

AUGUSTIN BIRRELL ON CONVERSION TO ROME.

Antigoneish Casket. We have already quoted from The Via Media, one of the essays in the first series of "Obliter Diets," but there are some other passages of the same essay which we should like to lay before our readers.

"It was common talk at one time to express astonishment at the extending influence of the Church of Rome and to wonder how people went about unaccompanied by keepers could submit their reason to the Papacy, with her open rupture with science and her evil historical reputation. From astonishment to contempt is but a step. We first open wide our eyes and then our mouths. It used to be thought a sufficient explanation to say either that the man was an ass or that it was all those Ritualists. But gradually it became apparent that the convert was not always an ass, and that the Ritualists had nothing whatever to do with it.

"It is when a person of religious spirit and strong convictions as to the truth and importance of certain dogmas—few in number it may be; perhaps only one, the Being of God—first becomes fully alive to the tendency and direction of the most active opinions of the day; when, his alarm quickening his insight, he reads as it were between the lines of books, magazines, and newspapers; when, struck with a sudden trepidation, he asks, 'Where is this to stop? how can I, to the extent of a poor ability, help to stem the tide of opinion which daily increases its volume and floods new territory?' then it is that the Church of Rome stretches out her arms and seems to say, 'Quarrel not with your destiny, which is to become a Catholic. You may see difficulties and you may have doubts. They abound everywhere. You will never get rid of them. But I, and I alone, have never submitted my creed to be overhauled by infidels. Join me, acknowledge my authority, and you need dread no side attack and fear no charge of inconsistency. Succeed finally I must, but even were I to fail, yours would be the satisfaction of knowing that you had never held an opinion, used an argument, or said a word, that could fairly have served the purpose of your triumphant enemy.'

"At such a crisis as this in a man's life, he does not ask himself, 'How little can I believe? With how few miracles can I get off?'—he demands sound armour, sharp weapons, and, above all, firm ground to stand on—a good footing for his faith—and these he is apt to fancy he can get from Rome alone.

"No doubt he has to pay for them, but the charm of the Church of Rome is this: when you have paid her price you get your goods—a neat assortment of coherent, interdependent, logical opinions.

"Mr. Matthew Arnold's friends, the Nonconformists, are, as a rule, nowadays, bad logicians. What Dr. Newman has said of the Ritualists is with a verbal alteration) also true of a great many Nonconformists. More-over, there are those among them who have very little grasp of principle, even from the natural temper of their minds. They see this thing is beautiful, and that is in the Fathers, and a third is expedient, and a fourth pious; but of their connection one with another, their hidden essence and their life, and the bearing of external matters upon each and upon all, they have no perception or even suspicion. They do not look at things as part of a whole, and often will sacrifice the most important and precious portions of their creed, or make irremediable concessions in word or in deed, for mere simplicity and want of apprehension."

"We have heard of grown up Baptists asked to become, and actually becoming, godfathers and godmothers to Episcopalian babies! What terrible confusion is here! A point is thought to be of sufficient importance to justify separation on account of it from the whole Christian Church, and yet not to be of importance enough to debar the separatist from taking part in a ceremony whose sole significance is that it gives the lie direct to the point of separation.

"But we, all of us—Churchmen and Dissenters alike—set out our opinions far too much in the same fashion as ladies are reported, I dare say quite falsely, to do their afternoon's shopping—this thing because it is so pretty, and this thing because it is so cheap. We pick and choose, take and leave, appropriate and reproduce in a breath. A familiar anecdote is never out of place: An English captain anxious to console a savage king, sent him on shore, for his own royal wear, an entire dress suit. His majesty was graciously pleased to accept the gift, and as it never occurred to the royal mind that he could, by any possibility, wear all the things himself, with kingly generosity he distributed what he did not want amongst his Court. This done, he sent for the donor, to thank him in person. As the captain walked up the beach, his majesty advanced to meet him, looking every inch a king in the sober dignity of a dress-coat. The waistcoat imparted an air of pensiveness melancholy that mightily became the Prime Minister, whilst the Lord Chamberlain, as he shipped to and fro in his white gloves, looked a courtier indeed. The trousers indeed had become the subject of an unfortunate dispute, in the course of which they had sustained such injuries as to be hardly recognizable. The captain was convulsed with laughter.

"But, in truth, the mental toilet of most of us is as defective and almost as risible as was that of his savage Court. We take on our opinions without paying heed to conclusions, and the result is absurd. Better be without any opinions at all. A naked savage is not necessarily an undignified object; but a savage in a dress-coat and nothing else is, and must ever remain,

a mockery and a show. There is great elasticity about a dress-suit. In the language of the logicians, the name of each article not only denotes that particular, but connotes all the rest. Hence it came about that that which, when worn in its entirety, is so dull and decorous, become so provocative of Homerio laughter when distributed amongst several wearers.

"No person with the least tincture of taste can ever weary of Dr. Newman, and no apology is therefore offered for another quotation from his pages. In his story, 'Loss and Gain,' he makes one of his characters, who has just become a Catholic, thus refer to the stock Anglican Divines, a class of writers who are, at all events, immeasurably superior to the Ellicotts, and Farrars of these latter days: 'I am embracing that creed which upholds the divinity of tradition and Land, consent of Fathers with Beveridge, a visible Church with Bramhall, dogma with Bull, the authority of the Pope with Thornydyke, penance with Taylor, prayers for the dead with Usher, colihacy, asceticism, ecclesiastical discipline with Bingham.' What is this to say but that, according to the Cardinal, our great English divines have divided the Roman dress-suit amongst themselves?"

CENTENARY OF LONGFELLOW.

CATHOLIC TONE OF THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND POET'S WRITINGS DID MUCH TO OVERCOME PREJUDICE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

This week the centenary of the birth of the poet Longfellow was celebrated all over the United States. The celebration was especially notable in Portland, Maine, where the poet was born, Feb. 27, 1807 and Cambridge, Mass., where he lived while he was professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, and where he passed away.

Many acclaim Longfellow as the greatest of American poets, says a writer in The Pilot. Still others set James Russell Lowell above him. It would be an ungracious task to enter into the discussion. It is honor enough for any man to be the best beloved of his country's poets and of this title none can dispossess Longfellow.

Our purpose here is rather to speak of the Catholic spirit which animates so much of his poetry, and which had its share in dissipating anti-Catholic prejudice so strong in America at the outset of his career. Longfellow was of united Pilgrim and Puritan stock; and a graduate of Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Me. His emancipation from the prejudices of heredity and environment began with his two years abroad in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany—1826-28—while he was qualifying for the chair of Foreign Languages and Literature in his Alma Mater; and was completed in successive tours of Europe, after he had attained the higher place in Harvard University, and in his studies of medieval literature.

It would be hard to exaggerate the ignorance and bigotry prevailing in the United States, but especially in New England, in regard to the Church, in the '40's, '50's, of the last century. But the people were earnest. They had not as many books as they have now; but they read more earnestly. They even read poetry; and a new volume from Longfellow was an event of public interest. Few went abroad then, whence many go to-day. Many were lettered, to a certain extent, but few were cultured. If a broad, liberal culture bring not a man into the Church, at least it emancipates him from false and vulgar notions about her. He cannot be a great literary scholar without seeing her beauty, and to see it is to love it. Consequently, Longfellow found many of his most congenial themes in Catholic history and legend, and because he was their own and their beloved, his compatriots listened and thought it over, and, insensibly, became most just to the Church, which was still small and poor but destined to a great development among them.

Note the kindness with which they took to "Evangeline"—whose undiminished popularity after sixty years is a sore trial to British Protestants in the maritime provinces of Canada. Yet "Evangeline" is the story of the pure and peaceful lives of the peasants of Acadia, of the noble and self-guardianship of his little flock, of the ideal of Christian womanhood, nourished by the Sacraments and intent on good works Evangeline is always lovely.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—Shone on her face and enlured her form, when, after confession, Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.

When she had finished, it seemed like the cooing of an exquisite music. This to men and women who had been taught to believe that confession was an invention of anti-christ!

"Kavanaugh," a prose story, hit at the political as well as the religious prejudices of old New England; for it took its name from the first Catholic governor—and the last, thus far, since he was, in a manner, an accident—of the State of Maine, who was not only a Catholic, but of Irish blood. The Kavanaugh School in the Cathedral parish, Portland, is named for him.

We are not surprised that like the English Wordsworth, his poetic soul was enraptured with the vision of the Blessed among women. Perhaps nothing that he has written is more familiar to Catholics than Prince Henry's soliloquy on entering Italy:

"This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land, Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer, with the exquisitely expressed and perfectly accurate appreciation of the place of the Virgin Mother in the Church. It is more striking to note his grasp of the ascetic and mystical element in the life of the Church as in the story of the Sultan's converted daughter; and her religious vocation, as told by the Abbess to Elsie. The former was in youth the beloved of the Minnesinger, Walter Von Vogel-

wald. How her father thwarted the dream of innocent love, and how she fled to the cloister rather than marry another, is tenderly told. Then

This happened many years ago. I left my father's home to come like Katherina to her marriage. For blindly I entered into it so. And when I heard the convent door behind me close, to open no more, I felt it smite me like a blow. Through all my limbs a shudder ran. And on my bruised spirit fell The dampness of the earth. As night-sir on a wounded man, Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began, I felt the agony decrease, By slow degrees, then wholly cease, Kidding in perfect rest and peace! It was an apathy, not dulness. That weighed and pressed upon my brain, But the same passion I had given To earth before, with turned to heaven. With all its overflowing fervor.

How should a non-Catholic understand these things, or write of the House of God and the Mass as Longfellow writes in the introduction to his translation of the Divina Commedia?

Longfellow's poems of home and the affections are tender and pure; and have an enduring place in our literature. "The Building of the Ship," with its magnificent closing invocation, "The Church," Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" among the greatest of American poems of patriotism. He has left an enduring memorial to the American Indian—and incidentally to the Catholic missionary—in "Hiawatha."

Honor and love were the portion of the poet's declining days; and gratitude, too, from his Catholic compatriots, who look on his work as a great factor in the reconstruction of the non-Catholic American mind in regard to the Catholic Church. Sometimes the question arises, how could he seem to see the light so clearly and not follow it all the way? It is among the mysteries kept for the long leisure of the Life Beyond.

DR. TORREY AND THE BIBLE.

At one of his Convention Hall meetings Dr. Torrey, revisited, let him lose on the bible. Among other things he said, referring to the scriptures: "The devils hates the book! During the Dark Ages he got it out of the hands of the common people and the hierarchy of the Catholic Church interpreted it for them."

The Convention Hall apostle evidently has occupied his time so constantly with study of the scriptures that he has entirely overlooked history. He, no doubt, imagines that during the so-called Dark Ages the original Methodist Book Concern was turning out bibles by the ton and the mammoth presses of the yellow journals were grinding out their sensational grist by the carload. However, when this learned theologian addresses an audience of even medium intelligence he should bear in mind that there are those present who know that printing was not invented until the fifteenth century; they know, too, that had it not been for the devotion of the "lazy monks," adepts at the pen, the bible would, possibly, have been lost to posterity. It was only after the bible came to be generally circulated that the devil got hold of it. Then Satan said, "Those doctors who have made a life study of the word of God are fakers; they know nothing of the meaning of the book. Interpret it for yourselves; you know as much as they."

Whereupon at the behest of his satanic majesty, every man who felt like it put his own understanding on this passage or on that, and the word of God was torn and mutilated, words were changed, portions expunged. Sectarianism began to appear, and since the days of Martin Luther, has gone on. The Protestant plan of individual interpretation gives to any one the privilege of announcing to the world, "I am the only one who knows; all others are wrong."

In proof of this we have a statement made by the evangelist himself at this particular meeting. He said: "A Catholic woman who attended my church in Chicago came and wanted to join my church. 'But I want you to hear my confession,' said she. No, I told her, I could not do that; she must go right straight to headquarters. She must go to Jesus."

Supposing a Catholic woman had said to Torrey, "I want you to hear my confession," which is not in the least probable, if he considers himself an apostle, did he not hear it? By what authority has he removed from the bible the impressive words of that same Jesus to whom he urged the woman to go? Is it not recorded in the Protestant version that Christ said to His apostles, "As the Father has sent Me, I also send you. . . . Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained?" Did not Lord say that just for fun, or did He wish to convey a meaning not to be found in the words? Perchance Dr. Torrey reads it that when the last of the original apostles should be called to his reward he was to carry our Saviour's words with him to heaven, and thereafter they should be as "sounding brass."

While our divine Lord intended that there should be but one shepherd and one sheepfold, the devil, always in conflict, has filled the hearts of men with self-consciousness and they have gone on and established human religions—hundreds of them—not one of which will stand the test of apostolicity, Catholicity or perpetuity.

But did our Saviour intend the bible to be the "common man's book," as Dr. Torrey claims? Is it all there is to religion? Is every man to be his own interpreter? We are not given so to understand by the book itself. Our blessed Lord once did tell the people to search the scriptures. So the Catholic Church has ever urged the faithful to search the scriptures. They have done so, and there is no true Catholic who does not know quite as much about this "common man's book" as does the gentleman who intimates that Christ's Church in early days did the work of the devil.

RELEASED "IS GOOD TEA" The more particular you are, The better you will like it. The fine quality of Red Rose is most appreciated by those who are the most particular. Notice the clear, amber color in the cup and the delightful fragrance when poured from the teapot. Will you try a package to-day? Ask your grocer to send you one!

Private interpretation, as taught by Dr. Torrey, has brought about a condition which is aptly described by Cardinal Gibbons:

"One body of Christians will prove from the bible that there is but one person in God, while the rest will prove from the same source that a trinity of persons is a clear article of divine revelation. One will prove from the holy book that Jesus Christ is not God. Others will appeal to the same text to prove His divinity. One denomination will assert on the authority of the scripture that infant baptism is not necessary to salvation, while others will hold that it is. Some Christians, with bible in hand, will teach to do there are no sacraments. Others will say there are but two. Some will declare that the inspired word does not teach the eternity of punishment. Others will say that the bible distinctly indicates the dogma."

No, no, Dr. Torrey, the bible is not clear as a rule of faith. Everyone should read it, we admit, but when doubt appears, the reader should go to the priest, as the litigant goes to the lawyer or the sick man seeks the doctor, and have the rough places made smooth; go, as the people were urged to do under the old law, "to the priests of the Levitical law. . . . and do whatsoever they shall say."—Catholic Union and Times.

THE POPE PLAYED DOCTOR.

LEO XIII. SOMETIMES TURNED TABLES ON LAPPONI.

Among the many stories told of Dr. Laponi, who, until his death a few weeks ago, was chief physician to the Pope, Leo XIII. turned the tables on him. Laponi was a strict disciplinarian in medical matters, and Leo was a difficult patient. He often complained of the restraints Laponi placed on him and sometimes insisted on having his own way, says an exchange.

One day when the Pope was suffering from a very severe cold, he insisted on holding a prolonged and important reception, despite Laponi's protests. When it became plain that the Pope's determination could not be shaken, the doctor as a last resort, handed him a little box with several tablets in it, imploring him to take one whenever the symptoms of the cold became distressing. The doctor further took up a position in the audience chamber, half hidden behind a tapestry, where he could watch his patient closely and jump to his support if he should show any signs of collapse.

As the audience preceded the Pope forgot all about the box of tablets—at least Laponi failed to see him take any of them. Presently Laponi thought the Pope was becoming hoarse, and he coughed rather loudly so as to attract the Pope's attention, and when he caught his eye made a gesture suggestive of taking a tablet from the box and swallowing it.

The Pope instantly turned to one of his secretaries standing near by. "Call the doctor to me," said he. Laponi sprang to his side. "Doctor," said the Pope, "I notice you have a very severe cough. I am greatly grieved at it. But I have here some tablets—and he produced the box from the fold in his robes—"which I am told are splendid for a cold. Let me prescribe one for you. You will do me the pleasure of taking it at once."

What could Laponi do but take his medicine. The whole gathering, however, understood the situation, and for once a papal audience was interrupted by a burst of laughter.

A POPULAR APPOINTMENT.

Many and sincere are the congratulations extended during the past week to Mr. R. D. Gunn, K. C., on his appointment to the judicial bench, not only from his immediate neighborhood, but from all over the province. The wires here have been busy conveying the "best wishes" from men prominent in Church, State and Bar. Mr. Gunn was born in the town of Barrie in 1863, received his education at private schools and the College Institute there, and is also a graduate of the Law School, Toronto. He commenced the study of law under Mr. H. Sturtevant, K. C., and later was articled to the late Justice Lunn. He was called to the Bar in 1889, and in partnership with Mr. John McCosh, commenced practice in Orillia. The partnership dissolved after four years. In his professional capacity he has been connected with all the important cases of litigation in the district. In accepting the present promotion, he sacrifices an immense practice, extending through all the northern counties. He was created "King's Counsel" by the late Sir Oliver Mowat, in 1894. Mr. Gunn is prominent in social circles, taking an active interest in the Knights of Columbus, the C. M. B. A., C. O. F., and Sons of Scotland. Mr. Gunn has always been a consistent Liberal and for years has done work in the cause of Liberal reform. He was the ward bearer in the late Dominion election, and though like his predecessors unsuccess-ful, the contest served to still further emphasize those qualities which have gained for the subject of this sketch the respect and confidence of the electorate, irrespective of creed or politics. Judge Gunn is a direct descendant of the "Clan Ranald McDonald," hence the name should be a family name for the many famous sons it has given to the Church, State and army. The illustrious statesman, the Right Rev. Archbishop McDonald of historic fame, was a grand uncle, as also the famous Captain Miles, Governor of Solikiri, a great grand father. Another grand uncle directly connected with Canadian history was Attorney-General A. J. McDonald, aide-de-camp to Sir

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DIED. MOONEY—At Alameda Sask. on Feb. 7th, 1907, of tuberculosis, John F. Mooney, aged twenty-four, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mooney, Greenvale, Kinz Co., P. E. I. R. I.

MURRAY—In Weston, Ont., on March 17th, Mrs. Marjorie Murray only daughter of Mrs. John Whelan, aged forty-two years. May her soul rest in peace. Interment at St. Mary's, Weston, Ont., on March 19th, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Joseph Napoleon Melhargy, a native of Clarendon, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

Graduation Exercises. Graduation exercises were held at St. Joseph's hospital, Chatham, Ont., on Tuesday, March 19th, on which occasion diplomas and medals were conferred by Miss Lillie E. Burns, Amherstburg, Ont., and Miss Florence F. Darling, Chatham.

NEW BOOKS. "Essentials and Non-Essentials of the Catholic Religion," by Rev. H. G. Hughes. The Ave. Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. Price 75 cents. "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful." Under the able editorship of the Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ontario, have put out, probably one of the best home books on home decoration ever issued in Canada. While designed primarily as a catalogue, the book is handsomely illustrated with numerous cuts of the interiors of rooms in colors, and as well as containing complete information on wall decorations, is filled with many valuable suggestions both pictorial and otherwise on tasteful decorating. It is a book which needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

"Homes Healthful and Beautiful," is gotten on in the form of an edition de luxe, and is too expensive a book to distribute promiscuously to every one who might wish to own one. It is a book which is well worth the cost of the book, it is intended to discourage those who would write for it merely to gratify an idle whim.

THE DECORATION OF OUR CHURCHES. This is a topic on which a great deal of interesting and instructive matter might be written. The time is surely ripe in Canada for some one of experience to advise a few guiding principles to prevent, if possible, the spoiling of so many churches at the hands of the so-called decorator.

The Church should be most beautiful. The sanctuary should be a place of special attractiveness. The side altars scarcely less beautiful, and the body of the church should be decorated with an intelligent appreciation of the effect as a whole. We have all had cause to deplore the inappropriate coloring of many church interiors with their ornamentation devoid of ecclesiastical feeling. Correct work of the kind is not necessarily costly, but however plain it requires special skill. The true designer will consider most fully the architectural surroundings. His color scheme and ornamentation will be in harmony with the proportions of the structure and the quantity of light therein, and, above all, the work should have a true Catholic inspiration.

Too often do we find the very opposite to all this, hence the good fortune in having in our midst a firm in every way capable of carrying out intelligently the decoration of church interiors. It is known as "The Church Decorators, Toronto." The work executed by this company during the past year speaks volumes for their ability in this special line. They do nothing but church work, and making it their business to study, are in a position superior to any others in Canada to carry out churches in any part of the country, whether they be simple parish churches or costly cathedrals. Their designs have been accepted for the elaborate decorations for the Church of Our Lady, Clush, the largest contract of the kind ever awarded in Canada. During recent months they have decorated St. Mary's Church, Toronto; St. Francis, Toronto; St. Joseph's, Toronto, and St. Patrick's, Galt, and it is with every assurance that we can speak of them as a firm to be depended on for enduring and beautiful work. Their office is 86 Wellington St. West, Toronto.



Catholic Order of Foresters Ald. Chas. S. O. Boudreault, Chief Ranger of St. Jean Baptiste Court, Ottawa, and Benjamin J. Asselin, Recording Secretary of St. Basil's Court, Brantford, have been appointed Organizers for the Ontario Jurisdiction, and are at work at present, in the interest of Catholic Forestry. If Recording Secretaries in the Province think they deserve the attention of a Provincial Court Organizer, their wishes will be considered, when application is made to the Provincial Secretary or to the Provincial Chief Ranger. V. WEBB, DR. B. G. CONNOLLY, Prov. Sec., OTTAWA. RENFREW, ONT.

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VOLUME The Cat LONDON, SATU OPINION OF We wonder w bell's brand of hostility of the We fail to see gentleman sho lego of free thou to private ju the principle the helps to proteo sect. Mr. Cam religious ansar ignored. If sec Gould, are not why should th Without any power religioo dividal opini opinion may r eyes of his a opinion) is val one thing to s a wayward fa statements ar Campbell give a new trail to conventicles ar come between How can the there be no li with full aut definitive sent Mr. London, p Prof. Peck, p said: "That in th divinity devot bling away the faith, and whe of agnosticism anvils, there is the contemptl Church that d to age; that rook of its con to the waveri the serene a authority."