

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen"—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclian, 4th Century.

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### THE PROFESSOR ADRIFT.

The French Presbyterian Professor, Bonel-Maury, who is visiting Canada, must have been living these years past in some secluded spot far beyond the reach of telegraph, cable and newspaper. Or he may have an extraordinary amount of what our Yankee friends call "nerve" or again, he may think that Canadians are the "some people that can be fooled all the time."

When he assures us that the "cultural associations are merely the agents and financial representatives of the churches and have utterly nothing to do with teaching or ceremonial," we assume that either his optic nerve is out of order or he has been reading an expurgated edition of the Laws promulgated by the French Government. Our readers know that these associations have not only complete control over the finances of each parish but are also authorized to choose ministers of worship, to determine their functions, to designate the time and condition of religious worship, to regulate, in a word, everything concerning discipline and doctrine. We think the Presbyterians should take this professor in hand. He may be ignorant of the whole question, but ignorance no crass should not be displayed by a professor in a Presbyterian college. To allow him to go unrebuked may please the hopelessly diseased bigot, but it will startle those who, however they regard the Church, are not in league with the avowed enemies of Christianity. The Presbyterians, who, to their credit be it said, have not referred to Clomenceau's policy as "extreme but reasonable measures," should take the Professor out of the lime-light and tell him that in whitewashing atheists and garbling documents he is doing no service to religion.

### THE MEN WHO KNOW IT ALL.

One of the wonders of this age of patent medicines is the writer with sonorous platitudes about faith as an anesthetic, and submission to authority as mental slavery. These statements are always unaccompanied by arguments, on the ground, we presume, that they are first principles to be accepted without demonstration. And yet these individuals depend from the cradle to the grave on authority: they swallow medicine without knowing its ingredients; accept the conclusions of writers, and in many other things trust their neighbors. Are they in mental slavery? Was Mr. Gladstone proclaiming himself a slave when he said "that the whole human family, and the best and highest races of it, and the best and highest minds of these races, are to a great extent upon the crutches which authority has lent them."

Are we, who, through God's grace, accept the authority of Faith, in mental slavery? Are we to be condemned because we render obedience to those whom Christ clothed with His authority and sent as His witnesses to the uttermost parts of the earth. These little people who berate us with twaddle are but echoes of some self-constituted teacher who is oftentimes a scientific charlatan. The real scientists, whom they know not, are not quite so sure that man's longings and aspirations must remain unsatisfied, his doubts unquenched, the problems of life unsolved. It is a manifestation of hardness, not however to be coveted, to declare that Cardinal Newman was in mental slavery when he said: "I came to the conclusion that there was no medium in true philosophy between atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind under these circumstances in which it finds itself here below must embrace either one or the other: and I hold this still: 'I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in one God.'" And again, in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk, he says: "From the day I became a Catholic, now close upon thirty years, I have never had a moment's misgiving that the communion of Rome is that Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost, which alone has the adoption of sons and the glory and the covenant. . . . Never for a moment, have I wished myself back; never have I ceased to thank my Maker for His mercy in enabling me to make the great change, and never has He let me feel forsaken by Him, or in distress, or in any kind of religious trouble."

### THE PRIVILEGED CLASSES.

There are, to our mind, two privileged classes in this country — babies and students. Far from us any availing at the exuberance of spirit among the babies, but among the students we should like to have it within due bounds. It should not invade the domain of the hooligan. If it must manifest itself in horse-play it should avoid the things that can be done by any unlettered blackguard.

### THE MODERN WAY.

In the course of a speech, at London, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome confessed to at although well fed he was not happy. For there were eight millions of poor people in this country who did not know what dinner meant, who were living the lives of wild beasts, without the wild beasts' privilege of making a bee line for his food when he saw it.

### THE ITALIAN METHODIST MIS SION.

Writing in the Sacred Heart Review, Nov. 2, the non-Catholic, Dr. C. Starbuck, says: Dr. Stackpole, once at the head of the so-called Italian Methodist mission, has shown sufficient little trick of one minister borrowing another's congregation, against what may be called an archdeaconal visitation, so that the Presiding Elder might be able to report home four times as many members as there were in the two societies, or, at least, to imply the augmentation.

As we know, the Methodists at Rome have canonized the date of Victor Emmanuel's entry and have dedicated a church to Venti Settembre. Here they live in all comfort and good fellowship with the Garibadians, Atheists, Socialists, worshippers of Giordano Bruno and other true unbelievers conjoined with them in the sweetly uniting Ulster formula: "To Hell with the Pope."

### THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

With all due deference to our correspondents, we have no hesitancy in saying that the life of the "stage Irishman" has been protected by Irishmen themselves. We have seen men with Irish blood in their veins enjoying the antics of a clown caricaturing the Irish race. Now what is the entertainment-promoter to do? He gauges prosperity by the box office receipts. When these are not diminished, though buffoons say "bead," wear red whiskers, and speak a language known only to comedians of a certain type, he thinks, and not without reason, that we are not averse to this kind of thing. So let us not pose as injured innocents. The "stage Irishman," as well as the caricatures of monks, will disappear the moment we design to make a protest in an effective manner.

### THE PREACHERS AGAIN.

Some time ago we commented on an address of a Protestant Episcopal Bishop, in which he stated that the preachers' influence was on the wane. We gave some reasons to show that the pulpit but reflected the opinions of the pew, and that the average preacher does not touch upon unpopular truths. He may weave commonplaces on patriotic and aesthetic topics, but he must always keep his finger on the pulse of his congregation. When he wishes to be up-to-date he can hazard a criticism of the Bible to the acquisition of some notoriety and the bewilderment of those who believe that our friends promote the cause of pure and unadulterated Christianity. These preachers have done more than modern scepticism to fashion a creedless and churchless multitude. Lately, Dr. Aked, who ministers to the Oil King and other Baptists, declared that he did not believe one word of the Book of Jonah as history. Our Divine Lord, however, believed otherwise. (Matthew Chap 10 verse 40.) Schleiermacher has well said: "Protestantism, in the presence of Rationalism, is like an iceberg gradually melting before the sun."

In Paterson, N. J., on Tuesday of last week Very Rev. Dean McNulty, the "Grand Old Man of the Silk City," was presented with a purse of \$33,300 made up of contributions by people of every denomination. The occasion for this tribute was the golden jubilee of the honored priest.

### Translated for The Freeman's Journal. ENCYCLOPICAL ON "THE DOCTRINES OF THE MODERNISTS."

BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

#### PIUS X. POPE.

To all the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries who are at peace and in communion with the Apostolic See.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

#### VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.

But, Venerable Brothers, how can any beneficial results ensue from our laying down rules and regulations if the latter be not enforced strictly and firmly?

That results, therefore, may correspond to our wishes, we have deemed it expedient to extend to all dioceses the regulations: the Bishops of Umbria very wisely adopted for their dioceses many years ago. We quote their own words:

"To extirpate the errors already propagated and to prevent their further diffusion and to remove those teachers of impiety through whom the pernicious effects of such diffusion are perpetuated, this august assembly, following the example of St. Charles Borromeo, has decided to establish in each of the dioceses a Council consisting of approved members of both branches of the clergy, which shall be charged with the task of noting the existence of errors and the devices by which new errors are introduced and propagated, and to inform the Bishop of such errors so that he may take counsel with them as to the best means for nipping the evil in the bud and for preventing it spreading to the ruin of souls, for preventing it gaining strength and becoming daily more and more widely diffused, which would be still worse." (Acts of the Assembly of Bishops of Umbria, November, 1849, Chapter II, Article 6.) We, therefore, decree that a Council of this kind, which we are pleased to name "the Council of Vigilance," shall be established in every diocese at the earliest possible date. The persons summoned to participate in these Councils shall be chosen somewhat after the manner of selection of Censors. They shall meet under the Presidency of the Bishop, every two months on an appointed day; their deliberations and decisions shall be placed under the seal of secrecy; in virtue of their office they shall watch most carefully for every trace and indication of Modernism, and they shall exercise this vigilance not only in regard to books, but likewise in regard to teaching; they shall adopt all prudent, prompt and efficacious measures to preserve the clergy and the youth from Modernism; let their attention be concentrated especially upon novel modes of expression, always bearing in mind this admonition of Leo XIII.

"It is impossible to approve in Catholic publications of a style inspired by unscrupulous novelty, which seems to deride the piety of the faithful and which dwells on the introduction of a new order of Christian life, on new regulations for the Church, on new aspirations of the modern soul, on a new social vocation for the clergy, on a new Christian humanity, and on other subjects of a similar sort." (Instruct. S. C. N. N. E. E. 27 Jan., 1902) Language used in this description must not be tolerated either in books or in lectures. The Councils of Vigilance must not overlook books dealing with the pious traditions of certain places, or with sacred relics. They must not allow these questions to be discussed in newspapers or periodicals, but likewise stimulating plots. Neither should these questions be discussed with an air of levity, in which a note of scorn is discernible; nor should they be treated in a dogmatic manner, especially when, as it often happens, what is stated as a certainty either does not pass the limits of the probable, or is based on pre-conceived opinions.

SACRED RELICS AND MONUMENTS. Let this be the rule in respect to sacred relics: When Bishops, who alone are judges in these matters, know for certain that a relic is not genuine, let them remove it at once from the veneration of the faithful; if the authentication of a relic happen to have been lost through political or social upheaval, or in some other way, let it not be exposed for public veneration until the Bishop has verified it. The argument of prescription or well-founded presumption is to have weight only when devotion to a relic is commendable by reason of its antiquity. This will be conforming with the Decree issued in 1896 by the Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, which prescribes that: "Ancient relics were always held, except in certain cases where there exist indisputable reasons for believing them to be false or superstitious."

In passing judgment upon pious traditions, let us not lose sight of the fact that the Church, in matters of this kind, displays so much prudence that she will not permit to be published in book form, unless the utmost caution has been observed and unless the declaration imposed by Urban VIII. be inserted. Even when these conditions have been fully complied with, the Church does not guarantee the truth of the fact narrated; she simply does not impose any inhibition in regard to believing these things, unless human argument cannot be adduced to substantiate them. Thirty years ago the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dealing with this subject, decreed as follows: "These apparitions, or revelations, have neither been approved, nor have they been condemned by the Holy See, which simply has allowed them to be accepted, belief in them being based on human faith and on the traditions which are associated with them and which are corroborated by trustworthy testimony and by reliable documents." (Decree of May 2, 1877) Whoever is guided by this rule has no cause for fear; for a devotion based on an apparition, in so far as it regards the fact itself, or in so far as it is what is called relative, implies the assumption of the truth of the fact. This devotion, in so far as it is absolute, is based on truth, inasmuch as its object is the persons of the saints who are honored. The same thing holds good in reference to relics.

Finally, we require of the Councils of Vigilance that they keep a continuous and a strict watch over social organizations and over books dealing with social questions, lest the spirit of Modernism may find a lodgment in them; they should also take care that the instructions of the Supreme Pontiff be carried out.

easy about the recovery of a sick friend or of a member of your household. BE NOT SOLICITOUS. "Now, the religion of Christ, which was established to prepare us for future bliss in the world to come, contributes at the same time to our happiness in this life, as far as it can be attained in our present condition. And as cases and solitudes are a bar to peace and tranquility. He frequently suggests to us by His inspired writers and by His own lips the motives and means of banishing these cares, or of lessening their hurtful influence, or of lightening their burden. He at least subdues the storm that assails us, He at least helps us. He enabled Peter to walk upon the waves.

"St. Paul says: 'Be not solicitous about anything (observe that he takes no exception of any cause whatever). But by prayer and supplication let your petitions be made known to God.' Instead of consuming ourselves with vain fears, he exhorts us to lift up our hearts to heaven for light and strength. St. Peter expresses the same thought in these few but touching words: 'Cast your care upon God, for He hath care of you.' Deposit the bundle of your solitudes in the arms of your Heavenly Father. He will dispose of them."

#### BISHOPS' REPORTS.

Let these instructions should be forgotten, we will and ordain that a year after the publication of these letters, and every three years thereafter, the Bishops of all dioceses shall forward to the Holy See an exhaustive and sworn report on all the subjects with which these our letters deal. The report, also, shall contain information as to the doctrines current among the clergy, and especially of those current in seminaries and educational institutions, including those not subject to the authority of the Ordinary. We impose the same obligation upon the Generals of religious orders in reference to those subjects to their authority.

#### THE CHURCH AND SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

These things, Venerable Brothers, we have deemed it necessary to write to you in the interest of the spiritual welfare of every believer. Undoubtedly the enemies of the Church will distort them for the purpose of repeating the time-worn calumny which represents us as inimical to learning and to human progress. The accusations, which are constantly refuted on every page of the history of the Christian religion, we purpose answering in a practical manner by founding a special seat of learning; with the co-operation of the most distinguished Catholic scholars, shall be devoted, under the guidance and magistrum of Catholic truth, to the advancement of all branches of scientific and scientific study. May God grant that we may be able to carry out this design with the assistance of all those who have a sincere love for the Church of Jesus Christ. But we shall treat of this subject on another occasion.

In the meantime, Venerable Brothers, we earnestly implore for you, in whose confidence, an abundance of heavenly light; in order that, in the midst of the great perils to which souls are exposed from the errors springing up on all sides, you may be able to see what ought to be done; and that having seen it you may devote yourself energetically and resolutely to the doing of it. May Jesus Christ, the Author and Consummator of our faith, assist you with His power; and may the Immaculate Virgin, the destroyer of all heresies, assist you by her intercession and help. As a pledge of Our affection and of divine consolation to you in time of trial and adversity, we impart the Apostolic Blessing to you, to your clergy and to your faithful. Given at Rome at St. Peter's, on the eighth day of September, 1907, in the fifth year of Our Pontificate. PIUS X., Pope.

### THE EVIL OF OVER-SOLICITUDE. TIMELY DISCOURSE BY CARDINAL GIBBONS IN THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL.

The quality of timeliness, always to be found in the monthly discourses delivered by Cardinal Gibbons from the pulpit of the historic Baltimore Cathedral, characterized in an eminent degree His Eminence's utterances on November 3. To a nation stirred to its centre by financial troubles the weighty observations of the venerable and universally respected and beloved prince of the Church, on the evil of over-solicitude came with a far-reaching and saluting effect.

The Cardinal's theme was "Solitude of Mind," and his text was: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Matt. viii 23-27. He said in part: "The heart of man is very appropriately compared in the sacred Scriptures to a restless ocean, which is ever heaving and sighing or in a tempestuous rage. It is ever in motion, and never wholly at rest. Our heart is as much swayed by the breath of prosperity and the winds of adversity as the sea is influenced by the storms that sweep over its surface.

"I do not pretend to read your hearts, my brethren, but I venture to say that there is scarcely a member of the congregation before me that is not agitated by some vain hope or fear. Each of you has his daily round of cares, which flow and ebb like the tide. As soon as one care subsides another rises in your breast in endless succession.

"Those of you who are more favored in your temporal condition may be occupied by the rise and fall in stocks. Those of you who are in more modern circumstances are solicitous about your future wants for the decent support of life. Others are anxious about the result of a lawsuit, or of some impending event on the issue of which you imagine your future happiness depends. Some of you, again, are fretful and un-

against inordinate care. The heathens believed in the existence of many gods. Their gods, they admitted, took no interest in human affairs, but were wholly intent in promoting their own schemes and securing their own happiness. It was not, then, a matter of wonder that the heathens should be solicitous for the things of this world, since he imagined that everything was the result of chance, and that there was no God in heaven to interest Himself in human affairs.

"A MORE SUBLIME DOCTRINE." "But you have been taught a more consoling and a more sublime doctrine. You believe in the existence of a superintending Power that watches over the affairs of men and of nations. You know that the same divine wisdom that numbers and names the stars of the firmament counts the very hairs of your head. You know that the same omnipotent God Who supports and nourishes the angels in heaven feeds also the worms of the earth. 'God,' says St. Augustine, 'created the angels in heaven and the worms in the earth.' His omnipotence and providence are not more manifested in the creation of one than of the other.

"In fact, what is this earth but a vast storehouse containing all things essential to the wants of man. If you look about you, you will behold the mountains clothed with virgin forest. If you delve into the bowels of the earth, you will find an inexhaustible supply of coal and other minerals. If you cast your eyes around you, you will see the valleys smiling with harvests of grain and fruit. What God said of old to Adam He says also to you: 'Rule over the fish of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, and over all creatures that move on the face of the earth.' 'But you will say: 'If God has such an eye to our wants, if His providence watches over us, may we not fold our arms, sit down idly and do nothing? May we not even squander what we possess, trusting in the Lord to replenish our coffers. May not the capitalist hoard up his treasures and give no employment to others? May not the son of toil frequent the tavern and read the papers all day and enjoy a perpetual holiday?

"But let me set before you the beautiful exhortation of our Saviour on this subject in His Sermon on the Mount: 'Be not solicitous (observe that he takes no exception of any cause whatever). But by prayer and supplication let your petitions be made known to God.' Instead of consuming ourselves with vain fears, he exhorts us to lift up our hearts to heaven for light and strength. St. Peter expresses the same thought in these few but touching words: 'Cast your care upon God, for He hath care of you.' Deposit the bundle of your solitudes in the arms of your Heavenly Father. He will dispose of them."

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rising. "Now, you'll spend all your holidays here, Delmege, and get up one or two of your fine sermons. No heresy, though, mind."

Luke was going to protest again. But Father Sheldon continued blandly: "Ah, what a pity, Delmege, you didn't let me draw that youth that day by the Serpentine. You would be here with us to-day."

"Thank God for that, whatever," said Luke. "I'll stroll around here and see if I can recognize any old faces."

He passed along the High Street, and recalled to memory the names over the shop doors. He visited one Catholic house. It was a large commercial establishment. The shop girls stared at him. Was Mrs. Atkins at home? No; but Miss Atkins could be seen. Miss Atkins tripped downstairs, and stared. Oh, yes! she had heard mother speak of Father Delmege, who had ministered there many years ago. Perhaps he would call again, when mother might be at home.

"How did I ever come to love these strange people?" asked Luke of himself, as he passed down the street. "I must have been mesmerized."

He turned from a side street and found himself in Primrose Lane. It was abominably paved with huge rough stones, and an open gutter ran down the centre of the lane to the river. But it was dear to him. He had visited it in the brooding days of misadventure. He had slipped over those horrid stones in frosty January. He had always been welcome.

"Dead and forgotten here, too, I suppose," he said. He became aware of loud whisperings behind him from the open doors.

"This him!" "That!" "I tell you 'tis him! Wouldn't I know his grand walk anywhere?" "Yorra, not at all. Sure, he's away in the old country!" "But I say it's 'uman! I'd know him if he was bled!"

In an instant every door was blocked. There was a hurried consultation, some doubts and fears; and then Mrs. Moriarty, rubbing her hands fiercely in her check apron, burst from her door, flung herself on her knees on the rough stones; and sobbing, laughing, weeping, smiling, she grasped Luke's hands, covered them with passionate kisses, whilst her great love tumbled out word after word, jostling one another in their fury of affection.

Oh! wisha! wisha! did I ever think I'd see this day? Oh! ashore machree! pulse of my heart! Oh! a hundred thousand welcomes this blessed day! Oh! praise be to You, sweet Lord an' Your Holy Mother, Oh! Father, sure we thought we'd never see you again! Yorra, come here, Mary McCarthy! Yorra, what's come over ye all? Don't ye know yere own priest? Yorra, yer reverence, many and many's the time we spoke of you! Oh! wisha! wisha! wisha! and here he is again! Yorra, and I forgot to ask ye, how are ye? An' I suppose ye're a parish priest now in the old country? And da capo.

"Wisha, yer reverence," said another, "we're glad to see you. An' here's little Mary, yer reverence; sure you ought to know her! 'Twas you baptized her!"

"And this is Jamesy, yer reverence! Don't you remember, how you said he was winking at you all the time of the christenin', because he had wane eye open all the time he wane never forget you again! Yorra, sure he's a fine fellow. Mike will murder us all. That's all about it."

"But, perhaps yer reverence won't be goin' away so soon? Maybe the bin would have a chance of seein' ye?"

"I shall remain for a few days with Father Sheldon," said Luke. "He has kindly asked me to remain over Sunday, and to say a few words to my old congregation."

"It's to praach, yer reverence? Oh, glory, did ye hear that, Mary? Did ye hear that, Kate? His reverence is goin' to praach on Sunday. Every Protestant in the city will be there!"

"Wisha, yer reverence, not makin' little of the priests here, we never had a right sermon since ye left."

"That's thrue for ye, thin. Sure they mane well, poor min, but they haven't the how," said Luke, deeply touched by this ovation, "ye must all come back with me to Ireland. That's all about it. Ireland is your motherland, and she wants ye all."

"We wish we could, yer reverence, a thousand times over. But where's the use? We've a little livin' here, which the balliffs and the landlords wouldn't give us at home."

"That's true, too, Kate," said Luke, remembering his own impending troubles.

"An' sure they're sayin' the people are all leavin' the old country, yer reverence, an' flyin' to Ameriky?"

"The fools are," said Luke. "They could live at home if they liked. But what's the boom of all, my little Italian?"

"Oh, they're here yet, your reverence," said Mrs. Moriarty, with a little plying smile of racial superiority. Then, going over to the foot of a staircase, she shouted: "Come down at once, Jo Kimo. Are ye there, Carrotty? Come down at once, I say, an' see yere own priest."

"Don't spake about the monkey," she warned Luke. "Sure, he's dead; an' the poor man feels it, as if it wor his child."

And Gioacchino and Carita and Stefano came down and smiled and wept, and kissed the priest's hand; and he caressed them with words of their own beautiful language; and went away, feeling in his heart for the hundredth time the truth of his sister's words: "Love the poor, Luke, and 'twill make life all sun-hiny."

And he wondered how he ever came to love this gray, shaven city with its lamp and sepals; and joy formalities, except in that one spot, brightened by the allans. And he thought with what joy he would get back to Rosmore, and its mountains, and plantations, and its pretty cottages, and the dear love of his people. And he resolved to buy a new set of breviaries for his dear old pastor, with good large print to suit

the old man's eyes; and a workbook for Mary, that would make her big eyes twice as large with wonder; and a grand chibouque for John, that would be the talk and admiration of the countryside.

"Come over; come over," he said, when bidding good-bye to Father Sheldon. "Come over, all you Saxons, and we'll show you our green fields, and our glorious mountains, and our sea; and I'll put some of the love of God into your cold hearts."

But Father Sheldon only laughed.

"No, thank you! I haven't many years to live; but I don't care for a sudden and unprovided death."

And so the friends parted.

"To put the thought of England out of my head forever," thought Luke, as he passed through London, "lost the idea should ever revive again, I'll see it at its worst."

And he went down to the Bank and the Exchange. Before he realized it, he was wedged in a huge bank of humanity—a swirling, tossing mass, moved higher and higher by some common impulse, that seemed to make them utterly oblivious of each other. Pale-faced men, all dressed in morning costume, silk hat, morning dress coat, gloves, glided along singly or in twos or threes; but every face wore an expression of intense anxiety, as men questioned each other, or frantically dragged note books from their pockets and jotted down something with trembling hands. He passed through into the Exchange. Here again was a swirling, well-dressed crowd. Groups here and there discussed some mighty problem; clerks, with bent heads, jotted down names and investments; you heard everywhere: "Santa Fes," "Orientals," "Kimberleys," "Tanaga Mines," "Great Westons," "Darnley Tynes." It was a horrid babel; and it made worse by the accents of calm despair with which one man announced his failure and his ruin, and the tone of calm triumph with which another boasted the successful issue of some perilous investment. The air was hot and thick with the breath of many mouths and the dust of many feet. But he needed not. They worshipped at the shrine of the great god Mammon. Luke stared around for the idol. There were white marble statues erected here and there to successful worshippers of the past. But there was no idol, no image of the great god himself. No need. He was enshrined in every heart; and lo! here was a victim. A young man leaned heavily, as if drunk, against the wall, his feet wide apart, his hat far back on his head. He was the very picture of despair. Luke saw one gentleman nodding to another, and winking over his shoulder at the ruined man:

Luke fled from the Mart of Mammon. The next evening Luke was in Dublin at 7 o'clock. He went out after dinner to finish his office, say his rosary, and make his visit. He strolled into Gardner Street Church, and saw that the Church was pretty full with devout worshippers here and there. He passed up along the central aisle, and got into a quiet nook under the Lady Altar. He was bent down for a few minutes in prayer. When he raised his head, he found his face wedged in a dense crowd that filled the benches on every side, and left no possibility of escape. They were of all classes, ages, and conditions of life, as Luke saw, when in a moment the whole Church was brilliantly lighted, and the great organ pealed forth with a sweet hymn to our Blessed Lady. He noticed beads in the hands of the young girls.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STRAYED LAMB.

"Is there not somebody I might get to come and sit with you a while?" said Father Logan, as he prepared to take his departure.

"Yes," replied the sick woman; "there's Mrs. Gillan, in the third room down the passage. She might come if you asked her."

"I certainly shall ask her," rejoined the priest. "Now, good-bye, and try and remember all we have talked over. I'll come round in the morning."

Carefully closing the door behind him, he turned down the narrow passage, whose walls were dark with age and the accumulated dirt of years. At the third door he stopped and knocked but it was not opened. He knocked again, and hearing some shrill cry of "Come in!" opened the door, and standing on the threshold, looked into the dingy, squalid room. At first he thought it was empty, but afterwards saw in the darkest corner a rough bed, made of boxes, on which were spread some ragged clothing. Out of the rags peered a thin, sharp face, lit up by piercing black eyes. He started back, the resemblance to a rat was so striking. Then, recalling his errand, he asked for Mrs. Gillan.

"Other side. What is it you want her for? Thought you might be a doctor coming to see me."

"To see you," said the priest, crossing the room to the speaker. "Why are you ill?"

"I should think so. Why, I've been in three hospitals, but they couldn't cure me!"

There was such an unselfish pride in this statement that the hearer shuddered.

"I think you ought to be in a hospital now. This is surely no place for you. Can you not walk at all?"

"Never have walked. Why, that's what's the matter. Something wrong with my back, and the legs are all twisted."

"And no bed but this? How could they let you out of the hospital?"

"Oh, I had a nice mattress, but—stoop down and I'll whisper; she'd beat me if she heard me tell. She took it; it was worth pawnin'."

"Took it! Who beat you? Why, who is she?"

"Aunt Fan. Oh, she's pretty smart and she's real good to me, except when

—you know."

Father Logan was deeply moved. This helpless sufferer at the mercy of such a guardian! But perhaps the story was not true.

"Wait a while," he said. "I'm just going to Mrs. Gillan. I want her to look after a sick woman. Then I'll come back and we can have a long talk."

He was back in a few minutes, looking very grave. The child's story was evidently true, and the question was how could the grievous wrong be righted.

"Now, first of all," he said, "I want to be your friend, you know. Tell me all you like; what you want and what I can do for you. And how you pass the days."

"I'm busy, working!" There was such importance in the voice and look that the priest repressed the smile that rose at the idea of such a frail atom of humanity working.

But when, from under some newspapers, the child produced a few articles of wood, exquisitely carved, he was astonished.

"Did you do this?"

"Yes, all myself. When I was in the last hospital a sailor learned me, and it is real good to help pass the time. At first she wouldn't let me do it, but now that she can sell them, it's different. I can't do them fast enough for her."

"Well—oh, what name am I to call you?"

"Loys Cullan."

"Loys! That's a strange name for a boy."

"Oh, that's only a bit of it. It's much longer. I know because I saw it written in a book of mother's ones. But she took the book. She put it on the fire, and said something about rubbish. But it was not rubbish. It was quite new. Here comes Mrs. Gillan. What for?"

"You will see in a short time. She went to get a proper bed for you, and we'll make you comfortable very soon."

A look, almost of distress, came into the child's pinched face. He hesitated a moment, and then, stretching out a thin, painfully thin hand, he grasped Father Logan's coat.

"Just a moment. Will they move me?"

"Yes, of course, onto a nice, fresh soft bed."

"And all my things, too? Oh, I'll have to tell you. I hid it from her the night she pulled away the mattress, but now it's day and you'll see. Promise I may keep it?"

"If it's any treasure of yours, my poor boy, you may keep it and welcome. Don't you want Mrs. Gillan to see it?"

The boy shook his head.

"Give it to me, then, and I'll take care of it till you are settled in your new bed."

And, stooping, he received what seemed an old newspaper folded into a small square.

In a few minutes the exchange was made. A man from a neighboring shop had brought a small iron bedstead, together with necessary apparatus, and in a short time Loys was reveling in the luxury of a soft mattress and clean bed clothing. His joy was of short duration.

"What's the use of your spending the money?" he said, with a sob. "She'll only sell it."

"Not this time, I think," said Father Logan. "You see, now I've arranged with Mrs. Gillan to look after you, and see that you get sufficient food and are not ill used. I'll have to go now, but, if you like, I'll come often."

"Oh, do come every day! I get so tired, all alone. Give me my parcel now. I'll let you see it, you've been so good."

Lovingly he unfolded the paper, and disclosed a torn, soiled picture, the first glimpse of which brought a rush of emotions to the good priest's heart. It was a representation of the Sacred Heart.

"Do you know, my child, what it means?"

"No; 'twas in the book she burnt. It must have been my mother's. I don't remember her at all, and then the pain makes me forget. But I love the kind face, and I make up little stories about it."

"What do you make up?" asked Father Logan, eagerly. He had forgotten all about his uneasiness and the work he must do before sunset. This little one, so wonderfully brought to his notice, must be a child of Holy Church, a lamb strayed from the fold.

"When she's cross and I'm hungry and cold, or when the pain seems to twist my poor legs worse, I look at it, and think how kind He'd be. And then He points to His heart, and so I think that means He would love even me, though she says I'm so bad! Do you know about it?"

Then, in simple words, the priest told him the old, old story—the little Babe at Bethlehem in the arms of His dear Mother; the gracious boy of Nazareth; the gentle, loving teacher and helper, who loved especially to heal those who suffered (here he felt the little hot hand clasp his more tightly); the patient sufferer; the willing victim in the greatest tragedy of the world; the bright Easter morn'ng angels. Then he spoke of the love that prompted all, and how those He loved and lived and died for, treated and treat with such coldness; and of the vision of the humble nan, and from that the picture of the Sacred Heart.

The keen black eyes were dimmed with tears when the story was ended, and the voice quivered that spoke:

"I'm sure I heard all that before, but the pain makes me forget. Come and tell me often, for I never want to forget again."

Nearly every day found Father Logan bent the bedside of the crippled boy; and he never came empty-handed but with pictures, books and everything he could think of to lighten the long, weary hours. From one of his rich parishioners he obtained an invalid's

table, and that could be fastened across the bed and enable Loys to have his treasures and carvings in front of him. But of all the gifts, what Loys loved most was the rosary, sent to him by another little invalid to whom Father Logan had spoken of him. But how different were their conditions! The little girl, surrounded by every luxury and comfort love could devise and money procure, and the boy heretofore of all save what charity vouchsafed. Loys loved to hear of Gertrude, of her beautiful home or wonderful toys. Often he would sigh the hearing, but always, if he did, he would say: "Never mind, I'll have a beautiful home, too, some day, and I shall be able to walk then."

He could not rest until he had learned to say the rosary, and then, as he would explain quietly, he never had any more lonely hours, for pain and weariness were forgotten while the beads slipped through his frail fingers and his loving heart followed all the sorrows and triumphs at Jesus and Mary. He was very happy now, for, by some wonderful means, his aunt had been induced to leave him in peace; and so, with his books and carvings and, best of all, his beads, the days slipped happily away. Father Logan had made due inquiries, and found that his full name was Aloysius; that his mother had alienated her family by marrying a Protestant; had died when Loys was about five years old, and had been compelled to leave him to the care of his father's sister, whom she had begged on her death-bed to bring up the boy in the faith. How that promise was kept was only too evident. The boy was eager to learn, however, and the heart that had longed so far some one to love poured out its love on the Sacred Heart, winning in return such treasures of grace that, ere long, he was allowed to prepare for his First Communion.

"Father," he said one evening in June, "I would like to make my communion on the feast of the Sacred Heart."

"I don't think that is possible, Loys. I thought that the 15th of August would be a good day."

"The day Our Lady went to Heaven! Yes, beautiful. But I think I've made up my mind for the other. I loved Him for such a long time before I knew Him."

"But I don't think you'll be ready by then, and, besides, I'll have such a busy day. You will have to wait, Loys."

"Very well," he answered, bravely; but the tears gathered in his dark eyes, and his lips quivered.

Father Logan, gazing earnestly at him, was struck by his look of extreme delicacy. The skin seemed transparent, the eyes darker than ever, by reason of the deep shadows of pain beneath them, and he noticed how much weaker he had grown. The books, the pictures, all were laid aside; only his rosary was his constant companion.

"Perhaps, after all, Loys, we'll say June," he said, as the thought crept into his heart that the boy might celebrate the feast of the Assumption with the countless hosts who press round the throne of Mary Immaculate.

The boy's eyes shone with love and joy, and, drawing forth a tiny package from under his pillow; he handed it to the priest.

"I did it for you," he said. "I meant to give it to you on the feast, but I'll give it now, and perhaps on the feast you'll bring Him to me."

The package, being opened, revealed a small statue of the Sacred Heart, exquisitely carved.

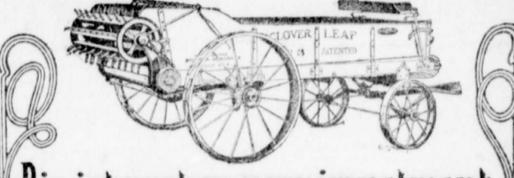
"How clever you are, Loys! Many a great sculptor couldn't do better—perhaps not so well, for love has glorified your work. I'm afraid I can't arrange for the day you want, as I'll be so busy."

"We shall see," said Loys, gravely.

Yes, it was, after all, the feast of the Sacred Heart when the King of Love came to the little longing heart. The frail thread of life was worn, and now Loys lingering in agony on the threshold of eternity, was awaiting the coming of the Lord he loved so dearly. Father Logan, summoned in haste, feared lest he should be too late, but the boy's trembling voice reassured him as he crossed the threshold.

"I'm waiting, Father—oh, such terrible pain! But I know he will take me when he comes."

Then, folding his frail hands, he made his last confession and prepared to receive Him Lord and Love, and, having received, lay so still that he seemed dead. His moments passed. Father Logan feared that he noted the trembling of the hands that clasped the crucifix, and caught the whisper of the first aspiration he had taught him,



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Omniscient Spirit in such a manner that every statement contained in them was, when properly understood, absolutely free from error, and contained no message fraught with supernatural authority. In place of this belief, science has forced on us the recognition that, whatever truths the Biblical books may contain, these truths are embedded in a mass of error—legends pretending to be history, in reminiscences pretending to be prophecies, and in the frequent inculcation of conduct not only immoral but monstrous. It has forced on us a recognition, also, of something still more revolutionary—something which concerns not the errors of the Bible, but its truths. It has forced us to recognize that the truths recorded in its pages are to be accepted by us, if they are historical, only on such grounds as would secure our acceptance of them if stated by any ordinary historian; and are to be accepted by us, if they are moral and spiritual, only because there is something in their nature which prompts us to endorse them as morally and spiritually satisfactory.

**HIGHER CRITICISM AND THE BIBLE.**  
That the change thus briefly indicated is a reality of the most momentous kind and is no mere invention or imagination of anti-Christian critics, can be shown by reference to the things of which the diverts and antagonistic schools, I will confine myself to the evidence of Protestants whom the change affects most decidedly, and whose natural impulse would be to minimize it as far as possible; and for examples of such evidence I will go to three writers who represent Protestantism of three widely different kinds. One of them is an English Sacerdotalist, another is the most popular exponent of the English Church possessed of Evangelical theology touched with liberal sympathies; another is a German, one of the profoundest of the devout scholars of Europe. The first of these is the editor of *Lux Magna*, a volume of High Church apologetics, to which he himself has contributed an essay on Biblical inspiration. The second is the Dean of Canterbury. The third is Professor Harnack.

Canon Gore, as might naturally be expected, maintains that, in spite of science, the supernatural inspiration of the Bible is as defensible now as ever, but it is impossible to admit in stronger language his own concept of science has so revolutionized our concept of what the Bible is, as to force us to defend its inspiration on practically new grounds. His entire essay on "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration" is an elaboration of this thesis. It partly consists of hints as to what the new grounds will be; but its plain and more emphatic passages are devoted to an acknowledgment of what makes a how real is the change. In doing this he justifies himself with the authority of the Bishop of Oxford. The Bishop, Canon Gore tells us, has said in a recent charge that "the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament are now going through a process of analytical criticism which has, as we believe, no parallel for acuteness in investigation, carelessness of method, and completeness of apparatus since the days in which they began to be regarded as a code of inspired literature, and certainly not since the days of our Blessed Lord's life on earth;" and this investigation, Canon Gore broadly declares, is effecting a change in our concept of what the Bible is, which, if not greater, is certainly not less than "the changes wrought in the acceptance of heliocentric astronomy."

**PROFESSOR HARNACK.**  
Professor Harnack uses language which is almost precisely similar. "The most decisive step of all (in religious thought) was taken," he says; "when it was agreed that the understanding and exposition of the Old and New Testaments were neither to be regulated by any 'creed,' nor by allowed out of regard to the sacredness of the text, to make use of the other methods than those which are historically recognized in the spheres of philology and history. The application of this rule to theology has produced a revolution which still vibrates through the whole of its domain. . . . How has this come about?" he proceeds. "Whose work has it been? No one has done it, but everyone has done it. The sequence of the historical sense, the rise of which indicates a revolution in the history of mankind, no less great than has been produced by the discovery of natural science. The conception of what knowledge means has altered." The only difference between the English High Churchman and the German critic is that the former, with a curious and utterly illegitimate timidity, confines his revolutionary admission to the Old Testament, and shrinks from applying them to the New; whereas the latter knows and admits that their application extends to both; and with regard to the latter, though he considers himself a critical conservative, his conclusions are, as we shall see presently, even more destructive practically than they are with regard to the former.

**DEAN FARRAR.**  
And now let us turn to the witness borne by the Dean of Canterbury. In an article which I published last December in this review, I called attention to Dean Farrar's work "The Bible: Its Meaning and Its Supremacy." In certain of his conclusions he differs from Professor Harnack; but his premises are absolutely the same. The cardinal point he insists upon throughout his entire volume is that the truth of the Bible, and the truth of the Bible, is a mixture of truth and error; that the view so prevalent formerly, according to which it was a book emanating in all its facts our credence, or even our respect would, if not abandoned by Christians, reduce their religion to an absurdity; and that the foremost duty of the modern Christian Apologist is to show the skeptic and the infidel that Christians are concerned to defend, not the book as a whole, but select passages only. These, according to the Dean, are in-

deed supernaturally inspired, but all the rest—and the rest is a large proportion of it—we may abandon, as unconcernedly as we might abandon the books of Livy, to the secular critic, who may destroy or spare it as he pleases.

Here, then, we have the admission of three distinguished theologians, who may be taken as representing the whole drift of opinion among the Protestant or reformed churches; and from these admissions there follows one great conclusion which is not only obviously implied in them, but is also enunciated by these writers themselves. That conclusion is this, that the Bible, taken by itself, is no guide to true Christianity, and affords no proof that such and such doctrines are true. It is a guide and a proof only when some authority outside the book is able to earmark what is true and essential in it, and distinguish this from what is indifferent and fallacious. We will return to this point presently; but there is another matter which we must consider first.

We have glanced at the results of criticism on the character and authority of the Bible. It remains for us to see how it has affected our conception of Christian doctrine.

**HIGHER CRITICISM AND CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.**  
The result in the latter case is analogous to that in the former. Just as it has destroyed the idea of a self-sufficient and historical Bible, so does it destroy the idea, equally cherished by Protestants, of a self-sufficient, an infallible, a complete primitive Christianity. It has, of course, been always known that two of the Creeds at all events were not composed till long after the Apostolic Age. It has also been known that in the Apostolic Age itself orthodox had to combat various forms of heresy, but historical criticism is now elucidating a new truth—namely, that the content of orthodox was only very gradually arrived at by the orthodox; and that the nature and mission of Christ, as understood by his immediate followers, was something widely different from the conception of them which pervades Catholicism, and any of the Christian bodies that broke away from Rome. The historical way of regarding the New Testament, and will not, overlook the concrete features, in which and by which the life and the doctrine of Christ were actually fashioned in their day. It seeks for the image of His life itself, not only take their color—and it is a very definite color—from the history of the time, but they are also seen to possess, and they could not exist in any other. And if this is true of the life of Christ Himself and the doctrines recorded by the Evangelists, which He enunciated with His own lips, it is still more emphatically true of the earliest commentaries on them, and the earliest deductions from them, which we find in the apostolic epistles. So far are apologetics like Canon Gore and the Bishop of Oxford from being right in fancying that criticism is affecting the Old Testament only that the New, though in a different way, is suffering an even greater change.

**REV. S. BARING-GOULD.**  
For an indication of what his change is let us go to a treatise on St. Paul, by another Anglican writer. This is the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who, whatever we may think of the original views put forward by him, does nothing more in his methods and general principles, than follow and illustrate those of the new historical criticism. The profound change that has been thus introduced into our whole conception of the origin of the Epistle to the Romans is contrasted by him with the Epistle to the Galatians. "Since Paul," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "had reconsidered the arguments he had used in it; some he strengthened, some he laid aside. In the Epistle to the Romans we have his matured thought." That is to say, the greatest of the early English thinkers, who claimed to have been converted by a special revelation of Christ—even he is represented as a man who won his way to the truth very slowly and not without many errors; his writings, which are accepted as part of the sacred Canon, embody his errors and his blunderings, no less than his truths; and even his matured thought was not final or satisfactory. Even in the Epistle to the Romans, Mr. Baring-Gould says, "the Apostle was unable to think clearly, and consequently could not express what he felt in intelligible form." Instead of having revealed to us once and forever, an infallible theological system, he, "never having received philosophical education," had done nothing more when he died than make an "attempt" to formulate one. "He saw certain possibilities, he perceived mysteries, behind the facts of Christ's life, and these he suggested; but he had not the discipline of mind, acquired by education other than that of rabbinic schools, to think out a complete system of theology." But, as Mr. Baring-Gould goes on to observe, Mr. Baring-Gould is the most impressive in his whole book, Paul as his thought matured, and experience taught its lessons to him, had grown to see that a system of theology was needed, and that a doctrine of revelation which could give no intellectual account of itself never could hold its own. "The Primitive Church," Mr. Baring-Gould proceeds, "is sometimes extolled for being undogmatic. It was only so because the members were in daily anticipation of the second advent. But already while Christ walked the earth, the question was asked, 'Who art thou?'"

case, is beyond the scope of the present article. It will be enough here to indicate a few of the facts and arguments on which such a demonstration would be based. Let us begin, then, by briefly considering what the answers are which Protestants of various schools are now actually offering us. Most of these have been collected by the Dean of Canterbury, and he urges them in his book on the Bible, all with equal fervor, never pausing to ask if they are not inconsistent with one another. Thus to the question of what is the authority that shall teach us to separate in the Bible the inspired and infallible portions from those that are erroneous and uninspired, he replies in one place that the required authority is to be found "in the verifying faculty of the Christian consciousness," and in another place that it is to be found in the principle that God never reveals anything supernaturally that we could possibly find out by our own normal powers. The value of this latter principle may be estimated by asking the Dean of Canterbury whether everything in the Bible has been supernaturally revealed by God for which there exists no sufficient ordinary evidence. Unless he is prepared to affirm that his principle leaves us exactly where it found us, and this is precisely what the Dean, instead of affirming, denies; for his fundamental contention is that the credibility of the Bible is to be tested by the same rules as we apply to all other writings. And here again we must ask, how does this last position agree with his theory of "the verifying faculty of the Christian consciousness?" For in testing the credibility of ordinary human writings such a faculty is quite unknown. Let us, however, waive these objections, and consider on its own merits the theory of the "Christian consciousness," as our ultimate and authoritative guide. The first question we shall have to ask with regard to it is, By what means does this verifying faculty speak to us? And to this question the Dean gives two contradictory answers. In one place he speaks of this faculty as though it were seated in the heart or soul of each individual Christian who devoutly reads the Bible. Elsewhere he reminds us that Christians equally devout draw from their individual study of it the most grotesquely opposite conclusions; and he gives us to understand that what he means by the Christian consciousness is exclusively expressed in those beliefs as to which all Christians agree. But here again another question arises—a question which is raised by the Dean of Canterbury himself. How is the fact of this binding agreement to be known? In the first place, says the Dean, no agreement is binding, if it is general only in any one branch of the Church. If any belief thus authenticated "is rejected by other acknowledged branches, it is not an essential part of the Christian faith." But this, he continues, is by no means the whole of the truth; for it may have been ratified by the agreement of the entire Christian world in any particular age, "and may for many ages have been held by their predecessors;" but yet if ultimately any recognized branch rejects it, the agreement was illusory and not complete, and the authoritative Christian consciousness was not really represented by it. It might well seem that, in this case, we could never be certain of anything; and that, however willing we might be to submit to what the Christian consciousness dictates to us, it is impossible to distinguish what it did dictate from what it did not. The Dean of Canterbury, however, informs us that the Protestant theory of authority provides us with some definite means by which this necessary distinction may be drawn. Those doctrines are essential, are final, and are really ratified by the Christian consciousness, which have been formally sanctioned and those doctrines only. But what, according to the Dean, does this formal sanction consist of? Does it consist of the decisions of Councils? It certainly does not, he tells us, follow the English Articles in distinctly repudiating their authority; and yet he indicates that this sanction is embodied in definite formularies. How, then, are these formularies settled? And where are we to find examples of them? Of how they are settled the Dean tells us nothing; but he does give us examples of them; and he does more than that—he indicates that they are the only examples in existence. These examples are the three creeds. Of how the Christian consciousness which expressed itself in the three creeds ever again to speak with the same authority, and help us to answer the new order of difficulties which modern knowledge, as he admits, is daily forcing upon us, he tells us nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to tell us. It is possible to imagine a more pitiable failure than this to supply Christianity with a living intellectual basis?

**LORD HALIFAX'S VIEW OF THE LIVING EXTERNAL AUTHORITY.**  
It will, however, be said that the Dean of Canterbury represents the opinions of one school of Protestants only. And in some respects so he does; but it happens that as to this question of authority, no other Protestant school is in any better position. Indeed, so far as the church, in its present condition, is concerned, the arguments of all other schools are substantially the same as his. This is very clearly shown by certain recent utterances of Lord Halifax, who has endeavored to set up a standard of universal Catholic teaching, which should override, on occasion, the decisions of the English courts, and even themselves. The leader of the extreme High Church party uses almost the same language as the Low Church or Broad Church dean. He appeals with equal vagueness to the agreement of all branches of the Church, as the true test and source of what is really Catholic teaching, though, unlike the Dean, he implies that this agreement, instead of being confined to the creeds of the first three centuries, still speaks for our guidance with a living voice to day. Bit of what it speaks, how

**FARRAR'S THEORY OF "CHRISTIAN CONSCIOUSNESS" INADEQUATE.**  
To demonstrate fully that such is the

it speaks and when it speaks, he can formulate no theory which does not, as an unintended result, reduce his own position to an absurdity. This was well pointed out by a writer in the *Dublin Review*, who shows that there is not one of Lord Halifax's claims for Anglicanism which is not repudiated by an overwhelming majority of Christians. This is not the place, as I have said already, to urge these arguments against the Protestant position in detail. I will, however, call attention to a few facts, which form a practical illustration of their truth, and which show how, under the stress of scientific criticism, no Christian agreement of any kind exists which does actually supply Protestants with even the basis of any common doctrine.

**HOW PROTESTANT TEACHERS DIFFER.**  
The Dean of Canterbury, and his school, altogether reject the sacred theory of a miracle-working priesthood. Lord Halifax and his school maintain not only that such a priesthood was ordained by Christ, and is sustained by the Holy Ghost, but also that its existence is essential to the life of the Christian Church and that no church is a branch of the Catholic Church without it. Canon Gore maintains that, however scientific criticism may alter, in some respects, our view of the Scripture narrative, it does nothing that ever to weaken the evidences of Christ's divinity. He gives us to understand, it is true, that when he speaks of scientific criticism, he means such criticism when uninfused by an animus against Christianity. We will, therefore, compare his views with those of a critic as religious as himself—a critic, moreover, who joins with Canon Gore in declaring that scientific criticism, as applied to the New Testament is by no means, as many suppose, "increasingly radical" in its results. Professor Harnack (for it is he I allude to) declares that it does nothing to alter the main lineaments of the personality of Christ, and the true point of His sayings. "But what, when he says this, does Professor Harnack mean? He means, as we find on referring to another passage, that this scientific criticism, which he regards as so unconstructive, has destroyed all events our belief in three things—the miraculous birth of Christ, His resurrection, and His ascension. What shall we say, then, of any Protestant doctrine of agreement—of the claim that any living authority is present within the Protestant church which preserves the Christian doctrine intact amid the critical storm—when the very men who are the most eager to put this authority forward, are found to be contradicting each other with regard to the very rudiments of the faith which this authority imposes on them, and can not agree that it imposes on them even a belief in the resurrection of their Lord?"

**SCIENCE DESTROYS PROTESTANTISM.**  
Such is the condition to which, as an intellectual system, Protestantism is being reduced by the solvent touch of science; and year by year, as scientific knowledge increases, and as the consciousness of what it means becomes clearer and more diffused, the intellectual bankruptcy of Protestantism becomes more and more evident. The position of Rome, on the other hand, is being affected in a precisely opposite way. In exact proportion as Protestantism exhibits its inability to vindicate for itself, either in theory or in practice, any teaching authority which is really an authority at all, the perception of the Roman system, as logical and practically alive, becomes in this particular respect more and more striking and obvious.

In the first place, the effect of science on the external evidences of Christianity being, as we have seen on the admission of Protestants themselves, to rob these evidences of their inherent doctrinal definiteness, a living authority which shall interpret and fix their meaning, and also confront objectors with some reasonable theory of itself, is now being recognized, with a clearness unparalleled in former ages, as the sole foundation on which any doctrinal Christianity can be supported.

In the second place, the logical completeness with which this foundation is supplied by Rome is, in consequence of this fact, being brought into increasing prominence.

In the third place, this complete

ARRESTED A 2 YEAR OLD BOY.

Pittsburg, Pa.—George Shaffer, 2 years old, was arrested on a warrant and charged with trespassing. A neighbor swore that George tore up his lawn and flower beds. But the Court declined to hear the case. The little son of Mrs. John Cline of Ayrmer, Ont., was only a year older than baby Shaffer when his mother noticed that he suffered with severe attacks of biliousness. She tried everything she could think of, but the boy grew steadily worse. "I cannot praise Fruit-atives too highly," writes Mrs. Cline. "I have tried so many different kinds of medicine for my son. He has had bilious attacks every since he was three years old, and since he began to take 'Fruit-atives' he has been so well." "Fruit-atives" are the ideal medicine for children, as well as grown folk. They are pleasant to take and mild in action—being made of fruit juices and tonics. See a box. At all dealers.

ness is being emphasized yet farther by the ignorant failure of Protestantism to provide any equivalent. Who can conceive of four Catholic theologians, all claiming to speak in the name of the Church of Rome, but holding opposite views, and expressing them with equal vehemence, as to the nature of the priesthood, and of the sacraments, the authority of General Councils, and even as to the question whether Christ rose from the dead? The idea is absurd. There are many doctrinal questions as to which even Rome has as yet defined nothing; but the doctrines which she has defined she has defined clearly and forever; and she will forever stand by these definitions, or will fall by them.

**INTELLECTUAL CONSISTENCY OF ROME.**  
In this way it is, then, that modern historical criticism is working to establish, so far as intellectual consistency is concerned, the Roman theory of Christianity, and to destroy the theory of Protestantism. It shows that Christian doctrine can neither be defined nor verified except by an authority which, as both logic and experience prove, Rome alone can with any plausibility claim. To vindicate, however, the Roman theory of authority as a theory of Christianity, which is logically consistent in itself, is but half of the task which lies before the Roman apologist. He will have to show not only that this theory is logically consistent with itself, its postulates having been once admitted, but that also its postulates are in their turn consistent with the tendencies of scientific knowledge. This consideration brings us to a new aspect of the question, and here we shall discover in a yet more striking way the unique capacity of Rome for defending the Christian faith and, without being false to any one of its present principles, turning modern science into its principle witness and supporter.

**THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.**  
Modern Protestants, those especially of the Broad Church school, have shown themselves anxious to appropriate the word "evolution," and apply it in various ways to Christianity, and the moral life; but they are generally equipped with the loosest conception of what evolution, in a scientific sense, is, and they regard it merely as a technical synonym for development, or at all events for such development as arises from struggle, and from the survival of the fittest. They fail to lay stress on the two most important facts which evolutionary science reveals to us in the natural world; namely, the nature of the development, as apart from its various causes, which takes place in organisms; and the fact that social aggregates, in their lower developments and their higher, are themselves organisms no less truly than individuals, and evolve in accordance with precisely similar laws.

**EVOLUTION—WHAT IS IT ACCORDING TO SCIENCE?**  
Now if we turn to Mr. Herbert Spencer we shall find this process of organic evolution described as a process of change from a condition of heterogeneous homogeneity to one of homogeneous heterogeneity. That

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In setting about the ov fear, we must first under stand we fear. It is always that has not yet happened is non-existent. Trouble is something that we t

Suppose you are afraid of that is, you are afraid of caused by the disease, and probable fatal termination you have not the fever, it ist for you. If you have killed you yet, and it us

The most that can actu you at any one time is pa cal weakness. A state of vaker every disagreeable illness and makes a fatal certain. By resisting the weakness, using the will proper remedial agencies physical manifestations of you will probably recove

cause it is so feared that fatal, and even its conta be governed with a pac

Dr. Sannu was called. The next mo to Dr. William H. summoned the officers of all the regular boarders and made them a speech this:

"This young lady has It is not contagious. No take it from her; and, low my advice, you will from a panic—the pow

of an epidemic. Say this case. Ignore it in the ladies of the house and take flowers and de and act altogether as if everyday affair, unatten I will save her life, and long run, those of many

The advised course w all but one woman, w quarantine herself in a room of the hotel. The well, and no one is cept this terror-stricke sick with yellow fever.

"By his great pow strong magne ic power, comb," Dr. Cartwright fears of those aroun vented an epidemic.

appreciation and succe of a principal—the pow thought over physical power just dawning on the race—the des monment than any w heroes and statesmen."

Most people are afri narrow place high at that same narrow spa on a broad walk, they in it perfectly, and losing their balanc

one thing about walki is the fear of falli people are simply fear allow the thought of p overcome them, but p powers under perfe acrobat has only to perform most of the fo spectators. For som training and deve muscles, or of the e necessary, but it is all that is necessary.

The images that i convictions in a d is convinced that the sters are not real, i A city child who had grass showed terror on yielding turf, and ly as if it had been was nothing to be child thought there belief of danger. So fear was gone. So grown up fears if I and wrong early tra in grooves that are If we could but rise that fear is only an and that it has no e our consciousness, w be to the human rac

Take a very cor losing one's positio make their lives r ab, as the possib discharged. As lon they are suffering n danger of want. tion is their fore s charge comes, it i worry about its coous worrying wou waste, doing no ge nening one for tna get another situ worry about then v found, all the wor useless. Under no the worrying be ju tion of affairs at an

In overcoming follow each one clusion than, and that at the presen you fear do not w agnition. When waste of time, ene and mental stre just as you would ing something you you pain in the pu Merely convinc until you have throw out sugges doubt all thoug This will require and alert men thoughts of foreb to suggest them, and black, but thought, and thi

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

First Sunday of Advent. PENANCE.

"When you shall see these things come to pass, know that the kingdom of God is at hand. It may seem strange to some that the seasons which precede the celebration of the great festivals of Christmas and Easter, festivals of great joy as they are, should be ordered by the Church to be kept as seasons of penance. Advent is ushered in by the proclamation of the Gospel prophecy of the Last Judgment read to us on last Sunday, and again to-day we are reminded of awful terrors which our Lord foretold will appear before the coming, or advent, of the kingdom of God. In one sense the kingdom of God is already come. It is the Holy Catholic Church, of which Jesus Christ is the King, and in another sense we may say that the kingdom of God is constantly coming by the preaching of the Gospel, and the spread of the doctrines and morals of Christianity among men, and the consequent reign of that divine peace and joy which Christ brought into the world.

If the Church calls us to penance at these seasons it is because penance is the necessary means of obtaining divine peace and joy, and when we are, so to speak, at one with God, and free from the slavery of the kingdom of Satan, then our daily prayer answered, "Our Father who art in heaven, Thy kingdom come!" Then begins the blessed reign of Christ in the soul, of which He spoke when He said, "The kingdom of God is within you." That is the end of our Lord's advent at Christmas and at the day of Judgment; to establish the kingdom of God in the hearts of men in life, and give them the glorious kingdom of God in eternity.

How does penance prepare one for such a state of exalted purity, of spiritual peace and joy? By removing all obstacles which stand in the way of the reign of God in our souls. There are obstacles put in the way by the senses and by the spirit. There is a pure gratification of the senses, and there is an impure gratification of them. We all know that too often we know the latter to our bitter sorrow. And so constant and severe are our temptations, and so frequent are our falls, that nothing short of positive acts of mortification of the senses, both penitential restraints and penitential self-punishments, will break the chains of our sensual slavery, and enable us to offer these self-inflicted pains, in union with Christ's passion and death, as satisfaction to our justly offended God. The lives and deaths of the saints, the apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins all teach the necessity of this penance of the senses for the purification of the flesh. Let a man give himself up to the unbridled mastery of his senses, and at once the reign of divine peace and joy is over in his soul. How happy, on the contrary, is he who, as a good will offers this sacrifice to God. A little self-denial in food or drink, in clothing, in money, amusements, or the too common luxuries indulged in. Do we not all know how much these acts of penance aid us in purifying and controlling our rebellious senses, and make us feel fit to stand in the presence of the all-holy God?

Then so many of us can never hope to get purty of spirit and feel ourselves fit for the true friendship of God unless we make war, so to speak, upon our spirit, upon our self-conceit, our self-will, and our self-love. We must do penance by acts of self-abasement, contrition, obedience, if we would crush out our pride, anger, and uncharitableness, and chase away all sorts of bad desires and imaginations which stain and degrade the soul. We are, unhappily, living in an age of spiritual pride. The common, daily reading in newspapers, magazines, and novels clearly shows the prevalence of this satanic spirit. The arrogant, self-conceited discussions of religion, of divine truth, by infidels, agnostics, and even by many so-called Christians, are all inspired by the same spirit. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? Can we daily read such things and not nourish the same evil spirit within us? Here is a good chance to do penance in order to keep the spirit pure and humble. Restrain the curiosity of your mind. Read only what is fit to be read by the children of the kingdom of God. Such a restriction, you say, would be a very severe penance. I say that it ought not to be; but since it, in fact, would be, as you say, it is plain your spirit sadly needs some such penance for its purification, for you are far from being fit to live in the kingdom of God, and enjoy its atmosphere of heavenly peace and joy. Think of this and begin to act at once. Do something to purify your senses and your spirit as you shall be moved by the Spirit of all purity and grace to do, and a happy Christ mas will be your sure reward.

THEY ARE NOT THERE.

Has it ever occurred to you, how difficult it is to purchase a Catholic paper, book or periodical from any of our public news stands? Step up and look over the glaring array of motley colored books offered for sale at any newsstand and see how many Catholic authors are to be found among them. Who is fault is it? Perhaps the news dealer will say that he has no call for such works, or that he tried to sell them and couldn't, and we are of the opinion that he is telling the truth. It is a sad fact, says Catholic Advance, that the majority of Catholics of our day do not relish Catholic books or papers; they prefer the yellow back class, not so much because they are cheaper, as the matter is more sensational, and requires no intellectual effort to understand it. Catholic news is too dry, and the beautiful moral of the Catholic story savors too much of going to church to satisfy the kind of a taste they have acquired for literature. Don't blame the newsdealer; he would handle Catholic literature, if there were any buyers in the market.

He alone is happy who has learned to extract happiness, not from ideal conditions, but from the actual ones about him.

HOUSES FOR THE HOMELESS.

STORY OF FATHER DEMPSEY'S RE MARKABLE WORK IN ST. LOUIS. Catholic Universe

Two or three inquiries received from readers interested in the work done for homeless men in St. Louis by Rev. Timothy Dempsey, make opportune the following excerpts from an account of this charity which recently appeared in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

Father Dempsey has taken it upon himself to better the condition of the poor workman. He has worked out a plan which was under consideration for many years before it was put into execution. His idea has been tried before, but without much success. It has always been difficult to get the cooperation of the great army of men who are befriended, and they need just such a personality to make them go the right way.

Father Dempsey maintains two hotels, as he calls them, for working men without homes. These hotels are his charity headquarters, and are the principal field for his work. There is an air of home about these hotels which attracts the lonely man. Two hundred thirty-six men were housed in the Carr street house one night recently and six were turned away and directed to other quarters. THEY ALL WANT WORK. Father Dempsey says that most of the men who come to him for help and who stay at his hotels for a night want work. He doesn't know the word "tramp." From his experience for years with men who have come into this world to poverty or who have gotten there by some means or other, a small per cent are lazy or unambitious.

"I have found the heart of the poor workman responds quicker to a kind act, or word, than any other member of society," he remarked the other day. "Get a dependant man a job after he has been wandering about the streets in search of employment for days and nights, and he never forgets it." An old man fell sick in a dingy corner at Morgan and Eighth streets a short time ago. A woman found him there unconscious. What did she do? Get the police? No? she went to break neck speed to Father Dempsey. Her first thought was of the man who had set her husband on his feet and put bread into the mouths of her little children thereby. This man was taken to the priest's place and cared for. He grew well and strong. He was poor and dependant, and the words of the Samaritan cheered him. He was given free lodging until he got well enough to work, and now he is in a good position, which Father Dempsey secured for him.

THE MEN AT HOME. In the first place a clean bed with two sheets is given. The man, if he so wishes, can shine his shoes in the morning free of charge. He has a locker, well ventilated, to which he is given a key, and where he may store his things if he is a regular lodger. Then a shower or plunge bath is at hand, with hot or cold water. Towels are provided. Hair brushes and combs are at hand for every one. In the evening the reading room is open to them. Here is a piano to be played by any one who can play. The best music is at hand and men who perhaps have not heard this sort of melody for years in their wanderings seem to take a wonderful interest in it and sit by the hour to listen.

One evening recently 155 men sat about this recreation room. Every one of them was buried deep in some magazine article. One was reading a scientific journal; another an essay on astronomy, and another a popular serial. Another, amusing as it may seem, clutched a volume of Lord Chesterfield's letters, worn and soiled, and was thinking of nothing else.

Father Dempsey has given 1,116 free lodgings in six months. He has secured permanent employment for 300 men who were idle, dependant on the streets of St. Louis. His employment bureau is the most popular branch of his work.

"I can generally find work for the men," he said the other day; "they don't know where to go for it. I have put myself in touch with employers who know and take the men I recommend. I have found that the happiest moment of this class of applicants is the moment when they hear that I am going to get them a job. They want to work badly. They want to be of some use in the world."

THE ROVING SPIRIT. "I wish to correct that roving disposition. It is what drags a certain class of men to the bottom of the social ladder as I have found by experience. I try to create a love of home in them and to put them with men of their own kind, where they may make friends and not feel like changing their location every year or six months. I say I will give you a home. My hotels have all the advantages of a home."

The question came up as to the quarrels which might naturally arise among such a miscellaneous gathering of men. Father Dempsey assured me that he had yet to learn of a quarrel among them. There had as yet been no arrests made from his hotels. There had been nothing stolen since last January, when two suits of clothes had been taken away by a transient boarder. To run these two hotels it aggregates a cost of \$500 current expenses monthly. There are no profits in this scheme. If there happens to be a surplus it is applied to the greater comfort of the guests. There is help to be paid. They are mostly men and women whom Father Dempsey has befriended in times past and whom he needs as his assistants. Father Dempsey has a dozen or more correspondents whom he has at least one time set on their feet. "Write to me now and then," he told them. "I want to know how you are getting along." Well-penned letters that showed their temporary distress was through no fault of incapacity to make a living, and that they were not idle from laziness, often come to him. Father Dempsey remarked that one fellow especially wrote him a letter very

often and its contents and style were "classic." "The man was simply down for a while," he explained. "I gave him a little boost and he did the rest. He is making a fair income now despite a disablement."

GUESTS NEVER ABUSE HOSPITALITY. One remarkable thing about Father Dempsey's institution is the care which the men exercise to avoid breaking the rule of the house. They never soil the floor with mud or tobacco. There has never been a case of intoxication in the hotels.

There is a large group of men who make this hotel their permanent home. A small room is to be had for \$1 a week and with it go the same conveniences that are given for a dime. Father Dempsey's church is just around the corner, and a large number of them go there on Sunday for service. There are notices in the hotel rooms of the hours.

At the present time Father Dempsey is able to accommodate two hundred and fifty men at all times. In the autumn the number of applicants increases and the first cold weather generally fills up his entire wardrobe of beds. This winter he has provided against an over-crowded house by the installation of about a hundred new white sheet and pillow slips. The beds and bed linen are changed everytime the occupant of the bed changes. Where a mechanic who has dirty work to do, occupies a bed, the linen is changed three times a week, but for the ordinary man two sheets are good for three nights.

It is Father Dempsey's opinion that St. Louis is badly in need of an institution of this sort for women. He would have to be run along front lines, but it would be widely patronized. There are many honest, homeless women in the city who would flock to a sanctuary—women who work and make their own livings. Father Dempsey is a close newspaper reader, and is up on current events. His looks for wretchedness in police reports and when brawls are recorded in the daily press.

FATHER MATURIN AN IRISHMAN.

An Irish exchange has the following interesting note about Father Maturin, whose conversion to the Church some years ago was widely noted:

"It may not be generally known to your readers that Father Maturin is an Irishman, having been born in Dublin, and having graduated in Divinity at Maynooth. He is an Anglican clergyman, embracing such different spheres of action as the Established Church in rural England, a long residence in Capetown and in Philadelphia, and a missionary career among the well known Cowley Fathers, he at length found the truth in the one true Church about a dozen years ago. The Maturins, a Huguenot family, have been settled in Ireland for two centuries, and it is somewhat remarkable that in almost every generation the representatives of the name were Protestant clergymen. The late Rev. William Maturin, D. D., who died about twenty years ago, was the father of our distinguished visitor of this week. He was many years rector of Grangeville, in this city, and was no less distinguished for his great merits as a preacher than for his earnest and lifelong advocacy of what are known as High Church views. The father of the late Rev. Dr. Maturin was even more widely celebrated, being indeed no other than the famous Charles Robert Maturin, also a clergyman, and one of the most renowned preachers of his day, but known wherever English literature is known as the author of the powerful tragedy of "Bertram," and of the enthralling romance of "Melmoth the Wanderer," and other works of fiction admired by some of the greatest writers of an age of great writers. He died in the same year as Byron to whom he was somewhat akin as a writer.—Sacred Heart Review.

WRECKED IN HARBOR.

The sky made a whip of the wind, and lashed the sea into foam. And the low blowing gale tore the flags and the sails of the ship that were punting back to the harbor. Of the ships that were lying home on the black and billowy deep. But who should see the wrecks, the wrecks, the wrecks where the ships and their captains sleep? Oh, wrecks by the black seas tossed. In the desolate ocean night! Lost, lost, in the darkness! Lost in sight of the harbor lights!

The sky made a veil of the clouds, and a sea of the wind. And the blasts bowed the masts of the ships that faded where love and these sea-gulls fed. Of the ships that were faring home with love for the waiting breast. But where is the love that can reach to the wrecks where the ships and their captains rest?

Oh, ships of our love, wave tossed In the faithless ocean night! Lost, lost, in the blackness, lost in sight of the harbor lights!

There was once a ship of my soul that tossed o'er a stormy sea. And this was my prayer, when the nights gloomed drear: "Send my soul's ship safe to me; His soul's home, from billows and blackened skies!" But where is the soul that can reach to the depths, the depths where my soul's ship lies?

Oh, ship of my soul, storm tossed In the far and the fearful night, Lost, lost, in the blackness, lost in sight of the harbor lights!

—FRANK L. STANTON in Atlanta Constitution

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

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"IS GOD HERE?" A young man had been rather profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a gentle, pious wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it.

One Sunday morning, standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty pleasure of his little three-year-old daughter, as, laying her doll hastily down, she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is God here?"

Pale and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said, "Why?" "Cause I thought He was when I heard you speak to Him."

Then noticing the sober look on his face, and the tears of shame in his eyes, he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming assuringly: "Call Him again, papa, and I deess He'll surely come."

Oh, how every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still, small voice was heard at last. Catching the wondering child up in his arms, he knelt down, and implored of God forgiveness for the past offense, and guidance for all his future life, thanking Him in fervent spirit that He had not "surely come" before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely "A little child shall lead them."—The True Voice.

We are always making character, both our own and others, either for good or evil. By the emotions we cherish, by the desires we indulge, and by the actions which respond to them, we are steadily building up our own. Every hour we are adding stone upon stone, either for strength and beauty or for weakness and deformity; and, willingly or not, we thus help to form the characters of those around us.

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