Psyche and Her Master.

E. C. D., IN THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

Then that soul pleaded with her Divine Lord, beseeching Him: "Show unto me the infinite excess of Thy mercy, and admit me to Thine espousals; that I may share in the portion of those consecrated virgins who dwelt with Thee forevermore in Thy own pure palace of Religious Perfection." But the Lord made answer in His appointed way: "Such is not My will, O soul! in thy regard. Abide in peace, adoring at My feet, and henceforth only seek to serve Me faithfully in the duties of that lower state, wherein My loving providence hath placed thee."

Within his royal closet sat the King,
His golden crown and sceptre laid aside,
While at His feet, a dusky, trembling thing,
Psyche, the slave, in weeping homage sighed.

"What wouldst thou now, poor little one" outspake
The gentle King: "what cruel need is thine?
That thou shouldst at our feet thus kneel and quake,
And bathe them with thy tear's fast flowing brine?"

Sobbed out the slave: "Condemn me not, O sire!
Nor cast me from Thy gracious face away;
Within my bosom burns a mighty fire,
A glowing heat no power can allay.

"Save Thine, my King for oh, that raging flame,
[Pardon its boldness!] is my love for Thee,"—
[The veiled head droop'd low in fear and shame!]
"Pain, O My Master! I Thy spouse, would be!"

Upon the King's grave mouth there dawned a smile,
Which melted in His eyes' deep tenderness;—
"Poor Psyche!" spake He, lovingly, the while,
And raised his wounded hand, as if to bless.

'Poor Psyche! thou canst never, never be
Our royal spouse. To share a crown and throne,
And reign a queen were ne'er thy destiny,
Poor little hand-maid! helpless and unknown.

"Clad in thy rags, devoid of regal grace,
How couldst thou sit ennobled at our side?
The sparkling crown would shame that swarthy face,
And men would mock thee as a royal bride.

'Ah, no, be still our own dear little slave,
[Bought not with gold, but with the blood out-pour'd
From this, our burning, broken Heart,]—a brave
And ever-faithful servant to thy Lord.

"Leave to the princess and the favored queen
The kisses from our royal mouth most sweet;
But close beneath our footstool, meek, unseen,
THY place is ever at these wounded Feet."

The tender accents (soft as dewdrops shed
From summer skies on flowers faint with sun,)
Fell on that thirsting heart: "Pardon," she said,
And hid her dusky face,—"Thy will be done."

And now all day the queen may grace the throne,
And round the King the royal maidens meet,
But, like a faithful hound, unseen, unknown,
Crouches the slave beneath her Master's feet.

Secret the sobs which breathe the woe of years;
Hidden the drops which down the dark cheeks run,
Yet feels the King His sandals wet with tears,
And thro' the music of His minstrels hears,
(Thro' all the sweet songs of His maidens hears,)
That one pathetic prayer: "Thy will be done?"

HIDDEN ENEMIES.

If coarse obscenity and open immorality were the only enemies which the parent of to day had to combat in defense of his children, the task would be hard enough. But the worst foes to the morality and purity of our children are insidious—hidden, yet bitter and persistent. They insinuate themselves in every form, and in many forms so enticing that it seems miraculous when a child reared in the social influences of the present time grows up clean in mind and heart. The instinct—the sensitiveness of the Catholic child may recoil involuntarily from a temptation which does not bear on its surface the impress of wrong, but this sensitiveness is soon blunted when the fact that "everybody else" regards this shrinking as an overscrupulous "notion" is brought out. A Catholic boy may avoid the flash story paper; he may resist the lascivious allurements of the "variety theatre" placards that flash in brilliant colors on every fence; but he will not start back from so-called history, recommended by highly respectable people, or blush more than once or twice at the pictures presented to him in the name of art. It is hard to convince any young person that "everybody" is wrong. He cannot understand why books which "everybody" reads should be prohibited to him. The influence exercised by the example of the people around him is very potent. It is impossible, except through much grace, that he can resist the effect of his daily life; and yet all the means through which he must obtain this grace are despised and sneered at by "everybody." Materialism is the doctrine and the practice of the time, and even the "spirituality" of non-Catholics is such a mere shadow of the spirituality whose centre is the Real Presence, that the Holy Name has come to be almost meaningless in the mouth of men outside the Church who profess to believe in God.

The young Catholic, as he grows older, finds society against him—not openly—for, if he attends to his business, he has as good a chance in life as anybody else—but spiritually and morally. The traditions of the Catholic Church which have helped to keep society in older countries together, in spite of the attempts of her ungrateful children to throw off her yoke, are lacking here; without those traditions, the social condition of England would be more akin to ours than it is to-day. Divorce would be recognized as fully as it is recognized among us; it is Catholic tradition, unacknowledged, that makes even the "liberal" Frenchman or Italian—who will not recognize the necessity of the Church, but who recognizes the necessity of society—put up his hands in horror when he observes the freedom—the license—that distinguishes social life in our part of America.

The announcement of several marriages of a divorced man or woman excites no horror. It does not shock us to know that he or she is received by the "best" people; our sensibilities have been blunted by our surroundings. To know that the "best" people have acquired their respectability by fraudulent means—for respectability has come to mean wealth in most cases—is not sufficient to damn them socially. "Everybody" admires smartness, and smartness covers a multitude of sins. Fathers who like to think that they are moral and Christian men, prefer that their boys should develop the qualities of a Fisk rather than those of a St. Louis. The only mortal sin which our social code acknowledges is to fail. Patriotism, and all things which do not help a man to "mean business," are food for laughter. Fraud itself is respectable so long as it is not found out, but this is such a platitude, it is so completely understood that it is hardly necessary to state it. Principles are talked of at election times and occasionally at Fourth of July celebrations; and most of us are very firm in our belief that honesty, on the whole, though it is less risky than its opposite, does not pay as well. The axioms of that shrewd old reprobate, Benjamin Franklin, are the American Gospels. This sounds like pessimism; but let the optimistic reader who believes that a Catholic boy can grow in grace as he grows in age in our social atmosphere, give a few hours to the study of his surroundings. The theatre and literature lay claims to morality. No daily paper, no matter how carefully and energetically its managers may pack it with sewage, will acknowledge that it is immoral. Morality is much praised—much talked of; but the standard of morality here to-day is very different from that which the Church bids us follow. The theatres advertise "moral" dramas, in which meretricious sentiment is the ruling motive and "love" excuses everything. There is no open immorality in these—no coarseness of expression or even palpable double meaning—lofty sentiments abound—but, nevertheless, vice is gilded and when virtue is triumphant, it has been dragged through phases of emotion which leave it virtue only in name. It is true that the "scrofulous" French dramas which were so fashionable after the "war times" when American society did its utmost to reflect the corruption of the second Bonapartist Empire, have disappeared for a time; but if the drama of the period is not so leperous, it is neither pure nor wholesome. It teaches that steadfastness in "love" brings happiness, and that happiness means wealth and success. It teaches materialism. Its philosophy is the philosophy of Epicureanism. Comfort is the blossom of our civilization, and luxury the fruit. And this much may be said of the Nineteenth Century—that it has produced much material comfort to a large number of human beings; similarly, of Americans, that they are to-day much more comfortable than their ancestors were. Ingersoll very well expresses the spirit of our life to-day when he talks of "the religion of the bath-tub." Books, light, bath-tubs, comfort and luxury have increased, and the Nineteenth Century is never weary of boasting of these; but to us, not seeing in these things the real fruition of this life on earth made awful and sublime by the death of Our Lord, material progress representing material comfort and luxury, is not worthy of the adoration offered to it. To what end does the Church teach us, if our children are to accept the morality of the day—the false morality of materialism? And this is a morality which legalizes adultery by divorces, treats as matters of course crimes against unborn generations, forbids disreputable sin, but has no word of condemnation for secret vices that do not make the sinner less "respectable." This philosophy is the daily paper, the public school, the fashionable novel, the successful play, the popular lecture. It permeates our social atmosphere, like malaria. It poisons the core of fruit which outwardly is rosy and sound. Optimists may cry out peace when there is no peace; but observant men can only help to apply the antidote—sound and thorough Catholic education.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

THE "INCONGRUITIES" OF CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

But we Protestants cannot understand the language of your Mass.

You are not expected to understand it—you are not wanted to understand it; in fact you are not wanted in our churches at all during mass. Remember how such gentry as you were treated in the early ages of Christianity: you were not allowed in the churches at all. The Mass was held so sacred that no Jew nor Pagan, nor, for the matter of that, uninitiated (i.e uninstructed) Christian was allowed to remain. To the sermon, and to the introductory part of the Mass all might come; but no sooner was the Offertory about to be made, than the deacon turning to the assembled people cried out with voice loud and authoritative, "Let the Catechumens retire." Then arose all, who had not yet been sufficiently instructed in the mysteries of our holy religion, and moving to the door they went out, longing for the day when they would be allowed to remain. Then throughout the congregation was search made, careful and minute, to see lest any Pagan or Jew might perchance have ventured in; and if found either the sacred mysteries (the Mass) were not proceeded with, or the intruder was hustled out. No non-believer was allowed in the Christian churches in those days—and why then should they be allowed in now? You do not believe in the Sacred Presence—what right have you then in that Sacred Presence. You have none; you can have none. You surely do not go to scoff—that were uncivil; you do not go to pray—why then are you there? Out of curiosity? Surely not. The Real Presence is too sacred for curiosity. "But I do not believe in it." At least then respect the feelings of those who do. Remain out of "the Real Presence" until faith shows you "the Real Presence."

And do not deem the language of our Mass *incongruous*. Remember what we have said as to the vestments of the priest—they are vestments of the sacrifice—to distinguish the sacrifice and the sacrificer. So with the language of the Mass it is the language of sacrifice—to distinguish the sacrifice and the sacrificer. And the sacrifice is for all time and for all nations, hence it must be a language for all time and all nations. And if a language for all time and all nations it must be a dead language. A living language is liable to change and hence could not be for all time. In living languages we find the same word meaning one thing in one century and another in another century. It is evident then, that a living language cannot be the language of sacrifice, if that sacrifice has to be the same for all time. Unity then demands a dead language—one whose meanings are fixed and unchangeable. The trouble with you outsiders is, that you guage everything by your outside notions. Could the Goth and the Hun understand Roman civilization? Neither can you from without understand the beauty of the King's daughter which is within. If the Catholic Church were a national church only, she might then use a national language, though even this would be liable to change. But a Church which is to be Universal, must have her liturgy clothed in a universal language. It is too late in this nineteenth century to object to this language of our liturgy. In these cosmopolitan days every thing calls for assimilation. The financial world wants unity of currency—the scientific world unity of scientific terms—the travelling world unity of language. The Catholic world has long ago followed up this idea in her liturgy. One Church, One Faith, One Liturgy. The language of our Mass then far from being incongruous, is far in advance of the financial, scientific and travelled world.—*H. B. in Harp.*

HOW GAVAZZI IS EVANGELISING ITALY.

The Rev. George B. Taylor is a Baptist preacher who is now in Italy endeavoring to make Catholics quit the Church for his denomination. He is honest enough to admit that the Protestant missionary work there is a failure. In a letter to the Young Men's Missionary Society of Grace Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., which is published in the *Religious Herald*, he says:

Again, some come to this land, and observing the changes produced by the progress of modern civilization, and under the new *regime*, easily exaggerate the evangelical movement. The truth is, Italy is Catholic, save where she is Infidel, and not unfrequently superstition and unbelief lurk together in the same bosom. Let us, then, not deceive ourselves as to the decadence of Popery. Now and then one sees facts which show that this stupendous system of error not only has a strong hold, but is ever ready to mend that hold. I observed when in Florence that the Cathedral there is to be renewed and completed in the most magnificent style, and that by subscriptions. A list of those already made is posted on the sidewalk, and is very suggestive. The King of Italy gives one hundred thousand lire ($20,000), and he is followed with offerings on the same scale from the wealthy aristocracy of the City of Flowers, and of other parts of Italy. Here in Rome there is a large church building, which belonged to the Spanish government, and has long been closed and in a state of dilapidation. It was to be sold, and every evangelical church in the city coveted it, as it is one of the largest Piazzas and in a most desirable location. But, alas! no evangelical church could command the means and it has been purchased and restored for Roman Catholic worship—adding another to the three hundred and sixty-five Roman Catholic churches in the Eternal City.

Two notable scandals have recently occurred in the defection of two who had been recognized as evangelical workers. When I came to Italy, I found a certain Paul Gardiol numbered among our evangelists. While I did not allow myself to question his piety, I did not consider him a profitable laborer, and felt relieved when he left us. He was then employed as a colporter by a lady who carries on an independent work. A few months ago, she discharged him for proved unfaithfulness and falsehood, and he committed suicide in a cafe in Florence. Another man, also employed by her and recognized as an evangelist, who had often spoken in the various meetings in Rome, thrown out of employ, formally abjured Protestantism, and the tract containing his abjuration is sold upon the streets. Such facts are painful.

DANIEL O'CONNELL ON COERCION.

The following, from a speech of Daniel O'Connell in the House of Commons protesting against a proposed Coercion Bill shows what he thought, and how he spoke about such infamous measures:

"I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House. I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong—toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. . . . I call upon this House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious Bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberties of the press and of every other institution dear to Englishmen.

"Against the Bill I protest in the name of the Irish people and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertion that grievances are not to be complained of—that our redress is not to be agitated; for in such cases remonstrances cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

"The clause which does away with trial by jury—what, in the name of heaven, is it if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble.

"If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation . . . . . this Bill, this infamous Bill—the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated; the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yell with which one of them has this night been greeted—all these things dissipate my doubts and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys and heard from her lofty hills? Oh, they will be heard there—yes, and they will not be forgotten.

"I have done my duty, I stand acquitted to my conscience and to my country. I have opposed this measure throughout, and now I protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust, as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime; as tyrannous—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous."

LOCAL NOTICES.

THE SADDEST OF SAD SIGHTS.—The grey hairs of age being brought with sorrow to the grave is now, we are glad to think, becoming rarer every year as the use of Cingalese Hair Restorer becomes more general. By its use the scanty locks of age once more resume their former color and the hair becomes thick and luxuriant as ever; with its aid we can now defy the change of years, resting assured that no Grey Hair at any rate will come to sadden us. Sold at 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggist.

For the best photos made in the city go to FOY BROS., 280 Dundas street. Call and examine our stock of frames and paspartouts, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city. Children's pictures a specialty.

Go to Alexander Wilson, 353 Richmond Street, for fresh and cheap groceries, fine wines liquors, canned goods, fresh tomatoes, 3 lb. cans only 15c. A trial solicited.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—J. McKenzie has removed to A. J. Webster' old stand. This is the Sewing Machine repair part and attachment emporium of the city. Better facilities for reparing and cheaper rates than ever. Raymond's celebrated machines on sale.

NEW BOOT AND SHOES STORE IN ST. THOMAS.—Pocock Bros. have opened out a new boot and shoe store in St. Thomas. They intend to carry as large a stock as any store in Ontario. This will enable all to get what they want, as every known style and variety will be kept on hand in large quantities, a new feature for St. Thomas. Prices will be very low to suit the present competition. Give them a call.

Choice Florida oranges, Spanish onions bananas, Cape Cod Cranberries.—A. MOUNTJOY, City Hall.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!
Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.
"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back and Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. 'It will most surely quicken the blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Relieving, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

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Nov. 5. 1y

NOTICE--REMOVAL.
THE ECECTROPATHIC REMEDIAL INSTITUTE has been REMOVED from 211 Queen's Avenue, to 320 Dundas St., in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Going, which has lately been fitted up expressly for the purpose of a Medical Institute for the treatment of NERVOUS & CHRONIC DISEASES by the various Natural Remedial Agents, viz:—Electricity, in its Various Modifications, Electric Baths, Moliere and Turkish Baths, Swedish Movements, Massage, Compound Oxygen and Hygiene.
Specialties in the following:—Diseases of the Chest, Catarrh, Deafness, Paralysis, Spinal Diseases, Nervous Complaints, Diseases of the Kidneys, Tumors and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Female Complaints, Indigestion, Lumbago, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Erysipelas, General Debility, and the various Deformities of the Body, together with diseases of the Eye and Ear, are all treated with uniform success, by the natural remedial agents—the only rational mode of cure.
J. G. WILSON, Electropathic and Hygienic Physician Graduate of the Electropathic College, Philadelphia. Graduate of the Hygienic College, Florence, New Jersey—Physician in charge.

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THE COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER
Is the most popular Baking Powder in the Dominion, because: It is always of uniform quality, is just the right strength, is not injured by keeping; it contains no deleterious ingredient; it is economical, and may always be relied on to do what it claims to do.
The constantly increasing demand for the COOK'S FRIEND during the score of year's it has been before the public attests the estimation in which it is held by consumers.
Manufactured only by
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Retailed everywhere. 73.1y

Co-Partnership Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have entered into Co-Partnership as dentists, at the city of London, under the name and style of Woolverton & Davis. Witness C. D. Holmes.
WOOLVERTON & DAVIS, Surgeon-Dentists. Office—Corner of Dundas and Clarence streets, over Brown's Hardware store.
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SPRING, 1881.
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MONDAY THE 11TH, & SATURDAY THE 23RD
INSTANT (BOTH INCLUSIVE), WILL BE
RETURNED FREE
Upon Presentation at the Railway Companies' Depots in London, of a Certificate obtainable at any of the Wholesale Warehouses in the City.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY,
MAIN LINE:—West of Guelph.
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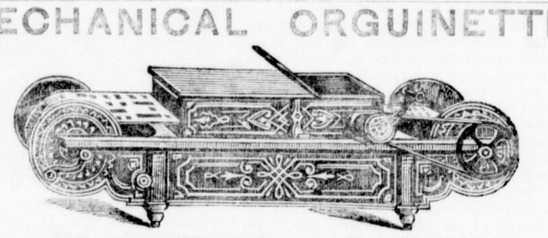
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COMPULSORY SALE.
On account of not having sufficient accommodation in our two large Carpet Warerooms for our immense Spring importations of "CARPETS," we will on Tuesday morning, March 1st, open for sale the whole of this enormous Stock, amounting to nearly One Hundred Thousand Dollars. ($100,000.)
The above will be sold by the Bale, Piece, or in Lengths to suit purchasers, at specially low prices, in order to reduce our large stock. We invite city and country merchants to inspect our Stock and compare prices, as we are quite confident that our quotations will be much lower than those of any House on this continent.
Persons at a distance of one to two hundred miles can save more than their expenses and Railway fare for both ways on a purchase of Fifty Dollars.
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REDUCED PRICE LIST.

Burdock Bitters	80 Cents
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All Dollar Medicines at Eighty Cents.	
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We have a large stock of
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25 New styles Mixed Cards, 10 cents; 25 Fun Cards; 15 cents; 12 Princess Louise, gilt edge, 25 cts. NATIONAL CARD HOUSE, Ingersoll, Ont.

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For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters.
Read of, procure, and use Hop Bitters, you will be strong, healthy and happy.
"Ladies, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."
The greatest appetizer, stomach, and liver regulator—Hop Bitters.
Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers, and Ladies need Hop Bitters daily.
Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health, perfect wrecks from intemperance.

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Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens and cures continually from the first dose.
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June17.1y

Written for the RECORD.

Michael Davitt.

Noble martyr for dear Erin,
Bravest son her standard bearin',
Fearless soul of highest honor,
Would be, gallant, Irish donor.

On the diamond pinnacle of glory
Uppermost is writ thy story;
Brightly gilt with high-born duty—
In blaz'ng characters of beauty.

On a holy altar thou'st giv'n
Sacrifice pleasing to Heaven,
With thy patriotic girdle sweet—
Thy country's wrongs thou would'st fleet.

In a dim, distant British cell,
The Western Pearl's thy burning kne
Smile, calmly still, O, Davitt, smile,
Thy torture lasts but a trifling while.

In prison's gloom, in dusky cell,
Thou'll gain hon'r all ages 'll tell—
And thy name with a thrill of delight
Will burst, like sunrise, on nations'

Erin, mine Erin, is worth it all—
She's held, O, Davitt, in fearful thral
She's the cradle of Faith, of Charity—
And the home of sweetest rarity.

Would it were mine to set thee free—
Britain's stern laws make bend the k
With the pride of a warm Irish heart,
Peace and plenty to Ireland impart.
ANGELIQUE, E. J.
Hamilton, March 17, 1881.

FATHER TOM BURKE'S LEN SERMONS.

On the second Sunday evening o Father Thomas Burke, the great D can preacher, delivered his second sermon in Dominick Street Church lin, to a congregation which fill spacious edifice to overflowing. ascended the pulpit, the rev. said: "At that time God took t Peter, James, and John his broth He led them up into a high mo apart, and He was transfigured them." Dearly beloved brethren words are taken from to-day's Now, my dear brethren, we live in when the Catholic Church is obli only to lay down the law to her ch but also to explain to them her for laying down that particula There was a time (in the ages go when men questioned less and more, and when the ordinary only required to know what the law was in order to obey it. In happy ages men are inclined

TO QUESTION FAR MORE AND TO OB LESS,

and the Catholic Church esteems happy if she can induce her chil obey her laws even when she ha them the most ample reasons a vincing proofs for their obedience among these laws is one most pro —a most striking law—and that Lenten Fasts. It is a most strik cept of the Church in this our cause it is an act against self-indu to which every one is disposed clined, not merely for health sa convenience, and almost for the lo human life. This law is all th striking because it marks the gre trast between the holy Catholic and all false religions. You will my brethren, that our Lord said way to heaven is narrow and difficu the Catholic Church alone is to b what we may call those practical ties and those practical hardship the policy, it is the infernal astut the enemies of the soul, to start ligions on every side. The upon which all false religions are is distinguished from the true re the world—the holy Catholic. Th

FALSE RELIGIONS REMOVE ALL TH TICAL HARDSHIPS

from the path of those who ent What are these hardships? If have it, then, it is being obliged confession. It is a thing we do to do, just as the sick man does going to a doctor because he ge remedies, like the man who does to go with an inflamed tooth to a because he suffers pain. Therefo Catholics are repugnant to tell the thoughts and foul actions to th It is, however, almost necessary When Luther started his Protesta said there would be no more nee go to confession—you need not your minds any more about it. is a hard thing to fast, to suffer inconvenience, and feel the hunger and endure it without g the appetite. That was the hardship which brings the wealthy man in the land to the se as he poor beggar that meets yo street and stretches out his hand for alms. If one is a Ca must suffer. Luther and other tors of religions abolished these the way to heaven an easy one,

GIVING THE LIE TO GOD,

who said "the way was narrow cult." That one line counsels up with those few weeks of knowing well that there is no into the kingdom of God's glor vite your consideration to those God, and to commit them to The Holy Spirit of God guides Catholic Church in all her devo all her observances and practice long as we follow the light of th and obey her commands, and as as we are under the guidance of Spirit, Almighty God, we will Pause with me a moment befor properly into the Gospel of to-d reflect upon the extraordinary there are between the first Gosp and the second. Last Sunday the Gospel read; what did it tel put before you the image of Jesus after forty days of prayer an never having tasted food for and forty nights; never having eyes during these forty days nights; and at the end of this a ance He was spent, and wasted, ated, and fainting from hunger and then, if you remember, the tells us that the devil came, a st form, the very opposite of the was spent and wasted with H The devil came and took the S in his arms, and carried Him to the Temple, then to Jerusal the close the Man who was fas and worn away with fasting, enemy and drove the devil Now, what does this Sunday's us? It tells us how our Divine Peter, James and John, the most of His apostles—the me given Him their greatest confi brought them—those men who