

THE CENTURY AND THE A. P. A.

A Vigorous Denunciation of the Proscriptive Society by a Great Secular Periodical.

The bigot is generally devoid of that saving sense of humor which greatly helps to make life worth living. If it were not so those secret societies, like the so-called American Protective Association, which are engaged in a deadly warfare against all that is most significant and precious in American institutions, would not insist on parading themselves as "the patriotic orders." Strange patriotism is this, which begins by denying the first tenet of American liberty—freedom to worship God—and proposes to punish religious beliefs which it does not share by depriving those who hold them, not only of their political rights, but, if possible, of the means of livelihood. The very enormity of the sworn purposes of these orders seems to be what gives them their opportunity; for the majority of honorable men find themselves incapable of believing that such purposes can be cherished by civilized human beings, and therefore fail to make any effective resistance to them. Thus they have the field to themselves; and, with scarcely a protest, they creep in and intrude themselves in one community after another, gathering together a large mass of the ignorant and intolerant, and by their secret methods and their compact military organization making themselves a power in the local elections. Many communities have awakened when it was too late to find the grip of these secret orders firmly fastened upon their municipal machinery. There should be no need of warning intelligent citizens against the dangers of such organizations. They are the deadly enemies of democratic institutions. There may be business which can be legitimately carried on behind closed doors, but the public business is not of this nature. The attempt to control our politics in this way is an amazing usurpation of power; yet the subversion of republican government which has thus been accomplished in many localities has excited but little comment. On this question the great majority of newspapers are dumb, while thousands of Protestant ministers are helping on the fatal work. Some resistance, indeed, has been made to this domination in a few instances: Massachusetts, in the persons of Senator Hoar and the late Governor Greenhalge, has furnished a commendable example, but very few conspicuous politicians have ventured to challenge the secret power.

The political success of this conspiracy is due, of course, to the machine politicians. A secret organization whose vote can be controlled almost absolutely, whose official head can promise to throw it boldly into either side of the scale, does not need to have a very large membership in order that it may dictate nearly all the nominations of one or the other of the two parties. If 20 or even 10 per cent. of the voters of a community can be handled in this way, one of the parties will be sure to give their leaders nearly everything they ask for. Ambitious minor politicians will make haste to join the society, there will be candidates enough in its membership to fill all the offices, and for a time the party which secures its alliance is sure to elect its candidates. In this way, in many communities, the control of one or the other of the parties has passed almost entirely into the hands of the "patriotic" orders.

The mischief of this movement has lately begun to reveal itself at the National capital. The defeat of the appropriation for Indian schools, because most of these schools are under the care of Roman Catholics, is due to these societies, and it is to their hostility that we owe the shameful proposal to exclude from the National gallery of statuary the effigy of the great pioneer and discoverer, Father Marquette.

With respect to the schools, they avail themselves of a sentiment which widely prevails, and which is reasonable enough, but which, in this case, is greatly overstrained, with the result of depriving the Indian pupils of educational privileges. The spirit of the organization is exhibited also in the semi-official announcement that Senator Hawley of Connecticut is to be denied a re-election because of the part he took in securing the promotion to a generalship of Colonel Copping, whose fault is that he is a Roman Catholic. Not only are Roman Catholics to be refused permission to take part in the defense of their country, but those who decline to ostracize them must themselves be ostracized.

The Pere Marquette incident is such an illustration of bigotry as ought to bring a blush to the cheek of every American. That the great French priest was a brave and noble man can be disputed by nobody; that his work among the Indians was one of beautiful devotion is not a matter of controversy; that to him was largely due the discovery of the upper Mississippi river, and the opening of the great North-West to civilization is the testimony of history. Yet simply because he was a Roman Catholic priest the "patriotic" orders would deny the State which is most closely associated with his beneficent activity the right of celebrating his services to the nation.

The inopportunities of this recrudescence of bigotry is not the least of its mischievous features. At the very time when all the truly conservative forces of the country are needed to fight for its life against the civic treason of its politicians and the greed of its spoilers, these organizations are

raising false issues to begot the ignorant and mislead the unthinking. But this is not all. No intelligent observer of events in the United States within the last five years can fail to be aware of the contest for supremacy that has been going on between the progressive and the re-actionary elements of the Roman Catholic communion, or to note thereby in the liberalizing and Americanizing of that historic institution. We do not share its creed, but it would be wickedly provincial to wish that it may contribute its greatest influence toward the uplifting of mankind and toward the support of the free institutions of the country, rejecting all political alliances as fatal to its highest usefulness. It is remarkable that, just as its wisest leaders have apparently succeeded in cutting it loose from certain degrading political affiliations in the State of New York, its opponents have entered upon the very course they denounce.

To the student of current politics the operations of this new political force present an interesting problem. To what extent will it be able to dictate the Presidential nominations? Will its adhesion to either party prove a gain or a loss? Will the party managers court it or shun it? Will its influence be offset by the open, unpartisan, and patriotic political activity of the Christian Endeavor movement? The exigencies of the next election always press upon the mind of the partisan leader, and the hope of securing the solid support of such a formidable contingent will powerfully affect his imagination. But it should not require any exceptional far-sightedness to discern the ruin which must overtake any party, in a free government, that identifies its fortunes with these "patriotic" orders. Such principles and purposes as their oaths reveal cannot be harbored by any political organization without forfeiting the confidence of the people.—The Century for May.

EARLY TO CHURCH.

Little Excuse for so Much Lateness at Mass.

In most instances there is absolutely no excuse for coming late to church. People are not hurried or pressed by other affairs on Sunday. If they reach the church five or ten minutes after the services have begun, it is wholly because of an unreasonable fear of spending too much time in the house of God, else why the studious care which people take of leaving their house with sufficient margin of time to reach the church? Why do they display so much precaution lest they be too early? They are not gingerly about coming some minutes "before the play begins" at places of amusement. They waste ten minutes thus "lost," otherwise during the day. But is the time that a Christian spends in church just before the service begins really lost? The expected answer is, "By no means."

A sterling Catholic has expressed the opinion that five minutes' reflection and self-communion before the priest comes to the altar are productive of the best spiritual results. The practice of reaching the church five minutes before the services have begun and spending the time in strictly religious reflections—powerfully assisted by the associations of the place—has always prepared an excellent disposition for assisting at the sacred ceremony that ensues.

The Catholic feels that it is a difficult thing to come off the crowded street, sometimes hurried and often occupied with worldly thoughts, and then to kneel down with the proper disposition before the sacrifice of the Mass. The five minutes of preparation before "church begins" have, he thinks, doubled the spiritual advantages to him of the half-hour or hour that ensues.

Irish Heckling.

Scotland does not possess an uncontested pre-eminence in the gentle art of heckling Parliamentary candidates, says the London News. Mr. John Mc Gillivuddy, the Tory candidate for East Kerry, at a meeting held in the village of Florin the other day, experienced a somewhat unpleasant discomfiture by having the tables turned on him when attempting to raise a laugh against a heckler. "Will you abolish the House of Lords?" was the query addressed to the candidate by an elector, a respectable local farmer. "I will," immediately answered Mr. McGillivuddy. "I will, of course, abolish the House of Lords when you get into it." Instantly came the rejoinder, addressed to the crowd: "Boys, have you heard what he said? He tells you he will support the House of Lords so long as it is a House of landlords, but he tells you the moment the people get into it he will at once abolish it." Mr. McGillivuddy will probably be more chary in the future in seeking an encounter with the native wit of a Kerry crowd.

How much mud and mire, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumbles, might be avoided if we could tread but six inches above the crust of this world? Physically, we can not do this: our bodies cannot; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles.—Hawthorne.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a simple tonic gives strength; it only stimulates the stomach to renewed action. To impart real strength, the blood must be purified and enriched, and this can only be done by such a standard alternative as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

BRANN ON LINCOLN.

I am really glad that the A. P. Apes made that foolish "roar" anent placing a statue of Father Marquette among those of men whose greatness is America's glory, writes Editor Brann, in his Iconoclast. It served to recall to the memory of mankind a character that was well nigh forgotten—to remind us how much the New World is indebted to the dauntless courage and self-sacrificing devotion of the Jesuit Fathers and Franciscan friars. Father Marquette is indeed fortunate. When his noble deeds seemed destined to be forever hidden by the shadows of the centuries, Bigotry and Spleen rescued his name from oblivion and made it immortal. His greatness is unduly enhanced by comparison with the pitiful littleness of his detractors—our admiration of the man is intensified by contempt for his critics. Nothing exists in vain—even the A. P. A. hath its uses. With such a background, Pere Marquette stands forth transfigured—illuminated by the light of God. He inherited an ample fortune in Sunny France, and could have lived a life of luxury. Instead of doing so, he was sent at his own request, a missionary to Canada when that country was inhabited chiefly by savage beasts and still more savage men. He went, not to accept a high-priced pastorate and syndicate his sermons, but to live among bears and wolves, to sleep in huts and eat boiled dog—to fill the place of priests who had been tortured to death by savage tribes. Armed only with the crucifix, he penetrated two thousand miles farther into the unknown forest than white man had gone before. His discoveries were but incidents of his journey—his sole mission was the salvation of souls, his zeal the glory of God. Everywhere he won his way by the magic power of love. Everywhere he was welcomed with rejoicing, and parted from with regret. "How bright the sun. O Blackgown, when thou comest to visit us," cried the chief of the savage Illini, while painted warriors fierce as hell's own brood, knelt to kiss the snow that had taken the imprint of his feet. No warship was necessary to force such a teacher upon them, no armed squadrons to protect his mission house. When he walked they followed him, when he spoke they bent eagerly forward to hear the story of Christ crucified, when he slept they kept watch and ward, stealing up to look at the peaceful face that mirrored his gentle heart. Worn with hardships and sufferings too great for one so gently bred, he passed to his reward, surrounded by his swarthy converts—the night of death came down in those Western wilds ere he had reached manhood's glorious noon. In the North, as in the South, in Canada as in Texas, the Catholic priests were America's true pioneers. And now comes a gang of godless ingrates, who only enjoy the blessings so largely due to the labors and sacrifices of these dauntless pathfinders—an unclean crew, with Linton of Michigan howling in the lead—crying out that Pere Marquette deserves no honor at Columbia's hands, because, forsooth he was a Catholic! Why do not these little men know that America was discovered by a Catholic, and that the expenses of his voyage were defrayed by a Catholic queen, who tore the diamonds from his crown to set therein the star of the Empire? To be consistent, Congressman Linton should introduce a resolution to have the bodies of Sherman and Sheridan exhumed and their heads exposed on pikes because they acknowledged the theological supremacy of the Pope.

Our Mother's Month.

How sweet the fragrance of the Mayflower, the first of the flowers of spring! How child and youth seek the meadow after the sun and rain of opening spring have made the arbutus to bud and flower, and green leaf, and scented harbinger of nature's returning life are joyously plucked to be the proud ornament of the youthful gatherer. They tell of May, coming with its fields and gardens decked with flowers; they are heralds of beauty and fragrance, offering the incense of nature to the God who makes all live. May tells of Mary, the sweetest flower of God's creation, that most beautiful of all the roses in the Celestial garden, the lily, white with the whiteness of purity, fragrant with the fragrance of sanctity, the spotless one, Christ's own mother, our sweet mother, Mary. Why should not May be Mary's month? Is she not the flower of flowers, is she not the springtime of hope, is she not the life-giving source of man's happiness? Mary, the mother of Christ, and Christ our Saviour. He is our Redeemer, our life, our love, and Mary is His mother. She came to repair what Eve had done, to give to man a second birth into the innocence and love he had lost by the sin of the first one. She brought blight and death. The winter came into the hearts of men and chilled all life, and man lay as one dead, until God touched it with life, called Mary to be the Mother of a Redeemer, and then came the springtime, and new life and salvation through Her Son, our Blessed Redeemer.

Gather Mayflowers and lay them at Mary's shrine. Bring the flowers of love and gratitude for all that Mary is to you, and, like loving children, during Our Mother's month, place them near Mary's shrine. Bring the flowers of a good Christian life, which will alone please Jesus and Mary, and May will be for you a month of special blessing, for Mary will pray to Jesus for all those who love her.—Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D.

A CONVERT'S REASONS

For Making His Submission to the Catholic Church.

Frederick F. Sherman, a son of Judge Sherman, of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, and an Episcopal chaplain in the United States navy, received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal Satolli, gives the following excellent reasons for his actions: "The radical differences between Catholicism and Protestantism is in the matter of authority, and the change which has influenced my action did not arise from any one thing, of course. It has been going on for years. In the Episcopal Church there is no fixed source of moral law. Every one with the Bible in his hands is at liberty to think what he pleases. In the Catholic Church the Pope and his council, and the Pope as pastor of all the churches, delivers the law for the government of members of the Church as authoritatively as if our Blessed Lord were here and spoke to us. "Thousands of things have contributed to the change in my faith. I do not understand how there can be a Church without unity, but there is no unity in the Episcopal Church. There are Low Church and Broad Church, and High Church views. I am inclined to think that a Broad Church man may differ more widely from a High Church man than the latter does from a Catholic.

"Again, confession in the Episcopal Church is wholly voluntary, while in the Catholic it is authoritatively commanded. As a result, the Episcopal priest has no control of those nominally under him. I have often felt this. At Newport we had about eighty Catholic boys, and control over them in spiritual and moral affairs was perfect, but no control over the Protestant boys was at all possible. "The Episcopal priest also is controlled by his parishioners. The government is purely congregational. The rector is chosen by the vestry and the Bishop has no option but to send him when he is called, provided he is morally fit for the service. "On the other hand, the churches have a system of freezing out a minister they don't like. They cut down his salary until he is compelled to leave or do their bidding. If he is a man with a family of five or six dependent on him he is at their mercy. In the Catholic Church, the Bishop, as Christ's representative, assigns the priest to the vacant parish, and he must be received.

"My acceptance of Catholic doctrine is not the result of this reason at all. Natural religion may be developed by reasoning, but not the supernatural. This latter comes from a complete submission of our wills to the will of God. I cannot reach a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity or the Incarnation by reasoning. These come from a guiding light within upon submissive prayer for guidance. It is upon this sort of revelation that my acceptance of the Catholic faith is based."

The Irish a Noble Race.

In a recent lecture in Cleveland the Rev. G. W. Pepper, the well-known Methodist minister, said, in reply to the alleged intolerance of Irish Roman Catholics: "A thousand memories, a thousand events, a thousand festivities, which the genius of history has written with a pencil of light, protests against the slander that Irish Catholics, or the Catholics of any nationality, are not the friends of liberty. I appeal to history. Listen to the words of the Irish Catholic Parliament of 1689: 'We hereby declare that it is the law of this land that no man shall ever again be persecuted for his religion.' The hallowed names of Wallace and of Bruce were embalmed in the spices of Catholic Rome. When a body of Highlanders were brought to Glasgow to have forced down their throats prelate these heroic Presbyterians emigrated to Ireland and were received with open arms by the Catholics of the country. Hear French testimony: 'When the Huguenots were driven from France they found a magnificent shelter in Ireland, and to day their descendants are prosperous.' Hear Germany: 'When the German Protestants were driven from the Palatinate they were cordially welcomed by the Catholics of Limerick, of whom the Emboys and the Hecks became the founders of American Methodism.'

"When bloody Mary stained the streets of London and Bristol with blood, the Catholic corporation of Dublin took seventy-two houses, brought over the persecuted, clothed, fed and protected them. Hear the testimony of the English Unitarians: 'We ought not to forget that the Catholic association of Ireland recommended our cause to Ireland in an address drawn up by Mr. O'Connell. To them we are under great obligations. Let us testify our sense of these obligations by supporting their cause.' "Bishop Mathew Simpson, the companion and eulogist of the pure-souled Abraham Lincoln, a Methodist and an honor to Christianity, says: 'I heard Cardinal Manning in London declare that had it not been for John Wesley and his preaching of justification by faith, no man could tell to what a depth of degradation England would have sunk.' Why, then, all these stale stories of Catholics being inimical to American liberty? Why this shower of slander? Why this inquisition into a man's religious belief? The world looks on with scandalized astonishment, Sheridan, Corcoran, Meagher, Sherman, illustrious commanders of our armies, I am glad you are dead. The inquisitors who cowardly assail candidates about

their religious preferences ought, with a slight variation, be driven away in the words of a brilliant Boston editor: 'Go to—home. "Pay no attention to the wild and wicked slanders of men assuming the sacred name of ministers, who are using all their resources to revive the horrors of the French Revolution by frantic appeals to religious prejudice."

WHAT IT COSTS TO DIE.

It is about as expensive to die in this world as to live in it. Indeed for the very poor people dying is decidedly the more expensive of the two.

There has been much said and written about the folly of modern funerals. But people still die, and near relatives still lose their heads and make what should be a solemn rite into a very vulgar and noisy show. The rich smother the senses with flowers, the poor spend their last cent and often go into debt besides to put silver-plated handles on the coffin.

The subject is rather a gruesome one, but the evil has grown to be such an abuse that no opportunity of rating it should be let pass. It does not matter so much about the rich. Let them scatter their money and their brains as they please. But it does matter about the poor when the death of one of the family means that the rest shall, owing to the absurdity of the modern funeral, be recipients of charity for an indefinite period afterwards.

The very cheapest sort of a burial nowadays costs from fifteen to twenty-two dollars. Where are the poor, living from hand to mouth with only a few pennies left every Saturday night, to get this sum unless they turn to some charitable society, the St. Vincent de Paul, the Visitation and Aid or some other for help? It is only at the very last extremity that they will allow the city or the country to step in, for to be buried by the city is looked upon as the very lowest step in degradation.

Then there is the family that goes begging for a coffin and puts a death notice in all the papers to summon all stragglers to the wake.

The St. Vincent de Paul and other societies are doing good work in not only giving a Christian burial to those who would otherwise be buried like pagans, but also in curbing the senselessness of the funerals of the poor. The whole system of modern funerals needs to be reformed and common sense and Christianity put into it.—Catholic Citizen.

A Notable Book.

A prominent English writer has published a book called "Catholica," in which he claims to state his thesis briefly, that the future lies with two institutions: Catholicism and Democracy. His work has excited considerable attention, and it is a happy omen for the future, says the *Ace Maria*, that the *Daily Chronicle* should allow the book to be thus commented on in its columns: Half a century ago the writing of such a book as this, by such a man as its writer, would have seemed wondrous strange. A public man, identified with political and social questions; an authority upon matters of taxation, of water supply, of various like interests and concerns; a Parliamentary candidate and a county councillor; emphatically a representative modern man of reform, agitation, public spirit: here he is expounding the Mass, championing Popery, defending indulgence; claiming for the Roman Catholic Church a favorable verdict upon the latest results of historical, archeological, critical research; and that in language always forcible, sometimes beautiful in its fervor and conviction. And once we all thought that Catholicism was dead and done with; or at most a venerable ruin, which we might pause to pity and admire, but in which no reasoning man could make his home. The crumbling traceries were picturesque; still, crumbling they were, and no part of the building weather-proof. Only dreamers or fanatics or illiterates could remain or enter. That view has very completely disappeared, and Catholicism is a stronger force to day than it has been at any period since the Council of Trent.

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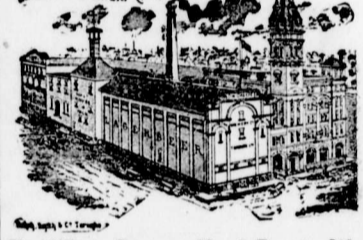
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