commemorating the anniversary of him by whom it was first established in our midst.

Yes, blessed St. Patrick! I was by

his ministry that we first tasted the blessings of Christianity. It was by the ministry that our fathers first knelt at the altar of the living God,—that they were first gathered in the one fold of the one shepherd. And how are we, their children, to-day the inheritors of that faith which thou hast taught them, and members of the fold into which thou hast led them, to worthily thank thee, to praise thee, to celebrate thy triumph and to beg the continuance of thy prayers in the cause of Catholicity, but more particularly in the cause of our own dear native land, though no longer our feet tread its sacred soil.

Yes, even in this cold and frozen country, though mountains of snow are above us and rivers of ice are around us, ye know it well, sons of Erin, there is no chill, there is no ice, on the feelings of the Irish heart.—Your blood flows as warmly to-day, your pulse beats as strongly in the glorious cause, as were ye once again surrounded with the green hill, the fertile plains and the murmuring brooks of the dear old land.

And could it be otherwise! Glance for a moment at what St. Patrick accomplished whilst living; see the seed which he had sown, springing up into new life, flourish and bear fruit. See the strenuous efforts put to crush it in its very existence. Behold the national spirit gather in its might around the sacred deposit. See how intimately the one is interwoven with the other and you will then realize how Irish nationality like ivy round an old ruin, clings around the old Catholic faith and can no more be separated from it, than can the ivy from the ruin—without itself being torn into a thousand pieces.

Yes, see him during life. Ireland sat in darkness, in the shadow of death. He passed over her, Her night is suddenly changed into day,—her gloom, her shadows depart. A bright light rises in her midst, from north to south, from east to west, does it extend as if by magic into one vast flame, and blessed be Heaven, that flame has never yet been extinguished in the land. Yes, it burns as brightly and as freshly now as when it was first kindled nigh fifteen hundred years ago—and many are the living torches that have gone forth from that burning pile to carry light and heat and happiness to other and distant climes.

At length when nearing his dissolution, he rests in his labor and looks upon what had been accomplished. He sees churches erected, monuments endowed and ample provision made for the perpetuation of that divine institution which after God he had implanted in the soil. And on seeing these things, must he not have felt as did St. Paul, when he exclaimed: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Or again, when looking upon the infant Irish Church, as did the holy man Simeon once look upon the face of the infant Saviour, may he not have asked his divine master to dismiss him from the scenes of his labors, now that his eyes had seen realized the great mission for which he had been chosen.

"List from Peter, through Patrick, at Jesus' command," to use the words of an eminent divine, that flame will continue burning with undying light. It is because his mission emanated from the centre of unity, that its effects are immortal. So marvelous is St. Patrick's record, that there have been found unbelievers of every shade, who have turned away from it as unreal and have had recourse to the most conflicting and ridiculous perversions of history. What they object to, namely, the supernatural character of his works, is exactly what we lay claim to, as proof irrefragable of his divine mission. We do not expect those who have not faith to understand St. Patrick,—but to their idle imaginations we may safely oppose our belief in that tradition, which is the only key to the wonderful history of our race.

We therefore have no difficulty in believing that St. Patrick preached the faith in almost every province of Ireland; that he consecrated bishop and established his metropolitan see at Armagh; that he presided over the legislation of the law and adapted the Brehon laws to the needs of a Christian people; that the fame of his sanctity and his miracles was in the mouths of Irishmen long before his death. This we believe, and are ready to believe much more, because we rest before us the proofs of his divine mission in the history of ages.

Wherefore, we, the spiritual children of St. Patrick, the special object of his paternal solicitude, for whom he so often wept and prayed—whilst we realize the stupendous extent and marvellous success of his labors and bless his revered name—giving glory meanwhile to Him alone to whom glory is due—well may we exclaim in the spirit of my text—Oh, how admirable is not God, in his chosen and well tried servant. Truly the God of Israel it was who had given him power and strength to accomplish those things.—Blessed be God.

Having placed the Irish church on a firm foundation, and done all that man could do to render the work solid and permanent—the man of God, we are told became a prey to a cruel uncertainty—which threatened to embitter the remaining days of his life. His anxiety as to the future of his beloved Hibernia cast a deep gloom over his mind and his heart, and then as was his wont he poured forth his soul in prayer asking as a last grace that his anxiety might be dispelled. Then the Lord taking pity on his faithful servant harkened unto the desire of his heart, and as a mark signal favor made this manifest to him by a special revelation.

For whilst he was still in prayer, and the heart of his soul was opened, he beheld the whole island one mass of seething flame, burning with intense activity—and he heard the voice of the Angel of God saying: "Such is now Hibernia in the sight of the Lord. Then he beheld from all parts of the island even as mountains of fire rising up towards the heavens. After a while those columns subsided and he saw now as it were a bright light, burning. Then to his dismay darkness began to creep over the land, and the thicker the darkness the fainter the bright lights grew until at length naught remained but glowing coals hid away under the ashes but still burning. Then again the voice of the

Angel was heard, "Thus Shall it be with the People of Hibernia."

Then crushed under the terrible weight of his woe and bitterness—the Saint cast himself on the ground, and in the anguish of his soul, he wept and prayed as he had never prayed before, that this terrible trial might pass away—And the great grief of the faithful old servant touched the heart of the kind master, as it often had done before.—For, on looking up through his tears he beheld, to his great joy, a light raying in the land—with intense anxiety did he see it struggle long and strenuously with the surrounding darkness and at length dispel it. Nor did it cease to increase and to prevail, until it shed its brightness over the whole land and restored Ireland to its nearly former glory.

With the records of history before us; let us see to what extent; the prophetic vision of St. Patrick has been accomplished.

We have glanced at the religious and civil state of Ireland during our Saint's life.—Pass over a few years and look upon her again.—What are the effects of St. Patrick's teaching on the children of the soil! Have they fallen from the faith! Have works of charity the legitimate fruit of true faith—disappeared! Ah, far otherwise is it with holy Ireland.—Peace is upon the land. Her pious patriots actuated by that charity which lively faith alone generates have not only many of their broad acres for the support of the church, for the maintenance of the poor, for the perpetuation of religious worship, for the honor and glory of God. Monasteries and cloisters, those mountains of fire of our Saint's vision cover the land far and wide. So eminent has become her sanctity that the calendar of the Saints is swelled again with the countless members of Ireland's holy children who have been enrolled in its sacred pages.—Fountains have sprung up in their midst to which noble youths, in thousands and tens of thousands flock from every country—to drink in the pure waters of faith, morality, sciences and literature. The air again is filled with sounds of many voices, as the German, the Piet, the Cimbric, the Frank, the Italian and the Saxon all mingled together, converse in the universal language of the Church—Rome's old latin. They have come from afar to hear from the lips of the world-renowned Irish Saints all the lore of ancient Greece and of ancient Rome, and to study in the lives of these same saints, the highest degree and noblest interpretation of Christian morality and Christian perfection.

Wise rulers govern the land. Her heroes are moved to mighty deeds and those noble youths who have come from every clime to the great universities of the world, to the great teachers of nations, go back to their respective countries and tell the glorious talk of Ireland's strength and of Ireland's sanctity, of the purity of Irish maidens, of the saintliness and learning of her priesthood, of the wisdom of her kings and men—until from out the recesses of history there comes borne on the breezes of time, the voice of an admiring world which proclaims our native land in that happy speech and gives to her the name of Island of heroes, of saints and of ages.

Nor is she content with calling the strangers to her shores—she goes forth to seek him in his own home. Herd of barbarians had passed in torrents over Europe. Civilization seemed tottering on its very foundations and about relapsing again into darkness—Ireland sent forth her army of scholars,—those bright lights of St. Patrick's vision,—to enlighten and sanctify the world. With the faith of Patrick in their hearts, and the cross of Christ held aloft in their hands, they moved on their mission of peace.—For three centuries did those fearless Irish monks overrun almost every country of Europe; rescuing Christianity from impending ruin—and so thorough has been their work that even at the present day there is hardly a civilized nation which does not bear traces of the passage of some Irish monk.

Thus is she rich in faith, rich in charity, rich in wisdom, rich in science and letters, rich in the means of diffusing knowledge around her and of communicating it to other and distant countries. Pass over a few years as before and look upon her again. Merciful God! How changed is her aspect now!—A Goddess power has arisen in its might to crush her faith, to trample on the souls of her children, to banish from the soil the heroes and the men of God whom St. Patrick had established in the land.

To attain their unholy purpose, the broad acre of her pious nobles are forfeited to the crown or handed over to the bitterest enemies of her race—Her churches plundered, her monasteries pillaged and laid waste, the ample provisions which her Catholic charity had made for the support of the church, for the maintenance of the poor, for the perpetuation of religious worship are not only diverted from the hallowed purposes for which they were intended, but handed over by the Goddess powers of darkness; to unteach what St. Patrick had taught, to pull down what he had built up—to trample under their feet—the Catholic Church, Ireland's pride, Ireland's glory—her highest, her noblest, her holiest institution.

To attain their diabolical work;—a code of penal laws, the most barbarous which the civilized world had ever yet witnessed is enacted and enforced. In the execution of these cruel enactments and unallowable systems of proselytism, what details of woe, of suffering, of spoliation, of blood, does not the sad, sad history of our poor, prostrate, down-stricken country portray.

Set in the midst of her trials and sufferings, there is cause to be consoled and comforted. The Catholic faith, the Catholic religion, the Catholic Church, was the great objects for which she struggled. Her powerful, her unrelenting enemies would tear it from her bosom. Have they succeeded! No—Blessed be heaven! they have not succeeded. They have succeeded in laying waste to her villages, in sacking her towns, in burning her churches, in violating her monasteries and cloisters. They have succeeded in making her streets flow with the blood of her children, in butchering thousands even in the temples and clinging round the altar of the living God. They have succeeded in

banishing from the soil, in starving to death countless numbers of Erin's noblest sons, but they have not succeeded in crushing the young swarm which as in the days of earlier persecutions arose from the graves of the martyred dead and who by their numbers, their faith, their purity, their constancy in the cause of God and of country, have more than compensated for the loss which she had sustained.

They placed a price upon the heads of her priests, they truck them like wild beasts over the land. They succeeded in glutting their fury in their blood, but they never succeeded in making them traitors to their religion, traitors to their sacred calling.—They never succeeded in preventing them from offering up in the hut, or on the garret, on the hill or in the glens of their native mountains in the Victim of Calvary, the Lamb which was slain from the beginning of the world.—Those were the living coals of our saint's vision, hidden away for a time under the ashes until it should please Providence to fan them into new life.

What need is there, my dear friends to rehearse the mournful story of wrongs and of sufferings which has been Ireland's history for years. The whole world has heard it, and is familiar with it. Yet the tale is ever new—and mankind will listen with sympathy again and again to the wail of suffering Erin—until some measure of justice be done her in God's good time.

We are now entering on an era of relative prosperity and happiness, the closing phases of St. Patrick's prophetic vision.

Well, may we ask if the world has ever yet witnessed a sublime constancy like that of the Irish people. Whilst during the same period of time, many a civilized nation has disappeared from the scenes of history, Ireland alone has never tamely submitted to the yoke of the stranger. Her national spirit was never extinct in the land.

Goed on to desperation by the lash of her oppressor, again and again, she arose in a mighty struggle to free herself from her hated clann—but again and again were her fruitless efforts extinguished in the blood of her children.

The Irish nation had the choice given them: "Deny your Faith, or prepare for the worst." They rejected the insulting proposal, Ireland spurned the alluring bribe and the "alternative was here." Then it was that the sword of persecution entered her loving and devoted soul, but she was unconquered then, as she is unconquered still.

Her extraordinary vitality during these ages of persecution is the wonder of the world,—and to ourselves, it would appear incomprehensible had we not the light of faith to tell us that the Almighty must have had his own designs in this miraculous preservation of our race. When the mission, what ever it may be, which in his divine wisdom he has allotted her, shall have been accomplished, then will meet out to that faithful Ireland that great reward which her heroic constancy has so well deserved.

Already in the old and faithful tale—all the signs of the times point to an approaching success of misfortune. Everything seems to tell us that this generation shall not pass away without seeing realized even the last phases of our Saint's vision. And in fact is not the Irish church restored to more than her former glory! Is not the land covered again with fair churches, convents, colleges, and monasteries as of old. Is not her hierarchy the admiration of the world by the sanctity, the learning, the zeal of its members! not only is her church tolerated but is even triumphant.

This however cannot be all, shall not be all. We have seen the intimate connection that has always existed between Irish nationality and Irish law, how interwoven the one has been with the other. Never can the one enjoy true liberty whilst the others is in chains, victory for the one, means triumph for the other, and blessed be Heaven that day of triumph is near at hand. Even now Ireland is virtually victorious,—she has won all she lost in the contest save her honor and her faith; whilst the victor lost honor, and shall please God lose all his conquests as well in that day, when the divine promise shall be fulfilled in favor of poor Erin—"The meek shall possess the land."

Oh that day—when Ireland shall be once again mistress of her destinies with the liberty that shall come to her not from east but from that God whom she has never forsaken. Will Ireland show herself worthy of the great destinies that had been in store for her. The past is the best guarantee for the future.

When that day shall dawn over our dearly loved land, may it dawn upon a happy people—a faithful people—a people who have kept its faith with its God and holy religion.

Oh that day, which it is my firm belief, we are fast approaching,—when we shall again assemble in this sacred temple, no longer to ponder over Ireland's wrongs and Ireland's sorrows but to rejoice in our nation's triumph—on that day—faithful as we have always been through woe and through joy to that God who hath been our power and strength in the day of battle, to Him alone will we give our glory and honor are due forever and ever.—Amen.

By lack of open air exercise, and the want of sufficient care in the matter of diet, the whole physical mechanism becomes impaired during the winter. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the proper remedy to take in the spring of the year to purify the blood, excite the liver to action, and restore health and vigor.

INDISCRETIONS IN DIET bring on dyspepsia and irregularity of the bowels. Eat only wholesome food, and if it is very prone to do—try a course of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The combined effects astonish and delight the sufferer, who soon begins to digest well, regain functional regularity and improve in appetite; the blood becomes pure, and good health is restored.

For Rough conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruptions and Skin diseases, use Prof. Lewis' Sulphur Soap.

REVIEW OF DOMINION DAY, &c

CONTINUED FROM RECORD OF FEB. 26, '87.

The Poem (Caractacus) concludes with an account of the Briton's arrival and reception at Rome. The generous conduct of the Emperor and Empress towards him is thus alluded to: Caractacus delivers in the Roman Forum, a spirited and dignified address:

Then Claudius Caesar from his gorgeous throne: "deurous give thee life; nor life alone; A boon to Britain's dear, sweet liberty. We freely grant at Rome thy destiny; Her highest honors all thine! thy share, And civic rights these lofty honors bear." Empress Agrippina, in pomp of state, Grandly enthroned, thus the brave Briton's fate Thoughtful consoles: "Mourn not your lot; Adverse your war; meanwhile, it leaves no stain on your name; free and safe at home. Cease to regret your much loved British home. With age may die the glory of our name; No age can ever dim your matchless fame."

MALCOLM AND MARGARET.

At the opening of the poem, the exiled Prince Royal of Scotland is found soliloquizing on his state and prospects when the renowned MacDuff arrives at the Saxon Court with the welcome news that the usurper, Macbeth, has been slain in battle and a complete victory gained for the cause of Prince Malcolm.

The Prince immediately proceeds to Scotland attended by an escort of ten thousand men, kindly provided by his friend, King Edward. There is great rejoicing at his coronation; meanwhile Prince Edgar, the rightful heir of the Saxon Crown, and his sister, Princess Margaret, are banished by the victorious Norman, and forced by stress of weather, to seek refuge on the shores of Scotland. They are welcome guests at the court of their hospitable friend, King Malcolm. The latter, now in the enjoyment of great prosperity, resolves to add to his happiness and wed the Saxon Princess. The celebration of the Royal marriage, with its feasting and national games, is described with a good deal of detail. Perhaps not the least interesting portion of the Royal entertainment is the song of a Bard, who recalls the early history and the glories of the Scottish monarchy:

"Mute, even, than the nation's rousing play fights, A bard with store of song their minds de-light; In numbers sweet he sings and wondrous rhyme, Of deeds heroic in the olden time. From Gauleas, the chief, who nobly gave To Rome defeat, and free could save, Proud independence won, the land all o'er, From sea to sea 'gainst mighty Roman power. To Fergus, king, of whom the lofty tale The glory to renew of Scotia's state, Recounted he; how second of the name, Heroic Malcolm, savage Danes repelled, And daily, their arms completely quelled. Now sang the bard; Scotia, to greatness grown, Her friendship sought the Imperial crown, And conquering Charlemagne with Scotia reunited. And round her crown the lily treasure twined. Mark'd he been, the rampant lion round. This treasure grand, on home or foreign ground, Whence the glorious Empire thus unfurled. Tost rules, in peace and power, the admir-able world."

The bard falls not to record how kindly the Saxon King is asked towards the victims of Roman persecution, who, driven from South Britain, sought refuge on their shores. It is refreshing to find something else than war and feats of arms discoursed on, whether by poets or matter of fact historians. Let us find place then, for a few lines on the hospitality of those people, who, although not barbarians, lived in a tolerably barbarous age:

"Kind hospitality of Scotland's clime The record grand, throughout the years of time, But meet, when cruel persecution raged, And in the Roman British Province waged Of Christian men to bear the deadliest fate Of Heathen Rome. Then Scotia, ever free, From dungeons of ruthless grandeur set her free; Refuge and home to hapless exiles gave, From chains and death, generous, to save. Each victim as he reached her rock-bound shore. Right glad with him to share her piteous fate. This more her praise, Christians, as yet, Her land throughout, yet well and wise she knew Opinion to respect; not with the sword Conviction force; with philosophic word Alone, to stay what'er amiss was deemed, Though war to a great seal well seemed. "Truth is great," she owned, "and will prevail; Like lightning, the cause of truth could much avail; Christ's teaching, hence, came soon to rule the mind. And, powerful, guide the conduct of man-kind. To learned Christian Exiles much was due. Lovingly they disconsort and showed was the creed they held; the glorious light of Heaven Repeating full the bounteous aid was given."

The queen, highly appreciating the historical bard, honors him with a chain of gold. The magnanimity of King Malcolm is shown by the extraordinary way in which he overcame a conspiracy that sought his life:

"Of mere conspirators a desperate band; The royal power most daringly withstood; But vain their hopes, their able efforts. Knows well their angry passion to restrain The wary King. Each name to him was known. The dark and trait'rous plot completely showed. The King and Court, on a bright summer day, Were listening to their hunting grounds away. Among the rest, the chief on whom the lot The King to slay. To a sequestered spot Was led the rebel lord; well armed with words. Both King and foe; then spoken were these words: "I know you seek; since man to man, We're chanced, now take it, traitor, if you A suppliant mean, down on the earth lay low. As with lightning struck, the treach'rous foe. "Arise, Sir Thane, your monstrous crime's forgiven. Implore ye, prompt, the healing grace of heaven."

A good deal of space is given to the labors of the king and queen in reforming the state and improving the condition of the Church. Due mention is made of the important council which they held for this purpose and at which was present the celebrated Lanfranc, Bishop of Canterbury.

A good many lines are bestowed on the war which Malcolm was obliged to wage against William the Conqueror in defence of the liberty and English possessions of the true heir to the Saxon crown, Prince Edgar. Four formidable armies, sent by

William against the Scottish monarch, were all, in their turn, ignominiously defeated. The result was the complete recognition of Edgar's right to his lands in England, whilst rank was assigned to him second only to that of the king.

The poem concludes with a vision in which King Malcolm is favored at the close of the war and when reposing with his victorious warriors on the field of battle:

"Edward, the Saint, from his abode in Heaven, Descends, and thus accosts the victor King: "Good tidings, O illustrious son I bring. Thou, for my children's cause hast nobly fought Great battles, and their freedom dearly bought With warlike toil. Hence, thus shall ever With warlike toil. Hence, thus shall ever The recompense. O'er Scotia's happy land, Thou long wilt reign; and when thy days decline, From age to age, in an unbroken line. Thy sons will rule, and Scotland, ever free, Thy name will praise in peace and liberty." "spoke the saint, nor waited for reply, "that sought to know the glories of the sky."

*King Malcolm reigned thirty-six years in great prosperity from A. D. 1057 to 1093.

THE BREAKING UP OF THE SECTS.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

When Bossuet wrote his "Variations," he thought the title of his immortal work alone was the most crushing blow that could be dealt to Protestantism: "You change; therefore you cannot be true." If the Eagle of Meaux, however, had been able to embrace the nineteenth century in his piercing vision, he would have found that the work of division, contradiction and disintegration among the Protestant sects had reached a point far in advance of the era in which he lived. The Protestantism of the nineteenth century is no longer the Protestantism of the eighteenth, and still less of the seventeenth century.

It is not unusual to hear from Episcopal pulpits in New York—and certainly Episcopalianism must be considered as belonging to "the straightest sect of the Pharisees"—expressions utterly inconsistent with a real belief in the Divinity of Christ, with a future state of punishment (there does not appear to be any objection to a future state of reward) and with other fundamental doctrines, the denial of which even a generation ago would send a thrill of horror through the Episcopalian bosom. Yet to the making of missionaries for the conversion of the benighted Papist in Italy, Spain and Mexico, there is no end. They are let loose on these unhappy populations, accompanied by blooming spouses and interesting offspring, regardless of expense. We have often thought of the dismay of these good people if the Catholic world would take them at their word; if they suddenly received an offer of this kind: "All the Catholic churches wish to unite with you so as to form one flock, under one shepherd. Please be so good as to furnish us with a symbol of your faith. As soon as we have it we are prepared to renounce our Church in favor of universal unity." What answer would our worthy Protestant clerical friends give to the request? If they discussed the matter for a thousand years, is it likely they would find the symbol demanded?

Not only is the Protestantism of one sect not the Protestantism of another, but the Protestantism of a sect to-day will not be the Protestantism of the same sect to-morrow. It would be impossible for all of them to agree on a common symbol; it would be equally impossible for any one of them to agree on a symbol that would last a generation. Nor is this absence of any real, positive belief in the doctrines of revelation a marked feature of American Protestantism alone. It prevails to a much greater extent in the European centres from which Protestantism has spread over the Christian world, and that by the testimony of its most eminent defenders. The testimony of the distinguished Geneva minister, Chantre, is conclusive on this point. "The fact in general," he says, "that everywhere, with more or less frankness, with more or less clearness, the great doctrines of the Reformation are abandoned in the bosom of Protestant Churches. The doctrines that were proclaimed in the sixteenth century by our spiritual ancestors as truth, truth absolute, true divine, are rapidly vanishing to-day. It is enough to name them—the Trinity, the Redemption, Expiation, etc.—to prove they are no longer popular either with Protestant ecclesiastics or with Protestant laymen."

And he goes on to say: "A Calvinist pastor who had come from the depths of Germany to Geneva with the object of refreshing himself spiritually in the society of his brethren, departed quite sad and not finding even in Geneva a Calvinist who was a Calvinist."

But if Protestants have surrendered themselves to the gloomiest individualism, if they have no longer a bible or a Church, if they find that they are divided on the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, even on that of the immortality of the soul, why do they still retain the common name of Protestants? Or, rather, what actually constitutes Protestantism? What is its essential principle? The answer is found in the words of the minister Nippold, professor of theology in the College of Berne: "The sole principle from which all the varied Churches of the Reformation have sprung, is the principle that has been formulated in the Helvetian Spire; the right of the individual to decide for himself."

The Protestant is a Protestant from the moment he protests against the church of God, or, as the same minister says, "from the moment that he repels papism or cryptopapism," by which latter word he explains that he means a tendency to return to the Catholic Church, "Protestantism," says Chantre, "is above everything, a rupture with Rome; it is the feeling that made heroes of our fathers."

Protestants, then, protest against the Church, and this of itself makes them protestants, no matter what other doctrines they believe or disbelieve. It does not matter that they know nothing of the Church they hate. For most of them, Catholicism is like the water at Athens raised to the unknown God; they wish to know nothing about it.