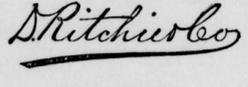


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GRAPES AND THORNS.

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Elizabeth stood on the lawn, and looked after the carriage as long as it was in sight; and when it was no longer in sight, she still gazed at the green wall that had closed up behind it.

While she gazed, deeply occupied with whatever dream or thought she was entertaining, the alders parted again, and a man appeared, hesitating whether to come forward, yet looking at her as if he wished to speak.

Encouraged by her advance, the man came forward to meet her. "My grandfather will soon be home, if you want him," she said directly, holding aloof.

The stranger did not want to see him; he merely wished to ask some questions about the place which she could answer.

They were very trivial questions, but she answered them, keeping her eyes fixed intently on him. He wanted to know what they raised there; if it was very cold in winter; if it was very hot in summer; if they had many visitors there; if she was much acquainted in Crichton; if she had a piano; if she could play; if she knew any good music-teacher.

"Oh! perhaps you have met him without knowing," the man said with animation, in spite of an assumed carelessness. "Seems to me I saw him come here this summer. Don't you remember a man whose buggy broke down beyond there, and he came here for a rope?"

The girl's eyes brightened. "Oh! is that a music-teacher?" she asked. "His voice sounds like it, or like what a music teacher's ought to be. Yes, I remember him. He got on to the wrong road driving up to Crichton, turned off here instead of going straight on, and something broke. I gave him a rope, and he went away."

"Let me see; there was somebody else here at the same time, wasn't there?" he asked, with an air of trying to recollect. "Wasn't there a woman here getting things for the new convent?"

"A disagreeable eagerness in her questioner's eyes chilled the girl; but there seemed no reason why she should not answer so insignificant a question. She did so reluctantly. "Yes, Mrs. Macon was here."

"And her carriage was standing at the door?" he added, nodding. "Seems to me you're very much interested in our visitors," said Elizabeth abruptly, drawing herself up a little.

"The man laughed. "Why, yes, in these two. But I won't ask you much more. Only tell me one thing. Did you see this Mr. Schominger come up to the door, and go away from it?"

"I saw him come up, I didn't see him go away," she said. "The truth was that Miss Elizabeth had admired this stranger exceedingly, but had not wished him to suspect it. So instead of frankly looking after him as he went out, she had turned away, with an air of immense indifference, then rushed to the window to look when she thought him at a safe distance."

"Then you didn't see him when he passed by the phaeton that stood at the step?" pursued the questioner. She shook her head, and pursed her lip out impatiently.

"He had a shawl over his arm when he came. Did you notice whether he had it when you saw him going away?" was the next question. "I don't know anything about it," she said shortly; but recollected even in speaking that she had said to herself as she watched the strange gentleman going, "How does he hold his shawl so that I can't see it?"

The green boughs brushed him with their tender leaves, as if they would have brushed away some cobwebs from his sight, and opened his eyes to the peace and clarity of the woods; but he was too much absorbed in one ignoble pursuit to be accessible to gentler influences. What he sought was not to uphold the law; what he felt was not that charity to the many which sometimes makes severity to the few a necessity. His object was money, and charity lay dead in his heart with a coin over each eye.

That evening Miss Ferrier and Lawrence Gerald talked over their matrimonial affairs quite freely, and in the most business-like manner in the world. They discussed the ceremony, the guests, the breakfast, and the toilette, and Annette displayed her lace dress.

"It is frightfully costly," she owned; "but I had a purpose in making it so. I shall never wear it but once, and some day or other it will go to trim a priest's surplice. You see, I ordered the pattern to that end, as nearly as I could get it, and not have it for me. There was no time for that. The ferns are neutral; but the wheat is perfect, you see, and that vine is quite like a grape-vine. I shall wear a tulle veil."

She threw the cloud of misty lace over her head. "Why, Annette, it makes you look lovely!" Lawrence exclaimed. "I am glad you think so," she responded dryly, and took it off again.

Lawrence was seated on a tabouret in Annette's own sitting-room, which no one else was allowed to enter during these last days of her maiden life. It had been newly furnished after her own improved taste, and the luxury and elegance of everything pleased him. He was still more pleased to see her so well in harmony with it.

He was beginning to find her interesting, especially as he found her indifferent and a little commanding toward him. "And now, Lawrence," she said, folding carefully the beautiful Alencon flounces, "you have some little preparation to make. You know you must be reconciled to the Church."

"I have nothing against the Church," he said coolly. "The Church has something against you, and it is a serious matter," she urged, refusing to smile. "You haven't been to confession for—how many years? Not a few, certainly. No priest will marry us till you do."

"I suppose a minister wouldn't do?" remarked the young man, with the greatest hardness, seeming mildly doubtful about the question. "Now, Lawrence, don't talk nonsense," Annette begged. "When one is going to be married, one feels a little sober."

"That's a fact!" he assented, with rather ungallant emphasis. She colored faintly. Her gentle earnestness of face had touched one less careful than she in beginning a new life. "And now, Lawrence," she said, "I'm afraid we should not be happy."

The young man straightened himself up, and gave his mustache an energetic twist with both hands—a way he had when impatient. "Well, anything but a lecture, Ninon," he exclaimed. "I'll think the matter over, and see if I can rake up any transgressions. I dare say there are plenty."

"You will speak to F. Chevreuse about it?" she asked eagerly. He nodded. "And now sing me something," he said. "I haven't heard you sing for an age. Is there anything new?"

She seated herself at the exquisite little piano, well pleased to be asked. Here was one way in which she could delight him, for he grew more and more fond of her singing. Annette's was a graceful figure at the piano, and she had the gift of looking pretty while singing. Her delicate and expressive face reflected every light and shade in the songs she sang, and the music flowed from her lips with as little effort as a song from a bird.

"Here is 'The Sea's Answer,'" she said. Lawrence settled himself into a high-backed chair. "Well, let us hear what the sea answered. Only it might be more intelligible if one first knew what the question was, and who the questioner, and why he didn't ask somebody else. There! go on."

Annette sang: "O Sea!" she said. "I trust you: Myself has slipped away; I give you to-day, Break off the foamy cable, That holds me to the shore; For my path is to the eastward, I can return no more. But ever while it stretches— That pale and shining thread— It pulls upon my heart strings, Till I wish that I were dead."

Then she sang it in a rippling, as fast as they could run. And they caught the bubbles of the wake, And broke them one by one; And they tossed and froth in bunches away to left and right. Till of all that foamy cable, But a fragment lay in sight. No clue was left to trace, Where the land beyond invisibly Held its abiding place.

"But, oh!" she cried, "it follows—that ghostly, wavering line— Like the misting of garments Drenched in the chilly brine. It eludes into the radiator, And while it clings, my excited heart Strains backward to the land. Then the sea rolled in its billows, It rolled them to and fro; And the clinging robe sank out of sight, And the drowning hand let go. 'O sea,' she said, 'I trust you! Now tell me, true and bold, If the new life I am seeking Will be brighter than the old. I am stilling for an orbit Or a wider sweeping ring; And there's a laugher in me somewhere, And I have songs to sing. But the sea is like a sieve That never, never slips; And when my songs pressed upward It snote me on the lips."

"And, sea," she sighed, "I'm weary Of future and of strife; And I fall would rest for ever, If this is it of life. Thy billows rock like mother's arms Where babies are hushed to rest; And the sleepers that take in charge Are safe within thy breast. If the waves be deadly, I have not strength to go; And thy rocking bosom, Ocean, Is the tenderest I know."

Then the sea rose high, and shook her. As she called upon its name, Till the life within her wavered, And went out like a flame. And stranger voices read the Word, And sang the psalm by name, As they dropped her out the ship's side Into the water-dim.

And the rocking ocean drew her down With all her laughter's prisoned, And all her songs unstung. There was silence for a little while when the song ended; then Lawrence exclaimed, with irritation, "What sets people out to write such things? The whole world wants to be cheered and amused, and yet some writers seem to take delight in making everything as gloomy as they are. Why, can't people keep their blues to themselves?"

The singer shrugged her shoulders. "You mistake, I think. I always fancy that melancholy writing proves a gay writer. Don't you know that school compositions are nearly always didactic and doleful? When I was fifteen years old, and as gay as a lark, I used to write jeremiads at school, and make myself and all the girls cry. I enjoyed it. When a subject is too serious, you don't touch it, and silence proves more than speech."

Lawrence kept the promise he had made, though he put its fulfillment off as long as possible. The morning before his wedding day he was at early Mass, and, when Mass was over, went into F. Chevreuse's confessional. It would seem that he had not succeeded in "raking up" many transgressions, for ten minutes sufficed for the first confession he had made in fifteen years.

But when he came out, his face was very pale, and he lingered in the church long after every one else had left. Glancing in from the sacristy, after his thanksgiving, F. Chevreuse saw him prostrate before the altar, with his lips pressed to the dusty step where many a humble communicant had knelt, and heard him repeat lowly, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for no one living shall be justified in thy sight."

The priest looked at him a moment with fatherly love and satisfaction, then softly withdrew. The spiritual affairs of her future husband attended to, toilet, decoration, ceremony, reception, all planned and arranged by one brain and one pair of hands, Annette had still to school and persuade her mother to a proper behavior. She the daughter, had conquered Crichton. They no longer laughed at her criticism, and were in a fair way to go to the opposite extreme, and regard her as an authority on all subjects. For the Crichtonians had the merit of believing that good can come out of Nazareth, and could become enthusiastic over what they conceived to be an original genius victoriously asserting its independence of a low origin and of discouraging circumstances.

But the mother was, and ever would be to them, a subject of unquenchable mirth. Her sayings and doings, and the mortification she inflicted on her daughter, were an endless source of amusement to them. "Now, do keep quiet this once, mamma," Annette begged pathetically. "You know I shall not be able to hover about and set people to rights when they quiz you. You will have to take care of yourself. Don't trust anybody, and don't quarrel with anybody."

For once the mother was disposed to yield entire obedience. She had begun to assume that mournful face which, according to Thackeray, all women seem to think appropriate at a wedding; and there was far more danger of her being inarticulate and sobbing than of her showing either pugilism or loquacity.

"I'm sure I shan't feel much like saying anything to anybody when I see my only daughter getting married before my eyes," she said reproachfully. "Suppose you saw your only daughter growing into an old maid before your eyes, mamma," said Annette, laughing, and patting her mother on the shoulder. "Would you like that any better?"

"Well," Mrs. Ferrier sighed, "I suppose you may as well be married, now you've had the fuss of getting ready. All I care about is your happiness, though you may not believe it. I'm no scholar, and I know people laugh at me; but that doesn't prevent my having feelings. You deserve to be happy, Annette, for you have been a good child to me, and you were never ashamed of me, though you have tried hard to make me like other folks. I couldn't be anything but what I am; and when I have tried, I've only made a greater fool of myself than I was before. But for all that, I'm sorry I've been such a burden to you, and I'm grateful to you for standing by me."

This was Mrs. Ferrier's first confession of any sense of her own shortcomings, or of her daughter's trials on her account, and it touched Annette to the heart. The outside world, that she had striven to please and win, faded away and grew distant. Here was one whom she could depend on, the only one on earth whom she could always be sure of. Whatever she might be, her mother could not be estranged from her, and could not have an interest entirely detached from hers.

"Don't talk of being grateful to me, mamma," she said tremulously. "I believe, after all, you were nearer right than I was; and I have far more reason to be ashamed of myself than of you. I have been straining every nerve to please people who care nothing for me, and to reach ends that were nothing when reached. It isn't worth the trouble. Still, it is easier to go on than to turn back, and we may as well take a little pains to keep what we have taken much pains to get. I'm sorry I undertook this miserable business of a show-wedding. It disgusts me. A quiet marriage would have been far better. But since it is undertaken, I want it to be a success of its kind."

"Oh! as to that," Mrs. Ferrier said, "I like the wedding. I don't like to see people get married behind the door, as if they were ashamed of themselves. You don't marry every day, and it may as well be something uncommon."

They were conversing more gently and confidentially than they had for a long time; and the mother appeared to greater advantage than ever before, more dignified, more quiet. Annette pushed a footstool to the sofa, and, sitting on it, leaned on her mother's lap. "Still, I do not like a showy marriage," she said. "It may do for two young things who have parents and friends on both sides to take all the care, while they dream away the time, and have nothing to do or think of but one's thoughtful people. For serious people, I think the less parade and starting and hurly-burly there is, the better. But then, that quiet way throws the two very much alone together, and obliges them to talk the matter over; and Lawrence and I would find it a bore. We are neither of us very sentimental."

She spoke gently enough, but there was a faint touch of bitterness in her voice that the mother's ear detected. "I don't know why he shouldn't like to talk the matter over with you," she began, kindling to anger; but Annette stopped her. "Now, mamma, there must be an end put to all this," she said firmly. "And since there is no other way, let me tell you the true story of my engagement. You seem to think that Lawrence was very anxious to get me, and that he has made a good bargain, and ought to be grateful. Well, perhaps a part of the last is true; but the first is not. I've got to humiliate myself to tell you; but you will never cease to reproach him unless I do. A burning blush suffused her face, and she shrank as if with a physical pain.

"Lawrence knew perfectly well that I liked him before he ever paid the slightest attention to me; and when he began to follow me ever so little, I encouraged him in a manner that must have been almost coaxing. He knew that I was to be had for the asking. Of course, I wasn't aware of this, mamma. Girls do such things, like simpletons, and think nobody understands them; and perhaps they do not understand themselves. I am sure that Lawrence was certain of me before I had the least idea what my own feelings were. I knew I liked him, but I never thought how. I was too romantic to come down to realities. Of course, he had a contempt for me—he couldn't help it—though I didn't deserve it; for while he thought I supposed that I was trying to win him for my husband, I was only worshipping him as superior and beyond all other men. If girls could only know how plainly they show their feelings, or rather, if they would only restrain and deny their feelings a little, they would save themselves much contempt that they deserve, and much that they do not deserve. So you see, mamma, Lawrence might at any time, if I were to approach him, turn and say that I was the one who sought him, and say what is half true, too. I didn't mean to, but I did it for all that. Now, of course, it is different, and he really wants to marry me. He is more anxious than I am, indeed. But the less said about the whole matter the better. When I think of it, I could throw myself into the fire."

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"Well, well, dear, don't think about it, then," the mother urged soothingly, startled by the passion in Annette's face. "It doesn't make much difference who begins, so long as both are willing. And now, don't torment yourself any more, child. You're always breaking your heart because you have done something that isn't quite up to your own notions. And I tell you, Annette, I wouldn't exchange you for twenty Honora Pembrokes."

Annette leaned on her mother's bosom, and resigned herself with a feeling of sweet rest and comfort to be petted and caressed, without criticising either grammar or logic. How mean and harsh all such criticisms seemed to her when brought to check and chill a loving heart!

"Mamma," she whispered, after a while, "I almost wish that we were back in the little cabin again. I can just faintly remember your rocking me to sleep there, and it seems to me that I was happier then than ever since."

"Yes," Mrs. Ferrier sighed, "we were happier then than we are now; but we shouldn't be happy to go back to it. I should feel as if I were crawling head-foremost into a hole in the ground. We didn't know how happy we were then, and we don't know how happy we are now, I suppose. So let's make the best of it all."

The wedding proved to be, as the bride had desired, a success of its kind. The day was perfect, no mishap occurred, and everybody whom the family had not invited invited themselves as spectators. Policemen were needed to keep the way clear to the church door when the bridal party arrived, and the heavens seemed to rain flowers on them wherever they went.

Seeing Mr. Gerald bend his handsome head, and whisper smilingly to the bride, as they entered the church, sentimental folks fancied that he was making some very lover-like speech

suitable to the occasion. But this is what he said: "Annette, we draw better than the giraffe. Why hadn't we thought to charge ten cents a head?" Her eyes had been fixed on the lighted altar, just visible, and she did not look at him as she replied, "Lawrence, we are in the presence of God, and this is a sacrament. Make an act of contrition, or you will commit a sacrilege."

And then the music of the organ caught them up, and the rest was like a dream. "How touching it is to see a young girl give herself away with such perfect confidence," remarked Mr. Sales, who was much impressed by the splendor of the bride. "Give herself away!" growled Dr. Porson in return. "She is throwing herself away."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PROTESTANT SAVANT'S EULOGY OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

The death has just been chronicled of Rudolph von Ihering, in Germany, at the ripe age of seventy-four, professor of jurisprudence at the University of Göttingen, a man widely known for his profound learning, and no less estimated for his upright character. He stood in the foremost rank in his domain of science, and enjoyed an almost universal reputation.

He has left no equal in his profound knowledge of Roman Law, and the greatest of his works, "Spirit of the Roman Law," has not only been many German editions, but it has been translated in several languages. He had the happy gift, not only of writing for his compatriots, but also of attracting a wider circle of readers, by a popular style of treating questions of political economy, of public administration, etc. This his essay, "The Struggle for Right," may almost be said to have made the tour of the world.

Equally well known is his "Jurisprudence of every-day life;" and in the second edition of this work he passes an eulogy on the Doctor Angelicus, which, as coming from one of the first Protestant scholars of our day, is most obliging to Catholics, and must give those outside the Church occasion to reflect. Professor Ihering says: "I have made to this second edition an appendix, which is mostly due to a discussion I had about this work with W. Hohoff (a well-known Catholic priest and writer), who has assisted me with many valuable references of Catholic ethic literature. He has proved to me by citations from the works of Thomas Aquinas, that this great man had already completed and accurately mastered the practical and social, as well as the historical momentum of ethics. Hohoff blames me, and I must confess to a certain ignorance on my part; but this blame must attach with far greater weight to those modern philosophers and Protestant theologians who have neglected to profit by the grand ideas of this writer. How was it possible that such truths, once uttered, could be allowed to fall into oblivion by Protestant science? From what vagaries it might have saved itself! On my part, I must say that perhaps I would not have written this book had I been acquainted with the works of Thomas Aquinas, for the fundamental ideas which I had at heart have already been set forth by this colossal thinker with perfect clearness and ample details. Catholic ethics have continued to be based upon his foundation. If my present work is to have any success, such success will show itself by the fact of Protestant science availing itself of the works of Catholic theological writers; and he who neglects the information he may gain from an adversary only damages himself."

Liverpool Catholic Times.

Your Influence. The Angelus. That is a subtle something over which you cannot always have control. You may guard the words you are to speak, or you may speak words different from those you at first intended, or you may leave them unspoken. But not so with the silent influence that goes out from you that may proceed from the expression of your countenance, from a simple look, a nod of the head, a motion of the hand, the sound even of your footsteps.

Consciously or unconsciously, you are all the time speaking in this silent but powerful manner. And the speech you thus make, which we call influence, may effect others for their best welfare or their ruin. He who steps into a saloon or indulges daily in moderate use of the drinks, who uses profane words or other impure speech, whose conduct of life is on a lower moral plane, whether he wishes to do so or not, influences others to do the things he does. That man moving in respectable society and a practical Christian who visits a drinking place, by his conduct invites others to do so. He says to them in unspoken words, but words they know how to interpret. "There is no danger here." The young lady who indulges in the fashionable vanities of the world, says to her companions, in words alike unspoken, "There is no harm in these things; no hurt can come from them to the religious well-being of the soul."

These things being true, it is of the highest importance for one's own good, as well as for the good of others, that our influence be always pure and good, helpful and uplifting. And to be so it must be guarded as the best interests of our life are guarded.

Blow, blow! That disagreeable catarrh can be cured by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the constitutional remedy.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

THE PROTESTANT

Martin Luther's Memorial Week at Wittenberg

Boston Rep.

Protestantism possess that it can hardly be ing the most of its annually when any of the celebrated at Wittenberg takes the observer back that religious creed.

of lending a greater owns to its sect, Protestantism itself da date of Luther's birth cannot correctly be contemporary with the being commemorated, these on the door of of that town; since he hold twelve years subterally assigned as a martyr; and it was from that the sect took its three hundred and so have elapsed since L 31, 1517, nailed his t of the Wittenberg restoration of that dition it was then in led to the celebration week.

Fifty odd miles of southwest from Berl Wittenburg, a town thousand inhabitants usual trades of Germ though some of the r industries of the place decay of late years. Wittenburg possess Augustinian monast "reformer" was pas but this edifice pass hands shortly after the residence of Luth Bora. To-day it h Luther's Museum, th tion of the original m preserved; and near

STANIS A LUTHER The Schlosskirche, which the pseudo-reform bombastic thesis, was suffered severely d years' war, was subse and has now been same state it had wh his warfare agains Church by nailing h Church was the direct own teachings, and he, after having be

W. ms having be dust there, was in companions in the where he stayed fr March of the followi this absence of his f number of his fanati into the local church altars and statuary other vandalism o character that Luth letter in condemnation The manner of lifo former" led while sacking the church Protestantism has re be judged from his

the pulpit of which many of Luther's phiilippics against th the fourteenth centu gone such changes i it another edifice n whereon Luther buru and other writings, is designated by a Bull in question w Leo, June 15, 1520, three legates, one o subsequently prove est adversary.

THE THIEVES w nailed on the door o Castle Church, a commemorated by at Wittenberg th well known, the lence—for the fou ism than a mo cau friar, Tetzcl, the doctrine of Ind by the Catholic Ch Archbishop of M selected Friar Te North Germany tence which Leo Pontiff had grant ditions, of course, lic world, and the sermons were to building of St. Luther was envious Tetzcl, who was v by his discourses; mense audiences; questionably had s course which he su

It is the univers that, in these th nounced against of Indulgence; ye the propositions v the portals of the declared that "against the truth gones, let him b truth of the matter no himself unde and he confesses a works, when he r reference to the "Upon my salvat at that time wh and did those wh me." Again an bitions be found i