

WHY THEY DON'T MARRY.

The Enforced Celibacy of Priests Explained in Simple Words.

"Why Priests Don't Marry" was the subject of a recent discourse by Very Rev. Father Rudolph, O. S. F. C., of Peckham, says the Glasgow Observer.

Leo XIII., the glorious Pontiff, who so well filled the chair of St. Peter, said, had immortalized his pontificate by the strenuous efforts he had made for bringing all nations, tribes and tongues into the one fold of the one Shepherd, the Holy Catholic Church founded 1800 years ago by Jesus Christ. His latest endeavor in this respect was a letter to the English people, in which the Holy Father with loving and affectionate solicitude invited the nation to the old religion which flourished in this land centuries ago. The Pope called upon English Catholics to assist him in this grand and glorious work of reunion, and he especially urged upon them to do this by prayer and by good example.

In bridging over the gulf which separated Protestantism from the Catholic Church there were, naturally enough, a great many and serious obstacles to be surmounted, and one of these difficulties—the celibacy of the Catholic clergy—had been made very prominent during the past week in the columns of a London daily paper in connection with or arising out of the Pope's letter. Those outside the Church could not possibly understand why Catholic priests did not marry. Some thought, and thought very seriously, that it was a most wicked thing for the Catholic Church, or the Church of Rome, as they preferred to call it, to impose such a law upon her ministers. They argued that it was a law against the teaching of the Gospel, that it was an unnatural law and impossible for men to observe it. Frequently they would hear men say, "I like the Catholic religion in a great many things; I would like my wife and children to be Catholics, but as long as your priests are not married I do not feel justified in allowing my family to join you."

GOOD SOLID REASONS.

Father Rudolph proceeded to prove by good, solid reasoning and authority that the celibacy of the Catholic clergy was in perfect harmony and in perfect keeping with the Gospel, that it was sanctioned by Jesus Christ, the founder of the Christian religion, by His apostles, and he would even go farther and show that clerical celibacy was a moral necessity for the fulfillment of the sacred ministry, for the work which God had given them to do. In the first place he would remind them that the law of celibacy in the Catholic Church was a purely ecclesiastical law; it was in fact a part of the Church's discipline. They did not pretend for a single moment that it was part of the deposit of Divine revelation left by Jesus Christ in the Church which it could not tamper with or change in any way. It was perhaps hardly necessary for him to point out that the Church had power to make such laws. As they well knew, the Catholic Church was a society of Divine institution, it was a human society, composed of human beings. Now the society called the Catholic Church, like any other organization, must have a perfect right to make its own laws and regulations, which are arranged for preserving order, and especially for forwarding the end of her existence—the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Every society made its own laws and nobody questioned them, and if men desired to join a society or club they must agree with the rules of that society. They were not compelled to become members, but they joined of their own free will. And so it was with regard to the priesthood of the Catholic Church.

The Church did not say to any man "you must not get married," neither did the Church say they must be priests. They were perfectly free to use their liberty and freedom which God gave them, but this the Church did say, "If you want to be a priest, if you want to be one of my ministers, you must fall in with my regulations, and one of my regulations is that you must never get married." That was all the Church said, and before a young man was allowed to receive that sacred order, which bound him to celibacy for the remainder of his life, he must know his mind and his heart as far as possible, and the Church must know that he had a vocation for the ministry. And when the Church was sure of this she allowed the young man to take upon himself the sacred obligations, and even then he was not allowed to take, up the sacred calling until he was twenty-two years of age, and surely a young man at that age was not acting blindly when he received the order of subdeaconate and thereby binding himself to life-long celibacy!

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

Of course the objection would at once be put forward, "That is all very well; we will admit that it is necessary for a priest as long as he wishes to remain in the Church as one of her ministers to abide by her regulations. But here is where we find fault with your Church: a man may afterwards find he has made a mistake and is unable to observe the vow of celibacy. Then why does your Church make that man remain a celibate all his life; why not let him have his freedom and go away?" The answer to this was very easy and very natural. Supposing a young man at the age of twenty-two was married and afterwards repented of the step, would they think it proper for him to leave his wife and family, would the law allow it? The young man knew perfectly well what he was

doing when he entered the contract, and he would be breaking the law if he deserted his wife. Or if a man purchased some house property and afterwards found he had not made a bargain, would the seller take it back. It was the same with the celibacy question. A man made a contract and had given himself up really and willingly to the Church. Then why did they allow him to draw back after having made a bargain? Plenty of married people would like to be single again, but it was too late. The Bible told them repeatedly that they must always be careful to pay their vows to Almighty God, and apart altogether from the contract there was the vow to God that must be paid, and this was only just and reasonable. The Catholic Church would be trifling with God if she were to allow a man for every whim and fancy to break his solemn vows and engagements.

It may be asked whether the Church had a right to impose these obligations, because a society might go beyond its powers. They had in the teaching of our Lord as well as the apostles the highest sanction in compelling the ministers of the Catholic Church to live chaste and pure lives. In the Sacred Scriptures they were told of the beauty and splendor of a chaste life. "Oh, how beautiful is the chaste generation, for the memory thereof is immortal." It is known both to God and to man.

They had the teaching of Almighty God, they had the testimony of revelation and they had Jesus Christ and His holy Apostles extolling the state of celibacy. And not only had they divine authority, but it was also necessary for the propagation of religion and for the spread of the kingdom of God on earth, that the Church of God should have a celibate and chaste clergy.

MARRIAGE WOULD HANDICAP THEM.

It would be really impossible to carry out the work that God had given His Church to do if the ministers of that Church were married. Let them consider for a single moment the state of those ministers of whatever Church they might belong to who were married and had wives and children to care for, and they would find how true it was that they were divided and were unable to give themselves wholly to God. Just imagine for a moment a young curate in a parish. He decided to change his condition and he fell in love with some young woman, or perhaps half a dozen young ladies fell in love with him. Consider this young curate attending to the things of the Lord and at the same time courting a certain young lady. Suppose this young curate was married, then were his troubles over? No, for "when a man's married his troubles begin."

Perhaps he might get married to an ungodly woman, fond of fighting and drinking and quarrels with the neighbors. The preacher had an extract from a daily paper of a clergyman's divorce suit. He was married in 1861, and in his evidence before the judge alleged that his wife was addicted to paroxysms of temper, during which she called him abusive names and threw things at him. Fancy the dignity of the clergyman!

WORK OF CELIBATES.

Fancy a minister of God with all these troubles and trials striving to win people to God, and by word and example endeavoring to lead them to heaven! Could they in the face of this approve of a married clergy; would any Protestant with any common sense argue that it would be better to have married clergy than those who were bound by the vow of celibacy? Look at the priests of God; look at those who had made sacrifices—aye, and given their lives for others; could they do it if they were not celibates? Who was it in every age who had been the pioneers of civilization; to whom did they owe their learning and literature? The celibate priests and monks of the Catholic Church—men who gave themselves to God and humanity—men who thought no sacrifice too great. Who was it that converted this land when the pagan Saxons had driven out the old religion of the Britons? Was it married men? No; the celibate monks. Who, again, was it that carried religion into Germany and every part of the globe? Was it not the celibate monks? Go to the hospitals where fever was raging, and who would they find kneeling at the bedside of the dying man or woman but the celibate priest. Look at Father Damien, who lived among the lepers administering to their spiritual wants! Would a married clergyman follow in his footsteps?

Father Fidelis.

The Boston Republic says that the Reverend James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis, the Passionist), is soon to preach in a mission at Kenyon, O., the place where stands the Protestant Episcopal seminary of which he was the president some thirty years ago, before he became a Catholic. Doctor Stone's return to the scenes of former labors in another faith will doubtless recall many old memories to him, as well as to those who knew him when he was head of Kenyon college. The learned and eloquent Passionist appeared to be in great demand as a missionary, and he is called to all parts of the country so eager are pastors to secure his efficient services in behalf of their flocks.—Catholic Review.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bick's Anti-Congestive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY.

A Franciscan Father of the monastery of St. Lawrence at Naples tells the following story:

In a peaceful little cottage by the seaside there lived a young fisherman and his mother. One stormy night while they were performing their night-prayers, they were startled by a desperate outcry as that of a man in terrible agony. The young man rushed to the door and to his horror found a man who had been waylaid by robbers and was now in a dying condition. The robbers fled; for, besides fearing the presence of a witness, they had to escape the hands of the policeman who were on their trail. The fisherman stooped down to assist the dying man, but in a few moments more all was over. The policeman, now entering upon the scene, and seeing the young man stooping over the lifeless body, captured him as the murderer, congratulating themselves that they had finally succeeded in tracing one of the band of robbers for whom they had long been searching. All protests on the part of son and mother were in vain, and he was taken to prison.

The circumstantial evidences were too strong against the young fisherman; the trial was soon ended. He was condemned to death.

The police had heard the cry, the body was still warm, no one was near but he; the testimony of the mother was of no value in this case, and thus the declarations of the young man's innocence were considered only as those of a stubborn criminal. The poor mother had endeavored to come to the trial, but she was so inexperienced and helpless in such matters that she arrived in court when all was over and the death-sentence was passed—the criminal to be executed early the next day. The mother broke out in sobs and tears and asked her son. The judge, in order to get rid of her, said in an off-hand way—the king could change matters. The mother's mind was quickly settled. She would go to the king at once, fall down at his feet and plead for the life of her son. She did not know of any formalities, and was disappointed when told that she had to bring her petition in the prescribed form of writing. The sun was already going down when she left the palace to find a lawyer to write up her petition. When returning with the document it was too late of course, the doors were closed and no petitioner could enter. The poor woman was heart-broken. Not knowing what to do she passed by the church of St. Lawrence. She entered and before the statue of St. Anthony prayed as only a mother's heart under such circumstances could pray. But her time even here was short, for the sacristan soon came and rattling his keys gave her a sign that it was time for him to shut the doors. In her agony the poor mother, who had just holding the document in her hand, threw it over the iron railing calling out aloud and despairingly:

"St. Anthony, you must save my child."

Singularly consoled and quieted, she left the church and went home.

It was about 10 o'clock. The king was alone in his study, looking through some important documents he had to sign. He had given his servants strict orders to admit no one, as he did not wish to be disturbed. Suddenly there was a rap at the door, and a moment after a Franciscan brother entered. His appearance was so majestic yet amiable, that the king was charmed for a moment. The Franciscan approached the king and without any embarrassment modestly spoke: "I beg pardon of your majesty for coming at so late an hour, but my business is very urgent, and will not allow any delay, as a man's life is at stake."

"Speak, brother. What can I do for you?" said the king encouragingly.

"Your majesty signed a death-warrant to-day for a young fisherman who was found at the corpse of a murdered man. All evidences seemed to tell against him, and yet he is entirely innocent."

"I am sorry," said the king, "I can do nothing in such matters. The courts are there for that and when the court passes a sentence I can not change it, nor can I presume that the sentence is not just."

"I will vouch for the innocence of my client," said the monk with a positiveness that impressed the king.

"I beg your majesty to write a few words of pardon below this petition." The king spontaneously reached for the pen, but, reflecting again, he stopped and asked the monk: "Where do you come from?"

"From the monastery of St. Lawrence, your majesty," answered the monk.

"But even if I do grant your petition," said the king, "it will be too late, for he will be executed before this can reach him."

There is no time to be lost, it is true," said the monk, "but I will see that the document is delivered in time. Pray just write a few words of pardon here," and the monk pointed with his finger to the blank space where the king was to sign. The king did sign, and with a few words of courtesy and thanks the monk left the room.

The whole affair had made a wonderful impression on the king. He tried to continue his work, but, reflecting, again, said to himself: How could this man come in here at this hour? He asked the chamberlain and all the servants, but nobody had seen any one enter or depart. They searched, but no trace of the monk could be found.

The king resolved to go to the mon-

astery early next morning and find the solution to this mystery.

The scaffold on which the young man was to be executed had already been erected and the poor young man in his cell was expecting his executioner to enter, when the doors of the prison opened, and instead an officer of the king appeared with the pardon. The young fisherman was at liberty to return home to his mother!

At the dawn of day the State's Attorney was terrified to see a document of pardon signed by the king the day previous lying on his table. He supposed that one of his servants had laid it there and had forgotten or neglected to tell him about it. He was in a terrible predicament. Snatching the document, he rushed to the prison to save the young man's life. We already know that he was not too late.

In the course of the forenoon the king appeared at the monastery of St. Lawrence. He had all the brothers assembled in the refectory, and asked the Rev. Prior who of them had been to see him in the palace the night before. The astonished Prior replied that he knew of no one to leave the house at so late an hour. The king, scrutinizing the monks and not seeing his man, to the Prior what had happened.

The Prior suggested to call the mother, who might inform them to whom she had given the petition.

Meanwhile the king was shown around the monastery to pass away the time, and was also taken to the church. The king passed from one altar to another, until he finally came to the shrine of St. Anthony. Instantly recognizing his man, he pointed to the statue and said: "That is the one who came to see me."

"Pardon, your majesty," said the Prior, "he is not under my jurisdiction."

In consequence of this incident, the city of Naples selected St. Anthony as one of its patron saints.

POPE LEO ORDERS HIS TOMB.

The Great Sculptor Maroni now at Work on it—The Holy Father's Political Testament.

There have been many rumors of late of the failing health of Leo XIII., and in view of the fact that he is now eighty-five years of age it certainly seems probable that he will not be given many years more of life. The Holy Father himself seems to feel that his end cannot be very far off. Despatches from Rome state that he has issued a document which is in the nature of a political testament to the Cardinals.

In it he is reported to review his whole pontificate and the reasons which dictated his policy. Speaking of the apathy shown by the great powers at the beginning of his pontificate he shows that no other position than the one taken could have prevented the identification of the Papacy in the estimation of other nations with the new order of things instituted in Rome.

Even if temporal power has not been attained, the Papacy has at least arrived at a position where it is no longer at the mercy of an unfriendly Government. The document concludes by appealing to the Cardinals when they meet in future conclave to keep this ideal in mind and to continue this line of policy as well as to hasten as much as possible the election of the next Pope.

The entire tenor of the document is to name the choice of a successor who will continue the present Pope's policy.

Not only has the Holy Father issued his testament, he has also ordered his tomb. The great sculptor Maroni, the most celebrated not only of Rome but of all Italy, is now at work on it, and that by the orders of the Pope himself. The description of this tomb which have appeared in one or two American newspapers, have been for the most part garbled and fantastic. The New World is enabled to present its readers with an authentic account of this tomb, translated from a French brochure.

The monument is in white Carrara marble. On the lid of the tomb is a lion holding in his talons the tiara. At the right is the statue of Faith, in one hand, holding a torch, in the other the Holy Scriptures. At the left is the statue of Truth, in one hand a mirror, in the other the armorial bearings of the Pope. Underneath the lion, on the side of the sepulchre, an inscription, concise, simple and humble, is graven in the marble in large, black letters.

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A TOUCHING CHRISTIAN LEGEND.

In the *patois* of Central France are preserved many touching legends. In passing through villages, in conversing with the peasants, in visiting the laborer's hut, one sees how the imagination of these simple people is struck with the least details of the Divine infancy. "In one of these excursions through the country," says a traveller, "I found myself one Saturday in the house of a good peasant. Of course I assisted at the sermon of the day. After ordinary prayers the cure spoke of the childhood of Jesus. I am glad of this opportunity of hearing the good pastor of the flock which he had tended for more than forty years with the charity of an apostle and unbounded devotedness. He commenced: 'Jesus was five years old; He lived with His parents in the village of Nazareth, assisting His father in his humble labors. His mother kept in heart the words, full of wisdom, which fell from the Divine Child. Not far from them lived a woman who had a son of the same age as Jesus. This child was suddenly seized with so profound a grief that convulsive sobs escaped from his breast; day and night the cries were the same, and the poor mother could find nothing to console him. Despair took possession of her heart. 'My child,' she said 'is very sick. What can I do, my God, to relieve him?' Suddenly a thought came to her. She would go to the house of her neighbor, the Virgin Mary, and tell her all her troubles, and ask her by what means she could save her dear child. Jesus listened attentively to the plaint of the desolate mother, while the child continued to cry. Then approaching the poor little one, He embraced him tenderly. Immediately his tears ceased. He looked sweetly at Jesus, and an ineffable smile lighted up his pretty face. The happy mother was astonished at this prodigy, and, turning toward Mary, 'Holy woman,' said she, 'your son will be the greatest among the greatest.' Jesus pressed the hand of the child saying, 'This one shall be my brother; he will suffer and die for my sake. Weep not, O privileged mother, but rejoice.' The woman went home pondering on what she had seen and heard, and blessing God in her heart. After this event the children grew up together. Jesus instructed His friends in things so marvellous that He alone understood them. After the death of the man of our Lord, a man, a saint, animated with divine love, was stoned to death for the faith and opened the era of martyrdom. The first stone cast at him struck his face at the very spot which Jesus had kissed. This martyr, whom the Christ child had consoled, accomplished by his death the prediction of the Saviour."

A Good Appetite

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of some thing wrong. The loss of a rational desire for food is soon followed by lack of strength, for when the supply of fuel is cut off the fire burns low. The system gets into a low state, and is liable to severe attacks of disease. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its great merits in restoring and sharpening the appetite, in promoting healthy action of the digestive organs, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine. Those who have never used Hood's Sarsaparilla should surely do so this season.

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