The Cricket.

Oh, to be a cricket.
That's the thing!
To scurry in the grass
And to have one's fling!
And it's Oh, to be a cricket!
In the warm thistle-thicket.
Where the sun-winds pass,
Winds a-wing,
And the bumble-bees hang humming,
Hum and swing.
And the honey-drops are coming!

It's to be a summer rover, That can see a sweet, and pick it With the sting! Never mind the sting!

And it's Oh, to be a cricket
In the clover.
A gay summer rover
In the warm thistle-thicket,
Where the honey drops are coming.
Where the bumble-bees hang humain
That's the thing!

-Chas. G. D. Roberts in the Arene LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER I.-CONTINUED.

Miss Mackenzie and Sir Raph's mother were sisters. Sir Ralph was not the eldest son; nor was it until several years after his marriage that he unexpectedly came into possession of his father's baronetcy and the estate of Elvanlee. But his elder brother died childless, and he found himself master of one of the finest properties in the north of England, and no longer under the necessity of pursuing his profession at the Bar, in which he had already

acquired some reputation. Owing perhaps to his mother's Scotch connections, his education had been carried on, by her wish, entirely in Edinburgh. As a boy he had attended the High School, and in later years he completed his studies at the University. Hence it came about that his Scotch relations had a stronger hold upon his affections than those on his father's

For his young aunt Helen Mackenzie he had conceived a special devotion. She was younger than his own mother by ten years, and had always taken him under her protection from the day when, as a small boy of seven, he had been left in Edinburgh to begin his school life, attending as a daily scholar at the High School, and returning in the evenings to Carlton Terrace, where his grand-parents resided.

In after years, when Helen Mackenzie was left alone, the last survivor of the once happy family of Carlton Terthen Sir Ralph Forrester, endeavored to persuade her to make Elvanlee her home; but to this Miss Mackenzie would not consent. She preferred the "old place," with its old associations; nor was it until Sir Ralph's somewhat sudden death had left his wife in a state bordering on despair that Miss Mackenzie left her Scotch home and went to live at Elvan-

The birth of little Mabel having been followed by the death of her mother, Miss Mackenzie became, by Sir Ralph's will, the sole guardian of the two children, who, according to the express wish of the diseased, were to be brought up as much as possible at Elvanlee, under the care of their mother-or, failing her, their aunt

Putting aside her own feelings with regard to Scotland, Miss Mackenzie had generously devoted herself to the tas's imposed upon her, and had exiled herself for some years from her beloved home, letting the house on a long lease until Guy should have attained his majority.

This event had taken place a year before the commencement but Guy had been so unwilling to part with his aunt and sister that Miss to his taste; and it was, in fact, on their way up to the north, to be present at his marriage, that Miss Macken zie and her niece happened to find themselves for one night in Glasgow.

Mabel had grown up in her beauti ful home like a wild flower in its native soil. Excellent as she was in her own way, her aunt was not much of a companion to the ardent, thoughtful, passionate child, who, gifted with keen sense of the good and beautiful, was incessantly craving after something whereon to expend the overflowing warmth of her affections. Companions she had none, except, indeed, her governess, who was not one to win the confidence of such a child as Mabel. Miss Rawlins was a good woman, and devoted to her little charge, but her manners were stiff, her ideas narrow. She was matter-of-fact, averse to al poetry or sentiment, which she consid ered the bane of modern society.

Quite unable to follow out the orig inal fancies in which Mabel continually indulged, she was forever jarring upo the little girl's feelings, so that Mabel by degrees shut herself up, even as a ower does that cannot bear upon its delicate petals the cold breath of night

The birds, the trees, the flowers. the skies, the rippling burn that murmured over the rocky beds of the glen, or lost itself, gliding in silver stream lets through the shady dells, became se many companions to the lonely child. There was a language for her in the soft sighing of the wind, in the bab bling brook or the splashing waterfall The lark's glad song in the early morning, or the plaintive cooing of the wild dove through warm, glad summer days, spoke to her in so many words, which her heart could translate into well known meaning. She loved the roaring wind, and the surging o the angry ocean. Everything in rich nature, by which she was surrounded, gave her pleasure, each in its own

Mabel had many amusements; her avorite one in summer was to wander forth, with a favorite book, sometimes

perching herself on a spiral rock on the sea-shore, sometimes high up among the branches of a shady tree, oftener still lying flat on the grass, listening to the murmuring burn waters, or dreaming day-dreams, build-ing airy castles in the fleecy clouds sailing above her. Again, in the long summer evenings, she was constantly een roaming over tracts of moorland heather; two large deer-hounds bound-ing before her, her fair hair streaming in the breeze, and her fresh young voice carolling forth song after song from a pure heart-a stranger yet to

In the Winter season no inclemency of weather ever kept her within; she was strong and hardy by nature, and able to bear any amount of cold. Skating on the broad lake, or, oftener, mounted on her Arab pony, she was to be seen, carrying bundles of Winter clothing, or basket of provisions, to her poorer neighbors, who for miles around blessed the sight of her, when she came among them, with her bright face and cherry smile.

Mabel's religion, like herself, was leep and earnest, but somewhat of a dreamy nature. With her strong appreciation of the beautiful, there With her strong had grown up in her heart an ardent admiration for the human character of the Saviour. This had gradually developed itself into a species of adora-tion, which had become the most powerful of the child's passionate feelings Hence arose, doubtless, her relish for all the services of the Church; not that she either understood or enjoyed the good old rector's long, dry sermons, but she was vividly impressed with th idea that, in the solemn stillness of the dark old church, she was in an inexplicable way brought into closer communication with that Unseen Presence, after which, even in those early days, she so yearningly craved.

She delighted in the quaint, myster ious remnants of bygone years which she was continually discovering in the old church, in the ancient figures curious crosses, strange symbols carved in the well-worn stone; a sort of in stinct told her that much of beauty had gone away with the past, therefore she loved all which could help in any way to lift its mysterious veil.

Miss Rawlins would often shake her head, remarking sagely that there were "the makings of a Papist in that child." Greatly did Mabel's reverence for crosses, holy pictures, and relies disturb the peace of mind of her excel-

lent governess.
"I should like to know, my dear! she would remonstrate, "what you can see to stare at so in those queer, outlandish figures in the stained windows. If the saints were like them, God help them, poor things! they must have been very unsightly, and had no need to be tempted to vanity!"

Mabel only laughed in response, no did she seek to make herself under He only who knows how to make use of the most simple creature of His creation to draw the human heart to Himself, can tell how much of real, deep, religious feeling had found its way into the child's poetical sou with the golden and purple streams of light from the old oriel window. I am well aware that this, to a great

many, will read, like nonsense. There are, however, a few who will under-I think the authoress of that poem called "The Lost Chord," if she were yet alive, would catch my mean-As a general rule, matter-offact people go through life with greater ease than those whose natures rea full of poetry, but I shall always thing so extraordinary?"
re full of poetry, but I shall always thing so extraordinary?"
"Hush! Mabel; yes, I hear," said think the former are not to be envied. If a poetical mind has its deep sorrows, Mackenzie had agreed to remain with such as the many cannot fathom, it has him until he should marry. It was not long before he managed to find a wife stranger intermeddleth not;" and its joys too, with the which there is no keener one, as far as earthly enjoyment goes, than that responsive echoing of the heart to corresponding chords in the external beauties of creation ; than the mysteri ous communication which exists be tween the human soul and the myriad phases of life which compass it. Thus it is that a single sunbeam shooting across the still surface of a quiet lake, a ray of silver moonlight quivering on the breaking wave, a few bars of simple melody—nay, the very scent of some fragrant flower, -each and all have power to strike and wake up chords in the human heart that may set it thrilling here on earth, but which will also vibrate in ceaseless echoes till they burst at last, some day, into harmony perpetual — harmony per-fected, — for the pure enjoyment of

which the heart of man was created. To Mabel, from her earliest infancy the suints in the colored windows had spoken lessons of unearthly wisdomssons of which those in her narrow nome-circle knew nothing. Once, in deed-but once only-had Mabel uplifted the veil which shrouded her inner life from observation. It was to ask, with some hesitation, an explanaion of the words in the Apostles Creed-"I believe in the Communior f Saints." Miss Mackenzie's reply had been so vague-so distressin pelow Mabel's own conception of the beautiful mystery - that the child never again sought for a solution of her religious difficulties, but trusted to the dictates of her own earnest heart. It was therefore natural that her religion should be of a fanciful nature : he ideal was very beautiful, but it was nothing more than an ideal—a dim, faint foreshadowing of a glorious

On the morning which followed her adventure with little Katie, Mabel was roused, not without difficulty, from her clared, not without difficulty, from her clared to the control of the morning which followed her little with the control of the morning which followed her little with the control of the morning which followed her little with the control of the morning which followed her adventure with little Katie, Mabel was roused, not without difficulty, from her control of the morning which followed her adventure with little Katie, Mabel was roused, not without difficulty, from her control of the morning which followed her adventure with little Katie, Mabel was roused, not without difficulty, from her control of the morning which followed her control of the morning which is the morning which is the morning which was also control of the morning which will be added to the morning wh reality slumbers by Linton, who, with her bounet on, was standing over her,

shaking her, and calling—
"Miss Mabel!—Miss Mabel! get up directly! How you do sleep, miss!" her."
Whereupon Mabel started, remem- "Do, do! Thank you so much!

bering suddenly that her plan for an early pilgrimage in quest of Geordie must necessarily collapse, as it was already late, and she should have no "Sit down, dearie!" said Miss Macopportunity of evading her aunt's vigilant eye, now that she was up and

After a hurried toilet, followed by a still more hurried breakfast, Mabel found herself, almost before she had had time to look round her, in the fly with Miss MacKenzie, rattling off to the

Just as the carriage drove away from the door Mabel suddenly thrust her head out of the window and waved her handkerchief.

"There they are, both of them, Oh! do look!-standing on Auntie! the steps.-They must have seen us coming out, and they wanted to say good bye to me. Oh! good-bye!—

"Mabel, child, you really must no behave like this! Whom in all the world are you nodding to?" asked Miss MacKenzie, looking utterly be wildered, as she drew Mabel forcibly back into her seat. body in Glasgow, and you must not pick up strange acquaintances where ever you go.

'They are not strange acquaintances, Auntie," began Mabel excited-ly; but Miss Mackenzie was too busy arranging with Linton about some boxes that had to be sent on by uggage train, to pay heed to her neice's explanations. A few minutes drive brought them to the station, where, while Miss Mackenzie busied herself about the tickets, Mabel amused herself by looking at the startling pictures on the back of the yellow ailway novels on the bookstall.

Presently an exclamation uttered behind her caused her to turn round Great was her astonishment when she found herself face to face with no other than the "Geordie" who had so powerfully attracted her interest He was actually laughing at her too just as if he were an old friend; and, still more extraordinary, Auntie her self was coming down the platform, side by side with the older gentleman, Geordie's father, to whom she was talking in the most friendly manner

"Does Auntie know him, I wonder? said Mabel to herself, with a perplexed glance of inquiry at the young man who had raised his hat, and stood waiting to shake hands with her. He relieved her of her embarrass

ment by his first words-"We may as well make friends, without waiting for a formal introduc tion; your aunt, Miss Mackenzie, is a very old one of my father's, and she is my godmother into the bar-

gain "Oh, I am so glad! What is you name?" asked Mabel gladly. "Now is it not a delightful coincidence? what a pity we did not know last night! Yes, I am awfully sorry!

name is Geordie Græme. "What? And is that your father. Doctor Campbell Græme, about whom

Auntie has so often talked?" "The very same. We both knew her as soon as we caught sight of her, when you drove away from the hotel I hadn't seen Miss Mackenzie since I was quite a boy, but I knew her by her picture almost as soon as my fathe

did, so we came off at once after you. "Well, if this is not an adventure began Mabel, fetching a deep breath, as she tripped forward to meet her

aunt. "Auntie, did you ever know any-

Miss Mackenzie absently, as she took her niece's hand and drew her closer

"This is Ralph's daughter, Campbell; you have never seen her."
"Oh, but he has!" broke in Mabel impetuously. "I have seen him; I told you, Auntie, last night,"

"Hush hush! not so loud, child, emonstrated Miss Mackenzie again. Ah, Geordie, my boy, is that you! why you are grown out of my remem-Well, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure!'

I just knew fine it was a face of auld lang syne, last evening," said old Doctor Græme, as he kindly stroked Mabel's face. "She is a bonnie lassie, her father's ain bairn all over. and Geordie's no an ill-looking lad, is

he now? "He is not like you, Campbell, remarked Miss Macker de, in a voice in which there was a slight intonation of disappointment; but, eh! I declare they are closing the doors; we must get into the train, Mabel, or we shall

be left behind.' "So you are for coming awa hame to auld Scotland once more; that's right, that's right!" laughed Dr. frame, when Miss Mackenzie and Mabel were safely ensconced in the corner seats of a first-class carriage. "We will be seeing something of you

again, Helen ; the lad is a student at the University, following in the auld beaten track."
The "lad," as his father called him. was just then trying to convince

Mabel that he had no mind to go on

her errand in search of Katie. "Why, you do not even know her address, Miss Mabel; you can tell me nothing beyond this, that you know her name is Katie, and that she lives somewheredown-where did you say?

"In the Vennel. I remember that name, for I said it over so often ; she has a sister called Maggie, and-oh

longer; but I will see what I can do. I assure you it is very unlikely that I shall come across her-but if I do; I will write to you and tell you all about

kenzie, for Mabel was preparing to shout some further directions out of the "I do wish you could learn window. o be less excited in public places!"

Mabel drew herself back in her seat and remained pretty silent for about half an hour; then she sat up sud-

denly, asking,
"Auntie, is Doctor Græme a very
great friend of yours?" "Yes, child. Why?"

"I thought he must be, Auntieyou looked so happy when you were peaking to him.

"I thought you were too busy with your own affairs to be looking at me, said Miss Mackenzie, laugh Mabel," "Did you see anything particular in my face?'

"Oh yes, Auntie," replied Mabel thoughtfully-"something that made me wish to have a great friend too. I think I will make a friend of Geordie wish he would not call me Miss

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LAST WORD AS TO THE ATTI TUDE OF CATHOLICS.

It remains for me to say a last word as to the attitude which I think Catho lics should maintain in view of modern Biblical science. Speaking generally I would suggest a little more confidence in science—a little less confidence in scientific men. Of science, of accurate knowledge, we cannot have too much let it prevail, a very sea clipping the rock upon which we of the faith are standing, as closely as it may. We welcome it as a most important element

in the interpretation of Scripture, though not the only one, and as factor in the integration of theological thought. But for the "diiminores of science, the angry Æoluses who do so cast the water about, and would fain cover us with the foam of their onset until we are drowned, or pass for drowned, they gauge nothing neither our position nor their own. We must possess our souls in patience, and, making allowance for the subsidence of the foam-bells, endeavor t ascertain where the line of steady water will ultimately rest. Some of us oppressed with the sense that the tide s on all sides gaining, may be tempted to remove our position far from the water's edge to some safe platform aloof from the stress of con But surely such a policy argue lack of faith. If we cordially recog nized that no ascertained truth science can be really antagonistic to our position as believers; if we remembered that the God of reason also the God of faith, we should not be in such a hurry to escape from a conflict which must ultimately result in harmony and is its necessary "Gentlemen," exclaims Lacordaire in one of his famous "Conferences," "God is not afraid of your reason; He made it." "If the literal sense of Scripture seems to contradict reason," says Henry of Ghent, in words have already quoted, "we must seek for another meaning until one is found in accordance with reason." duct this search effectively we must

shrinking from the pressure. A Catholic man of science may be a specialist, but he is bound to be-nay, ne can hardly fail to be, something all the territories of science, their outlines at least, for he which is more than co-extensive with them all, and which has a word to say of each, though it be only, as is com monly the case, to assure the student that here he is within his right, and that his way is clear. Still, it may well be that from time to time such student is disturbed by the notification that though the route is not declared "de fide" impassable, yet that he may not walk therein with safety to himself or to those whom he would fain conduct; that, in fact, he must refrain from making this or that statement that he would like to make, or that at most he must ventilate it as a mere hypothesis In such a case he must remind himself that in the interests of traditional truth the Church is bound to be conservative of ancient forms ; that she is entrusted with higher and more imperious inter ests than those of scientific develop-ment. Thus, although in the particu lar instance the action of authority may possibly be mistaken and productive merely of vexatious delay, the scientist whose Christian name is Cath olic will not be the man to say as much or even readily to suppose it. In the end science will hardly be the loser inasmuch as the truth in question will get itself the better, because the more

remain at the point of contact without

circumspectly, stated. Such I conceive to be the proper and natural attitude of the Catholic scientist He will be too loyal on the one hand to faith, and on the other hand to science, to believe that their last words can be otherwise than in accord. -Rev. H. I. D. Ryden in Catholic World for June ("The Proper Attitude of Catholics toward Biblical Criti-

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has one for others, is it not reasonable to be-eve that it will also be of benefit to you?

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.

Searing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man") to LEYER BROS., Ltd., 43 Secti street. Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost it postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

SCORING THE BIGOTS.

Interesting Letter from a Protestant

The following letter from Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, D. D., a Protestant clergyman of Andover, Mass. appears in our esteemed contemporary the Colorado Catholic. Dr. Starbuck belongs to a class of Protestants who are able to distinguish, with an unerrng instinct, between the wheat and the chaff, and who, our esteemed contemporary feels constrained to say, would were it not for so much chaff which is thrown in their way, be much nearer the Church than they are. Dr. Starbuck has, in common with a large number of Catholics, a notion that the divinity of the Church manifests itself in spite of those who seem to feel that God needs their help in sustaining His Church, sometimes by the suggestion falsi and sometimes by the suppres-His letter at this time will be read with interest : Editor Colorado Catholic-Reverend

and Dear Sir: A valued friend, a Methodist clergyman, has in a corres pondence, so well expressed in a few words the spirit of one part of our Protestant world, our irreconcilables, that I think you will be pleased to see his remarks. " First, pound the Catholics because

they are subjected to a 'foreign power, because the Pope lives in Ron 'Italian Papacy,' 'non-American,' etc. Secondly, now that we have a representative of the Pope on the ground, one who is here to

STUDY OUR INSTITUTIONS,

and bring the Church more and more into harmony with the progress of the nation, then raise the cry, 'the Pope in Washington; 'Rome right in the midst of us;' 'the tyranny brought home, etc. So I fear that if the Pope should defer so far to our Anglo Saxon feelings as to transfer his See to London itself-since it has never been defined as of faith that he cannot—the anti-Popery cries would be fiercer than ever. That spirit is never satis-

It is so much easier, you see, to blaze away at you, than to follow the Lord for ourselves. It might be called the cheap and easy way of going to

It is humiliating and heart-sicken ing to see circulating throughout our country a forged encyclical, of coarse and clumsy a style of imposture that one would think that even our current Protestant ignorance of Papal formulas of speech and the course of Roman Catholic thought would suffice at once to detect it. How many religious papers have exposed it? dependent and the Christian Union have, I know, and I hope they are no the only ones. If the Methodist Episcopal Church would issue an encyclical pledging their official character for its spuriousness they might shame it out of existence but I doubt whether the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church could do so. To think that fables as

MALIGNANT AND SENSELESS as any of the stories of Titus Oates be finding circulation two centuries later among us, whose greatgreat-grandfathers several times re moved were Oates' dupes! However, there is one comfort, the whole thing rings hollow. No one is afraid, on the strength of it, that Archbishop Satolli hardly fail to be, something
He must know something of Virginia will take the place of Lord Stafford on the scaffold. So that after all, in spite of the devil and the Freemasons, and the A. P. A.s, the descendants of Titus Oates are gradually approaching the condition of bodyless shades as is attested by your late school election. Indeed, I fancy it is only a disreputable minority Freemasons that is art and part in this shame and scandal, notwithstanding the swaggering air with which one of their organs endeavors to bolster up forgery with a lie.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

THE DRUNKARD.

The following is extracted from a ecture recently delivered by Rev. Robert Tobin, of Pittsburg:

The murderer or blasphemer usually violates but one commandment. his sinful act the drunkard violates all the ten commandments and precepts of the Church. He violates the first commandment by worshipping the devil of intemperance, instead of God He violates the second Almighty. ommandment by his drunken pro fanity. He violates the third commandment by his making himself unfit to keep the Lord's day. The Church begins the celebration of the Lord's day with the first Vespers on Saturday evening. The drunkard begins his worship of Satan with the first Vespers of Saturday, and usually continues his service through the fol lowing day. His drunken orgies have rendered him unfit to assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and by his pro fanity, scandal and excess, the dese cration of the Lord's day is complete. He violates the fourth commandment by dishonoring the parents who have reared him and hoped that he would be the comfort and support of their declining years. He brings sadness to his mother's heart and covers his father with shame. If he be himself a parent, he sins by neglecting the obligations of giving to his children a postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

HEADACHE and CONSTIPATION vanish when Burdock Pills are used. They cure where others fail.

Minards's Liniment is the Hair Restorer. father's love and education and supdeeds of violence to which drink is an for, rather than by those he wears.

ing are the fruits of intemperance.

The drunkard is the violator of pub-

lic and domestic peace. Our prisons tell the tale of drunkenness and its consequences. Two men confined in our county jail stand to-day in presence of the gallows. The only plea which was made in their defence was that they committed the crime of murder while intoxicated. This one crime was made the plea to escape punishment of a greater crime. In the sixth commandment his intemperance is the incentive to impurity, and those dreadful crimes which appal humanity. The drunk-ard is the greatest of thieves. He violates the seventh commandment. Other thieves steal from individuals; he robs the entire community by imposing on the tax-payers the burden of supporting police, patrol wagons, county jails, criminal courts and work houses, to protect itself from the ravages of his intemperance and punish his crimes. He robs the community by impoverishing him-self and family, making his family a public charity, and obliging the community to support almhouses orphan asylums and charity hospitals to relieve the distress and assist the helplessness of the drunkard and his victims. Even in death he preys upon the community by being often buried at the public expense and by leaving to his family nothing but the inheritance of the most wretched poverty and

GIVE LOVE FOR LOVE.

What is Meant by Devotion to the

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus does not consist only in loving and honoring, in a special manner, the human heart, similar to our own, which formed a part of the adorable

body of Jesus Christ.

The object and the chief motive of this devotion is that immense love of the Son of God which impelled Him to die upon the cross for us and to give Himself entirely to us in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar-love so great that, notwithstanding all the ingrati tude, the contempt, the injuries and outrages that He was to receive in this state of sacrifice, and all of which He vividly foresaw, He is there ex-posed, and He will there continue to

expose Himself, every day, for us.

The end, then, which we ought to propose to ourselves in this devotion s this: First, to recognize and honor, by frequent adorations, return of love, and by all kinds of homage, the ineffable dispositions of this divine Heart, and the infinite love that Jesus Christ has for us in the

adorable Eucharist. Secondly, to repair by every po sible means the indignities, the base ingratitude, and all the outrages that men commit against Him in this Sacra-ment of Love, where He is so little known, and so often profaned even by His own children.

In our devotions, some sensible object is necessary, which, touching our feelings, lifts our souls on high; and the heart has always been the

symbol of love.

Now, what is there so capable of striking our senses, so well adapted to soften our hearts, though they be as hard as adamant, as the Heart of Jesus, whose every movement, every throbbing, every aspiration has been for our welfare-that Heart which has been pierced by our sins, and which is yet ever ready to console and to pardon

Jesus is, then, to consecrate yourself to His divine love, to desire to be wholly engrossed in it, to make every effort to acquire it? What more worthy of the young Christian! If you desire, therefore, to have a genuine and lasting devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, give Him love for love, thank Him for His benefits, repair, to the best of your ability, the outrages He never ceases to receive, especially in the Sacrament of the Altar.

The Popes and the Marriage Tie.

Prejudiced writers have carefully searched the annals of ecclesiastical history for the differences between Popes and Kings, and have taken occasion therein to reproach the court of Rome with its intolerant obstinacy respecting the sanctity of marriage. If the spirit of party had not blinded them they would have understood that, if this intolerant obstinacy had been relaxed for a moment, if the Roman Pontiff had given away one step before the impetuosity of the passions this first step once made the descent into the abyss would have been rapid. They would have admired the spirit of truth, the deep conviction, the lively faith with which the august see is animated; no consideration, no fear has been able to silence her when she has occasion to remind all, and especially Kings and potentates, of this commandment, "They shall be two in flesh; man shall not separate what God has joined." By showing themselves inflexible on this point, even at the risk of the anger of Kings, not only have the Popes performed the sacred duty which was imposed on them by their august character as chiefs of Christianity, but they have executed a political chef d'œuvre and greatly contributed to the repose and well-being of nations. "The mar-riages of princes in Europe," says Voltaire, "decide the destiny of nations, and never has there been a court devoted to debauchery without Whose children are so much producing revolutions and rebellions. -Balmes, European Civilization.

Judge a man by the clothes he pays

given to worry over the "Bib It may be that other kept them busy; what with e ing churches, and looking ou poor and getting ready for the the flames, they had little time cism either higher og lower. main reason of what might se oversight was that the did not exist, and the Bible we have it, was unknown to Stephen and James. Founder of Christianity did much stress on scriptural Though He certainly might His doctrine, clearly and cate into a volume of reasonable did not, to our knowledge, l writing beyond a few charact in the sand. If He gave His instructions to write, no n this command appears in th and if writing were an esse of the apostolic calling, the n the chosen twelve were sadl in duty. It is no excuse for the press was not yet invente Bible Society organized; r it do to say that thousands with souls to save, were una

JUNE 24, 1893.

CONSISTENCY.

So far as we can learn fro

history, the early Christians w

their works to succeed the Apostolate, instead of orda men and commissioning th The whole matter could arranged before they separa was no mistaking the nat task imposed upon them "Teach all nations" is a explicit that they who hea neither ubiquitous nor imp to have agreed at once on tribution of the "written necessity of some such plan appeared even more clear learned that the Holy C

teach them "all truth.

What better chance to

reason or another, to read

might have fixed on papyrt

founders of the Church to

they ought to have done

If it were their

Scriptures than that Per which not only fill the Divine Spirit, but power of speech which a of earth could understar the Apostles, it is true, h ings that are inspired much of the doctrine and prises us is that they d gether a canon of books New Testaments, of the synodal approbation, and to be the sole rule of Perhaps they suspected assertion would occasion of interpretation than in the Bible; or it is pos of them, having died Testament was compl well give their approb rate, it would seem that ent idea had possessed t their individuality body, and looking intoth their own life limit, that what Christ told for the Church. Her stood how Christ could "all days, even to the of the world," and why not hear the Church sh "as a heathen and Hence, too, the convithey imbued their co Church, not the Bible, and ground of truth. of course, cannot b vance;" but they hat terest, because they

> regarded as first-rate Though no exact announced in the Bil summation of the w sion sprang up early century that Christ with the Church, or to the same thing, th ceased to be the It was not merely lives fell short of the the Church maintai Church herself, desp of the Paraclete, ha

Here at last, aft fifteen hundred yes like advance! A had appealed to se or supported their revelation they mis at least on their sic was "back to Chris age." And strang made to appear, th tian centuries has that the Bible alc of belief and its arbiter of all disp became a Church ing by his priv nings which an 'hard to underst of Scripture of duced to uphold be f Christ had failed changed. But it of settling things rule held as we faith. A large doubt, was three Ghost, for if it to the writer of a bo Divinity could interpretations equally true.

A startling a fidence in the tra also have been new apostles acc Scripture to w Shrewder men, would have as has corrupted h know that she h with the sacre