

The Catholic Record.

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

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CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

The Rev. Father Campbell's (S. J.) lecture on "Christian Marriage," before the Baptist Divinity school of Colgate University, which appears in another column, has received much favorable notice from the secular press. Such a lecture is timely, and, coming from a distinguished Jesuit, will make some optimistic individuals doubt as to whether we are going on by leaps and bounds into more perfect civilization. Divorce is eating out the vitals of society. It is granted for the most trivial reasons. Our separated brethren meet in solemn conclave now and then and deplore the fact and even denounce it, but they are powerless to prevent it. They have not that which can exercise a sway over conscience. The Church only founded by Him who restored marriage to its primitive state and cast over it the halo of a sacrament can be a barrier to the encroaching tide of legalized lust. She has stood a faithful sentinel, guarding the family, protecting defenceless woman and proclaiming always that what God has joined together let no man put asunder.

A PLEASING SCENE.

We had the happiness of witnessing a scene that will long be pictured on our memory. It carried away with it all the weariness and worry of a day of toil, and brought back for the moment the freshness of the days of long ago, when "life was like a story that held neither sob nor sigh." On our way homewards we stepped into a church to assist at the devotion of the month of June. The altar was ablaze with light and the congregation absorbed in prayer.

Then came a voice ringing out the praises of the Master. It was a beautiful voice—clear, resonant, but the solemnity of the occasion gave it, perchance, an exaggerated value in our eyes. But it found the way to the heart, and as the waves of melody wafted to our ears the words "My child, give me thy heart," our eyes were blinded by the happiest tears we have known for many a day. After the hymn there was a sermon on Devotion to the Sacred Heart. There was nothing academic about it, but plain, earnest and soul-searching. There was a manliness about it eminently befitting an utterance from a pulpit. He outlined the theology of the Church on the matter, and then exhorted his auditors to give testimony by their love and devotion. They were admonished to be brave and strong—brave, despite the attacks of the minimizers and lukewarm, and strong against the blandishments of the world and flesh. Religion is not an affair of moods, or even association with religious societies, but of service. It is an affair of loyalty to the Redeemer in stress and storm as well as in peace and sunshine. It is the dominion of the spiritual over the material.

In conclusion, he besought the congregation to take the pledge during the month to abstain from all intoxicating liquors. It is a practical manner of honoring the Sacred Heart, and we but wish that every Catholic would take it to heart. It means self denial, and that is one of God's angels—who points out to us the higher and nobler paths of life.

T. P. O'CONNOR ON GLADSTONE.

In Reminiscences of Public Life, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has some notes on Mr. Gladstone which may prove of interest at the present time. The great Englishman often said that he would take an interest in Irish affairs while there was breath in his body.

He says that of all the things about Mr. Gladstone the most potent and magnetic was his voice:

"Its deep and musical note suggested always to me something leonine. So strong was this impression upon one that when I sat at the same table with him in one of the division lobbies, and heard him carry on even a conversation in an ordinary tone with somebody else, the utterance produced a certain nervous thrill."

Referring to his conversational powers, he says:

"Everybody knows how delightful a conversationalist Mr. Gladstone is. It is not the omniscience;

it is the charm of his talk. I have known omniscient talkers who were among the very greatest bores I ever met and whom I would walk many miles to avoid. But the omniscience of Mr. Gladstone is free from anything like pretence; it is so candid, varied and interesting that it is a delight which nobody who has been under the spell of his talk would be able to forget. Of some of his struggles in his old days and with old opponents he talked indeed with the greatest good humor and enjoyment—as though the things were trifles. After the desertion of Chamberlain he never once referred to him. It must be said also to the credit of the Birmingham politician that he took advantage of every opportunity to pay his respects to his former leader."

Much has been said of the "great dead," but one cannot appreciate now in due measure his life's work. He did many things and earnestly. Whether he was solving financial problems or ruminating in old libraries or lecturing before universities or protesting against wrong and oppression he was always the man of irresistible energy.

His career may give one more proof of the fact that brain work has never injured anybody. Giesinger, the great German, says that "Purely intellectual over-pressure seldom leads to insanity, but among the most frequent causes is over strain of the emotions."

We lay our meed of respect and gratitude before his tomb. He lies hard by his peers—the giants of intellect, who from their thrones in Westminster Abbey still rule the world. And he, too, will exercise his power, for none there are nobler than he who lately laid aside forever the care and worry and battle of life. His tenacity of purpose and indomitable determination have ennobled our manhood: his intellect has shed a new lustre on English literature: his courtesy in debate has raised for all time the standard of the House of Commons: his matchless eloquence has added new wealth to the world's treasury of noble thoughts, and his ideal family life has taught this generation that within the precincts of the home lies the source of purest happiness.

AN OVERSIGHT.

Reading some time ago an address by one of our leading men, on the factors that have contributed to the founding of our civilization, we were struck by the cool manner in which he passed over the early missionaries. Perhaps it was an oversight—and perhaps it was bigotry. We charitably suppose that they must have escaped his notice; but any such address must pay some attention to the heroic priests of the first days of Canada. His address was in some respects a very able one. He chanted with skillful tongue the thanksgiving hymn of Canada. He also returned thanks for the numberless blessings which have been bestowed upon Canada by the Giver of every good and perfect gift. He returned thanks for her fertility of soil, her salubrity of climate, her exhaustless resources, her majestic possibilities, and for the energy of those who, receiving at her hands the gifts of liberty and peace, are proud to call her mother.

All this sends a thrill of gladness through our hearts and strengthens our spirit of gratitude. But when we lay our tribute of recognition for services rendered before the men who have been instrumental in shaping and directing the destinies of our country, let us not forget those who were the first to place our feet on the path of progress and prosperity. We refer to our early explorers and missionaries. The records tell of their labors have inspired many a glowing page, but they still wait to grow under a reverential hand into a grand historical picture. Parkman has done much, but the secret of their toils and enthusiasm is known only to those who are children of the Catholic Church. We are too busy keeping up with the wild rush for place and wealth to devote much time to the study of the careers of those who built better than they knew. To all, however, who love the history of their native land we recommend the perusal of the life of the early missionaries, who bore across the ocean the blessings of Christian civilization leaving behind them the narrowness and hatred, the political and social wrongs with which it had become associated, and who, derided by

the unthinking, will ever be revered by all who can be thrilled by unselfish thought and deed. It is stimulating in an age of softness and low aims to look back and see them accompanying the savages in their wanderings, now narrating the story that has transformed the world again exposed to brutal rage and cruelty, but possessing ever their souls in unutterable peace. Heroes there are, but none worthier of a place in the roll of fame than the missionary of Canada. To plant the flag in the blazing battery of the enemy, to lay the hand of charity on the disease-stricken, is surely heroic; but to live away from the amenities of life and to die as becometh men and ministers of Christ, as men unflinching and unwavering as ministers of Christ with a blessing for the tortured, is on a higher plane of heroism.

The name of Jacques, Lallemand, Brebeuf, should be kept before the minds of our youth. They are inseparably connected with our history. Their faith and matchless courage are our heritage, and their lives may be perused again and again and always with profit. Let us not forget this. These fearless soldiers of Loyola were "sowers of infinite seed, woodmen that hewed towards the light."

A JESUIT TALKS, BAPTISTS LISTEN.

Remarkable Spectacle In the Divinity School of Colgate University.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, May 28.

Worthy of special notice as an occurrence probably unique and as a source of gratification not only to Catholics, but to Christians of all shades of belief who rejoice in every evidence of increasing fellowship and good will was the spectacle presented some days ago in the Baptist Divinity School of Colgate University, an important seat of learning near Utica, N. Y. In the presence of a great audience composed of venerable ministers, university professors and students, Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., president of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., and formerly provincial of the Society of Jesus, delivered an address on "Christian Marriage." The speaker and the audience, so wide apart in many of their views, would make the occasion remarkable, but the address itself was no less so. In commenting editorially upon the discourse the Utica Observer said:

"The treatment the subject received was illustrative of the broad culture and the strong and pure character of the orator. He held his audience closely to the end, and at the conclusion the venerable doctors of divinity present were the first to press forward and express to Dr. Campbell their gratified assent to his able and scholarly utterances."

Owing to the great length of Father Campbell's discourse, we are only able to give a few of the striking passages.

"There is in my mind," said the speaker, "no doubt that the acceptance or the rejection of the doctrine of Christ's divinity is fraught with consequences similar to those which confronted the Hebrew people, but which they were too blind to see nineteen hundred years ago. Its rejection means national ruin. For we must not forget that our civilization is a Christian civilization, or, as the infidel Prudhon put it, 'theology (which for him meant Christianity) is at the bottom of our laws.' If you destroy one, you destroy the other. Take away the foundation and the edifice that rests upon it necessarily falls."

"This is particularly true with re-

gard to that part of the divine legislation which concerns the marriage contract. Christ's enactment upon that point is formulated in a brief passage of Matthew and Mark. Therein He not only condemns the legislation of the then existing nations, but also reprobates the abuse which Moses had allowed to creep into the practice of the people of God, and He clearly marks out the course which future generations are to follow if they are to avoid the dangers of the past."

"In a few rapid words He there declares, first, that marriage is a divine institution which no human authority has a right to invade. Secondly, that it is a holy thing, with a holiness which, as the Apostles subsequently described it, is like Christ's own mystical union with His Church. Thirdly, that it is indissoluble, for the bill of divorce, he declared, was an abuse which had been permitted only because of the corruption of men's hearts. Lastly, it was for two in one flesh, and consequently polygamy was not to be endured."

"Here, then, is the thesis of this paper. This single law which Christ as ruler of the world promulgated is of such a nature that if not obeyed the family, and as a consequence the nation itself, must inevitably perish."

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY.

"I base this assertion not on any

doctrinal reasons, but on a simple historical presentation of facts.

"I shall appeal first to the history of some of the great races which rose and fell before the advent of Christianity and which had lost the tradition of marriage as God first instituted it in the Garden of Eden: secondly, to those which once were Christian, but which subsequently abandoned the faith of Christ. When that is done we shall look at marriage as it was established by the Creator and restored by Christ, and it will not be hard to conclude that upon Christ's legislation on this matter of marriage depends, as I have said, the very existence of our present civilization.

"A primary condition of the stability of this compact is the recognition and admission of the truth that the party most interested, viz., woman, is not man's slave, but his equal, that she is the guardian of purity as a virgin, a wife and a mother, and the depositary and exponent of the gentle and refining qualities which make for the elevation and the preservation of the nations. Only Christian marriage, I maintain, keeps for her those glorious prerogatives, and in consequence prevents the ruin of the Commonwealths of the world.

"Let us begin with the ancient Greeks, that wonderful people which was without exception the most intellectual and cultured the world has known, yet which in spite of its unchallenged pre-eminence had almost completely eliminated from its mind and heart the proper appreciation of woman's dignity and woman's glory. A glance at their religious ideals will convince us of that. To take but a few of their female deities, what was Aphrodite or Venus but the most degraded human lust elevated into an object of cult? The chaste Diana, as she is called, whose vesture accords but little with our ideas of what chastity clothes herself with, had human sacrifices as part of her worship—the ancients' idea possibly of what woman's influence was on the human race. Pallas Athene added to the slaughter-loving brutality of the masculine Mars the low element of cunning, and appears unwoman-like in full armor and glittering spear, with serpents hissing in her hair and on her breast, and with the Gorgon on her shield which stiffens all the earth to stone. Of Juno and her relations to her spouse and others we need say nothing. They are too foul to be thought of. When despairing humanity looked to heaven it saw only what was abominable even for the earth.

"So also for the heroines of literature. Even the sweet Adromache of Homer is made to utter a most unwise sentiment by Euripides, in her part of the speech to Hector, and she becomes a degraded slave after the death of her warrior husband. Penelope is much-praised and therefore unusual fidelity is not above suspicion. Iphigenia, who figures in many a pathetic story, is a priestess of the bloody rites of Diana, and was accustomed to offer humans sacrifices, especially of strangers, on the altars of the goddess. Clytemnestra rises before us brandishing her bloody dagger over her sleeping husband. Medea scatters the mangled remains of her children as she flees away to an adulterous connection after murdering her rival.

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streets were in the assembly and in the theatre, and his house was only a shelter for the evening or the night, and his wife useful to him for keeping house and bearing him legitimate children. In such a condition of family life divorce was necessarily common, and was frequently a matter of mutual consent. Nay, arbitrary powers were given to the husband to put away his wife as if she were a slave, or bestow her in marriage upon another or even dictate whom she should marry after his death."

"Slavery made all licentiousness easy, and every home infected, in the country as well as in the town. The gladiatorial shows introduced by Rome added a new horror, and as a modern historian has expressed it, the whole country became a dismal swamp of blood and filth.

"Is it any wonder, then, that this people, which was so marvelously gifted, the people which at that very time had its Demosthenes, its Aristotle, its Plato, its Euclid and its Sophocles, who was such a marvelous conqueror in war, should fall without a struggle and become the degraded slaves and panders of its conquerors? And though they filled the world with their glory, their eclipse was unremarked. As some one said of the lower Empire later on, they had sunk so low in their immorality that they made no noise when they fell. It is an irrefragable proof—if proof be needed—of the absolute powerlessness of mere intellectual culture to build up a nation's greatness, to maintain its strength or avert its ruin.

ROME'S SIMILAR FATE.

"Let us look at this same truth in the history of that other people which had assimilated all the culture of the Greeks and added to it, besides, a material greatness and a military domination which summed up and surpassed all that preceding earthly powers had ever attained: I mean the Roman Empire—the fourth beast of Daniel, terrible and wonderful and exceedingly strong, treading down the rest with its feet, that empire which in the minds of its people was a deity that never could be destroyed. Consider how its decline and fall ally with the disruption of the marriage relation and the profligacy that inevitably followed.

"The various methods of entering that sacred compact which obtained among them we dismiss—all except one. They are mostly too shameful to speak of in an assembly like this. The most solemn one, that of confarreatio, as it is called, the marriage that was contracted only after consulting the auspices, in the presence of all the gods with most august ceremonies, brought to the woman merely subjection to man. She was, in the words of the ceremony, delivered to him. She became about the equal of his daughter, and was entitled to a share in the family possessions as a child. She was merely for pleasure, for respectability perhaps, and the procreation of a family. When she displeased her lord and master by becoming old or losing her beauty, a servant opened the door of her home and out she went. 'Colyte sarcinulas dicit libertus, et exti,' wrote Juvenal. 'Gather your traps, the freedman will say, 'and go.'

"Clearly such a union could not be lasting, and though respect for ancient traditions kept them in check for a little while, the divorce introduced by Roman law was practiced under every form and for every motive. There were divorces of the rich, divorces of the wretched, divorces that came like a May day morning because that year was up; there were divorces for gain, as when Cicero dismissed his beloved Terentia, over whom he weeps so copiously in his letters because his creditors were pressing him, and Terentia's funds were low, and there were divorces of generosity, as when that amazing censor of morals, Cato, transferred his wife to Hortensius because she pleased Hortensius' fancy, and so on, rich and poor, Emperor and subject, wives were like old shoes, as one writer contemptuously said, to be flung aside when no longer serviceable.

"What was the consequence? Woman began to count their ages not by their years, but by their divorces, says Seneca. They divorced to marry and married to divorce, and the quality which men refused them in the practice of domestic virtue they acquired by the practice of public vice. The noblest women of the State took part in the most abominable drunken and impure nightly orgies; they had a place of honor in the horrors of the amphitheatre and gave the signal to butcher the unhappy gladiator who knelt at their feet, expecting mercy at least from them; and when a madness for obscene and bloody contests in the arena took possession of the whole Roman nobility, the women descended there, and scenes were enacted over which we must draw the veil. 'Woman,' says Seneca, 'is an animal without shame,' and in speaking of the women of his day it was true."

"Every one knows what followed: the successive murders of the divine emperors immediately after Augustus, the wild uprising and butcheries of the slaves, of whom the empire was full, and then the devastating sweep of the naked savages from the North, who

tramped with contempt on the ashes of the world-wide Empire of Rome that was thought to be immortal.

"What is true of these splendid civilizations is also true of savage tribes. * * * We have it from Caesar himself that among the Germans wives could be sold or killed at pleasure, and that on the death of their husband, it was not an uncommon practice for all the wives (for they were polygamists and that says everything) to be buried alive or slain amidst the most atrocious torments.

"It only goes to prove that the highest and the lowest, the civilized and the savage have no notion of the rights of woman, the equality of the sexes and the sacredness of the family unless the divine institution which was imparted to the human race at the beginning and elevated and consecrated by the Redeemer be known and observed."

A MODERN EXAMPLE.

Coming down to modern times the speaker drew a startling picture of France, "where marriage has been degraded to a civil contract, rescindable like any other, and where successive governments, with what looks like a diabolical premeditation, have systematically and successfully aimed at the destruction of family life.

"In seven years after divorce was permitted in France, a thing undreamt of since the beginning of its Christianity, there were 10,000 divorces—10,000 households disrupted and dishonored. When we add to this that almost half of the marriageable men are single, and that a large number of marriages are without issue, we can appreciate the warning of Jules Simon, one of its ablest statesmen, that if France has soldiers to defend it now, in a few years it will have none. * * * France is without children. And the glorious nation of soldiers and saints finds itself in the presence of national disaster, because of its national crime, and with an unnameable stigma upon its once fair fame.

"What has been its history ever since it began this war upon family life? We would willingly draw a veil over it, for the love we have for its past. But here it is in a few words. Characteristically beginning by enthroning a courtesan upon the very altar of Notre Dame, and inaugurating an orgy of blood that is unparalleled in the history of modern civilization, it has ever since persecuted the name of Jesus Christ. It periodically breaks out into its saturnalia of crime. It has murdered the three last archbishops of its greatest city as a culmination of its atrocious slaughter of multitudes of priests and nuns and devout Christian laymen: it has driven the Sister of Charity from the bedside of the dying, closed up churches where God was worshipped and torn the crucifix from the schools, to take even from childhood anything that reminds it of Christ. It is a worse persecutor in some respects than the old pagans, for it has the bitterness and knowledge of an apostate, and its bitterness becomes greater as the nation becomes more

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Sacred Heart Review.
POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTRO-
VERSY.

VI.

As we know, there is found in Tristram Shandy a string of imprecations, given as the Roman Catholic form of excommunication. They begin with the hair of the head and proceed successively down through all the members of the body, invoking a curse upon each, as also upon every function and activity of body and soul. The whole disgusting thing is so utterly alien to the use of the Roman See, that almost all Roman Catholic clergymen, even those of eminent scholarship, suppose nothing else but that it was invented by Lawrence Sterne out of his own head. However, some of the learned professors of the Brighton Catholic Seminary give me their judgment that it is an amplification of an actual formula used in some barbarous country and barbarous time, by some barbarous priest. Sterne has retouched it, and out of his own humorous indecency has perhaps given it some additional obscenities.

Some sixty years ago the bishop of Philadelphia excommunicated a priest named Hogan. With some zealous Protestant, hearing the word "excommunication," pricked up his ears, got out his Tristram Shandy, and published Lawrence Sterne's string of curses as the form of the sentence used. If it caught the Bishop's eye, he doubtless published a denial, but how much good would that do, above all, in Philadelphia, the city that was soon to distinguish itself by murdering Catholics and burning their homes and churches? I remember reading the curses, perhaps fifty-eight years ago, with the undoubting faith of childhood, as the authentic way in which Rome puts people out of the Church.

In some other barbarous country and barbarous time another formula was more or less, less obscene than the former, but even more ferocious. Out of the two somebody has compounded for Mr. Lansing's use a form, which he assures us is that used by Pius IX against Victor Emmanuel when the latter entered the States of the Church. Would it do any good to him or to refute this? Good? Let us remember what Holy Writ says about those whom we may Bray in a mortar with a pestle among wheat, and fruitlessly. In reality Pius IX never excommunicated Victor Emmanuel at all. At the time of the invasion I read the sentence in full, and, as pointed out in Johnson's Cyclopaedia, it is not properly a papal sentence, even of minor excommunication. It mentions no names; it gives no directions as from the Pope's fresh will; it pronounces no forfeiture of membership in the Church. It is simply a notification of the standing law of the Church (from which the Pope finds no call to depart), that those who despise the Church of her possessions incur thereby privation of the sacraments, except in extremis, lapsing again under privation should they recover. Call it excommunication or what you will, it is in fact almost precisely equivalent to what we in Protestantism call a sentence of suspension, having this in its favor, however, that whereas with us the Church must act afresh before even a dying person can be restored, here every confessor can, at his discretion, absolve whatever, who, if he dies, goes hence free of all ecclesiastical censure.

This sentence, and no other (if it can be called a sentence), was pronounced against Victor Emmanuel, not by name, but inclusively. He, too, died absolved, and comforted by an affectionate message from the Pope, who loved him, and whom he loved. Destiny set the two men in public hostility, but neither of them was capable of a malignant act or word against the other. Vittorio died with all the sacraments of the Church, "housed, apointed and anointed."

It is a curious study, to make out in what sort of world such men as the Rev. Isaac J. Lansing live. They are members of civilised society; if not cultivated themselves, in any true sense, they at least have cultivated associates: they read the current literature of the day. Yet here he is found, capable of supposing that in courteous Italy, in the midst of cultivated Europe, in 1866 or thereabouts, that refined Italian nobleman, Count John Mastai, was capable, in war or peace, of hurling out against a great Italian king, his own personal friend, a string of filthy imprecations unknown to the Roman chancery of the rudest ages, such as it is wholly improbable that even a John XII, was capable of pronouncing. And we are to suppose that civilized Europe stood quietly by, wholly unaware of such a volcanic explosion of hideous barbarism in her centre, although such a thing was unknown to the Europe of Boniface VIII, nay, of Innocent III., and Gregory VII., before whose kings trembled, and laid down their crowns! Even the incendies once put in the mouth of that bad man, Philip the Fair, against that not very good man, Boniface VIII., have faded out of history. The three days waiting in the snow of the Emperor Henry has, in the light of closer research, turned into a three days' expectancy — doubtless sufficiently anxious — in warm apartments, of a prince who had simply thrown the symbolic sackcloth over the dress of his rank. The crown of Barbarossa, struck off his head by the disdainful foot of Alexander III., as the Emperor stooped to kiss it, has followed Pope Joan to the land of fable. All through the Middle Ages, says Dean Milman, the sternest Popes, in their sternest sentences, were careful not to depart from the language of Christian com-

passion and hope. This, he says, through more or less perfunctory, was far from being hypocritical, or ineffective. And after the traditions of centuries had fixed this style immovable for the Papacy, we are told, to be sure, only by Lansing's incredible ignorance and boundless malevolence, that a Pope, in our day, when the most anxious courtesy has penetrated every form of public intercourse, suddenly broke out into such unmeasured vileness of abuse that even his own Italian, which is sufficiently expressive of such things, did not suffice, but he must turn Lawrence Sterne's nastiness to account! Mr. Lansing, too, has undertaken to turn some of the most unmentionable words of the horrible thing into Latin, and I need not say has broken down ridiculously in the attempt.

It is true, we can understand the use of harsh formulas, that have become official. The present Pope, the most courteous of men, has once or twice used language which would have been intolerable to us. Protestants, were we not willing to suppose that it expresses a curialistic style fixed in the embittered controversies of the Reformation. Queen Victoria assuredly does not regard Cardinal Vaughan as a superstitious idolater, yet at her coronation she was made to sign a document declaring Transubstantiation and the Mass "superstitious and idolatrous." No Catholic lays it up against her, knowing that she is not permitted to choose the form in which she shall profess her Protestantism. Her son, should he survive her will sign the same formula, and will not lose a single Catholic friend thereby. Every Protestant minister, assenting to the Confession of Faith, has to take into the bargain the declaration that the Pope is Antichrist, and all "Popists" idolaters, although he is perfectly free to affirm the next moment that he believes neither the one nor the other. It is true, he is only made to say that the confession contains the system of doctrine revealed in the Scripture. It may also contain a great many things not revealed in the Scripture. But Mr. Lansing gives us something utterly different. The style of Christian love and compassion is as fixed in the papal sentences as an ordinance of nature. The Pope might about as well undertake to contravene the law of gravity as to turn aside from it. Yet precisely this miracle of evil is supposed to have been wrought by Giovanni Mastai-Ferretti, of all men, and in this age of all ages.

Even the famous excommunication — actually, I suppose, the greater excommunication — launched by Pius VII., against the elder Napoleon, did not name the Emperor. I have never chanced to see the Bull, but my historical sources mention it as excommunicating Bonaparte, unmistakably, in deed, but inferentially. Setting aside the petty Duke of Parma, of whose case I know little, no European sovereign has been excommunicated by name since Queen Elizabeth, more than three hundred years ago. Pius V., who eliminated the Bull, was not, as Mr. Lansing will have it, "the ferocious Ghislieri," for "ferocious" implies a different style of character. Yet he was unquestionably the *intensest* persecutor of Protestantism that has existed. Moreover, not content with excommunicating the Queen, he insisted on exercising the now antiquated medieval prerogative of deposing her. All this gave great discontent to his successor of the next century, Urban VIII. Urban, while allowing that Pope Ghislieri (to use the Italian idiom meant excellently, thought the old man's look had been fixed too much on the past, and that he was not sufficiently aware that a different age had opened. As Pius IX. has remarked, the depositing of kings is not an inherent attribute of the Papacy, but grew naturally out of the Pope's medieval position as supreme arbiter of Christendom, at a time when Church and State were not so much united as indistinguishably inter fused. It therefore, remarks Pius, naturally faded away under a different system of public law, and he who should now talk of reviving it would justly expose himself to universal ridicule, and to the Pope's laughter first of all.

Yet, discounting the now untenable assumption of Pius V., there is nothing in his Bull from first to last unbecoming Europe, in 1866 or thereabouts, that refined Italian nobleman, Count John Mastai, was capable, in war or peace, of hurling out against a great Italian king, his own personal friend, a string of filthy imprecations unknown to the Roman chancery of the rudest ages, such as it is wholly improbable that even a John XII., was capable of pronouncing. And we are to suppose that civilized Europe stood quietly by, wholly unaware of such a volcanic explosion in her centre, although such a thing was unknown to the Europe of Boniface VIII., nay, of Innocent III., and Gregory VII., before whose kings trembled, and laid down their crowns!

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

We need hardly remind you, brethren, that while home life would not, as a rule, be sufficient to supply the absence of good or counteract the evil of dangerous influences in the school, all that the Christian school could accomplish would be inadequate without co-operation of the Christian home. Christian schools sow the seed, but Christian homes must first prepare the soil, and afterwards foster the seed and bring it to maturity.

The basis of the Christian home is marriage; that is, marriage entered into according to religion and cemented by God's blessing. So great is the importance of marriage to the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind, that, as it had God for its founder in the Old Law, so in the New Law, our Divine Lord raised it to the dignity of a sacrament of the Christian religion. Natural likings and instincts have their own value and weight; but they ought not, by themselves, be a decisive motive in so important a step as Christian marriage: nor are they a safe guarantee for the proper fulfilment of the high ends for which marriage was ordained. That Christian hearts and lives may be wisely and rightly joined God must join them, and religion sanctify the union; and though the Church sometimes permit the contraction of mixed marriages, she never does so without regret and without a feeling of anxiety for the future happiness of that union and for the eternal salvation of spring.

The security of the Christian home is the indissolubility of the marriage tie. Christian marriage, once consummated, can never be dissolved save by death. Let it be well understood that even adultery, though it may justify "separation from bed and board," cannot loose the marriage

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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THE UNIONISTS.

In the negotiations between the United Presbyterian and Free Churches of Scotland in order to effect a union, an agreement has been reached on several points of dispute of minor importance, but care has been taken to leave "an open door" in regard to Voluntarism and Establishment, which are the rocks on which the Established Church split half a century ago, causing the creation of the several new sects into which Presbyterianism is divided. This readiness to compromise doctrine is the very thing which shows that all these sects have a merely human origin.

PRAYERS DURING THE WAR.

A debate is now going on between some of the United States papers regarding the utility of prayer during the war with Spain. The New York Evening Post protests against the ordinance of Bishop Whipple and those of other Bishops, Catholic and Protestant, prescribing a form of prayer to be said in Churches while the war lasts. It says:

"The Spaniards are also praying busily for the protection of their soldiers, and in every war between Christian nations these conflicting prayers have been scandalled ever since the foundation of Christianity, and we hoped they had ceased. The great majority of prayers recorded in history have been against somebody who was also praying."

As might have been expected, the religious papers are greatly shocked at such a pronouncement. Human beings are not all wise, and are therefore much in the dark concerning many things for which they pray, and thus it happens that prayers may be offered by different persons for conflicting purposes. But God knows the right, and will act accordingly. In Him there is no such darkness as that in which humanity is struggling. We must, therefore, pray according to what we believe to be right, asking God for light and help, and God will grant our prayers in the way which He knows to be most for our good and that of mankind in general. We must not abstain from prayer because others see things in a different light from ourselves. We need God's help in the time of affliction, and to obtain it we must pray to Him, even though it may be that the prayers of others are in conflict with our own.

The discussion exemplifies to what an extent the spirit of unbelief is spread throughout the country. It is surprising and lamentable that a respectable journal in a Christian land should sneer at fervent prayer offered in a Christian spirit.

MORE RITUALISTIC TROUBLES.

The protest of Mr. Kensit against the rector of St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church, London, England, which was entered against the office of Tenebrae which was held in that Church last Good Friday, and other Catholic devotions which have been introduced into the Church, has attracted much notice, as it was really a protest against Ritualistic practices, instituted in the interest of the Low Church party.

It will be remembered that Mr. Kensit created a disturbance while the office of the Tenebrae was going on, and thus made himself amenable to the law. He was heavily fined, and his defence that he did nothing more than oppose the use of a ceremonial which is not found among the authorized services of the Church of England, was not accepted, as the Bishop of London declared that a person unconnected with the Church has no right to enter any complaint of the services held therein.

Another complaint, however, brought by one of the Church wardens, a Mr. Bishop, was more successful. As he was officially connected with the Church his right of complaint was admitted by the Ecclesiastical Consistory Court, and the Stations of the Cross, and a

manual of devotions containing the Hail Mary were forbidden to be used in future. The rule forbidding the use of these devotions is contained in a declaration made by clergymen at their ordination when they promise :

"I assent to the thirty-nine articles of religion, and to the Book of Common Prayer, and the form of the ordering of Bishops, priests, and Deacons. I believe the doctrine of the Church of England, as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God, and in public prayer and the administration of the sacraments. I will use the form in the said book prescribed, and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority."

It is true that according to this rule such devotions are prohibited, at least until the permission of the ordinary be obtained; and that permission was not asked by the rector; nevertheless many devotions of similar character are used all over London, which are not in the Common Prayer Book, such as the three hours' service in commemoration of the three hours during which Christ was on the cross. It is claimed that this and many other such devotions are sanctioned by custom which has the force of law. It is admitted also that they attract the people and nourish religious fervor where the former frigidity of the services had caused the congregations to dwindle down almost to nothingness.

The Catholic Church has many such solid and beautiful special devotions, and if the Ritualists like them it is to the Catholic Church they should go, where such devotions are to be found in use without any danger of being suppressed by the interference of the civil law, or at the whims of ordinaries or rectors who may be of one or the other extreme of the various parties into which the Church of England is divided.

BARBAROUS AMUSEMENTS.

A good deal has been said recently in some papers about the brutality of bull fights, which are still a favorite pastime of the people of Spain, especially in Madrid.

It is perfectly true that these exhibitions are shocking, and they are all the more worthy of condemnation because the lives of the men who give battle to the infuriated animals are frequently sacrificed in the terrible conflict. But these papers are unjust in connecting the Catholic Church with, or holding her to be responsible for these disgusting exhibitions. Bull fights have always been condemned by the Church, and they fall short of duelling only in criminality. It may be said that it happens less frequently that men are killed in bull fights than in duelling, and there is another respect under which duelling is more criminal, inasmuch as the parties who engage in duelling have murder in their hearts, their intention being to kill their respective adversaries who are men, whereas in bull fights the antagonist is a beast made for man's use and benefit. The bull baiting, which is said to be necessary for the purpose of rendering the flesh of the animal fit for human food, becomes criminal when it is turned into an unnecessary exposure of human life merely for public amusement's sake. Hence even the sentence of excommunication has been issued by several Popes against those who participate in these conflicts, and those who are killed in them are deprived of Christian burial.

But why has not the Church succeeded in putting down these fights in so Catholic a country as Spain? It is because men are not all that their religion requires them to be. They frequently set at defiance the laws of God and the Church. If this were not the case, there would be no sin committed in Catholic countries, but we find no country where the law of God is always obeyed by the whole people. We hope, however, that the practice of bull fighting may be totally abolished before long, as the Catholic Church is still endeavoring to do with it.

But in America there need not be so much squeamishness on this subject. Prize fights are now quite as dangerous a pastime as the bull fights in Spain. In 1893 there were five persons killed in prize fights in the United States, in 1897 there were seven, and during the present year 1898 there have been already two. One was the killing of Henry Braun at Trenton in March, and the other was that of George Stout at Columbus, Ohio. The blow by which Stout was killed was so dreadful that it caused the blood to form clots on the brain, and his head hung limp while his friends were using restoratives to save his life.

This last was a glove contest in which the combatants were supposed not to hurt each other. If the like occurs in glove contests, what may we not expect in those in which the bare fists, used?

There is also a brutal practice in vogue in this country equally with the United States, that is, cock fighting. It would be advisable to suppress by law all these horrible practices, whether they take place in Spain, or in the United States or in Canada.

EVANGELISTS AND PASTORS.

A curious discussion is going on in the columns of the London Free Press, regarding the pulpit qualifications of Mr. Varley, who is spoken of among Protestants as an "Evangelist."

Mr. Varley recently visited London and delivered several sermons which are pronounced to have been convincing, persuasive, and really eloquent, but he did not come under the auspices of any denomination in particular, and therefore some of the denominations, or at least the ministers of some of the sects, are vehemently opposed to his preaching. The Evangelist, also, it is said, has no ministerial ordination, and, therefore, he is regarded by some as an interloper who has no business to assume the office of a preacher. There are, however, some ministers who approve of his preaching and methods, and we are informed that a considerable number of them attended and took part in the religious services he conducted. The invitation which he accepted to preach in this city was extended to him by the Young Men's Christian Association, apparently without the approbation of any of the stationary clergymen, who were not even consulted on the matter, though on his arrival here some of them invited him to preach in their churches, among whom was the Presbyterian minister of St. Andrew's church.

Another Presbyterian clergyman, the Reverend Thomas Wilson, of the King street church of that denomination, denounced the Evangelist most roundly from his pulpit, and, to make the denunciation more effective, took care to have it published in the columns of our enterprising contemporary the Free Press. Hence the discussion.

The first thing which strikes our mind in regard to this dispute is the diversity of treatment accorded to the Evangelist. The various Protestant churches have been accustomed during the last few years, at least, to speak of one another as parts of one great Christian Church; and this mutual coddling of sectarianism they are wont to call "a Catholic spirit," and the imaginary one Church thus agglomerated of so many incongruous sects they dignify with the name of "the Catholic Christian Church." Hence, also, for the most part, they are ready to dignify with the title of "clergyman," "pastor," "ministers of Christ," etc., all who assume these titles, whether or not they have had any kind of ministerial ordination.

We are not much surprised at all this. At one time the principal denominations insisted very strongly on the necessity of ordination before any one should presume to take the ministerial office upon himself. But this view is essentially connected with the necessity of Apostolic succession. It should be clear to the most obtuse mind that if ministerial ordination be necessary, that ordination should come by transmission from the Apostles who were the first to "ordain Bishops and priests by the laying on of hands," after they had themselves received their commission from our Lord Himself. (Acts xi, 30, xiv, 22) Those who were thus ordained to the Episcopate were alone authorized to ordain others, for they alone received the powers which Christ conferred upon the Apostles.

As education has become diffused, it became more and more evident to the general public that none of the sectaries possess this Apostolic succession, and in sheer self-defence, and not because of the truth of their position, the ministers of these denominations were obliged to deny entirely the need of this succession. The step was not great after this, to recognize as sufficient the assumption of any one who thought proper to call himself a minister or clergyman.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson, however, does not see the maze in which he becomes entangled when he makes objection to Mr. Varley because the latter came to London without having received any ordination according to the forms of any Church, and because he did not come under any Church or ministerial auspices. He is well answered by one of the disputants, to the effect that Mr. Varley is as much a clergyman as himself, and even a clergyman of a higher

grade, being "an Evangelist," who is ranked by St. Paul as higher than a Pastor!

The reasoning is surely not very sound in itself, for St. Paul tells us plainly that "no one taketh this honor of the priesthood to himself, but he that is called of God, as Aaron was." Mr. Varley's assumption of the title "Evangelist" does not, therefore, make him the peer of Sts. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, nevertheless he is as much entitled to his supposed rank as Mr. Wilson to the rank of pastor. They are equally destitute of the essential condition of being called by God, through "the imposition of the hands of the Priesthood," as were Saints Timothy and Titus, whom St. Paul ordained to their offices in the respective churches which they ruled.

We may add, in regard to the title Catholic, as applied to the Church of Christ, that it is a misnomer to apply it to an agglomeration of jarring sects. It belongs only to the one Church which Christ established. It is one out of many attributes of the Church of Christ, and it cannot be applied to any but the one Church, inasmuch as unity of doctrine and headship and government is characteristic of the Church which He instituted. We read that Christ instituted a Church which all are bound to hear, under pain of being regarded as heathens and publicans, but we do not read that He established any opposition creed or Church.

The Varley controversy in the columns of our contemporary will certainly be read with interest by many who will reflect that it is a striking illustration of the completeness of the union among the sects, concerning which we have heard so much during the last few years.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

On Thursday of the present week the feast of Corpus Christi is celebrated by the Church. The object of this festival is indicated by its name, which is the Latin of "the Body of Christ."

It was instituted for the purpose of paying special honor to and to adore our Lord Jesus Christ, truly present as both God and Man in the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist.

This feast is reckoned among those of the highest rank, as it is, according to the rubrics of the Church, a double of the first class, with an octave, which signifies that in the offices of the Church it is celebrated for eight days. In Catholic countries, and wherever it is possible to carry out fully the intention of the Church, it is celebrated with great splendor, one of the features of the celebration being a procession in which the most Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ is borne in triumph, all Catholic societies or associations taking part in rendering due homage to this most Holy Sacrament, as it is being carried in a rich ostensorium by the priest or Bishop of the locality who ranks highest in dignity. The other clergy take part by assisting in the various offices which are indicated in the rubrics of the Church to be filled on festivals of the highest rank.

A very beautiful account of the manner in which this festival is celebrated even among the Aborigines of Patagonia is to be found in one of the volumes of the Clifton Tracts, a well-known Catholic work in which the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church which are most commonly attacked, are very ably vindicated and proved to be in accordance with the teachings of Holy Scripture and right reason.

In Patagonia, to add to the solemnity of the occasion, the triumphant procession passes frequently through pathways in the forest which have been cleared for the purpose, and decorated with wild flowers. The wild beasts of the forest are sometimes bound to trees or enclosed in cages along the line of the procession, in order to add to the impressiveness of the solemnity.

In India, Africa, the Fiji Islands, and other uncivilized countries, the solemnization is frequently carried out in a manner no less weird and picturesque. Thus all nature is made to pay its homage to Him who created nature and fixed the laws which govern it.

We do not propose here to enter upon a formal disquisition on the doctrine of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. Our Catholic readers believe firmly this doctrine, because we have the clear revelation of it by God Himself, who can neither deceive nor be deceived. It will be useful, however, to point out briefly the chief grounds upon which our belief in this wonderful mystery rests.

In the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, our Lord Jesus Christ promises in words so plain that He will give His flesh and blood to us, as our meat (or food) indeed, and our drink indeed, that they can be taken in no other than the literal sense. This promise is repeated no fewer than ten times from the 32nd to the 59th verse, and it was understood literally by those whom He addressed, comprising His Apostles and disciples and many unbelieving Jews.

The other three gospels of Sts. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and St. Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians xi, 23, 29, tell us how this promise was fulfilled at the last supper which our Lord took on earth the evening before His crucifixion. "He took bread, and giving thanks broke, and said: Take ye and eat: this is My body which shall be delivered for you: do this for the commemoration of Me. In like manner also the chalice, after He had supped, saying: This chalice is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as often as you shall drink it for the commemoration of Me," etc.

Nothing can be more clear than that Christ here fulfills the promise which He made according to St. John's gospel.

St. Paul then speaks of the practice of the Church in the perpetuation of this sacrament, pronouncing that he who receives this sacrament unworthily is guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, and eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord.

There could be no obligation to disown the Lord's body there if it were not really present, and the testimony of the Christian writers or Fathers of the Church of every age, from St. Ignatius of the second century down to those of the fourth and succeeding centuries, is absolutely consistent in declaring that Christ's real presence in the Holy Eucharist was the constant belief of the Church of Christ. This is admitted by Martin Luther himself, and it was owing to the study of these patristic teachings by clergymen of the Anglican Church that this doctrine became the most prominent one of High Churchism.

The Most Blessed Eucharist is called a banquet of love. In it our Blessed Lord nourishes our souls with Himself, the very fountain and source of all grace, so that it is truly a copious feast of love.

The Holy Eucharist is an extension of the great mystery of the Incarnation. By the Incarnation Christ is in the form of man, for the purpose of atoning for our sins by His death on the cross. Thus we profit by His sufferings, and the Incarnation is a profound mystery of divine love, for "greater love no man hath than to give His life for his friends." But Christ gave His life for the redemption and salvation of sinners who are His enemies, and thus proved His love to be greater than that of man for man. In the Blessed Eucharist He proves this love to a still greater degree, for through love of us He gives us Himself to be our food and the nourishment of our souls. It is, therefore, in the fullest sense, a banquet of love, and it is highly proper we should thank Him by paying Him our homage on the feast of Corpus Christi, and offering Him our humble adoration.

The solemnity of the feast of Corpus Christi is in this country transferred to the Sunday within the octave.

The Blessed Eucharist was instituted, not on Corpus Christi, but on Maunday Thursday in Holy Week. This week being devoted to the more saddening mysteries of our Lord's sufferings, is not suited to the joyous celebration of this great mystery, and it is for this reason that another day is set apart by the Church for this solemnity. The festival should be celebrated by Catholics in a spirit of profound thankfulness and humble adoration.

A PECCULAR ASSAULT.

What promises to be "a celebrated case" has just been opened in the London courts. It is a charge of assault made against an Anglican curate, the Rev. A. M. Fowler, and the offence consisted of sprinkling the plaintiff with holy water during a church service! The plaintiff is Mr. John Kensit, who, it will be remembered, created a scene by entering an Anglican church on Good Friday during "the adoration of the Cross" and attempting to remove the crucifix, uttering the while fierce denunciations against "Popish trumpery." However little the High Anglican body may relish the humoristic capers of Mr. Kensit, he has at least contributed to the gaiety of nations, besides opening up a new phase of the dispute about Anglican orders. There is a hint here for the Rev. Mr. Fowler's lawyer.

The surest defence of his client is to take the ground that, since the Anglican clergy do not possess valid orders, they can not "bless holy water"; hence the liquid in question was perfectly harmless, and the charge of assault fails of its own weight.—*Ave Maria.*

Intelligent men among the protestant sects, or who are not protestants, but who are not infidels, are very unfriendly to the Catholic Church. Sacred Heart.

Truth HARSHLY STATED.

The words addressed by Newman to the late Mr. Gladstone ought to stand as an eternal warning to those reckless spirits who seem to believe that the uglier truth is made to appear, the more attractive it will be; that the more offensively it is stated, the greater will be its drawing power; and that to caricature it by paradoxes and exaggerations is the mark of loyalty and conservatism. After the violence of the disputes about the Vatican Council and Papal Infallibility had passed over, and when the excessive utterances of extremists were well-nigh forgotten, Newman made this pointed reference, which is recalled by Monsignor Capel in a well-considered tribute to the Grand Old Man:

"I own to a deep feeling that Catholics may in good measure thank themselves and no one else for having alienated from them so religious a mind. There are those among us, as it must be confessed, who for years past have conducted themselves as if no responsibility attached to wild words and overbearing deeds; who have staked truths in the most paradoxical form, and stretched principles till they were close on snapping; and who at length having done their best to set the house on fire, leave to others the task of putting out the flames."

RECENT DISTINGUISHED CONVERTS.

Last year witnessed many notable conversions to the Catholic Church, and that in more than one country. England contributed the following: Lord Encombe, son and heir of the Earl of Eldon, and Lady Encombe, wife of Lord Auckland; the Hon. Albert E. Bingham, a son of the Earl of Lucan, and Mrs. Albert Bingham; Mrs. Herbert Rowbotham, wife of Mr. Herbert Rowbotham, of the British South African Co.; Robert E. Dell, an Oxford graduate, and editor of the Surrey Mirror; the Hon. Mrs. Moore Smith and the Viscountess Canterbury, sisters of the Earl of Oxford.

The United States contributed the following: Mrs. Terry, formerly Miss Sibyl Sanderson, the American opera singer, whose conversion took place in France; Dr. Grewer, his wife, and seven children, in Scranton, Pa.; Miss Marion Gurney, a graduate of Wellesley College; Dr. Luke Robinson and Dr. R. Rolls, San Francisco; C. E. Allen and Frederick Long of Cleveland; Miss Bessie Livingston Webb, matron of the Meridian Hospital, Conn.; Clarence Whittaker, Colorado; Henry Augustine Boyer, a Presbyterian minister in Chicago; and the Rev. E. L. Buckley, former rector of St. John's Episcopal church, Newport, R. I., at present studying

this sort is not alone a mark of uncharity and violation of the commandment, "Thou shall not bear false witness," but it stamps old fogeyism the individual who indulges in it."

The correspondent is right, generally, but we think errs a little when it is said that calumnies against the Church are confined to our Methodist brethren. There are some fair minded men among them, and there are some very unfair men attached to other Protestant sects. Fulton is not a Methodist, or was not at last accounts.—Sacred Heart Review.

SAVONAROLA AGAIN.

Intelligent and educated Protestants never make the foolish blunder of characterizing Savonarola as a precursor of Luther. Says the Churchman, (Protestant Episcopal) :

Savonarola believed in the Church over which the Pope was head, accepted all its doctrines, submitted to all its decrees, and bowed at least to the jurisdiction of the Pope whom he had defied. He would not take Luther's part; he would not go out of the Church.

Had anyone suggested such a course he would have apostrophized his spiritual mother in the words of St. Peter to Christ: "To whom shall we go? Thou alone hast the words of eternal life." The Churchman says, further:

There is a thought in connection with Savonarola that we should like to press home. One hears much nowadays about the decadence of the Italian race, and the ears are very little about the cause that is due to the people of that race, and especially to the Italians, for what they have done in the interests of civilization. And yet it was Italy that lit the torch of modern culture, and it was from her that the nations of Northern Europe borrowed their light. It was Italy that gave the world St. Francis and Savonarola—men who reformed the world in the name of the church and glory of the spiritual. It was Italy that epitomized the middle age in Dante and the Renaissance in Michael Angelo. Italy was the mother of Leonardo da Vinci. It was Italy that produced Petrarch and Raphael, Columbus and Galileo. Grant that she fell into a decay from which she has not yet fully emerged, nevertheless she gave birth to the greatest genius of all time.

Men were celebrated; she gave birth to poets and artists and philosophers and scientists and men of action, without whose labors for truth and beauty and goodness the world would be indeed dark to day, and when ever and wherever her name is mentioned it should surely be with gratitude and veneration.

The Congregationalist recognizes Savonarola for what he was—a moral reformer.—Boston Pilot.

SUPERSTITION.

When the preachers talk about Spanish superstition they always mean the Catholic Church. What is superstition? It is worshipping some being not worthy to be worshipped, or dreading some being not to be dreaded, or ascribing to some being power which it does not possess.

Does the Church inculcate any such doctrine as this? On the contrary, she denounces all such practices. The relative worship of the Blessed Virgin and the saints is not contrary to the foregoing definition, for in honoring them, we honor God. The bodies of the saints are holy. They were not only great men and women, but they made great sacrifices for God and humanity. We hold in reverence their relics and pictures just as a child loves what belonged to his departed mother and gazes on her photograph with affection, as the patriot holds sacred the sword of the Father of his Country, and as the lover cherishes the picture of his sweetheart. Are these things superstition?

Every country, indeed, has its superstitions, and from them even its greatest men are not wholly free. And probably there is just as much superstition in the United States as anywhere else. Orestes A. Brownson, perhaps the greatest philosopher that America has yet produced, used to tell that he could never get over the New England superstitions of his youth. And indeed both the newspapers and police courts of every American city furnish ample evidence of the crowds of superstitious Americans that are daily robbed by fortune tellers, clairvoyants, card-shufflers, cup-tasslers, hand-readers, dream-interpreters, and other "professors" of the mysterious cult, who prey like harpies on the superstitions of their deluded victims. And be it observed that the largest numbers of those victims belong not to the poor and ignorant, but are of the so-called "cultured" set, who ride in chaises, feast sumptuously every day and look with pity on "superstitious Romanists."

The preachers and flippant newspapers should look at home and clear their own Anglo Saxon doors from superstitions before lecturing people of Catholic faith and Latin blood on such charges.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE A. P. A.

The Cleveland Universe says editorially and in a confident tone that Admiral Dewey is a convert and a practical and consistent Catholic. This is a good thing for the gallant Admiral, who appears to have always been a lucky man. In the meantime, what will the A. P. A. do about it?

According to the oath they take they will be obliged to use all their efforts to have him removed from office. Here is a part of the oath: "I believe that only by the removal of Roman Catholics from offices of public trust can justice, right and true American sentiment be fully subserved."

It is clear from this that the "preservers or our institutions" must look after Admiral Dewey, since the Spaniards have failed to remove him. In their efforts they will have the cordial co-operation of the Spanish Government and navy.

While laboring to keep their oath

they should see to Major General Miles, who recently recommended the appointment of Father Vatman as chaplain in the army destined to invade Cuba, and to President McKinley, who appointed him. Considering the sickly condition of the "preservers" at the present time, their accumulating responsibilities are too much for them.

Another part of their oath is: "I will maintain and defend the Government of the United States . . . against foreign foe, national or ecclesiastical."

In view of this oath, how many regiments have they sent to the front to meet the foreign foe? Their courage like that of Bob Acres, seems to have oozed out at their fingers' ends. Not a regiment, not a company, not even an awkward squad. Where is Linton? Where is Evergreen Watson? What is there about a Spanish gun that frightens them into obscure inaction and gives them that tired feeling we read about in the medical almanacs? In time of peace the apostle is a busybody : in time of war he is a nobody. When the nation lines up in battle array, We can trust in the Blue and count on the Gray. But the only parts of an A. P. A. You can trust are his heels in running away.

The indulgent reader will pardon this dropping into poetry. It is not our habit. It is hard on the intellect, but the subject is sufficiently inspiring to justify an occasional lapse from the dead level of prose. Besides, we do not recommend the above lines for their artistic beauty. Their market value, as the political economist would call it, consists in their truth.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A CONVERT TO THE FAITH.

The most talked-of book in London—and that means for the English-speaking world—is Mrs. Craigie's "School for Saints." Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is the daughter of John Morgan Richards, an American banker, and was born in Boston.

Mrs. Craigie springs from four generations of Puritan divines on one side, and Tory politicians on the other, and her life has been a very cosmopolitan one. She studied in Rome, Paris and London, attending in the latter city Prof. Goodwin's Greek and Latin lectures at University College.

For the last two years Mrs. Craigie has been busily occupied with her new book, "The School for Saints." She works in a spacious study, at the top of the house, the walls of which are covered with bookcases, which, by the way, are very unique, and were designed by the novelist herself. Book-collecting is her great hobby, and she has some 3,000 volumes, many of them rare and beautiful editions. Some five years ago Mrs. Craigie embraced the Catholic religion, and evidences of her faith are to be seen in her study.

AN OFT REPEATED WARNING.

"Tell them to remember me as a warning against drink." A young man jumped overboard from a boat in the river at New York the other day and was drowned. In a farewell note to his brother he sent that message to his friends and companions. He tried to atone for the shortcomings and failure of his short career, by causing his melancholy end to stand for a signpost to other young men, embarking on a course of dissipation. Though a mere youth in years, this unfortunate suicide had become a hopeless slave to liquor. He had started out with many apparent advantages: well brought up, educated after the fashion of the times in the public schools, became an expert telegraph operator, and until pretty well down on the ladder of degradation, had commanded steady employment at fairly good wages.

Everything looked promising at the outset, but he soon fell in with evil companions and speedily acquired a taste for drink and the habit fastened itself upon him with fatal clutch. From a convivial glass or two at night with friends, he proceeded to an occasional nip between business hours, then he began to indulge his appetite at constantly diminishing intervals during both day and night. Finally he degenerated into a confirmed toper, given to all the excesses the term implies. His services were no longer in demand, because he had become unreliable and was not trustworthy. He gave himself wholly to the demon which had gradually taken possession of his will and self-respect. The petitions and remonstrances of mother and loved ones, which at first moved him to penitence and resolutions of amendment, slowly lost their power and towards the last fell upon unheeding ears. He ceased to care what people said or thought about his conduct. In short, he was a common drunkard.

While traveling on a ferry boat, in one of those fits of despondency that are experienced by victims of drink, in rare intervals of semi-sobriety, haunted by the devil of despair, he plunged into the dark waters, hoping to find in death, forgetfulness of the nameless horror of life that racked his mind and conscience. An impulse of love for those who had been his friends in happier days, impelled him to indicate the parting message we have quoted.

There was a time when such a tragedy would have made a deep and lasting impression upon the public mind, but unfortunately that time is past. Suicide is a familiar incident of our civilization and the motive and circumstances provoking it are matters of very little concern outside the narrow circle affected by reason of personal connection or relationship. Even the young men for whose benefit this particular self-murderer took the pains to

hit his voice on the brink of eternity, will probably put away forever the admonition, with the floral wreath they place upon his bier. "Poor Jim! It's all very sad: too bad that he should be driven to an untimely grave, but such things happen every day. Let's have a drink;" and the message from the grave, the poor, dishonored tomb of the besotted suicide, falls on ears wilfully and cynically deaf. It's the way of the world in these days of grace. The unhappy fool who wastes his hopes and in whom fierce passion destroys body and soul, has not left to him, even in the hour of mortal anguish, the poor consolation of knowing that others will profit by his fearful mistake. And yet, there is a lesson of appalling import in the warning given, no matter whether the author of it was prompted by pure love of his fellow-man, or by mere theoretic desire to render his crime a spectacle.—Catholic Universe.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Catholic World for June.

William Ewart Gladstone died, as he had lived, outside the visible fold of the Catholic Church. There was in the minds of many undoubtedly a hope when the end drew near that he would see the truth as other great Englishmen of his day have seen it, and embracement.

While Gladstone's mind was keen in its logical faculty and broad in its grasp of matters religious as well as secular, yet, whether it was from an innate quality or from an acquired habit, it was essentially "political" in its view of affairs. A politician, even using the word in its best sense, is the man who can accept situations, and adapt his views to them. He trims his sails to the breezes, from whatever quarter they come. He is a man who feels the popular pulse, and moves and sways the crowds by controlling or yielding to popular passion as the case may be. He is essentially a time server.

How different is the idealist of the Newman type! To such a one truth is God himself, high above all the storms and agitations of the earth's surface, not changed or modified by any congeries of circumstances—something to be sought for and loved for its own sake, and in the seeking and the loving something which brings its own reward—a reward which is more than adequate compensation for whatever sacrifices one must make or whatever suffering one must undergo in its attainment.

One with a politician's temperament will argue, and argue convincingly, to himself that the providence of God has placed him in the Established Church. It must be of God, because I see about me in the hearts of men identified with it the fruits of the Spirit, and it is the will of God that I stay where I am and pilot this vessel, unworthy as it is, with its freight of precious souls, into the haven of safety rather than desert it and allow it to go to pieces on the rocks of irreligion. If Gladstone in his earlier life had led, or even had followed, Newman or Manning over to Rome, there is no telling what great good he would have done. Whether his eyes were Holden, and he had never been faced with the stern obligation of breaking away and sacrificing all of this world, if need be, for Truth's sake, it is not ours to say. Heaven's thunders of judgment belong to God alone.

Gladstone was a deeply religious man, and his long life, stretching across a desert of agnosticism in English intellectual movements and yet all the time pronouncedly religious, has been like the shadow of a rock in a desert land to many a wandering soul. What Victoria herself has done for the English domestic life Gladstone has done for religion.

A JESUIT TALKS. BAPTISTS LISTEN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

by 700. It is impossible to say much upon this delicate subject, but it is a Cassandra announcing ruin. Childlessness was formerly considered a reproach; now the reverse is the case. Jules Simon's warning should be heard by America as well as by France. There will soon be no native soldiers to defend the country in its hour of peril.

"As in all other instances of national ruin, we see among us simultaneously with this a brazen shamelessness of vice that was unknown in America until recently. It stalks on the stage, in literature, in art, in manners and customs, in the avowed libertinage of the lives of men and women, in the subjects of conversation of young girls and children: everywhere there are evidences of an appalling descent in the tone of public morality. No wonder that we see everywhere empty churches, indifference to creed, widespread apostasy from every form of religion, avowed and blatant and remorseless atheism welcomed with loud acclamation of approval by throngs of eager listeners, corruption all through the body politic and a feverish unrest among the working classes that shows itself repeatedly in wild outbreaks against real or fancied oppression. Is not all this ominous of disaster?

There is only one remedy for all this, and that is not in white or gray cruisers, not in disappearing guns or minned harbors, not in vast numbers of men ready at a word to die for their country. Those are for foes outside.

With a people of 70,000,000 united as we are, there ought to be no fear of a foreign aggressor. The danger is within, in ourselves, and to be taken

into account as a very great factor of disaster?

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taught by the light of experience, there is only one defense, only one safeguard, the Church of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, the Church which teaches restraint of the passions, which fearlessly denounces all infractions of morality and prevents them as far as is possible by the purity with which it invests man, and, principally, woman, and which is ready at any cost to defend the honor and inviolability of the marriage tie and the sanctity of the Christian home."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"QUESTION BOX."

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. While several of the inquiries received this week are of general interest, a number savor more of the critical spirit than of a genuine desire for information with a view to improvement in knowledge or a removal of prejudice. However, all are welcomed. A good hater if once converted, will make a staunch member of the house hold of the faith.

"Dozen Readers:" A communication purporting to come from a Catholic representing this number of Catholics "who are ready and willing to fight for their country" contains so much of what might be fittingly termed carping criticism as to cause a doubt as to the Catholicity of the writer.

(1) Asks how is it that we hear so little in our church from our pastors at the present time on patriotism?

If the questioner is a Catholic it will not strike him as anything unusual. Topics of eternity are discussed in our pulpits. Topics of the times have their proper place for discussion. Sensationalism in any guise is not a feature of Catholic preaching. When the priest succeeds in making a good Catholic out of a man he has succeeded in making a good citizen out of him. Lip worship and lip patriotism are near akin. The men who made the most noise about going to war with Spain have not enlisted, and are keeping pretty quiet now.

(2) How is it we in common with other denominations do not raise a flag on our church?

To start with, the Catholic Church is the universal Church of Christ. The cross is the universal emblem of Christianity. The display of flags is not a certain sign of patriotism, and there are but few Protestant churches displaying them. If the Catholic churches of America had started this flag raising you would have heard a howl about the union of Church and State.

"A non Catholic" attended a concert in a Catholic church and the applause and other circumstances jarred on his view of the sacredness of such an edifice.

The sanctity of the church is due to the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. On occasions like the one referred to by "Non Catholic" the Blessed Sacrament is removed from the tabernacle on the altar. On the occasion referred to a platform was erected in front of the sanctuary and it was on this the talent appeared.

F. X. Z. asks what are the words used by the priest in giving absolution?

Where the number of confessions is large the form is as follows: "May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee; and I, by His authority, absolve thee from every bond of excommunication and interdict, inasmuch as in my power, and thou standest in need. Finally, I absolve thee from thy sins, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"Donegal" asked when the devotion of the Forty Hours was established and what it commemorates?

It was begun in Milan in 1534 and introduced into Rome in 1548 by St. Philip Neri. The devotion is in memory of the forty hours our Lord remained in the holy sepulchre. Father Joseph, a Capuchin friar, inaugurated it at Milan during a war in which that city was besieged and the inhabitants were in despair. Heaven heard their prayers and peace was restored. Hence, the "Missa Pro Pace" or Mass for peace.

"Artist" wants to know what are called "The seven last words of Christ on the Cross?"

They are: (1) "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." (2) "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." (3) "Behold thy son, behold thy mother." (4) "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken Me?" (5) "I thirst." (6) "It is consummated." (7) "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

THE WONDER WORKER.

St. Anthony of Padua be our intercessor.

Novenas to St. Anthony, who has been called the wonder-worker of Padua, and to whose powerful intercession before God so many favors have been granted, will begin to morrow at all the churches where the devotion is established, closing on the great feast-day, June 13.

His poverty and his simplicity endeared this saint to the Italians of the early fifteenth century, his contemporaries, and since that time all Catholic peoples have had recourse to him. As the simple friar, or later as the Archbishop of Florence, he was the apostle of the people and to him the multitude still flock to ask his aid in their behalf.

Anthony died in 1459, gliding peacefully out of the world "as morning whitened on the 2nd of May," when Girolamo Savonarola, coming into it, was just seven years old, a child in Ferrara. The good Archbishop ordered that all that was found in his palace

when he died should be given to the national peril. Against that fee,

poor. All that could be found was four ducats! so true had he been to his vows of poverty. And thus the greatest dignitary of San Marco passed away, followed out of the world by the tears and blessings of the poor, and the semi-adoration of all the city. It is not difficult to understand how the perpetual appeals of the people who knew him so well and had occasion so good to trust in his kindness living, should have glided with natural ease and favor into the *Ora pro nobis* of a popular litany, when the good Archbishop took his gentle way to heaven, leaving four ducats behind him on that May morning. The world was a terribly unsatisfactory world in those days, as it is now; and full of evils as monstrous and appalling as are the sins of our softer generation; but at the same time, the gates of heaven were somehow nearer; and these rude eyes, bloodshot with wars and passions, could see the saints, so unlike themselves, going in by that dazzling way.—Catholic Columbian, June 4.

THE LAST RUNG ON THE LADDER.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has at last arrived at a mental attitude where he can no longer, with proper reference to the meaning of words, be called a Christian. We do not say this in a sense of reproach. Beginning where he is with the Protestant principle that there is no divine institution, continuous, living, visible authority on earth to direct men in the knowledge and will of God, he has simply arrived at the last word of that principle. He has only followed with logical faithfulness the compass and chart that Protestantism gave him. If more have not gone as far as he is it because they did not possess the same quantity and quality of brains that he has.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

A Man Who "Molded the Mind of Europe for 1,500 Years."—By Very Rev. Dr. Prior, Vice-Rector English College, Rome.

New York Freeman's Journal.

PART II.—AUGUSTINE—MANICHEAN AND SCOPTIC.

The keen and vigorous mind, that had played with the philosophy of Aristotle, was not likely to rest content with the fables and sophistry of the Manicheans.

MANICHEISM SHALLOW AND FALSE.

Augustine applied himself to a deep study of their voluminous writings, and at once his suspicions were aroused. He discovered that, however much they might pride of the independence of reason, they had given small proof of its power in their own volumes. In matters of physical science there were many patent errors, and the obscure exposition of their own particular tenets bristled with difficulties. He went to the heads of the sect for explanations, but they had none to give. They pleaded that they were not deeply versed in the lore of their Church, but promised that Faustus, the most learned bishop of their order, would remove all his difficulties at his coming. He had to wait several years for his interview with Faustus.

AUGUSTINE TAUGHT RHETORIC.

During these years from nineteen to twenty-eight, Augustine taught rhetoric, first at Tagaste, then at Carthage. His brilliant talents and the charm of his character drew friends around him, over whom he exercised a fascinating influence. We see some of them following him from place to place as he shifted his residence, from Tagaste to Carthage, thence to Rome, from Rome to Milan, and back again to Africa.

One of these friends, the nearest and dearest of them all, an old school-fellow and playmate, died during the first years of his teaching at Tagaste. The saint has left a record in his confessions of the inconsolable grief of this bereavement. It deserves quotation for its singular pathos and the evidence it gives of his refined delicacy of feeling:

His LAMENT FOR HIS FRIEND.

"At this grief my heart was darkened and whatever I beheld was death.

My native country was a torment to me, and my father's house a strange unhappiness, and whatever I had shared with him, wanting him, became a distracting torture; mine eyes sought him everywhere, but he was not granted them. I hated all places, for that they had not him; nor could they now tell me 'He is coming,' as when he was alive and absent. I became a great riddle to myself, and I asked my soul why she was so sad, and why she disquieted me sorely? But she knew not what to answer me. Only tears were sweet to me, for they succeeded my friend in the dearth of my affections. The more I loved him the more did I hate and fear (as a most cruel enemy death, which had bereaved me of him, and I imagined it would speedily make an end of all men, since it had power over him). * * * For I wondered that others subject to death did live, and he, whom I loved as if he should never die, was dead; and I wondered yet more that myself, who was to him a second self, could live, he being dead. * * * Well, said one of his friends, ' Thou half of my soul'—For I felt that my soul and his soul were one in two bodies, and therefore was my life a torment to me because I could not live halved. And therefore, perchance, I feared to die, lest he whom I had much loved should die wholly. * * * I fled out of my country, for so should mine eyes less look for him where they were wont to see him, and thus from Tagaste I came to Carthage." (Book iv., chap. 6 and 7.)

SUCCESS AND GENIAL COMPANY.

The success in his School of Rhetoric at Carthage brought him more and more into prominence. He won the public prize for poetry, and was crowned amid the applause of the people by the Pro Consul Vindicias, who thenceforth became his intimate friend. Eulogius, a celebrated rhetorician of Carthage, placed himself under his tuition. His ambition had scope, and the intercourse of admiring friends gave a pleasant coloring to life. "They laughed together," he writes (Book IV. Conf.), "read pleasant books together, chatted together, rendered friendly services to one another, jested together, and then were grave together; disagreed in some things, in order as it were the better to agree in others, and better relish their argument; taught one another, then learned from each other; wished for each other when absent, and received each other with joy when returned home."

HIS SECRET HEART IN PAIN.

But underneath the smooth current of genial companionship and a successful career, there were troubled waters in his soul. He yearned for the higher wisdom of which as yet he had had but faint and intermittent glimpses; for Manicheism, with its gross images, and its masses of light and darkness, oppressed his spirit, and gave no key to the grave problems of his life. With eager anticipation he learnt, when in his twenty-eighth year, that the great Faustus, the renowned leader of the Manicheans, was coming to Carthage; who it had been promised him, would unravel the entanglements of his mind, and open out the pathway of true wisdom.

FAUSTUS A FRAUD.

"To-morrow," he said to himself, "I shall find it; it will appear manifestly, and I shall grasp it; as Faustus the Manichee will come and clear every thing."

"When at last he came," he writes in the 5th book of his Confessions, "I found him a man of smooth and pleasing words, prating the same things as the others, but more plausibly. But how was my thirst relieved by draining the empty cup set before me by a more elegant waiter? Those who promised him to me were but poor judges when they took him to be wise because his eloquence delighted them. I, too, was at first delighted, and praised him even more than the others did, but I was uneasy that in the midst of so many auditors I could not propose to him my doubts. When at last I obtained an interview, I found him utterly ignorant of liberal sciences save grammar, and of that he had only a moderate knowledge.

* * * When it was clear that we were not yet over. How was he, bound in the fetters of ingrained sinful habit, to rise to that purity and perfection which the Church demanded from her children? Sensual indulgence had fixed its roots deep in his nature—it overpowered his affections, and how could he forego its sweetness?

How could he, in steel a melting heart To act the martyr's stern part,
With firm unshrinking eye,
On darling visions as they die,
Till all bright hopes and hues of day
Had faded into twilight gray? —Keble.

SAVED!

The ardor of his spirit outran the weak purpose of his heart. He was in this irresolute frame of mind, loathing his cowardice, yet longing to be free, when an impetuous flood of divine grace rushed in upon him, and bore him on its tide into the haven he was seeking.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

The circumstances were these. A countryman of Augustine's Pontianum by name, in the course of a visit to him, spoke of the marvelous life of St. Anthony, the Egyptian solitary, and his monks in the desert; and told how some officers of the Imperial Court, on reading by chance the life of the holy hermit, had at once abandoned the world and embraced the monastic state. The effect on Augustine was immediate and complete. We shall let him tell the tale in his own words:

STIRRED.

"Disturbed in countenance as well as in mind I turn upon Alypius. 'What ails us?' says I. 'What is this story? See the unlearned rise and take Heaven by violence, while we, with all our learning, all our want of heart, see where we wallow in flesh and blood! Shall I feel shame to follow their lead and rather to let alone what alone is left to me?'"

VISION OF GRACE.

"Something of this kind I said to him, and while he eyed me in silent wonder I rushed from him in the ferment of my feelings. What a view began to open whether I had set my face and was in a flutter to go! The cheerful, yet without excess; winning me in a holy way to come without doubting, and ready to embrace me with religious hands full stored with honorable patterns! So many boys and young maidens, a multitude of youth of every age, grave widows and aged virgins, and Continence herself in all, not barren but a fruitful mother of children of joys by Thee O Lord, her husband.

"She seemed to mock me into emulation, saying, 'Canst not thou what these have done, youths and maidens? Can they in their own strength, or in the strength of their Lord God? The Lord their God gave me unto them.'

"Why rely on thyself and fall? Cast thyself upon His arm. Be not afraid. He will not let thee slip. Cast thyself in confidence. He will receive thee and heal thee?"

RETIRE ALONE.

LORD BACON has remarked that "the True and the Good differ but as the seal and the print; Truth prints Goodness, and they be the clouds of error which descend in the storms of passion and perturbations." Augustine's mind was darkened by pagan and heretical teaching, and the powers of his soul weakened and distorted by her influence. The two years that elapsed between his arrival at Milan and his conversion were fraught with the severest mental and moral struggle in his efforts to throw off the yoke.

ERROR BRINGS SIN.

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HIS MOTHER WITH HIM.

St. Monica was again at his side.

She had never wished to leave him;

but when he departed from Carthage he had deceived her. He left her at night in the Oratory of St. Cyprian by the Seashore, saying that he was going on board a ship that stood at anchor to bid good-bye to a friend. When the morning dawned the ship had sailed and her son was gone. But now she was with him once more, and in answer to her prayers and tears the grace came down into his soul, carrying with it the fierce heat of trial and temptation.

SLOWLY, SLOWLY, IS CONVINCED.

He had no intention at first of seeking admission into the Church. He loved Ambrose because he was fond of his discourses as a critic of elocution.

"I listened delightedly to him," he writes, "preaching to the people, not with that intent I ought, but as it were, trying his eloquence, whether it answered the fame thereof, and I hung on his words attentively; but of the matter I was but an unconcerned and contemptuous hearer. * * * And I was delighted with the sweetness of his discourse. * * * I was drawing nearer by little and little, and unconsciously."

The truth was gradually gliding into his mind on the smooth flow of the sweetly persuasive words of Ambrose. He began to see that the Church was not the monster that had been represented to him, and as his old prejudices fell off one by one, she began to shine out in all her divine beauty as the guardian of God's truth, and the spouse of Christ. The conflict with the varied errors that tyrannized over him was a long and painful one, carried on in the solitude of his own mind. He had private consultation with Ambrose. Once or twice he ventured into the hall, where he remained to receive all who wished to speak with him, and

GOD'S WORD.

"Not in rioting and drunkenness,

not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy; but put ye on the Lord Jesus first and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscence?"

ENTIRE CONVERSION.

"I had neither desire nor need to read further. As I finished the sentence, as though the light of peace had been poured into my heart, all the shadows of doubt dispersed. Then hast Thou converted me to Thee: so

by sea, she and I standing alone and

as no longer to seek either for wife or

for other hope of this world, standing fast

in that rule of Faith in which Thou so

many years before hadst revealed me to my mother." (VIII. 26, 70).

The trials of his heart were cast out,

the citadel of self-overthrown, the ground was cleared, the cross planted,

and with it the grace of Christ sur-

passing all understanding, took pos-

sition of his soul.

"We were baptized," he writes,

"and all solitude about our past lives

was from us. Nor was I satisfied in

those days with the ineffable sweetness

I enjoyed in considering the depths of

Thy counsel in the salvation of man

kind. On, how I wept on hearing thy

hymns and canticles!"

"Those voices flowed in at my ears

and the truth distilled into my heart,

and thence the sweetness of devotion

boiled over; my tears flowed abund-

antly and I was comforted by them.

When I was in that dense obscurity

it seemed to me incredible that I could

ever lay aside my old habits and feel

it impossible to abandon them I

gave myself up to despair. But as

soon as my sins were effaced by the

waters of regeneration, I found myself

a new man by this second birth; that

which was impossible became possible,

and I knew that all this was the gift

of God."

GRACE WORKING IN SOLITUDE.

He was in his thirty-third year at

the time of his conversion. The follow-

ing five years he spent in retirement,

and founded the order of hermits that

bear his name. St. Possidius, the con-

temporary of St. Augustine, says he

knew as many as ten Bishops who were

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