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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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LUCIFERIAN FULTON.

During the past two weeks we have been writing about the sect of Luciferians, or Devil-Worshippers, whose sacrileges of late have made so much noise in Europe, and whose diabolical treatment of the Sacred Host has sent a shudder through the Christian world. We imagined that only men possessed of the demon could go so far as to desecrate the most priceless treasure that Christ has left to the Church—His own Divine Person. Even though people may not actually believe in transubstantiation, still, if they be Christians in spirit, and gentlemen by nature, they will refrain from insulting the most delicate sentiments of their fellow-citizens. Unfortunately these acts of black sacrilege are not confined to the professed Devil-Worshippers of Europe and America; we find a so-called Christian minister openly boasting in a Canadian pulpit of having outraged the Host in a Boston church.

Read the following dispatch:

ST. JOHN, N.B., May 23.—"Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Boston, announced a series of services at Leinster street Baptist church yesterday. It was announced his meetings were purely evangelical, but both sermons yesterday were arrangements of the Roman Catholic church. The theme last night was:—"Our Mediator," and he explained how in a Boston meeting he took a wafer into the pulpit and beat it with his fist, asking: "Why don't your little God speak?" He announces for his next subject, "Are Spurgeon and Newman both safe?" Dr. Fulton says he loves Catholics and is determined to do what he can to save them. The other Baptist churches in the city are not at all in accord with the Leinster street church in inviting Dr. Fulton."

If the wafer in question had not been consecrated the man Fulton was a fool—for he was merely playing antics with an ordinary piece of bread. If the wafer had been consecrated, he must have secured it by illegal means, and he is a criminal both in the eyes of the law and the eyes of God. But whether or not it were consecrated, if what he says is true, he gave evidence of a Luciferian spirit, a mean mind, a low disposition, an unchristian heart, all of which are in accordance with his past writings and sayings. His conduct, in this instance, is on a par with his books that were stopped by the United States customs officers at Rouse's Point and consigned to the basket that contains all literature too filthy, too immoral to be allowed into a country. This Rev. (?) J. D. Fulton pretends to love his Catholic fellowmen, and at the same moment he slaps every one of them in the face; he boasts of his miserable and mountebank methods of insulting them; he outrages every canon of respectability and forfeits every claim to either the title of reverend or the common respect

of honest Christians—no matter to what denomination they belong.

What a model Christian clergyman! He beats the Host; so did the Jewish persecutors, nineteen hundred years ago, beat Our Lord and Saviour. He calls upon the Sacred Host, "The Little God," to speak; so did the Scribes and Pharisees, the Roman officials and the infuriated deicides call upon Jesus Christ to come down from the cross and prove His Divinity. But the omnipotent Redeemer ignored the petty attacks of puny men whom He had come to save. He did not resent the blows of the rabble—they were all part and parcel of the tremendous work of salvation. He did not come down from the cross; He continued unto the consummation the mission for the accomplishment of which He had come on earth. But He was then the God of Mercy. At His second coming He will be the God of Justice. Time is in His hands; He has no need to hurry; His persecutors cannot escape Him; death is their only means of flight, and death is His servant; through the portal of the grave they fly into His presence. Yet He asked the Father to "forgive them for they knew not what they were doing." He does not to-day openly resent the buffets from the hand of Fulton; no more does He condescend to speak at the command of an insane creature. He still is the God of Mercy; He asks the Father to forgive the man who does not know what he is doing. But the deed is written in an eternal book; the Angel of Record has inscribed it there; and unless, by some miraculously powerful means, it is effaced, the day will come when J. D. Fulton will be called upon to read it in characters so glowing that the very beams will scorch his soul with the terrific memory.

Turning for a moment from the appalling sacrilege of such an act, and leaving the question of its enormity to be settled by the perpetrator with the One against whom it was perpetrated, from a purely matter-of-fact standpoint we will ask for the motive that could spur an individual on to such an act. It is very evident this Mr. Fulton has been doing all in his power to gain notoriety, and in his anxiety to attract attention, he has played the firebrand to perfection. Yet he failed in Brooklyn; he failed in Montreal; he failed in Boston. He consequently resolved to create a sensation, no matter by what means and no matter with what consequences. He determined to so excite the indignation of Catholics that some hasty person might attempt to do him bodily harm, and thereby elevate him to the position of a martyr. The Catholics of Boston showed great wisdom in not falling into the trap; the result was simply a failure on the part of Fulton to attain the height of his ambition and to play the part of a persecuted man. There is only one way for Catholics to treat such an individual; let him pass, and by so doing they will frustrate his plans. As to the great mass of our Protestant fellow-citizens, they do not want any such person to fight their battles, nor do they applaud such vile means of religious propaganda. When we speak thus of Fulton we wish it to be distinctly understood that we refer to a man whose methods shock the Christian sentiments of the vast majority of Protestants, and that we in no way allude to our non-Catholic friends of different denominations.

That our faith is not the same on all points of Christian doctrine is regrettable, but that is no reason why we should insult each other, nor can it justify in any way, the ridiculing, belittling, scoffing at, or abusing the objects of each other's

reverence. The Protestant believes implicitly in the Bible and so does the Catholic; they merely disagree as to the question of interpretation of the Scriptures. But for argument sake, let us suppose that the Catholic did not believe in the Bible at all: would that justify him in tearing the sacred volume, in trampling upon it, in using every effort imaginable to shock and injure the feelings of his Protestant neighbor who firmly believes in that book? The one who would so act would be either a maniac or a scoundrel. What then are we to think of the man, who knowing that two hundred and fifty million Christians have faith in the Real Presence, deliberately acts as did this man? If he has no more dignified means of propagating his religion it is about time that his religion were wiped out. We would have more respect for an object held sacred by the Mahometans than this so-called Christian minister has for the Son of God. But we have said enough; all the advice we can give Mr. Luciferian Fulton is to hurry up and join the other members of that sect, they have work for him at Fribourg, and he may find an appreciative audience in the purlieus of Paris.

FABLES AND MYTHS.

There are some gentlemen—who are known as ministers of the Gospel—whose stock of accurate information is very small, and as a consequence they make it a practice to draw upon their imaginations, to repeat legends of the misty past and to parade all kinds of myths before their audiences. Of course they are careful to await most favorable opportunities, when their hearers are entirely in sympathy with them and are ready to accept any absurdity as long as it tells against Rome. Recently one of these knights-errant found his way to Sturgeon Falls, Ontario, and there held forth on the question of Anglican claims to apostolic succession. The name of this preacher, or lecturer, or reader, or stumper (for he was all four combined) is Lawler. It remained for him to go up to Sturgeon Falls and strive to stir up religious animosities amongst one of the most peaceful and harmonious communities in Eastern Ontario. But he paid a very poor compliment to the intelligence of his audience. He must have presupposed that all who listened to him were entirely and hopelessly ignorant. Surely no sane man, believing his hearers to be men of even ordinary knowledge, would attempt to pawn off legends for history and myths for facts. The people of Sturgeon Falls owe Mr. Lawler very little gratitude for his low estimate of their intelligence. Here are a few of his wild statements.

He said that people, who claimed that the English Church sprang from the Catholic Church, lied. He stated that the first Anglican Church Bishop was consecrated in the year 43; while in the 6th century, the Anglican Church gave the Church of Rome her first Bishop. The Anglican Church, he remarked, was always distinct from the Roman Catholic Church. He said that "they" knew St. Paul was in Rome, but that there was no authority to prove that St. Peter had ever been there. He claimed that St. Patrick was not a Roman Catholic, but that the work he did was for the Established Irish Church.

This is most refreshing, and deeply interesting. Surely a man who makes such assertions must either believe that he is speaking to ignorant people or else that he has an audience of such bigots that they are prepared to swallow the rankest absurdities as long as they im-

agine the Catholic Church can be injured by them. To enter into a discussion with men of the Lawler category would be a loss of time. The man is thoroughly convinced that there is no truth in his own assertions; and what use in trying to persuade a man against his own determination to pervert history? There is one grand consolation, however, in the matter; great as Mr. Lawler may be, there is no probability that he is sufficiently powerful to efface the facts of history, nor is there any likelihood that he will ever overturn the Church that has weathered the storms of almost twenty centuries.

For the fun of it, let us take his first assertion. Mr. Lawler claims that the people lie who say that the Anglican Church sprang from the Catholic Church. He might use a more refined expression; but, perhaps, the word "mistaken" would not serve his purpose as well; certainly it would not give as good an index to his education. We do not claim that the Anglican or any other Church ever sprang from the Roman Church; the former separated from the latter. It was not an outgrowth, or development of the old church, it was a fragment cut off from the parent trunk. We would like to know the name of that Anglican Bishop who was consecrated in the year of Our Lord, 43; also that of the first Bishop that Rome received from the Anglican Church in the sixth century. The man must be raving. Sure the inhabitants of Great Britain were painted savages in the year 43, and their gods were more abominable and their habits more barbaric than the deities and the customs of pagan Rome. How do "they" (whosoever they are) find out that St. Paul was ever in Rome? The same evidence used must stand good in the case of St. Peter. Tradition and history, if there is any faith to be placed in them, as well as the proof of St. Peter's and St. Paul's works in Rome, are equally strong. But the richest of all is the assertion that St. Patrick did his work for the Established Church in Ireland. Heaven preserve us! He might as well say that St. Patrick preached at the command of Oliver Cromwell, or under the direction of the Salvation Army. The establishment of the Irish church dates since the Reformation, and centuries before an Anglican church was ever dreamed of. St. Patrick had received his mandate from Rome to convert the inhabitants of Ireland.

The next time Mr. Lawler goes preaching, he should remember that because he is in a village, outside the limits of great commercial and intellectual centers, he must not conclude that he is dealing with ignorant people, nor that bigotry and religious hatred are acceptable to the community. He would do well to go to Verner or Sudbury and complete his work by lecturing upon the conquest of Rome by the Britons. He might tell the people up there that there is no evidence to prove that St. Peter ever spoke to our Lord, or, in fact, that he ever lived at all. He could also state that the Kings of England drove the early Christians out of the Catacombs and set up the Anglican church under the palaces of the Caesars. It would be a startling statement to say that the Irish church was established before Christianity and that Westminster was the Episcopal See before the days of Romulus and Remus.

Perhaps the good people of these flourishing towns might be tempted to hold forcible argument with Mr. Lawler. It would not be out of place were he to argue that the English language was the official one of ancient Rome and that St. Paul had a Yorkshire accent so