

IRELAND EVER CATHOLIC.

An American Bishop in Dublin

On Sunday the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, the eloquent Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis, United States, preached at the Star of the Sea Church, Sandymount, before a very large and select congregation. The sermon was preached for the purpose of procuring means for paying off the residue of a debt incurred during the building of the church, as well as to enable the present pastor, the Rev. John O'Hanlon, P. P., to carry out some necessary improvements in it. Dr. Ryan has been lately in Rome attending the Conference of American Bishops; held there, and intending before he returned to his charge at St. Louis, to visit his native place in the county Tipperary, he undertook some time ago at the request of his attached friend, the eminent author of "The Lives of Irish Saints," to preach a sermon in aid of the Sandymount Church when passing through Dublin. On Sunday Dr. Ryan carried out his undertaking, and although charges for admission were practically prohibitory for a large class, the church was well filled, so anxious were the citizens of Dublin to hear the great American orator. Amongst those present were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Mr. McMahon, M. P., and several others of the leading citizens. High Mass being concluded, the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan ascended the pulpit, and took as his text—"And the Gentiles shall walk in Thy light, and kings in the brightness of Thy sight."

In the course of an eloquent sermon the right rev. preacher said: "If we have not intellectual difficulties, there are many difficulties that we have in acting our faith and in protecting it from danger. And that faith which is to you as a heritage, and ought to be a legacy to be bestowed upon your children—that faith you must ever cling to with the tenacity and the perseverance and the sacrifice-making zeal that distinguished the wise men in the East. That faith you have loved. The attachment of your race to it is proverbial. They have suffered for it. Sometimes they seemed to be beaten back; but those were successful defeats, like that of Thermopylae, which did as much for Greece as Marathon could have done. Those successful defeats—those sufferings that they endured—vivified their followers and rendered that faith more precious; and it was handed down to you to suffer for it if necessary, and to give that deposit of faith, pure and undefiled, to those who would follow you. There is no need of telling you the history of that suffering. You have heard it many a time. Your devoted pastor is the biographer of some of those who in earlier days suffered for that faith and defended it and maintained it, and has with marvellous zeal devoted time taken from many absorbing duties to give to you the biography of these men of the past. And this subject formed a theme, many a time before yourselves perhaps, for that great man and great patriot whose brain and heart rests for the last time and for the first it never rested until it went to the grave—where he now sleeps in the cemetery of Tallaght, the Dominican preacher and patriot, whom I feel proud to call my friend, and whom you all knew, and whom you ought to love. All be forgotten for the divinity of genius, and the purity of intention, and the intention consecrated by supernatural motives with which he proclaimed the truths of God, and for which he shall live in story and in the history of our people. There is one matter connected with this subject which I will draw your attention to. One has said that God has first shown His power in individuals, and then having shown His power in individuals that He selected a people; and of this people may it be said what the Scripture says of the Gentile patriarch that God looked down upon their island with complacency; and one day the sons of God were assembled together, and with them Satan, and God said to Satan, "Look around you; consider this little island with its churches and its monasteries and its saints sending up prayers to me and singing my praises for evermore; have you considered how faithful it is?"

And Satan said, "THE REASON THE ISLAND IS FAITHFUL is because God has given it prosperity, because strangers are afar come to its schools and study within its halls, and missionaries in its cloisters are received in every land." "Therefore," Satan said, "it is given prosperity, and its people love you; but only reduce that prosperity, and let trial and persecution come upon it, and its people will curse Thee to Thy face." And God has said, "I will attend this suffering should come upon it. The sword of the desecrator flashed in the sanctuary, and death and desolation—but you know it all, it is a trite subject, but it is very beautiful and very soul inspiring. And the children of God being again met together, and with them Satan, God said to him, "Have you considered this island? Desolation comes upon it, and behold it has not cursed me to my face, but still it is faithful. It bears suffering, and yet it sends up to me the prayer of resignation and of love, and still it is faithful." And Satan said to God, "This people love you because they love their country, but let me take those two strongest feelings of the Celtic heart, and put them in antagonism; let me take their patriotism and their religion, and put them in opposition, and see if they will not curse Thee to Thy very face." And thus came, as you know, a great trial, the greatest above all, and the two strongest passions of the Celtic heart contended, but the religious passion overcame, and in spite of every opposition—real or imagined, it mattered not, because its effect was the same on the body of the people—that people remained faithful to their God. And if Satan should tempt them to

you will not leave us. We are of your blood and of your race; our fathers' bones mingle together in your graveyards; in the traditions of our past we are with you, but we love you much more to consecrate true principles for you, because with us God is first, and then our race; and I believe that though the priests and the people may differ on some points, still their hearts are one, because their wishes are one. And if some political matter in which men may be mistaken should divide you, that glorious religion, the inheritance of the saints, that remains with you, will unite you and lift you up, bringing you together higher and nearer to God. This is the mission of religion, and if you are faithful to it, God will reward you even in this world. Christian civilization ever went with Christian faith. With it, it lives and it dies with it. The nations of the East, in Asia and in Africa, have lost their civilization, because it is Christianity that motivates civilization. As those pillars are supporting the temple, so the great religious truths of Christianity are supporting the whole superstructure of Christian civilization; and, therefore, it is that

THE HOPE OF A PEOPLE IN THE FUTURE lies in the depth of its Christian faith. And as those ancient nations have lost their civilization by the loss of their faith, so it would be also with modern nations, and that faith being deeper in the hearts of a people, that people in its turn becomes higher in Christian civilization. This is no mere rhetoric; it is founded on reason, and any man who examines these reasons will find they are perfectly valid. Therefore, hope in the future because faith is in the present. And if that be so, and if any one should come whispering to you, as it was with Tobias, making a trial of your faith, cast the stone, and say as Tobias spoke, "We are the children of God, and we expect the reward which God shall give to those who have never changed their faith from Him." And you have not changed your faith, nor those of you beyond the waters of the Atlantic, where I have spent thirty years. The Irish race there has preserved the faith marvellously, and it is above all other nations there, in its tenacity to the faith. This is not, as some say, the result of mere obstinacy or mere sentiment. How easily the ancient Irish put aside the paganism which to them was consecrated by sentiment! How easily they parted with that which was dear to their hearts,

WITHOUT STRIKING DOWN A SINGLE MARTYR to the faith who received the Christian religion. Therefore the strength and power of the Irish in their faith was not the mere result of national temperament; it is the blessing of their first apostle when he asked their God that they should never change their faith from Him. But it is not enough to be devoted to your faith—to cling to it with a living tenacity in spite of every difficulty—you must act up to that faith. My dear brethren, are the representatives of the only faith and religion upon earth that can save society in this nineteenth century, and secure it by those conservative truths of the Catholic Church—of that only Church which can keep the world from rushing back into that paganism from which Christianity rescued it. And as you are the representatives of those great conservative truths in this century, great and tremendous are your responsibilities. You will be judged, not by your faith alone, but also by your acts. You are commencing a new year. How have you acted in the past years of your life, and how do you mean to act in this one, which may be the last allotted to you? A new year, as a new babe, seems innocent and beautiful.

YOU LOOK INTO THE FACE OF A CHILD, and it is beauty and innocence itself, but as soon as you begin to see the resemblance with the bad father and mother, the beauty and the innocence gone, and you see instead that which will develop into the evil passions of its parents. In the same way the new year is beautiful to look upon, but it inherits the evils of the past, and before it has advanced far, unless some new elements are introduced, it will be wonderfully like its parents which are gone before. While yet the year is new, let these new elements be introduced. Perhaps you have an inordinate love of human things, and, if so, offer up your heart, not merely in profession, but in personal love of God in the humanity of Jesus Christ, and that will be offering love to Jesus Christ, as the Magi offered gold. Are you distracted? Does your mind pass from subject to subject without interior recollection? Have sense, then, of the Divine presence, real and living, in your souls, not allowing your mind to be passing from subject to subject in prayer, but have the real spirit of prayer, and YOU WILL BE OFFERING INCENSE TO GOD, as the Magi offered frankincense. And as he who built the house labours in vain unless the Lord shall build it, ask Jesus Christ, in the Benediction which is about to be offered, when you shall behold the Lord wrapped in sacramental veil and laid upon the Christian altar, ask Him, in His Divine love and infinite tenderness, to remain with you; and during this Benediction pray for yourselves and for your children, pray for this suffering land, pray for your race that they may not only be faithful in their belief, but faithful in their deeds; pray for that young Church of the States that she may be blessed, and that God may send it the faith and wisdom that sit by His throne; that the faith within its bishops and priests may faithfully and perseveringly discharge their duty; and the scattered members of our race meet before the throne of the living God to bless and praise Him for evermore. Benediction followed, and at its close the ceremonies terminated.

An Open Letter.
DEAR SIRS.—I can honestly recommend Haggard's Yellow Oil as the best remedy for rheumatic pains of all the many species offered for sale, and as a sufferer for years I have tried every known remedy. I remain, respectfully yours,
JOHN TAYLOR,
190 Parliament St., Toronto.

HARBOR GRACE.

REV. JOHN ROE IN BOSTON REPUBLICAN.
Having received your message desiring a full and clear statement of the Orange riots in Harbor Grace, I feel great pleasure in complying with your request. Like every other disturbance of the public peace, this lamentable riot had its causes, proximate and remote. The remote cause is clearly known from the history of Orangism itself—wherever that society has succeeded in obtaining a foothold, strife and bloodshed have followed in its train. Accordingly I shall not dwell upon this point. The proximate cause I shall endeavor to set down clearly, succinctly and dispassionately. Living here in the midst of these sad scenes, I have reason to know a great deal about local affairs.

THE TOWN OF HARBOR GRACE is the second in importance in the colony, and contains a population of some seven or eight thousand souls. Of these, more than half belong to the Catholic church, and according to numbers, next come the Protestant Episcopal, Wesleyan and the Scotch Kirk. Three miles north of Harbor Grace lies Carbonear, a town not of such importance as Harbor Grace, and in that locality the Catholics, when compared with the Protestant sects, are slightly in the minority. Along the coast, the north and south of these two towns Protestantism prevails, but three miles south of Harbor Grace, the Catholicity of Harbor Grace is exclusively Catholic, with a population of between five and six thousand. I may also add the capital, St. John's, and the South are mostly Catholic. The people are nearly all fishermen, and along the coast, no one has ever had the temerity to settle in the interior, where the wild deer still holds undisputed sway. The Catholics here are of Irish descent. In the town of Harbor Grace the business is mostly in the hands of Protestants, and although our people form the best part of the community, there is scarcely a Catholic filling an important office. As politics and everything else in this country turn upon religion, I shall now point out the localities in Harbor Grace where the different religions predominate. Bear's Cove, the eastern portion, is Protestant; Water street, the business portion, is Catholic; Courage Beach, west of Water street, is Protestant; the west of Courage Beach is Catholic; the south side, which is thinly populated, is Protestant.

During the last few years, the Protestants have been very aggressive, and, counting, I suppose, on the usual forbearance of the Catholics, this fall they redoubled their acts of violence. They smashed the windows of the school-house on the south side of Harbor Grace, and broke in those of the school at Island Cove, a Protestant settlement about five miles from here. It is not thought that any respectable Protestants had anything to do with these cowardly acts, but it is difficult to see how the evil doers always manage to escape detection. You will please understand that in this country we have the separate school system, each denomination having its own schools, maintained by its proportional share of government grants. The above facts will give you an idea of the temper of certain classes here.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE the Protestants of Courage Beach, and some other, inspired not a little by deep potations of whisky, congregated on the south side of Water street. Their appearance drew a number of Catholics to the other side, and immediately both parties began to indulge in party shouts. Things were fast assuming a serious aspect when Judge Bennett put in an appearance, and dispersed the gathering. He not only dispersed the gathering, Christmas day passed off quietly in Harbor Grace, but when the priest from this place went to Spaniard's Bay, a settlement five or six miles distant, for the purpose of saying mass there, he was astonished to find that the previous night a portion of the churchyard fence had been destroyed. During the same night similar scenes occurred at River Head of Harbor Grace.

THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS had given a mission in the cathedral here about three weeks before Christmas, and the River Head people, in going and coming from the services of the mission, were obliged to pass through Courage Beach, where they were invariably assailed by gangs of Orange ruffians who congregated there. All these things went to fill up the measure of the partisan wrath that has since broken out in warfare. St. Stephen's day came and the Orangemen assembled from all the outlying districts to show Harbor Grace their strength. The leaders in the movement did not walk in the ranks of the processionists, but they cheered on those who did and recruited their numbers wherever they could find volunteers or draft additions to the ranks. The society assembled in Orange Hall, donned its regalia and marched to the Wesleyan church, where they attended the services and listened to a sermon. They flaunted a magnificent banner, representing King William, which banner is said to have cost £70. King James' bible was carried by the vanguard, who bore it suspended from his neck in such a manner that it remained open. On either side this book-bearer was flanked by Orangemen with drawn swords. Following the vanguard came the band, followed in advance of the main body. After leaving the Wesleyan Church, the Orangemen proceeded down Bear's Cove, where one man, in the act of firing a salute, had his hand blown off by the bursting of his gun. He died next day. From that they proceeded without further accident up to Court House hill, where they numbered about 480, having received fresh contingents. They then turned into Harvey street, in the direction of River Head. From the Court House to River Head is about three miles. In

the meantime the River Head men, to the number of sixty or seventy at most, proceeded down the same road upon which the Orangemen to the number of 500 were advancing. The River Head men halted at the boundary of their own land, determined to prevent the Orangemen from entering what they considered their own part of the town. Before actual hostilities commenced an incident occurred which is worthy of note. Near to where the River Head men were standing an Orangeman erected his flag upon the housetop, and taking a double barrel gun and resting the same upon the fence, challenged any man to take down the flag. One of the men stepped out from the body, and advancing towards the fellow, actually—himself having no arms—looked the gun from the corner and handed down the Orange flag. Meanwhile, the Orangemen were advancing, their great numbers making them look formidable. At their head was Sergeant Doyle—a North of Ireland Protestant with an Orange heart—and two or three police. What brought them there nobody knows. The issue of the trial hinges upon what I am about to relate, therefore I will reiterate the affair as I have heard it from several eye-witnesses. Sergeant Doyle was asked and entreated by some peace-loving Catholics, for God's sake, to turn down the next lane and return by Water street, as the River Head men were determined to keep their place or die. Sergeant Doyle despised their counsel and

ORDERED THE ORANGEMEN TO "GO ON!" Before they came to close quarters, the last messenger came from the River Head party, telling Doyle, in a few short words, that they had come there to their own boundary in open daylight to defend their property, that they meant to hold their ground or die, and did not intend to attack the Orangemen, but in case the latter advanced the River Head men would defend themselves and no Orangeman would enter River Head except over their dead bodies. Doyle did not heed this warning, but advanced close to the Catholics, followed by the Orangemen. He suddenly drew a pistol and fired into Patrick Callahan's face, who, unarmed, was holding the green flag. The bullet cut away the right side of Callahan's nose, entered his right eye and passed through his brain. The poor fellow reeled and fell on his face mortally wounded. Doyle having done this immediately returned home. Doyle must have thought that by striking down the standard a panic would immediately ensue, and the overwhelming mob of Orangemen would do the rest. But there was no panic, and the flag that poor Callahan had held was supported by another willing hand. He completely mistook the mettle and temper of the men. Whilst Doyle was firing, several Orangemen were on their knees taking aim. It is said that

DOYLE CRIED OUT "FIRE! FIRE!" and although a volley was fired amongst the Catholics none of them were killed. When the Catholics saw the cowardly act of Doyle, they grew savage, and those of them who had guns fired simultaneously with the Orangemen. Three of the Orangemen received mortal wounds, and sixteen others were more or less injured. One of the Catholics received a serious wound in the side and four or five others had their hats and clothes pierced by bullets. It is surprising that some of them were not killed. In the commencement of the battle the number of Catholics was the ratio of 300 Orangemen to 70 Catholics. After the first round, and some short, sharp work with waffles, the Orangemen threw away their regalia and fled for their lives, leaving the River Head men masters of the field. The inquisitive people began to notice that nearly all the Orangemen were shot in the back. The great Orange flag, which cost £70, and had as a motto, "The cause is a good one and I will stand," was captured and immediately tied under the green flag, and marched up to River Head, where it was torn into ribbons and used for various purposes. Neither the flag nor the cause could stand that.

ORANGE BADGES, SASHES, AND EMBLEMES were strewn upon the ground in profusion near the scene of action. The news of the Orange disaster fell like a thunderbolt upon the town, every one seeking for the particulars, and in half an hour the population was arrayed in two hostile camps and party feeling ran fearfully high. The Catholic clergy, when they received the shocking news, immediately hastened to minister to the wounded. They were obliged to bring the Orange mob, who insulted and threatened them. Two furious fellows yelled, "If we had our guns well blow your brains out." Some isolated Catholics who fell into the hands of these ruffians were badly beaten. In strong contrast to this, the Catholics behaved with civility and courtesy to Protestant clergy and laymen who passed through their ranks unmolested. The Orangemen threatened to bring in all the Protestants from the surrounding barbers to overwhelm the Catholics, but a retort that in that case 4,000 Irishmen would be summoned from Harbor Main had a sobering effect upon the heargate. Carbonear, in which several of the wounded and one dead man belonged, was in an awful state. The Orangemen broke into a schoolhouse in that neighborhood. Crowds of special constables patrolled the streets of Harbor Grace and Carbonear for several days, but things are quiet now. About twenty arrests were made in River Head on the 26th ult. We expect that Doyle and the Orangemen who had guns will soon be arrested.

A WORD OR TWO IN CONCLUSION upon the conduct of officials connected with the sad affair. People think that Judge Bennett ought to have prevented a collision for the following reasons: 1. He was in possession of all that transpired up till Christmas night, and on that night he was obliged to read the riot act to separate the combatants. 2. On St. Stephen's morning Mr. Cleary of Spaniard's Bay brought him the stone that had been flung in his (Mr. Cleary's) window the previous night, and also told him what had occurred at River Head. One word from him and the Orangemen would not dare to have walked. What was done to preserve the peace? Nothing. Our people may be wrong in their surmises, but as our magistrates are Protestants, they are considered

by the people to be more than in sympathy with Orangism. Sergeant Doyle could have prevented bloodshed by keeping the Orangemen within their own boundaries, as the River Head men were disposed to act only on the defensive. But, instead of preserving peace, he himself was the first to shed blood. Some of the leading journals here (they deserve rather to be styled misleading) behaved scandalously in the affair; e.g., the Mercury, the government organ in St. John's, when the first wild report reached that place, came out with a brutal leader, charging the Catholics with downright murder. The same leader was in type when something like the truth was wired to St. John's. What did the Mercury do? It merely suppressed what was considered unpleasant in the telegrams so as not to contradict its flaming leader. The whitewashing position it has since taken is below contempt. "Es and des amons." The present position is this: There are some twenty of the River Head men taken; the Orangemen are swearing black and blue, so much so that some were apprehended who were not present at the fight (or rather the Orange race) and can clearly prove an alibi. Messrs. McNally and Watters are the lawyers for the Orange party, Messrs. Kent, Boome, Scott and Emerson for the Catholics.

JOHN ROE, C. C.
Harbor Grace, Jan. 10, 1884.

NEW ENGLAND PAGANISM.

The mixture of paganism and Christianity in New England at the present time is as ridiculous as it is extraordinary. It is not only ridiculous, we ought, perhaps to have written clergymen, who officiate in what they still call churches, and we take for granted their "societies" sympathize with them, are as thoroughly pagan as the Brahmins of India; yet they all call themselves Christian ministers, and their societies Christian churches. They take their text from the Bible, and make the reading of the Scriptures a part of their religious services. They observe many of the old Christian traditions; in fact some of them are adopting Catholic names and Catholic festivals and observances; yet, strange to say, they do not believe in Christianity as a divine revelation; and, in fact, cannot properly be called Christians. Many of these leaders of religious thought are men of talent and culture, of high social position and attractive social qualities. They have a fine literary style, and some of them are earnest and eloquent, and encourage their people to works of benevolence in a way that may well put even some more orthodox people to the blush. They are, of course, popular, and draw select crowds of interested and delighted followers, who are not very particular what kind of doctrines a man preaches so that he is eloquent, has a pleasing style, and will be popular with intelligent and cultivated people.

Among these distinguished ministers, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, pastor of the Church of the Unity, in Boston, holds a conspicuous place—so conspicuous, in fact, that he is considered by some the most dangerous man in Boston to the interests of true Christianity. That Mr. Savage is a man of talent and culture there can be no doubt. Nor have we any good reason to believe that he is not, in the main, sincere. Certainly, he seems to have the courage of his convictions, for no one is more pronounced and flat-footed in his opinions, or attacks the old, cherished opinions of orthodoxy with more zeal and persistency than he. The only wonder to us is that a man of so much talent and independence should be content to remain in a position so thoroughly incongruous, illogical and contradictory.

We doubt if he believes a single distinguishing characteristic doctrine of Christianity. In running away from the absurdities of the Calvinistic system, as held by the Puritan forefathers, he has run into the opposite extreme—we were going to say of infidelity; but that would sound too harsh for a man who calls himself a Christian minister. But if he be an infidel, he certainly is not a believer, for he is not slow to avail himself of every opportunity to declare his disbelief in the great verities of the Christian scheme. What is strangest of all, the very festivals of the Church, which the spirit of the times and the progress of Catholic truth and practice constrain him to observe, makes the occasion of protesting against the very doctrines they are intended to symbolize and commemorate. On Easter Sunday, for instance, the glorious festival of the Resurrection, which is celebrated in his Church with elaborate floral decorations and a select programme of exceptionally fine music, he does not hesitate to tell his people, with the utmost confidence, as if these things were infallibly demonstrated, that the idea of the resurrection of the body is absurd and unscientific. The truth intended to be taught by the resurrection, he says, is simply the immortality of the soul, (though why he believes in the immortality of the soul he does not say). This, of course, implies that the resurrection of our Lord is to be classed among the myths of an early and unscientific age. So, too, with the delightful festival of Christmas, which has become so universally popular among the descendants of the old Puritans, who used to appoint fast-days on that joyous festival. We have before us an elaborate programme, described as a Vesper Service on Christmas eve in the Church of the Unity, Minot J. Savage, Minister, which embraces, among other things, an organ solo from the Messiah; a Christmas anthem; an invocation; a Christmas carol; a Christmas poem written by Mr. Savage; a Christmas reading; a prayer; Spiritual reading; and finally, the benediction. We give all these things to show how Christian the performance was, and we should be glad, did our space allow, to quote the carols of Mr. Savage. They are, really, very pretty, and indicate a decided talent for versifying, if not for something higher. Many of the verses are full of a Catholic spirit, quite after the quaint old style of ancient times, and would not be out of place in a Catholic hymn-book. But, alas! there is a fatal flaw in the root of all this budding excellence and blossoming beauty. One of the prettiest carols closes with this verse:

"Each new child's a new Messiah,
Whether rot or palace born,
Leading on the race still onward,
Toward the glad redemption morn;
Each new child's a new world spoken,
God to earth come down again,
With His promise never broken,
"Once on earth, good will to men!"

We call that something more than poetic license. It is, in fact, an infallible index to the pagan, anti-Christian system which the popular and talented preacher is laboring to substitute in the minds of his people for true Christianity. If we needed confirmation of this fact we might find it, in abundance, in the sermon preached on Sunday before last, Christmas, which he entitled, "Truth in the Christ Legend." The sermon, as we read it, is an apology for the observance of a festival in commemoration, not of a grand fact of history, but of a fact that never occurred, a myth belonging to the class, as he says, of "poetical, poetic, figurative expressions of what are truths and have become myths only by the forgetting of their original meaning."

The Incarnation, he declares "is rejected to-day." (See how completely he ignores the 300,000,000 Christians who firmly believe the doctrine,) "not because we do not believe the truth shadowed forth in it, but in the interest of a higher truth. That myth of Christ's coming to establish the mythical kingdom of God on earth is a glorious, beautiful poem! I wish I could believe it, but I cannot." Why, then, find fault with those who can? "It was one of those dreams, but one that prefigured a fact embodying a hope, an ideal, and that ideal it is your business and mine to realize." And he finishes up his extraordinary discourse with the declaration, "The Christ legend, then, is a shadow, not the perfect record of what happened, but the prophecy of something more glorious to happen."

Of course it would not do to speak of such theories, from such a source, as transcendental nonsense. They are, perhaps, better than blank atheism, though but one remove from that *ultima thule* of religious discussion. But, please observe, it is not the awful presumption of these bold, confident and absurd declarations that we are now finding fault with. We have come to look for that kind of thing from our "liberal" friends as a matter of course. It is not even to the "liberal" principles themselves, profane and blasphemous as they are to a true Christian, that we are objecting. They are the legitimate development of Protestant principles, and we like to see men consistent and have the courage of their convictions. But it is that dreadful mixing up of things sacred and profane; that heterogeneous conglomeration of the incongruous elements of paganism and Christianity; that, shall we say? disingenuous advocacy of skepticism and infidelity—for it is really nothing less—under the garb of Christian teaching and Christian practice; that crying "Good Lord!" and "Good Devil!" in the same breath, that constitute the peculiar characteristic of the "liberal" system—it is this that grates harshly on our ears and that never ceases to surprise us in connection with such men as the accomplished Mr. Savage.

We cannot accuse these semi-clerical gentlemen of deliberately stealing "the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in" for they have inherited the livery, at least in part, while they have grown gradually and legitimately and perhaps almost insensibly, into Satanic principles. The natural repulsiveness of the principles is covered up by the fictitious halo of poetry and sentimentalism which is thrown around them. These gentlemen are great on the aesthetics of religion; but we would respectfully remind them that the human mind requires something more substantial than aesthetics and sentimentalism. These are, no doubt, very beautiful in their proper place, but they are dry husks to the soul hungering for the bread of life.

The human mind is made for truth. It is the truth we want, the truth in its integrity and its certainty. What is the mystery of life? What are we here for? What is our future destiny? Is life worth living? These are the burning questions that demand something more than vague speculations, poetic ideals, and beautiful theories of human invention. We are tired of whiffed syllables; give us something substantial; give us "not the meat that perisheth, but that which endureth unto everlasting life."

Some More of the Cardinal's "World-Imness."
"I remember Cardinal McCloskey when he was in Albany," said the Rev. C. A. Walworth, of St. Mary's Church in that city, the other day. "He was one of the plainest men I ever knew. He lived very simply, occupying a single room in his large house on the ground floor, with just a small room off in which he slept, and which could scarcely hold a bed. He used to drive a plain horse, and ride in a very plain carriage. 'Old Dolly,' the mare, had quite a reputation. She was gentle and kind, had no fire in her, and was easy-going. She was a fine animal, though, notwithstanding she was plain. Cardinal McCloskey was also a plain liver, eating the plainest of food. His castle was at No. 14 Lodge street, a rickety tumble-down affair, but still, he thought, good enough for him. In the front was a crack in which one could shove his hand. This extended from top to bottom. The carpenter who tore down the old castle said that had prevented the house falling by having him raise it. Cardinal McCloskey was exceedingly unostentatious, and was pleased with everybody and everything, when it was done for the best. To show how very plain he was you may consider that he not only had all of the house on his dew hole, but had been frequently urged to take other and better houses in the vicinity."

Cure for Chills.
Bathe the feet for ten or fifteen minutes in water as hot as can be borne; then apply Haggard's Yellow Oil, and a cure is certain. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Deafness, Lameness, and Pain generally, and internal Cures Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Asthma, and many painful affections.