

COMMON SENSE IN RELIGION.

II.

We endeavoured in the first paper on this subject to shew that for those who believe in the Gospel but who are in honest doubt as to what creed they should adopt as the true one, worldly prosperity for the followers of that creed is a thing scarcely to be expected. The immediate followers of our Lord certainly had little of this world's goods. They were of the poorer class and despised among men, they put but little store on those things that count for a great deal in society and civilization. Our Lord Himself had not a place whereon to lay His head. The ownership of the kingdoms of the earth and the riches thereof was claimed by the devil in the presence of our Lord, and perhaps for once the father of lies thought it useless to dissemble before Truth itself. However that may be, the devil laid claim to the good things of this world and it is likely he has had a fair share of them. The poor were specially reserved for the Church by our Lord. His followers in all ages and places will be known by sufferings, persecutions and trials such as He experienced, and will be known, therefore, by the hatred the world bears against His Church. An honest doubter may hesitate about the unity or apostolicity of the true Church, but he ought to be satisfied by his common sense that the church that is petted and caressed by the world and has every measure of human success is *not* the Church of the Gospel—not the true Church. It is not enough to say that times change, and that everything is different now from what it was in early Christian days. Human nature is the same as it always was; sin is as great an enormity as ever. God is unchangeable. To suppose that believers in the true Church were to possess the earth and the glory thereof would be to reverse the truth of revelation and to anticipate a heaven upon earth. The earth is not a place of reward for the true Christian; it is the reward of the spurious Christian and he has it.

All this may be admitted by the man of common sense but he may say that it does not furnish him a sufficient test. Every sect, he will say, has been persecuted and has poor amongst its members, and has had its trials and difficulties. *That may be granted in return; it is not put forward as one of the signs of the true Church, for is it not such a sign; but it is one of those popular objections that Protestants foolishly raise against the Catholic Church, and that some Catholics more foolishly regard as a formidable argument against themselves.*

One should not expect a Protestant to become a Catholic because he will find in the Catholic Church poverty and persecution and so on; or that the Catholics are not leaders everywhere in literature, science or art. We should expect him to come in for reasons sufficient otherwise but warn him that the true church of the Scriptures, while embracing all classes and conditions of men, is one not likely to be in high favour with the great ones of the earth. He will be sure to find many in it more learned, of nobler birth and even of worldly fame immensely superior to himself no matter how distinguished he may be. He may, in some places, think the Catholics too mean and their church and priests behind the age; but then there are other places he would feel himself dwarfed before them. When the Catholic Church finds it necessary to assert herself her influence is felt beyond anything else in the world. She is not always in dungeons and in chains. There was one day of the forty in which the Jews hailed our Lord as the Messiah; there was one Transfiguration amid the poverty of the thirty-three years.

And so if a thoughtful man pushes his common sense view a little further, it will appear strange to him that Catholics who claim that they only have the true faith should cut so respectable a figure in this world. We profess great regard for the life to come, he will say, but we do not allow it to interfere with the present life. The dispensations of Providence are, however, to the effect that the best preparation for the future is a well-spent present—having the future always in view.

The mistake made by a good many is that they expect their faith or creed or church to enable them to enjoy this world and the world to come. They want the two birds killed with one stone. In the meantime, as the world to

come is apparently far off and not a matter quoted in the daily papers with the stocks and houses and lands, it can wait. The present must be attended to at all hazards. The after life comes only when a man is dead and people don't take much interest in matters (except of worldly fame,) that are to arise when they are off the stage. A common sense man may ask How little is the world concerned with a hereafter and how well it can get along without troubling itself about it. That seems to me the question to be first answered now-a-days. Why can't a man get along without any church or creed or faith or religion? That is the question you can discuss and be heard about not only in our parks on Sunday but on every day in the week in this Christian land. We will talk of it in the next paper.

D. A. O'S.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The general chorus of approval which has hailed the appointment of Mr. Edward Murphy to the Senate in place of the late Hon. Thomas Ryan, must be very gratifying to that gentleman and to his family.

We all knew that Mr. Murphy was highly respected and greatly beloved in Montreal, but it is none the less pleasant to hear the fact reiterated, and his praises sounded on all sides, as one does whenever the name of the new Senator is mentioned. All the city papers have eulogized the appointment— even the "Only Christian Daily" and it moreover goes so far as to imply that Mr. Murphy being a consistent Christian gentleman, may find himself a rather uncongenial company in the Senate.

One very ardent Grit was heard to remark forcibly, that Mr. Murphy was a good man, and as the new Senator had to be a d— Tory, he was glad it was he!

A little fun has been poked at the "cold comfort" of the Taillon banquet. Why was it held in the rink? people ask. For this reason, that such an enormous number of tickets were in demand that no other place could be found capable of accommodating the guests. Not a very dispiriting reason when one remembers that it was a political demonstration, and one given to a leader at present in the cold shades of Opposition, in fact, a reason that probably in the case of Mr. Taillon and his friends, served as an antidote to the chill air of the rink.

To go to London and see the Queen is an honour and an ambition whereof nurses often sing, as they try to control or cajole their youthful charges. Still, it is an ambition not often gratified, which makes the honour recently conferred upon a young lady of Montreal all the more flattering. The announcement that Mademoiselle Henriette de Salaberry had a private audience with Her Majesty appeared in a late number of the Court journal, and I am sure that the readers of the Review would like to hear a little more about this singular privilege granted to their fair countrywoman.

Mademoiselle de Salaberry is the granddaughter of the hero of Chateaugay and the great-granddaughter of the first Canadian Colonel de Salaberry, the Seigneur of Chambly and the chosen companion and most intimate friend of the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent. The deep and sincere affection which had existed between their ancestors was often referred to by the Princess Louise, and Her Royal Highness singled out Mademoiselle de Salaberry as one of the ladies whom she admitted to her friendship when in Canada. This being the case, it was not surprising that hearing of Mademoiselle de Salaberry's presence in London, both Lord Lorne and the Princess hastened to renew their acquaintance with her, and the Princess determined that her Canadian friend should have the honour of kissing the hand of her sovereign. Accordingly, some two weeks ago, Mademoiselle de Salaberry was summoned one morning to Kensington Palace, where the Princess awaited her in driving costume. Together they entered Her Royal Highness' carriage and drove to Buckingham Palace, where the Princess led her friend up to a small boudoir and left her there alone with an injunction "not to be nervous." Her Royal Highness then withdrew, and in a few moments there entered a gentle old lady in black with a white cap, who held out her hand and took that of her guest, with