

TRUTH AND ERROR.

History Examined by One Who Tells What He Finds.

The combat of truth and error is always the same; history repeats itself in religion as in other matters; the principles and proceedings of the Church in the first ages of Christianity are those of the Church to-day, and the attitude of heresy towards her changes so little that it is difficult to understand how Arius and Eutyches can be heretics if Luther and Calvin are not, as certain Protestant divines have realized, writes Matthew Grant in the Glasgow Observer. Hence their oblique censure of the Fathers, and their kindly feeling towards the heretical communities of early times, in whose position they see the image of their own. The decree of the Vatican Councils are but instances of the doctrinal law found in the early Church; this immutability and uninterrupted action is one of the many evidences of her divine origin. Over and over again heresy would have captured all Christendom but for the Holy See; over and over again the many or the few fell back on Rome, saying with Peter, "Thou hast the words of eternal life," and refusing to walk with others, over and over again heresy repeated. "This is a hard saying; how can this Man give us His Flesh to eat?" "forgive sins, or preserve His Church from error?" and went back and walked no more with Him, like the unbelieving Jews. From the first there existed in the Church laws and authorities to which implicit obedience had to be rendered in spiritual things and matters of conscience. Her members were required to submit to her teaching authority, to be "as little children," obeying the voice of a superior. The Church does not flatter human pride by professing to grant the unreserved right of private judgment, permitting even the Sacraments to be mere matter of opinion. Therein she differs from all Protestant imitations of her; and in this also, that she is built on fact, not on opinion; on unchanging truth, not variable sentiment; on convictions, not conclusions. As Balme has said, "It is not new in the history of the human mind for a doctrine, more or less reasonable, to be professed for a time by a certain number of enlightened men; but for a creed to maintain itself for ages by preserving the adhesion of men of learning of all countries and times, of minds differing and divided on other points, is a phenomenon not to be found outside the Catholic Church. Nowhere else can be found such an extraordinary combination of knowledge in union with faith, of genius in willing submission to authority; no where else can be found existing for centuries an uninterrupted series of enlightened minds ever in union with the doctrines of one Church and ever submissive to her guidance." That the Church owes her preservation as little to natural causes as she owes her propagation, is clear from the fact that every power on earth has vainly conspired to effect her ruin.

On natural grounds, it would not be surprising had the fabric of some one or other of the sects which rose from age to age outlived the touch of time, their whole task usually consisting in reflecting such doctrines as the mind finds any difficulty in accepting or admitting, in abolishing the duty of obedience to authority, and in dispensing with that humiliation of self-accusation, atonement, and restitution, on which the Church insists, and which is so opposed to the malice and envy of the natural man. Still, we see these sects subject to endless changes, and liable to final dissolution. And what they, with all their resources, with all the strength afforded by flattery of human weakness, were unable to do for a couple of centuries of the Church has done these 1,800 years, under every sky, in every clime, amongst all races, in every nook and corner of the globe. She links the most different and distant nations into one great society, the individual members of which all agree in doctrine and morals, and are ready to submit to the decisions of the supreme tribunal of faith. She has seen the rise and fall of mighty empires, of splendid dynasties, has stood the ebb and flow of a thousand generations and remains unshaken in the wild stream of time, one, Catholic, holy—"all fair, oh my beloved!" The work of man must of necessity have fallen in the endless wars waged by ceaseless hate and the unwearied efforts of ten thousand adversaries.

To be convinced that the Church is divinely guarded, and that to realize the everlasting presence of the Omnipotent with her, one needs but to recall the rag of the Jewish synagogue against the infant Church, or the crimson annals of pagan Rome. Yet, what were even these persecutions compared to the tangled maze of error, the subtle nets of intrigue laid out by wily heresies and sects, especially when backed by the temporal power, as in the case of the Arians? But never could one erroneous opinion, one iota of untruth, one false principle be forced on the Church, or steal into her creed, no matter how high the renown of the teacher. Explain the mysteries on human grounds! Why were the weapons of pagan philosophy so soon blunted? Why was the triumph of infidelity, carefully and systematically planned in the eighteenth century, so short lived? What of that vaunted science ridiculing what it called "The Antiquated Folly of Rome?" To convict the Church of contradictions, it submitted her every doctrine to scientific dissection, searched antiquity, burrowed into the earth, criticised each line of Holy Writ. Yet where now is

its anticipated and boasted triumph over the Church of Christ? Now and again, when the cancer of moral corruption grew even on noble members of the Church, there seemed some ground for fear that at last she must sink beneath the weight of years; but it soon became evident that the sap of life was fresh in her, and only withering branches refused to receive it. Catholicity influenced all things—daily life, art, music, literature. As the faith progressed, there also progressed new means of leading a supernatural life, new evidences of the devotion and self-sacrifice of her children.

Early, indeed, we meet with Christians, who, like St. John the Baptist, devoted their lives to piety and penance far from worldly turmoil. The course of events gave more regular form to the study and practice of religious perfection, by the observance of the Evangelical counsels, to which the spirit of the faith naturally and logically led. The Father of monastic life in the West was St. Benedict, born in the fifth century, and his rules were generally adopted. The monks were to spend their time in prayer, reading, teaching, in manual labor, and in receiving instruction in the practice of Christian virtue. To the unwearied labors of the monks in transcribing the works of ancient authors we are indebted for innumerable treasures of antiquity. When barbarous hordes threatened to sweep away every trace of civilization, art and science found a ready shelter, a last asylum in the monasteries. Truly were they the homes of learning and divinest charity. Each abbey had its almshouse, its free hospital and school. Thus, at Glanbury over 300 noble youths were educated in a manner befitting their rank, and as many more of humble birth were trained for the universities at the abbey's expense. The abbey lands were let, often at a merely nominal rent, to tenants who, under these landlords, were free from the forest laws. How faithfully the monks discharged their duty to the poor may be gathered from the beggary which fell on the lower orders when the monasteries were swept away.

Have matters improved under Protestant rule? In 1880, the Protestant Bishop of Rochester lamented "the brutal ignorance in which the tolling masses are permitted to live and die; to hundreds of thousands of our fellow countrymen God is an unknown being, except as the substance of a hideous oath." And Mr. Chamberlain declared in 1883: "Never before in the history of the world has there been a more hopeless degradation, or the conditions of their daily life more hopelessly degraded." Think of that, ye revilers of the "Dark Ages!" And sad though that picture is, there is another still more sad, the natural outcome of a sect cradled in sensuality and immorality; but in these columns let its hideous face be turned to the wall. The ages of faith gave a most telling expression to their lofty sentiments and aspirations, to the belief that to labor is to pray, in the stately towering domes which they produced in full perfection. These glorious buildings rose into endless space with slim shafts of gathered columns and arched window tracery, and summoned to the praise of the Creator every branch of nature. Wreaths of plants and flowers twined round the massive stones; birds and animals peered forth; saints smiled from chiseled niches; carved angels linked man's thoughts with heaven. Wherever the eye turned it met the cross, on the summit of the lofty tower or in the heart of the sculptured blossom unfolding in its shape.

These splendid structures tower upwards, telling the eternal stars what Europe once achieved and what she lost. Behold, too, other edifices of a grander kind, soaring to loftier heights, and bearing an even more sublime witness to the glory of the faith—those stupendous intellectual domes, those exquisite spiritual edifices erected by St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Theresa, St. Bernard—but one cannot name all the constellations which glitter in the heavenly sky. In the earlier ages, the educated became convinced that physical force alone was wholly inadequate to check the progress of Christianity and scientific weapons were introduced into the conflict. Lucian, the Syrian, in the second century ridiculed Christianity. Celsus, Crescens, Philostrotus and numerous others attacked it with the weapons wielded in later times by Paulus, Strauss, Voltaire and Renan.

The methods of heresy vary little. We know that pagan Rome was drunk with the blood of martyrs; that, as one of her emperors said, the Christians went to the torture like bees to the hive; and that, nevertheless, they triumphed. Fraud and force and falsehood, mockery and misrepresentation, spent themselves in against the Rock of Peter. We find the same page of blood and glory in the annals of our own country, when the Reformers exhausted every means to stamp out the ancient Faith, when the State, with all its force and power, set itself against "a hundred pale students, each with the rosary at his girdle and the crucifix in his hand," and mowed them down like stubble. Again the Church triumphs: the line of "pale students" is unbroken; the Faith lives on. And in our own days we hear of its bitter foes lamenting "the powerlessness of Protestantism to resist the progress of Rome," and we behold the fulfillment of the Scriptural prophecy and promise: "The children of them that edict These shall come bowing down to Thee." During the wars between Persia and Rome no stone was left unturned to throw suspicion on the

Christians, whose withdrawal from Pagan worship, was cried down as a traitor to his country, and for thirty years the sword of the executioner was in constant action.

Bigotry always assumes the mask of Patriotism when it wishes to deal a blow at the Catholic Church. It was employed as a pretext for the Julian and Elizabethan persecutions, and by Perussia; and it serves as a flimsy screen for the intolerance of those gentlemen who to-day profess to see in the appointment of a Catholic Postmaster or Lord Mayor, an imperilling of the liberties and glory of this magnificent empire—of whose history they obviously know little. A yet more striking analogy between the methods of ancient and modern persecution is afforded by what historians tell us of the cruelty and violence perpetrated against the Christians under the sway of the Emperor Julian. He removed them from all public enjoyment of trust, deprived them of their rights, prevented them by law from teaching, from sending their children to any but pagan schools; they were not to be taught poetry, art, science or philosophy. Does it not read like a section of the laws passed by gracious Protestant sovereigns against our Catholic forefathers? Under Julian, and under James I, of England, Catholics were removed from all offices of trust; under Julian, the law compelled Catholic children to attend pagan schools, and forbade Catholics to teach; in the reign of William III, it was enacted that "if a Catholic kept a school, or taught any person any species of literature, or science, such teacher was, for the crime of teaching (1) punishable by banishment, and if he returned from banishment he was subject to be hanged as a felon."

Surely those who honor the "pious and immortal" memory of William of Orange are unaware of the strong family likeness existing between their hero and the pagan whose name has been handed down in everlasting infamy. Julian the Apostle, the methods of the Pagan, the Protestant, the Lutheran and the Calvinist failed. It was left for Napoleon to strike at the head, to endeavor to bend the very Vicar of Christ to his imperious will. He made prisoner the Venerable Pius VI, then an old man of eighty, and abducted him from Rome. Six months later, death had ended the Pontiff's sufferings, and the enemies of the Church raised a shout of exultation, satisfied that at last the Papacy had fallen. Men said that an old superstition had at length been wiped away; that the last of the Popes had come and gone, and that the world beheld the triumph of Luther now. "O fear not, for I am with thee!" the arms of the wicked shall be broken but the Lord strengthened the just. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that raiseth thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

So it was that the Arian heresy, which fell to pieces and the Church remained; so with Nestorius, with Eutyches, and with the Lollards; so shall it be now. But the clamor dies, the mist passes; the Napoleonic dynasty is gone; and the successor of St. Peter is in his old place, "still saying Mass at the tomb of the Apostles." The conflict of truth and error is always the same. No sooner had the civil power laid aside the ensanguined sword of persecution than the Church had to confront the swelling ranks of heresy. In 317, Arius, a priest of Alexandria, commenced his part in the drama of religious error. He denied the divinity of our Lord, and attracted a vast number of followers, especially of those who had protested belief in Christianity from unworthy motives. The Emperor Constantine, with permission of Pope Sylvester, convoked a General Council at Nice in Bithynia. Three hundred and eighteen Bishops answered the summons. At a time when the last storm clouds of persecution were still girdling the horizon, this assembly of prelates, in their pontifical robes, presented an impressive and touching spectacle. The character of sanctity and sacred lore which distinguished the greater number of these ecclesiastics, and especially the marks of the late persecution which many bore in their limbs, could not fail to increase the confidence which the Christian world reposed in its assembled pastors.

Here the rising star of St. Athanasius attracted attention by his lucid exposition of the controverted points of doctrine. Here was drawn up and adopted that solemn definition of Faith known as the Nicene Creed, said daily in the Mass, wherein the Son was declared "consubstantial with the Father," an expression which waived all ambiguity and admitted of no subterfuge. The Church having successfully defended the divinity of our Lord was speedily called on to answer an attack upon His Blessed Mother. Nestorius taught, as do many heretics to-day, that she was only Mother of Christ as man, and had no claim to the title "Mother of God." At this bold innovation, a general cry of indignation broke from the lips of the faithful. In 431 a General Council assembled at Ephesus, on the Solemn Feast of Pentecost. Pope Celestine sending two Bishops and a priest as his legates, and ordering St. Cyril to preside. The Fathers of the Council chose for their sessions the Church which by its very name—"Mary the Mother of God"—bore testimony to the old Catholic faith in the Blessed Virgin's prerogatives. Nestorius was excommunicated and the sentence was at once published. According to an account given by St. Cyril himself "crowds of people waited from daybreak to nightfall for the decision of the Council." When that became known, the whole crowd broke

into heartfelt applause. "As we left the Church late at night," writes St. Cyril, "they formed a procession of flaming torches to escort us to our dwellings. There seemed to be no limit to their effusion of joy and delight."

Our own century has been privileged to witness a similar scene. In the ever-memorable year of 1854, from Asia and the East, from North America and the West, from the shores of the Baltic and Australia and the Isles of the great Pacific, the Church represented by her chief pastors assembled round her Supreme Head, and the senter of Catholic Unity. On the 8th of December—during the celebration of a solemn Mass, offered by the Pontiff, surrounded by one hundred and fifty-two mitred Bishops, fifty-three Cardinals, over two hundred prelates of an inferior order, a vast body of clergy from many countries, and some thirty or forty thousand people who thronged the vast Basilica of St. Peter's, Cardinal Macchi, Dean of the Sacred College, advanced to the Pontifical throne accompanied by an Archbishop of the Armenian rite, and twelve of the senior Archbishops of the Western Church, and begged the Pope to pronounce the dogmatic decree of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, that their "common vows might be fulfilled." Then the "Vene Creator Spiritus" was intoned and taken up by that immense concourse. After the sublime supplication, thundered from forty thousand voices, and died away, in the midst of the oblation of the Most Holy Sacrifice, in the temple sacred to the Prince of the Apostles, the Pope, most deeply moved, his venerable countenance bathed in tears, proclaimed to that breathless, awe-stricken and agitated multitude, the decree that the Blessed Virgin, by special grace and privilege was preserved from the stain of original sin. More than forty years have passed since that glorious day, and the faith is spreading with a steadiness and an energy that may be feared, but cannot be restored. Fresh triumphs await the Church, and doubtless fresh trials, old methods of persecution in modern garb. But nothing which is to be done to destroy the glories which have been, rob us of one thrilling remembrance, or alter the fact that through the long ages there has ever been one sublime figure, the teacher and the guardian of the truth taught by Christ Himself. All the nations the Church has won for Him, all the apostles, saints and martyrs she has borne, all the miracles of self-sacrificing, charity and spotless purity of which every land show the luminous trace, bear perpetual witness to her inseparable and unbroken union with the Divine.—Catholic Review.

Two Pictures.

Here are two pen-pictures, which carry their own lessons and moral, that we take from the latest issue to reach us of the San Francisco Monitor:

Recently a mother was called to mourn the accidental, and what, to her, seemed the untimely, death of a son who had just attained to a manhood of honor and virtue. From every quarter came words of praise for his manly rectitude, and regret that one so noble and so useful should be taken away. As she sat in her desolation, feeling that no sorrow was so deep as hers, there crept to her side another pale, tearful woman who bore the marks of shame and humiliation took rank with grief, and whispered these words: "You think you suffer, but if I could change places with you and see my son where yours is, bearing the honor and respect of his fellows which yours bears, I would count no sacrifice too great. I could think of no greater joy." With her words there unfolded before the first mourner the picture of an opium den wherein a pale, emaciated victim sat with his dissolute companions utterly given over to this most terrible of all tyrants of sin—and with the sight there arose in her own soul the ejaculation: "Dear Lord, why am I so honored and my sisters so afflicted?" F on the grave of her sorrow the stone had disappeared and the triumphant angels were all about her.

As these words are penned, there is lying on a couch in the city prison a delicate, half-crazed woman, who, goaded almost to madness by the brutal treatment of her husband, in a wild moment shot him, perhaps, to death. Her moan is: "There is no future for me, wh wh ever way this affair may turn. My life is all ended now." Those who have known this woman since her childhood tell tales of her self-sacrifice, her womanly unselfishness and heroism, that are touching in the extreme. One friend speaks of her as "the noblest girl I ever knew." A marriage to a man who seems to have regarded less his duties as a husband and a protector of his home, than he did drink and dissipation, was her misfortune, the ruin of her life. Her love and devotion counted as nothing against the allurements of liquor and evil company. And so, against the door of the sepulchre wherein was placed the crucified body of her domestic happiness, the fearful stone of intemperance was rolled, just as it is in tens of thousands of other cases all over this fair land. What hope, what infinite trust in God's goodness and omnipotence are required to believe that some day even this stone of intemperance may be rolled away, and only the ceremonies of sorrow left in the grave which no longer holds the crucified manhood of the nation.

Parents Must have Rest. A President of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion, and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

CONSCIENCE AND LAW, OR PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN CONDUCT.

By William Humphrey, S. J., Thomas Baker, Solo Square, London, Halifax, N. S., T. C. Allen & Co.

The distinguished Jesuit Father, William Humphrey, is too well known to the reading public to need any word of commendation from us. Within the last few years he has written many works dealing with subjects of a social or metaphysical nature which have had a wide circulation and have proved him a writer of ripe scholarship and culture. The reason of his deserved popularity is not that his pen traces out new lines of thought, but because he has the rare art of robing subjects too often attired in the unattractive dress of technical language, in terse, homely Anglo-Saxon phrase. He has no liking for the stilted phrase and rounded period—he leaves that to those who wish to don the buskin—a rather unprofitable occupation before a nineteenth century audience. He is always a teacher with something to say and who knows how to say it, and we never take up any of his works without feeling that we shall derive benefit from the perusal. No vain theorizing, no conjecture, but something definite, with a principle and a proof behind it.

His latest work bears the title of "Conscience: or Law of Principles of Human Conduct." It treats of the internal and external laws of human conduct, and is divided into five chapters—Human Responsibility, Conscience and Law, Dispensations and Privileges, Justice and Right, and Restitution.

These are titles that do not appeal to the ordinary reader of magazines and novels, but under the masterly touch of the reverend author they lose their seeming repulsiveness, and we are sure that any one whose taste has not been wholly vitiated will enjoy and benefit by them. The first chapter treats of human motives and human acts, and lays down succinctly and plainly the rule by which to gauge the measure of human responsibility. The central standpoint is the truth that all morality is in the deliberate will. All sin is rooted in and springs from the will. There is no such thing as a sin of the imagination or a sin of thought. The sin is in the willing to imagine or to think. The last chapter, dealing with Restitution, is, to our mind, the best in the book.

Limited space prevents us from reviewing the book as we should wish, but permit us to recommend it to clerics and professional men.

It is a good book for the library. It may be tossed aside by the seeker after the spongy, villainous compound of prurient ideas that passes under the name of literature, but it will be read by the healthy-minded boy and girl, and may be the means of giving them principles that will steady and guide them in life's journey. We learn that this work of Father Humphrey's is held in such high estimation that it is now the text book in the Catholic college at Ushaw, England. The book is marred by nosloveliness of typographical setting. The paper is of finest quality the letter press clean and beautiful, and the firm of Thomas Baker is entitled to the thanks and praise of the reading public.

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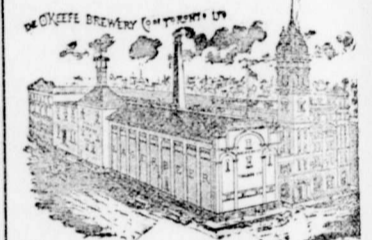
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FIVE-MINUTE SER...

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost. MAN'S NEED OF GOD. "And Jesus said to His disciples, 'Compassion on the multitudes, have ye not, and I will away fasting, lest they faint in the way.'"—Matt. ix. 36.

It is our Divine Lord were in the flesh to-day, walking, as He did nineteen centuries ago, no doubt, and again the multitudes, and sweetness of His divine and miserable millions embodied kind a collected were not on the blind, the lame and the themselves down before healed, but crowding around multitude of those who have eat. Compassion would a minute and rule supreme in heart, and who can doubt Healer of mankind would a healing the sick, not send others fasting?

I will not dwell here on in the present as in bygone is scarcely much different vastness in numbers of the ally, in plain Gospel language nothing to eat." I will on if the percentage of the poor of those hungering for bread, has remained unbroken as in the past, it is prevalent, all but unweakened. If, then, the wretched dependent upon others more than themselves, their reliance to make those who help the Christ. But though with the wretched multitude maddening and fainting, the truth is not the whole truth state of things is still we consider likewise, as the spiritual and moral cost greater number—that is, that abundance—that is, that bread and meat and the things of this life—we find other sense of the divine have nothing to eat. If you able to read the souls, seen that, in spite of this, now, they still are spirits owing to the void in their can fill the desire of a There is, then, not only their fainting by the way are in reality vast numbers who have fallen, who are are falling, by the wayside from true life.

We then discover this more deplorable than the having nothing to eat in sense, so many fall away in God. In the truer and mystical sense of the text there are millions to do nothing to eat, who go a faint, and who even die.

The experience of pain me out when I say that G satisfy the necessities of heart and the aspiration soul.

In vain has mankind live without its Creator says the venerable Father "the devil disguised himself presenting himself to the idols, as the author and everything in the world, in modern, in our time, tried to fill the void within which they substituted nobody has succeeded, no need without God. The attempt of man to de heart and soul into the being but God will still be caused only wretchedness misery.

The truth then is: To multitudes are without Christ, by their own fault not follow Him out to the not lister. To His words, them; will not ask for truth and be filled with truth. In deluded self-satisfaction, in the bustle of life, in the ent passion or business, they run on in some faint, ha desiring the truth but Apostle says, coming to of it. But we, by God's the truth, we have ac filled; oh let us prize it all be faithful to it—for Blessed are you, not because the truth, not solely because it, but blessed are you if, you live up to it.

Religious Resurgence. The Guardian, speaking of the religious reaction in Italy, says: "It is a time of piety future, and the Church the occasion. Before commemoration of the rificated at Ambo Alagia, has been forgotten. country masses have b the Pope himself more pressed his sympathy a the defenders of Macallo indeed, has triumph at register in the past y now two Capuchin cha to each brigade in Afr are again entering the where as authorized tion (in Milan thousands manded religious insti Genoa of all the scholar six refused it); the early every where are the Clericals, who are part of Northern Italy federation by means banks, which are strictly in the towns young men springing up, and in other places, the Corporation has been restor terval of twenty years.