

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

Sacred Heart Review.

In modifying the title of these papers, and beginning upon a new series, I do not wish it understood that I intend to give over dealing with popular Protestant controversy. Hereafter, as heretofore, I am likely to be principally occupied with this. Among us, at least, it is much the more mischievous and dangerous, as it naturally would be in a democratic country. As a scholar, I often feel ashamed to deal with such vulgar misrepresentation and abuse as prevail in this range of discussion. Yet a scholar has no business to detach himself aristocratically from the general interest, and in a country such as ours there seems to be no better way than to follow the style of Donnybrook Fair, and hit a head wherever it shows, be it that of butcher or Bishop.

There is sometimes not much to choose between the two. The depth of vulgar abusiveness seems to have been reached by Bishop Cox. Mr. Lansing refrains, at least from vulgar personal allusions to living men. He does not comment upon the articles of their diet which Cox did. Cox was a more highly educated man, yet in his attacks upon the Jesuits, and still more upon Archbishop Satolli, he almost descended below the line at which it remained permissible to allude to him. No wonder the Independent, after quoting some of his amenities, inquired in amazement, how a man of his standing could imagine such language compatible with decency, not to say charity. It is therefore not the social standing, nor measure of education, that necessarily draws the line between the higher and the lower range of controversy. The distinction between them may perhaps be conveniently drawn as follows. Where, the instinct of disparagement prevails over that of accurate representation, we have popular controversy, tending downward to pure blackguardism. Where the instinct of accurate representation prevails, we have scholarly controversy. This is always tending upward, out of the range of controversy into that of objective inquiry.

In this higher range oppositions do not disappear. Indeed, in some respects they become more intense than ever. Yet they become more spiritual. They let "the ape and tiger die," the mopings and howlings of the ape, and the brutish fierceness of the tiger. Moreover, error is the medium in which, at the last, error almost inevitably dissolves. What does remain remains as little more than an expression of inevitable human limitation. The Canon Law well says, adopting St. Augustine's words, that no man can ever be perfect in the opinion of Christians, yet if they come to the end of their own nature, and do not originate them, and if they hold them in the spirit of cautious candor, Christians are in no way to be accounted heretics. The Church, he acknowledged, must deal with them as heretics, since the Church does not know the secrets of the heart; but in the view of God they are Catholic Christians.

There is much matter, indeed, not controversial, which may nevertheless be appropriately considered in connection with controversy. There are popular notions concerning Catholicism, many of which are not only untrue, but being misapprehensions, innocently help to feed controversy, and being rectified, help to quench it. In the prevailing temper of a great part of the Protestant world, we can hardly imagine any point so innocent and indifferent but that it might be turned into a pebble with which to pelt the Pope. If I were to give Mr. Lansing points about the pontifical cross, or the time at which mitres first came into use, I should be much disappointed if he could not make out demon-stratively that they are the product of development, the legitimate flowering forth, of anti Christ. If he could not do it (and indeed, to do him justice, he does not dwell much on these secondary matters) we have but to apply to a red hot English Evangelist. Indeed, Lord Macaulay once plumed himself on having, for a lack, proved beyond doubt that the House of Commons is the apocalyptic beast. The number of members, I believe, was then 658, and of officers of the house 8, giving the mystic 666. Macaulay tried this on a zealous Protestant gentleman in India, and so surprised him that, while still maintaining the Pope to be the beast, he seemed half inclined to allow that the House of Commons might, perhaps, be the beast too, an alternative incarnation of the beast. On the other hand, a Mr. Baxter of Canada once made out conclusively that the Emperor Napoleon III. was the beast, whereupon I tried my hand, and proved that Mr. Baxter himself was the beast, and two over. "Where there's a will there's a way."

On this account I always think it best not to leave a single microbe of error concerning the Roman Catholic system, so far, of course, as I recognize it myself for an error. There is no telling how soon the apparently harmless thing may develop into a new epidemic of the cursing sickness, popularly known as the A. P. A.

Sir Walter Scott is sometimes said to have been, in Great Britain, and even beyond it, the father of the reaction towards Anglo-Catholicism, and indirectly towards Roman Catholicism. No such results, assuredly, were in his thoughts. It was not a religious, but a purely antiquarian and romantic instinct, that has made his pages alive, as with kings and knights, so with bishops and abbots. Of the inner soul of religion he knew little, and there-

fore little of the soul of Catholic Christianity. Lord Tennyson's single short poem of "Sir Galahad" has, in my judgment, more of the inner soul of Catholic Christianity in it than the whole of Sir Walter taken together. Tennyson was not only a greater scholar and a deeper philosopher and a far more deeply religious man, than the healthy secularist. He has, indeed, created one nobly religious character, Jeanie Deans. Yet this shows rather outward appreciation and vivid national sympathy, than properly religious sympathy. So also, in "Old Mortality," by virtue of the same national consciousness, he has thrown out into strong relief the spiritual heroism underlying the grotesqueness and violence of the Covenanters. Yet—which is the surest token of an unspiritual temper—in his own time a diver-gence from the conventionally accepted forms of religion was apt to be found intolerable to him. He accepted Presbyterianism, as the established religion of Scotland; Episcopalianism, as being the Church of the aristocracy; Roman Catholicism, as having the right of prior occupancy, and being intertwined with so much of the earlier history of Scotland and as being the Church of various high nobles and chieftains. On the other hand, when he discovered that a builder whose intelligence and superiority in his art he greatly admired was a Baptist lay-preacher, he never spoke of him again. Had he lived eleven years longer, he would probably have been deeply disgusted and repelled by the spiritual grandeur of that Free Church secession which so profoundly delighted Cardinal Newman, and made him augur that Christ had great things in mind for his cause and people in Western Europe, when those whose apprehensions of truth were in his view so deeply defective, could yet be moved to such heroic self-sacrifice for Christ's supremacy and crown.

This same unspirituality Scott shows in his incapacity to apprehend a true monastic vocation. A monk is to him either a jolly voluptuary, like Abbot Boniface and the prior of Jorvaulx, or a mere zealot for the aggrandizement of his order, and of the Church as the amplification of his order. Abbot Eastace seems hardly to rise above this point. It will not do to say that monasticism was antiquated at the date of "The Monastery," for Loyola, Xavier, and Francis Borgia, Philip Neri, Las Casas and Zamarraga, Brebeuf and his brethren, Theresa and St. Vincent de Paul were yet to come. He neither understands a Bernard, an Anselm, a Francis and a Catherine of Siena in the past, nor the great names that were yet to come after Melrose and Dryburgh were overthrown.

Worse yet occurs in "Rob Roy." There Francis Osbaldistone, evidently expressing the author's own mind, asks his cousin Rashleigh, who had been intended for the priesthood, but who had an offer from his uncle of business advancement, how any sane man could hesitate to prefer the latter. In 1715, the assumed date of "Rob Roy," English Roman Catholicism was deeply depressed. An English priest could only look forward to a life of obscurity and stratagem, even if he should escape positive persecution. To Scott it seemed incredible that a man of education and talents, unless he were of unsound mind, could think of embracing such a lot, except from pure necessity. The notion of a vocation, although an elementary Christian truth, seems to have been hardly more intelligible to him than to the Rev. Sydney Smith. Rashleigh Osbaldistone, it is true, expresses only ambitions and worldly aims, even for the priesthood; yet it is not the worldliness for which his cousin remonstrates with him. It is only for what he esteems its fantastical declaration.

In this contemptuous declaration in "Rob Roy," Scott's inveterate secularism of temper reaches its lowest point. I remember nothing so offensive in any other of the Waverley novels. Of course this does not spring out of any specific prepossession against Catholicism. Scott would have been equally contemptuous of, or even more contemptuous of, a man of parts who had chosen to become an Independent Baptist minister, having a good opening in business or an invitation to take a good living in the Establishment. His motives of opposition were entirely different from those which animated the expression of various Protestant organs some years ago, when it was known that one of General Sherman's sons was bent on entering the priesthood, and it was rumored that this purpose was distasteful to his father. We were then exhorted to express our abhorrence of such contempt of parental right. Had the young man been minded to become a Methodist or Presbyterian minister, we should have been called to admire his heroism of self-consecration under untoward circumstances. He would have been viewed as a second Daniel in the lions' den. Had he been opposing the will of two Catholic parents, his determination would have been praised as sublime. Had he had a mother of his own persuasion, encouraging him in his purpose, these editors would have become suddenly alive to the indisputable truth, insisted on by Catholic writers, that in matters of religion the mother has equal rights with the father over the education of her children, and where she is an active Christian and the father indifferent, superior rights. Yet, so soon as it was a Catholic youth, wishing to enter the Christian ministry in his own Church, he suddenly became a rebel against his father, and his sympathetic mother a rebel against her husband.

Which of these two forms of opposition to an intention of entering the priesthood is the more reprehensible? Intrinsically, doubtless, Scott's. Mere secularism is far more ignoble than zeal, even inequitable and distorted. Yet we can not be too sharply and perseveringly held to the obligation of "weighing things with one measure." Ought not a Christian to wish to serve the kingdom of God? Assuredly. Is not a vocation to serve it immediately a good thing? Assuredly. Is not the ministry the best accredited form of doing this? Assuredly. Can a Christian man wish to enter the ministry otherwise than in the form which to him is valid? Certainly not. Would he not Protestants be highly indignant not Protestants who should deny that the ultimate motive of a Protestant Christian in entering the Protestant ministry is the same as that of a Catholic Christian in entering the Catholic ministry? Of course they would, and would have a right to be. Assume on either side invalidity of orders, and does this restrain the blessing of God on a holy purpose, actuated in the form supposed to be agreeable to His will? Certainly not. Apply this now to the young Sherman and his mother, and does it not imply a condemnation of their Protestant censors? Assuredly. Yet I have asked a Protestant minister these questions, or to the last, my answer was "No." Neither equity nor logic held where they would benefit Papists. We shall next be putting up prayers for a repeal of the law of gravitation, where it works for their advantage.

BEAT THE DEVIL.

A New Story of the Famous Chess Player, Paul Morphy.

Mr. Robert Munford, of Macon, Ga., writes as follows to the American Chess Magazine:

On reading the notes in the July number on Paul Morphy's visit to Philadelphia, I am reminded of an incident in connection with his visit to Richmond, Va., about the same time, which was related to me some years ago by the Rev. Mr. H— of that city. I do not remember ever to have seen it in print. Mr. Morphy was Mr. H—'s guest while in the city, and on his arrival was first ushered into the library, and his attention was at once attracted by a painting over the mantel, which was a fine copy of a celebrated painting representing a game of chess being taken by a young man and the devil, the stake being the young man's soul.

The artist had made the game where it was apparently the young man's move, and he seemed just to realize the fact that he had lost the game, the agony of despair being shown in every line of his features and attitude, while the devil, from the opposite side of the table, gloated over him with fiendish delight. The position of the game appeared utterly hopeless for the young man, and Mr. H— said he had often set it up and studied it with his chess friends, and all agreed the young man's game was certainly lost.

Mr. Morphy walked up to the picture and studied it for several minutes, when finally, turning to Mr. H—, he said:

"I can win the game for the young man."

Mr. H— was, of course, astonished, and said, "Is it possible?"

Mr. Morphy replied: "Get out the men and board and let us look at it."

The position was set up, and in a few rapid moves he demonstrated a complete win for the young man, and the devil was checkmated.

The Rev. Mr. H— was wont to apply the evident and beautiful moral, which I leave to each one of your readers to think over.

POPE LEO TWENTY YEARS AGO.

At the time of his installation the appearance of the present Pope is thus described by the Abbe Vidieu, his biographer: "The new Bishop of Rome is tall and spare, with a grand, patrician air. He has a magnificent head, crowned with white hair, strongly marked features, the aspect of an ascetic, with appearance of a maribello in the general appearance of the figure. His face is lighted by a piercing look, and his amiable and paternal smile goes straight to the heart of those whom he addresses. His voice is sonorous and very pleasing, though less mellow and more powerful than that of Pius IX. The day after his election he was asked why he took the name of Leo, and he replied, 'Because Leo XII. was the benefactor of my family, but also because Leo signifies lion, and the virtue which seems to me the most necessary of all is the force of the lion.' There were three ballottings at his election. At the first he received seventeen votes, at the second thirty-five and at the third forty-four or two more than were necessary to his elevation."

Followed Husband's Advice.

"I was troubled for a long time with sick headaches. At last my husband bought me two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla telling me this medicine would cure me, as it had cured him of salt rheum. I began taking it and it made me feel like a new woman." MRS. ROBERT McAFEE, Deerhurst, Ontario.

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FATHER RYAN'S IDEA OF PRIESTS.

"Ah me! without trying—by merely being gentle and human and tender to souls astray what good priests can do!" wrote Father Ryan.

A discord of any kind jarred his sensitive soul to its very center. From another city we hear:

"And I am a weary to day, soul-sick, heart-tired, generally disgusted, mind pained, and, added to physical fatigue, a mountain load of spirit-weariness. Why? Here there is trouble between Irish and German, an Irish priest and German priest. To me it is simply horrid. As if God were Irish or German. Nationalism narrows. I mind me of my dead father, who once said to me when I was a boy: 'Child, you are born with a broad mind. You will be horrified often, when I am dead and gone, to see how ministers, and sometimes priests and even bishops belittle God and make Him narrow and almost mean. Remember this, God is a gentleman always.' It might sound to some irreverent, but he did not mean it in that way. His strange phrase is so true and has such meaning in it."

"St. Thomas of Aquin, Duns Scotus, St. Bonaventure, St. Bernard, in their day, and Ambrose and Augustine and Chrysostom in their days, were suns. They shone from lofty skies with a bright, steady light and in the intellectual light heart-beat. By and by came the little men, the Lilliputians (I was almost about to write Sillyputians), and they came with their syllogisms—little theolians. What did they do? In the Middle Ages they harmed the human side of the Church and in so doing caused havoc of the spiritual interests of souls, while political forces harmed the question among monks in regard to the vow of poverty by which there was no *meum* or *tuum*, no mine or yours. Question: 'I drink a plate of soup: it is in my body: can I say it is mine?' 'You cannot, said some. 'I can,' said others. Then abuse and vituperation, till the Pope had to settle the question!'"

And for the last two hundred years theological theories, especially in moral questions, have divided into opposing schools to the harm of consciences. The great, bright, sunlike doctrines have been theological spots; and the gentle, lovely, quiet way of the Moral Law is infested by too many so-called theologians, who positively do not understand their clearness the ten commandments. Hence false consciences, next hypocrisies, and then, Heaven hides the rest, in very mercy, from others."

In speaking of the hardships and dangers often encountered in a priest's life, Father Ryan said:

"However, were I a college boy again, I would be nothing but a priest. A priest's life is sacrificial only in a sense. He gets more than he gives even in this world. Lonely he is, and who is not? The happiest married heart on earth this night has, has had and will have more lonely hours than hours unlonely."

"I think a priest's life is less lonely than any other life, for the very simple reason that his duties are so many and so diversified. And loneliness, I hold, when he is lonely, is a stimulant if he studies. That is just what we need in the Church, a studious habit; a passion for books, for thoughts; and the intellectual passion is the supremest."

The secret of Father Ryan's sweet gentleness of soul and tender sympathy with all mankind is thus expressed by him:

"Well, you met an un-common man, whose priesthood, unlike some cases you knew, far from destroying or diminishing, has only deepened and broadened, by exalting, his manhood. For, 'Abram J. Ryan' is not dead nor buried in 'Father Ryan.'"

Indeed, if you can take my thought, the priest in me is more the man than the man is the priest. I never phrased it in that way before; but, though new, the phrase is best. —C. A. Malone in The Rosary.

Pain in the Back.

Being troubled often and with pains in my back, caused by constipation, I tried several kinds of pills I had seen advertised, and to put the truth in a nutshell, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the only pills that have proved effective in my case. I can heartily recommend them.

JNO. DEVLIN, Unionville, Ont.

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FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Eighteenth Sunday After Pentecost.

SIN A GREATER EVIL THAN SICKNESS.

"Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." (Matt. 9, 2.)

Whenever our Lord appears before us in the gospel, we see Him surrounded by the sick and suffering. All acknowledge Him as their Saviour and Helper, all place their confidence in Him, and no one leaves Him without consolation, and assistance. To day, however, we meet Him healing a sickness such as is not elsewhere recorded in the life of our Lord. He is requested to restore the health of one sick with palsy, and the Saviour, who as God, sees the heart, speaks of an interior sickness, a sickness of the soul. "Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." From this, we should learn that sin is a greater evil than any bodily ailment, and that we should therefore be much more anxious to be delivered from it, than for the restoration of bodily health.

And, truly, dear Christians, sickness, pains, poverty, sufferings may indeed afflict the body, but according to faith's teaching, they are not evils, but rather tokens of divine love and a mark of predestination. But sin, and sin alone, renders us unhappy for time and eternity. It deprives us of our greatest treasure, and causes the most appalling afflictions that could befall us. Sin robs us of the love and friendship of God, and with it of the hope of eternal happiness. It robs us of all the merits we may have acquired; it makes us slaves of Satan and hell; it places our soul in the bonds of spiritual death. Bodily sufferings embitter life only for a short time, but sin prepares a woe which will last forever. The sufferings of this life only torture the body and cause death, which is the inevitable doom of man, but sin inflicts wounds on the soul, which cause its eternal death, from which there is no deliverance. Yes, sin inflicts so great an injury that the entire world, with all it contains, cannot compensate for it. "What doth it profit a man," says Jesus, "if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" (Matt. 16, 26.) For if a man loses his soul "what exchange shall he give for it?"

This is a truth well known to all, for how often have we not heard it in sermons and Christian doctrine, but do we act according to it? Do we properly estimate the precious treasure of our soul? Do we preserve this valuable gift, as it merits? Are we more concerned about our soul, its welfare, its salvation, than we are for the things of this world? Oh, that we might joyfully respond to these questions in the affirmative. But alas! for how many would not this be a detestable lie! Who can enumerate the deluded who would rather for their body and temporal, but who treat their poor, immortal soul, as Caius did his brother Abel, murder it—ye murder it by a life of sin, lead it to the devil, to be destroyed by him, delivered to eternal perdition!

If the body is threatened by the least danger how great is not the anxiety to preserve it? If the slightest indisposition befalls them, there is no expression of lamentation: then no remedies are too costly, no operations too painful, restore the health of the body. But the soul is indisposed, yea, mortally wounded, how little is done for its restoration! Days, weeks, and months pass, before the remedy is sought, the sacrament of penance. The slightest effort is too burdensome to save the soul from eternal perdition. The precious gift of time is not appreciated; it is passed in enmity with God, without acquiring merit for Heaven. They call for a look into the abyss, into whose brink they stand and into which they may momentarily plunge, since, imperceptibly, night of death approaches, preventing their doing ought to redeem the past.

On one occasion, when Agelund the king of the Longobards, accompanied by his armor bearers, was walking on the shore of Lake Como he saw at no great distance several children merrily playing in a boat. Coming nearer, he perceived with horror that the vessel was nearly sinking. "Children," he cried, "you are lost, if you do not immediately throw hold of my lance, so I can draw you to the shore." Only one obeyed the summons, the others suffered the penalty of their disobedience by drowning. Joyfully the king, enclosed in his arms the child that was saved, had him carried in his palace, where eventually he succeeded him to the throne under the name of Lamsinus.

Dearly beloved Christians, like to children in the skill, we also sail trait vessels on the sea of life. At moment our tiny life boat may be shattered in death, and woe to us are not prepared; if we appear before God without sanctifying grace, shall be buried in the flames of Hell. On the shore stands Jesus as a merciful king and reaches out to us the salvation in the sacrament of penance, draw poor sinners, as children of that happy shore where awaits the inheritance of eternal life. Oh, we seize this holy lance of salvation and permit ourselves by a worthy fession, to be drawn by Jesus from the abyss of our misery to swell that legion of children of God, heirs of heaven. "To sin is human," says St. Bernard, "but to remain in sin, is satanic," in malice. Thus we like unto devils: it places us in greatest danger of becoming the pawns of demons in the fiery hell. But let us glorify in mercy by true penance and a return after our fall, for St. Chrysostom, the holy doctor of the Church,