

SOLLIDE.

Acropolis of rest in solemn hours,
Great city of the silent and the lone,
Ye rear on high your heaven-communing
Towers, And build yourself anew though oft
Overthrown.

Invisible old keep so cool and gray
What august dials she had to the
Ye hold the hostage of each weary day—
The promise unto peace of toll and strife.

Your walls are decked with banners hardly
won
From silent victories within the breast;
Heraldic emblems of the chambers of the sun
As song birds build upon a mountain crest.

Your alleys lead to vision and to prayer:
The prophet's cry breaks from your ipe-
nicule walls;
And conflicts which have cleansed this
earthly air
Were fought at first around your sacred
wails.

Within your council house sit shapes of
dread—
Terror, remorse, and tribulation dire;
Here the great drops of penitence are shed
Amid a cleansing purgatorial fire.

Here Thought abides within your freedom
room
And fair Philosophy is pacing slow,
Here stand ideals in their rosy bloom,
And shapes of Gaea ever come and go.

PHILISTA.

Maurice F. Egan in Catholic World.

Next Sunday Cornelius went to Mass as usual. He stood at the door and took a comprehensive look at the interior before kneeling, although at the last moment he offered. He did not see Alice. He scanned the silent congregation with an observant eye. His education had trained him to judge a man's pocketbook, and consequently a man's usefulness to him, by his clothes. Alice was seated at the head and called to mind the richly dressed people whom he had passed on their way to the temple of Episcopalianism, the Church of the Survival of the Fittest.

During Mass he thought much of the contrast. If one may hear Mass by being physically present, Cornelius fulfilled the obligation; but his mind was engaged in speculating as to his future.

It was not really bad; he had no intention of doing anything dishonorable or disreputable. But during childhood and youth—the longest times of our life—he had learned that what we see with our corporeal eyes is the only thing that exists. Religion was well enough on Sundays. With the old people, particularly with old Irish people, who were naturally behind the times, it might mean much. A young man with his way to make in the world had other things to think of. He knew many men, wearing white linen, broad-cloth, and diamond studs, who were respected by everybody, and who, without any religion, were good enough for all practical purposes. He should do himself that he did not want to be any better than such successful men.

His religion had been a habit. And as he went out of church and compared the congregation of St. Bridget's with that of the Church of the Survival of the Fittest, he asked himself why he should cling to a habit that might be a fatal bar to his success in Philista.

The Misses Catherwood learned to expect him to tea on Sunday nights regularly. They approved of him. "Nobody had the right to say against the likes of you," he was a "Romanist," but a "liberal one." Miss Tamar Ann always hastened to add. They were getting old, and their income would cease at their death. They were glad to think that this promising young man, when he had gotten established, would preserve Alice from a career of ill-paid school-teaching.

"If she was not a Romanist it would give her the literature and elocution at Hypatia, with nearly two thousand a year. Mr. Longwood, the president, has told her so more than once."

"But she is a Romanist," tartly answered Miss Tamar Ann. "She can't save anything teaching in that primary school, so she'll have to marry—if she can."

After many wails and talks, some ice-cream-eating in a fashionable saloon in Philista, and a quarrel or two, Cornelius and Alice were engaged.

Cornelius was not in a position to marry yet. All his funds were invested in the law-firm. Alice had nothing, but she was the more ambitious. They had resolved to wait two years. How in the meantime she could help him to make money? She was entirely wrapped up in him, in his plans, in his future. She thought and thought about the problem of the future, until the quick spasmodic beating of her heart reminded her that she was, as Miss Catherwood often said, "Rosalie's child."

Although Cornelius and Alice were much in love with each other, they never lost sight of the material resources they considered necessary to their position in life—which they regarded as a matter of course, greatly above that of the Misses Catherwood. The ways and means of those old ladies would be unsuitable for Cornelius Blake, Esq., and his wife. The growth of the law business was slow. Alice said bitterly over and over again that girls were utterly useless, so far as the making of money went.

"Well," Miss Tamar Ann had answered more than once, "the place at Hypatia College is still open."

But Miss Catherwood had always said, "It is."

On All Souls' day Alice went to St. Bridget's, which at St. Bridget's were sung after nightfall. Her forehead took a deep, perpendicular wrinkle upon it, and, as the choir began the "Magnificat," she half rose in the pew as if to go. But something seemed to push her back. When the soprano voice began the "Gloriam Ergo," and the kneeling people began to prepare for the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, she hastened down the aisle, and, once in the open air, ran home.

"I'm not in a position to marry yet," she said to herself, as she ran. It rang in her ears; she could not get rid of it.

She threw herself on her bed, the frown still on her brow. Opposite her was the little crucifix her father had left her. It stood in the centre of the mantel. With a sudden movement, as of irritation, she arose and held it a moment at arm's length and with her head averted.

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have seemed a statue. With the same sudden movement she put the crucifix into a Japanese box on the mantel, locked it, and going to the window, she took the tiny key as far as she could fling it. Her lips were white and drawn.

"It is done!" she said, "I shall live and forget."

Then she threw herself upon the bed again and covered her eyes with her arms. There was no sound but a distant whistle, which sounded like a despairing shriek, from a steamboat in the river.

Cornelius Blake came back to Philista after a week's stay in Philadelphia, and found Alice in a strangely silent mood. When he was about to leave her she said:

"On the 1st of January I shall open the classes of literature and elocution in Hypatia College."

"Good heavens!" he cried, starting, "you haven't—"

"I have. Don't let us say any more about it. You know why I have done it. My aunts seem pleased. Henceforth you will have to meet me at the door of the Baptist church, if you still continue in your present way."

He was shocked. He was glad, too; he had wanted her to do it, and she had never spoken to her.

She put her hand on his shoulder. "I have given up more than you can appreciate, being a man," she said bitterly; "but, O Neil! she added tenderly, "you will never forsake me, you will always be mine?"

"Till death," he said.

"Somebody is waiting over your grave," she said, "and she is waiting for you."

"If you were different, if you were not as you are, Neil, I might not have done it. You would have helped me—"

"Both! my dear girl. Keep up, and we'll start in life with a flourish," he said, "good-by, good-by! You'll read something pleasant in the Star to-morrow."

His thoughts were not as light as his words. He had wanted her to do it. Religion was not of much value to him, he thought, as he went home through the quiet streets, but it ought to be a great deal to a woman. Of course Alice must laugh in her heart at the Baptists. She could not believe in their doctrines. But a woman ought to have some religion.

He was glad that it had been done, but he wished she had not felt obliged to do it. Alice a Catholic and Alice without any religion—Alice playing at being a Baptist, that they might set up housekeeping in a handsome house in Court Terrace—were two different girls. He did not feel the same towards her. It did not make much difference what a man believed, he said, as he lighted a cigar, since life was to be lived in the pleasantest way; but a woman—but a woman—

And he shook his head; and as he struck another match a charm on his watch-chain, with Masonic emblems on it, glittered in the light. He had made "progress," too.

Cornelius Blake had been pressed to join the Masons, even by Masons themselves, although this is said to be against the rules of the order. He had always said "no" apologetically, and when pressed for his reasons, had said that he had reasons of his own; but he had not. He had said "no" because he believed in the Catholic Church forlaid its members to enter a lodge. He had said angrily to himself that Catholics had no cause why they should not join the Masons; it was simply a piece of superstition to handicap them.

When Sherwood Archer, cashier of the National Bank of Philista, who had been delighted with what he called Cornelius' "Irish smarts," had said that the Young Men's Reform Club wanted a candidate for the State legislature who could catch the Irish vote, as an anti-monopolist faction had recently carried off a big slice of it in Philista, Cornelius felt the blood rush to his face with pleasure. He felt that this great man, who was grand tyler and everything else that was grand in the cities, and consequently great socially, meant him.

"I'll pledge the Masons to you and I'll leave you to catch the Irish; but you'll have to join us. What? Scrupulous? Why, dear boy, you haven't let us see your mother's apron-strings yet. If you don't you'll lose nothing with the Irish Catholics. They don't care a cent for religion in politics, but they do care an awful sight about 'patriotism.' We'll let you work that racket."

The consequence was that Cornelius Blake followed Mr. Sherwood Archer's advice, borrowed all the money he could, and in the Philista Star of the day after his interview with Alice O'Brien the following paragraph occurred:

"The Young Men's Reform Club, of which Mr. Sherwood Archer is the general president, have at length announced their 'dark horse' who will enter the race for nomination to our legislature. This 'dark horse' is no other than the promising young lawyer, Cornelius Blake. While an enthusiastic American citizen, Mr. Blake is an Irish patriot of the old school that wore the collar of gold' won from the proud invader. Three cheers for Con! He is a friend of our glorious institutions and we say emphatically, 'Bonn' him!'"

The Catherwoods and Alice were pleased with this; but when the Philista Eagle was sent to them the next day they were enraged by an editorial article headed, "Was his Front Name Patrick?" and a long interview with a supposed cousin of Cornelius, in which the Blake family history was more or less accurately given, and the nominee of the Young Men's Reform Club denounced as an "apostate" and an "infidel."

Cornelius was inclined to rush into print and to declare that he had never joined the Masons, and he could help it. But the astute Archer held him back, "You've got to expect this. If you talk about Miss O'Brien she'll shock the respectable element, and they'll begin to say you don't love the public-school system."

"But I do," cried Cornelius. "I'm a Public-school boy myself."

"All right!" returned Archer, with a wink; "we'll work for all it is worth."

For the six weeks preceding the meeting of the convention at the capital—Philista was not the capital of the State—

Cornelius did little but talk and "treat the boys." He was in the hands of his friends, particularly of his friend Archer. He did not pretend to do any business, and the placard on his office-door, "At court—back in ten minutes," became yellow and dusky from long use.

The public-school "racket," as Mr. Sherwood Archer expressed it, "was worked." The Star even became so enthusiastic in the matter as to produce a wood-cut of an innocent looking cherub on his way to a Grecian temple labelled "Public school," while the Pope—drawn after the model furnished by the Pilgrim Progress—endeavored to force him back to a "labeled" "superstition."

Cornelius did not like this, but he was in the hands of his friends. The "Honorable Cornelius Blake" danced before his eyes like a will-o'-the-wisp. What a magnificent future he with his cleverness, and Alice with her brilliancy and tact, would carve out!

It must be remembered that the Star and the Eagle were of the same party; for parties in Philista, finding themselves about to fall to pieces from rotteness, had united on a "reform" platform. They representing opposing factions. The Eagle's candidate was Mr. Seth Waldon, remarkable only for having made a large fortune in the lumber trade.

The day of the convention came. Alice was so nervous and anxious that she asked to be excused from her lectures at Hypatia. Cornelius visited her early; but, as if as it was, his face was flushed and his eyes sparkled unnaturally. Miss Catherwood detected a strong smell of whiskey about him. He had been out all night with the "boys."

"I have risked everything in the world on this, Alice. If I do not get the nomination I shall be a beggar. Archer promises to advance funds for the election expenses. I've spent all I had, and I'm in debt."

Alice smiled. "You must not fail, and if you do we'll begin over again. I wish I were a man! It's glorious, this excitement! It makes me—forget."

Miss Catherwood had noticed a strange change in Alice of late. She was silent and reserved, of talkative and feverish. She had given up her usual practice of her religion she had become a new and changed girl. There seemed to be no peace, no tranquillity about her. Miss Catherwood, seeing the wrinkle that came so often on her brow and the sullen look of her eyes, felt almost afraid of her.

"Don't you think," Miss Catherwood had said to Miss Tamar Ann, "that there may be more in Romanism than we know of? Alice seems to have lost something she can't find with the Baptists?"

"She's made herself," answered Miss Tamar Ann. "She's made herself, and she ought to be perfectly happy."

Miss Catherwood sighed. "I wish she hadn't done it, after all. I've been reading the little catechism she used to study, and I must say I like it more and more. It's going to be the next Sunday to see what it's all like."

Miss Tamar Ann laughed. The convention opened. The excitement was intense. Everybody drank with everybody else. There was much whispering of the obstinate and knowing of the wire-pullers. After three ballots no progress had been made. The two candidates had an equal number of votes. There was a recess then. The editor of the Eagle was seen to approach Mr. Sherwood Archer.

After the recess another man which had been cursorily put in nomination and had received only two votes—that of Mr. Sherwood Archer himself—suddenly went to the top. It was known but he made a speech so full of intense self-praise on the "altar of his country" that few people, outside the convention or the press, believed this when it was brought up against him at a later day.

Cornelius did not get up to compliment the nominee, as he had expected to do. He had fallen forward in his unconsciousness. The excitement, the heat of the summer, and immoderate drinking had made his blood boil until the fumes stifled him. An ambulance was sent for him, and he was carried to St. Vincent's Hospital.

There he lay for seven weeks. The Misses Catherwood went often to see him. Alice went twice with them, but he did not know her. She wanted to take him home, for she was sure he would be taken, talking incoherently, to St. Vincent's Hospital.

Her fear of the Sisters or of any suggestion of the church she had abandoned—she could not be said to have abandoned it; for she believed still—had become morbid; therefore her aunts could not induce her to return to the hospital after the second visit.

Cornelius became conscious at last, and was so near death that he asked eagerly for a priest when the Sister in charge proposed to him. And, after a long talk, she explained and persuasion, he humbly received the last sacraments, perhaps for the only time since his First Communion with the proper dispositions.

The crisis of the fever passed and the physician gave Cornelius hope. The Sisters brought him books, which he read during the long days of convalescence. But Alice was constantly in his mind. He sent for her; she would not come, and Miss Catherwood told him the reason.

She would come back to the church, he said to himself, and they would begin life as his father and mother had done, with true hearts and strong hands, and the God that had outraged would forgive them.

At last he was set free. How sweet was the air, how blue the sky, how hopeful everything!

Sherwood met him at the door of the house with a little cry of pleasure.

"Alice has not got home yet, and I'm sure it is near her time, though; and Tamar Ann is out, too. I'll get my shawl, if you like, and we'll go and meet."

Cornelius agreed willingly. Miss Catherwood was anxious to be at the meeting of the lovers. She said to herself that "Isaiah's" child needed great care in moments of excitement.

Miss Catherwood and Cornelius, a shadow of his former self, went out into the quiet street. Sunset had tinted the white scutters of the uniform houses red, and mothers were calling lingering children to supper.

Very near St. Bridget's Church they met Alice. She looked very pretty and graceful. She wore her favorite white gown, a dainty little hat, and a bunch of scarlet sage in her belt. Cornelius' heart leaped.

"Alice, dear Alice!" he said.

She drew back from him, with a mingling of fear in her face and tenderness in her deeply-shaded eyes.

"We are in the street, remember," she said. "I have heard it all. Is it true? I didn't believe it. Have you gone back? Are we separated forever?"

She spoke quickly but quietly, walking at her aunt's side.

"It is true," he answered. "You must come to me out of that—that place. We shall be poor, but at peace."

"And this after all I have done," she answered in a low tone, clasping her aunt's arm so tightly that Miss Catherwood got out of hell-out-of-hell."

Miss Catherwood felt suddenly a heavy weight against her.

"Quick, Cornelius!" she cried.

Alice, her right hand pressed over her heart, had become white and rigid. They carried her into the vestibule of St. Bridget's. It was an August day—in the Feast of the Assumption. Borne on the air came the solemn words,

"Prostat fides supplementum, sensuum defectum."

Her face was calm, except for the deep wrinkles on her brow. She shivered when Cornelius touched her.

"She wants something, Neil—she wants something. It's the same look I saw in Rosalia's eyes."

"A priest!" cried Cornelius.

"The eyes lost their dumb, despairing look—or seemed to lose it—for an instant, and then closed."

"She is dead!" cried Miss Catherwood, and then, turning on Cornelius Blake with a fierce and never forgot, she cried: "My God! how unworthy are you of what He gives you. It is you and such as you that help to blind us to the Light!"

THE END.

THE CATHOLIC NEGROES.

Catholic World.

There are nearly seven millions of colored people in the United States, nine-tenths of them living in the former slave States. Only one hundred thousand of them are Catholics. You will find some of them in every Catholic congregation in the Southern cities. Their spiritual necessities are well cared for. The people regard them with kindness, and the clergy bestow upon them the same care as upon the other members of their flocks, and often give them special attention.

Whoever is acquainted with the Southern priesthood will not be surprised at this, for they are edifying men, well educated, zealous, and often practicing the very highest virtues of their state of life. It is to them and their predecessors in the ministry, as well as the conscientious masters of the times before the war, that we owe it that there are any colored Catholics at all.

The congregations composed of the colored Catholics are for the most part, we believe, in charge of the Fathers of St. Joseph's Society for Foreign Missions. They are a community of secular priests, bound by a vow of obedience, and also of poverty as far as concerns everything not received for the missions. They are also bound by a peculiar vow to devote themselves to the colored people.

As to the religious disposition of the colored Catholics, some personal knowledge and much inquiry have given us a high opinion of it. They have kept the faith with wonderful fidelity. We might give many examples in proof of this, but one or two will suffice for every reader.

On an island in the far South, at a great distance from a Catholic church, fifty families of Catholic negroes passed seventeen years without seeing a priest. At last, after efforts again and again made, they were visited by a zealous missionary. He found that they had kept the faith with utmost fidelity. The children had been validly baptized, and, as they grew up, well instructed in the rudiments of their religion. A service of prayers and hymns was publicly sung on Sundays and holidays, the dying assisted with every religious aid except the sacrament, and every child, without a single exception, and as far as possible, in the practice of our holy religion.

Another instance: Not very long ago a free, fine-looking man presented himself to a priest in Baltimore, who directed him to his first Communion. Fully twenty-five years ago, when a little boy in the same city, he had been kidnapped on board a schooner and sold into slavery in North Carolina. All that he remembered of his mother, whom he never to see again, was that she was a free woman and a Catholic, had taught him his prayers, and warned him against false religions. Through slavery and freedom, in town and country, amid scoffs and derisions, he had held his faith, and at last, wandering back to the place of his childhood to seek his mother, was instructed and received the sacraments.

Farmers' Folly.

Some farmers where, even against the full light of fact and discovery, to the old-fashioned folly of coloring butter with carnos, annatto and inferior substances, notwithstanding the splendid record made by the Improved Butter Color, prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. As scores of the best agricultural Fairs it has received the highest award over all competitors.

An Ex-Alderman Tried It.

Ex-Alderman Taylor, of Toronto, tried Hagar's Yellow Oil for Rheumatism. It cured him after all other remedies had failed.

N. McIae, Weybridge, writes: "I have used large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic to it is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is very Palatable and Increases Flesh. Dr. F. H. CLEMENT, Brighton, Ill., says: "Scott's Emulsion is very palatable, easily assimilated and gives strength to the patient."

ST. IGNATIUS AND THE JESUITS.

A WONDERFUL SOCIETY.

If ever there was a society, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, in speaking of the recent celebration of the Feast of St. Ignatius, which could claim to be proof against adversity, it is the community founded by Ignatius of Loyola. From its very inception it has continually experienced trials and vicissitudes of no ordinary kind. It has struggled against them all, and betrayed a vitality which is indestructible. If we turn to the pages of history we are forcibly reminded that growth and decay are not only the law of individual life but that of society itself. Where are now the great empires which were raised up in antiquity by military art and diplomatic skill? The first Assyrian Empire was destroyed in the flames which consumed Sardanapalus. The second was shattered into pieces by Cyrus, and the Persian Empire which he founded on its ruins has also perished off the face of the earth, overthrown by Alexander the Great. The Macedonian Empire was likewise broken into fragments, and the Roman Empire was laid in ruins in the East and in the West. In the same way early historical records show how great cities and powerful societies sprang up in various countries, but in the course of time lost their prestige and completely disappeared. Of those institutions of the past all that now remains is the name. They succumbed in accordance with the general law of decay.

One common feature pervades the story of their last days. When the breath of dissolution set in, no matter how they struggled against it, they went down irretrievably. In view of this fact an interesting historical problem presents itself to the mind in considering the troubles and difficulties which the Society of Jesus has surmounted, nay, the apparent death from which it has more than once risen to energy. In battling for the Church the Jesuits have gone into the foremost points of danger, and have aroused the fiercest enmity of the foes of religion. The force of intolerance could not go further than it has gone on many an occasion against them. They have been met not merely by open methods of warfare, but by all the forms of opposition that the ingenuity of malevolence could devise, and their opponents have many a time sung psalms over what was believed to be their utter collapse; but the Jesuits have always revived and entered on fresh action with undiminished effort.

Macaulay has told in words which have become familiar to every one all acquainted with English literature how the great Order went forth conquering and to conquer. "In spite of oceans and deserts, of hunger and pestilence, of spies and penal laws, of dungeons and racks, of gibbets and quivering blocks, Jesuits were to be found under every disguise and in every country; scholars, physicians, merchants, serving-men; in the hostile court of Sweden, in the old Manor houses of the nobles of the North of England, arguing, instructing, counselling, stealing away the hearts of the young, animating the courage of the timid, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying." The history of their struggles is in fact a record of triumph.

By a strange coincidence, St. Ignatius was born in the same year as Luther, and the first signal achievement of the society was the effective opposition it offered to the so-called "Reformers." Luther and Loyola have been rather aptly described by a Protestant writer as "the two great refined; his weapons, offensive and defensive, were used with delicacy and discretion, but were not the less keen. His devotion to the cause of religion in times of difficulty since the days of Ignatius, has rendered his name amongst unreflecting Protestants a by-word for defeat. When they have been driven out of countries because of their ability in bearing the brunt of the Church's battle, the Jesuits have returned and faced the terrors of death to secure the salvation of individual souls. Like other priests they have at times been criticised as meddling with secular affairs, and have done so with such success that non-Catholics in many instances supposed them gifted with an occult power somewhat akin to necromancy.

Yet, there have not been wanting Protestants ready to take a generous and just view of their actions and motives. Mr. Dallas, a Protestant writer, has given to the world an appreciative account of what they have done for religion and civilization in some parts of the world. "These men," he says, "planted the Christian Faith in the extremities of the East, in Japan, in the Molucca Islands; they announced it in China, in Tibet and Further India, in Ethiopia and Caffaria. Others in the opposite hemisphere appeared on the snowy wastes of North America, and presently Hurons were civilized and Canada ceased to be peopled only by barbarians. Others almost in our own days, nothing degenerate, succeeded to humanize new hard-featured tribes, even to assemble them in Christian churches in California. They were but a detachment from the body of the brethren, who at the same time were advancing with rapid progress through Cinaloa, among the unknown hordes of savages who roved through the immense tracts to the north of Mexico. Others again in great numbers, from the school of Ignatius, with most inflexible perseverance, amidst every species of opposition, continued to gather new nations into the Church, to form new colonies of civilized cannibals, for the Kings of Spain and Portugal, in the horrid wilds of Brazil, Maragong, and Paraguy. Here truly flowed the milk and honey of human happiness." But it is not merely as missionaries that the Jesuits have led the civilized world under obligations. From their colleges and schools have gone forth men deeply versed in the most profound sciences, whilst they themselves have shed light on every path of human know-

ledge. In this country to-day, both in the school and the mission-field, they are giving proof of a devotion worthy of the brightest period in their annals. They may indeed well be stimulated by the example given them by heroic Jesus Fathers here, in the penal times. The blood of Jesuits flowed freely at Tyburn, and nearly every part of England has been consecrated by the trials and sufferings of Jesuits. Fortunately, since those days a happy change has come to pass in this country. Active hostility to Catholicism, and to the Jesuits has entirely disappeared, and the Society is able to celebrate the Feast of its founder with the knowledge that it has full freedom to carry out its observances.

MATER DELI.

From Cardinal Newman's Works.

Mere Protestants have seldom any real perception of the doctrine of God and man in one Person. They speak in a dreamy, shadowy way of Christ's divinity; but, when their meaning is sifted, you will find them very slow to commit themselves to any statement sufficient to express the Catholic dogma. They will tell you at once, that the subject is not to be inquired into, for that it is impossible to inquire into it at all, without being technical and subtle. Then when they come to the Gospel, they will speak of Christ, not simply and directly as God, but as a being made up of God and man, partly one and partly the other, or between both, or as a man inhabited by a special divine presence. Sometimes they even go so far as to say that He was the Son of God in heaven, saying, that He became the Son when He was conceived of the Holy Ghost; and when they are shocked, and think it a mark both of reverence and good sense to be shocked, when they hear the Man spoken of simply and plainly as God. They cannot bear to have it said, except as a figure or mode of speaking, that God had a human body, or that God suffered; they think that the "Atonement," and "Sanctification through the Spirit," as they speak, is the sum and substance of the Gospel, and they are shy of any dogmatic expression which goes beyond them. Such, I believe, is the ordinary character of the Protestant nations among us on the divinity of Christ, whether among members of the Anglican communion, or dissenters from it, excepting a small remnant of them.

Now, if you would witness against these unchristian opinions, you would have to bring out, distinctly and beyond mistake, the simple idea, that the God of the Catholic Church that God is man, could you do it better than by laying down in St. John's words that "God became man?" and could you again express this more emphatically and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that He had a Mother? The world allows that God is man; the admission costs it little, for God is everywhere, and (as it may say) is everything; but it shrinks, for it is at once confronted with a severe fact, which it and unequivocally than by declaring that He was born a man, or that