

country, and that State religion is to be Roman Catholic.—*Priest Hecker.*

There can be no religion without the Inquisition, which is wisely designed for the promotion of the true faith.—*Boston Pilot.*

The exemption of clerical persons has been instituted by the ordination of God and by canonical institutions.—*Council of Trent.*

I would as soon administer the sacraments to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to the public schools.—*Priest Walker.*

The Pope has redeemed the clergy from the obedience due to princes; therefore kings are no more the superiors of the clergy.—*Bellarmino.*

We hold education to be a function of the Church, not of the State; and in our case we do not accept the State as educator.—*New York Tablet.*

We declare, affirm, define, and pronounce it necessary to salvation for every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Accursed be those very crafty and deceitful societies called Bible societies, which thrust the Bible into the hands of inexperienced youth.—*Pope Pius IX.*

As the Church commands the spiritual part of man directly, she therefore commands the whole man and all that depends on man.—*Civiltà Catholica.*

The Pope has the right to pronounce sentence of deposition against any sovereign when required by the good of the spiritual order.—*Brownson's Review.*

All those who take from the Church of Rome, and from the See of St. Peter, one of the two swords, and allow only the spiritual, are branded for heretics.—*Baronius.*

If the Catholics ever gain—which they surely will do, though at a distant day—an immense numerical superiority, religious freedom is at an end.—*Archbishop of St. Louis.*

Heretics, schismatics and rebels to the said Lord the Pope, or his aforesaid successors, I will, to the uttermost of my power, persecute and wage war with.—*Bishops' Oath.*

What Father Walker says is only what has been said by the bishops all over the world, over and over again, in their pastorals, and we heartily endorse it.—*New York Tablet.*

I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or state named Protestant, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates or officers.—*Jesuits' Oath.*

Our school instruction must be purely materialistic. If the name of the Author of Christianity is mentioned at all, he must be spoken of as one of the men who figured prominently in history.—*Western Watchman.*

No Bible shall be held or read except by priests. No Bible shall be sold without a license, except upon the pains and penalties of that mortal sin that is neither to be forgiven in this world or the next.—*Council of Trent.*

Moreover, we confirm and renew the decrees recited above, and delivered in former times by apostolic authority against the publication, distribution, reading, and possession of books of the Holy Scriptures translated into the vulgar tongue.—*Pope Gregory XVI.*

TALLEYRAND'S DEATH-BED.

Talleyrand, the witty French diplomatist, was a bad man. For years he had lived as if there was neither conscience nor God in the world. Though an ordained priest of the Roman Church, his life was scandalous. Chevalier Wikoff tells how he died.

"On my arrival I found the name of Talleyrand in everybody's mouth. He had just died, and the varied incidents of his extraordinary career were related and discussed by every class and at every corner.

"His reconciliation to the Church astounded everybody. Excommunicated long years before, he had got on so successfully whilst under the ban that no one supposed he cared to make it up with the Pope at the last moment.

"His niece, the Duchess de Dino, whom he adored, induced him to abjure his naughtiness and re-enter the fold.

"When his recovery was hopeless, the king paid him a visit. Talleyrand rallied a little in the royal

presence, and declared this was the greatest honour ever conferred upon his house.

"His majesty asked him if he was in much pain. "Yes," he replied. "I am suffering the torments of the damned." "Already," said the king almost unconsciously.

The dying man smiled faintly at this *bon mot* that might have been his own.

"A day or two later, when he was sinking fast, a priest whispered in his ear that the Archbishop of Paris had said he would give his life to save him.

"Talleyrand, with difficulty, replied, 'He might make a better use of it.' These were his last words."

CHISEL WORK.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
And day by day
He is chipping what'er environs
The form away:
Which, under His skillful cutting,
He means shall be
Wrought silently out to beauty
Of such degree
Of faultless and full perfection,
That angel eyes
Shall look on the finished labour
With new surprise
That even His boundless patience
Could grave His own
Features upon such fractured
And stubborn stone.

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel;
He knows just were
Its edge should be driven sharpest,
To fashion there
The semblance that He is carving;
Nor will He let
One delicate stroke too many,
Or few, be set
On forehead or cheek, where only
He sees how all
Is tending—and where the hardest
The blow should fall,
Which crumbles away whatever
Superfluous line
Would hinder His hand from making
The work divine.

With tools of Thy choosing, Master,
We pray Thee, then,
Strike just as Thou wilt; as often,
And where, and when,
The vehement stroke is needed.
I will not mind,
If only Thy chipping chisel
Shall leave behind
Such marks of Thy wondrous working,
And loving skill,
Clear carven on aspect, statere,
And face, as will—
When discipline's ends are over—
Have all sufficed
To mould me into the likeness
And form of Christ,

—Margaret J. Preston.

WHY PAUL WROTE HIS LETTERS.

Epistolary correspondence was the very form which was of all the others the best adapted to the Apostle's individuality. It suited the impetuosity of emotion which could not have been fettered down to the composition of formal treatises. It could be taken up or dropped according to the necessities of the occasion or the feelings of the writer. It permitted of a freedom of expression which was far more intense and far more natural to the Apostle than the regular syllogisms and rounded periods of a book. It admitted something of the tenderness and something of the familiarity of personal intercourse. Into no other literary form could he have infused that intensity which made a Christian scholar truly say of him that he alone of writers seems to have written, not with fingers and pen and ink, but with his very heart, his very feelings, the unbarred palpitations of his inmost being; which made Jerome say that in his writings the words were all so many thunders; which made Luther say that his expressions were like living creatures with hands and feet.

The theological importance of this consideration is immense, and has, to the deep injury of the Church, been too much neglected. Theologians have treated the language of St. Paul as though he wrote every word with the accuracy of a dialectician, with the

scrupulous precision of a school-man, with the rigid formality of a philosophic dogmatist. His epistles as a whole, with their insoluble antinomies, resist this impossible and injurious method of dealing with them as absolutely as does the Sermon on the Mount. The epistolary form is eminently spontaneous, personal, flexible, emotional. A dictated epistle is like a conversation taken down in shorthand. In one word, it best enabled Paul to be himself, and to recall most vividly to the minds of his spiritual children the tender, suffering, inspired, desponding, terrible, impassioned, humbled, uncompromising teacher, who had first won them to become imitators of himself and of the Lord, and to turn from hollow ritualism or dead idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus who delivereth us from the coming wrath.

And one cause of this vivid freshness of style which he imparted to his epistles was the fact that they were, with few if any exceptions, not deeply premeditated, not scholastically regular, but that they came fresh and burning from the heart in all the passionate sincerity of its most immediate feelings. He would even write a letter in the glow of excited feeling, and then wait with intense anxiety for news of the manner of its reception, half regretting, or more than half regretting that he had ever sent it. Had he written more formally he would never have moved as he has moved the heart of the world. Take away from the Epistles of St. Paul the traces of passion, the invective, the yearning affection, the wrathful denunciation, the bitter sarcasm, the distressful boasting, the rapid interrogatives, the affectionate entreaties, the frank colloquialisms, the personal details—those marks of his own personality on every page which have been ignorantly and absurdly characterized as intense egotism—and they would never have been, as they are, next to the Psalms of David, the dearest treasures of Christian devotion; next to the four Gospels the most cherished text-books of Christian faith. We cannot but love a man whose absolute sincerity enables us to feel the very beatings of his heart; who knows not how to wear that mask of reticence and Pharisaism which enables others to use speech only to conceal their thoughts; who, if he smites under the fifth rib, will smite openly and without a deceitful kiss; who has fair blows but no precious balms that break the head; who has the feelings of a man, the language of a man, the love, the hate, the scorn, the indignation of a man; who is no envious cynic, no calumnious detractor, no ingenious polisher of plausible hypocrisies, no mechanical repeater of worn-out shibboleths, but who will, if need be, seize his pen with a burst of tears to speak out the very thing he thinks; who, in the accents of utter truthfulness alike to friend and to enemy, can argue, and denounce, and expose, and plead, and pity, and forgive; to whose triumphant faith and transcendent influence has been due in no small measure that fearless and glad enthusiasm which pervaded the early life of the early Church.—*Farrar's Life and Work of St. Paul.*

THE sphere of Christian duty is not there nor yonder; but here, just where you are.

A PRAYERLESS soul is a Christless soul, and a Christless soul is a helpless soul.

HE who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—*Von Knebel.*

WE are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and possibility of it.

HAPPY is he who has learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

THE block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway to the strong.—*Curlye.*

THE way of salvation is an open, straight daylight way; the man who walks in it is seen, heard and felt at every point, until he reaches the glorified end.

TO fill the sphere which Providence appoints is true wisdom; to discharge trusts faithfully and have exalted ideas, that is the true mission of good men.