

PRESBYTERIAN LOGIC!

To the Editor of the Catholic Record:

REV. AND DEAR SIR—For pure, unadulterated hypocrisy, commend us to the pulpit exponents of the Presbyterian Church, who see, not only in every movement of the Catholic clergy in this country, but in the dogmas themselves of God's Holy Church, Roman "aggression" and Roman "encroachments." Not being able to agree upon their Confession of Faith, which is subject to charge by the well-developed imaginations of numerous so-called ministers of God, they direct their puny efforts against the Rock of Peter, and exhaust their minds in a harmless attack upon the one and only true Church of God, which shall stand until time ceases, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. They speak of the Word of God, but that Word, which is sacred to the heart of every Catholic, seems to be foreign to them, and appears to be used with a flippant tongue when uttered by such men as Rev. Messrs. MacVicar and King, who attended the Presbyterian Assembly at Toronto this week. How many Catholics will subscribe to the following untruthful statement:

"Under these conditions it is not surprising that feelings of uncertainty and deep discontentment prevail among Protestants, while the hitherto irreconcilable aggressions of the Jesuit Order are being taken in the minds of very many intelligent Roman Catholics laymen under the impression of an unbelief with regard to the whole system. They would gladly throw off the yoke if they could only see how to do so with safety to their business and domestic peace."

It would indeed be hard for any intelligent Catholic to "see how he could do so with safety to his business and domestic peace." Those who reject the word and the love of God in order that they may indulge in an unbridled manner in the false pleasures and luxuries of a few short years in this world of wickedness and sin can neither hope to be successful in business nor enjoy that peace and tranquility in the home circle which is found only in every well-regulated and God-fearing family. No! I am happy to repeat that no intelligent Catholic can do so with safety to his business and domestic peace, and if misrepresentations, such as we find in the foregoing paragraph, is a part of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, it is not to be wondered at that it is subject to change by every new light which arises upon the Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Dr. King's mode of reasoning is worthy of the uneducated year-old school boy we have in Canada to-day. He is in truth a good minister, a worthy doctor of divinity! as the following statement will prove:

"He (Dr. King) had heard with pleasure the speech of Dr. Kellogg, so calculated to inflame the mind, not against Roman Catholicism, but against Popish principles. There was a feeling of conviction that the nation and the Church were only entering upon a period of conflict with Popery, a conflict that may engage the attention of many succeeding assemblies. * * * Mingling with the priests in the North-West he had found them kind, companionable, and oftentimes wished they subscribed to a purer creed. He felt that a great deal of Roman Catholic doctrine was the doctrine of Christ, and he instinctively felt drawn nearer to a priest of Rome than to a Unitarian minister; but the truth had been overclouded by a great superstructure of error that hid the truth from men. * * *

Continuing, Dr. King declared his belief that the real way to combat such a dangerous doctrine as that the Virgin was man's intercessor was by placing the truth before the people."

The italic is mine. Dr. King's reasoning is not only fallacious but inconsistent. The man apparently does not comprehend his own "massive intellect." He had heard with pleasure Dr. Kellogg's speech, "so calculated to inflame the mind," not against Rome, but against Popish principles. He was not a priest, but he was not a Unitarian minister; but the truth had been overclouded by a great superstructure of error that hid the truth from men. * * *

"Mingling with priests in the North-West he had found them kind, companionable, and oftentimes wished they subscribed to a purer creed." Would Dr. King have us look to the machinations of a few rebellious priests and kings of two or three centuries ago for a purer creed than that authorized by the Apostles of Christ? It will not do, Dr. King. The Catholic Church has stood through the persecution and stormy blasts of nearly nineteen hundred years, and she will stand until the end of time, for Christ Himself has promised this. If you have a creed, it has been made up from what you have felt pleased to accept from Catholic doctrines. If you take the bible as your guide, remember that the sacred book was in existence long before you or your creed, and were it not for the Catholic Church and Catholic tradition you would have neither bible nor creed to direct you on your weary road to salvation. If you are searching for truth look for it in the annals of the Catholic Church. Almost any school boy can turn up a few pages of history and prove that the Catholic Church, or, in other words, "truth and the love of God and our neighbors," existed hundreds of years before Luther, Calvin, John Knox, Henry VIII, or any of the founders of the various forms of Protestantism were thought of.

The priest of Rome to whom the worthy Doctor is instinctively drawn need must feel enlightened by his sacred presence, but it is not a remarkable fact that while Dr. King holds the Unitarian minister in abhorrence, he attacks malign and slander the former, while he has nothing in particular to say against the latter. I fear that there is something

here which smacks strongly of the cloven foot.

He declared his belief that "the real way to combat such a dangerous doctrine as that the Virgin was man's intercessor was by placing the truth before the people." Indeed! It is a lack of knowledge of what constitutes the truth which keeps Dr. King and his colleagues in the Presbyterian Assembly in such utter darkness. If they accept Christ as God made man, why not accept His Immaculate Mother as our intercessor? As reason tells us, through her destiny the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was such a miracle of God's love, and such a creation of infused love of God, as a life of contemplation cannot comprehend. She must consequently be the greatest of little exemplars of this virtue, the greatest example for us, except her Divine Son, who was God Himself. Our reason will enforce the recognition of this, and Dr. King must be a strange Christian if he denies it. As Mary was created without sin through the Divine Maternity for which she was destined, so every soul of her life merited a new increase of grace, but Holy Writ tells us that of grace she was "full," and, as you cannot add to what a full vessel contains, her state of grace and holiness is beyond comprehension. "Hail, full of grace," exclaimed the Angel Gabriel, and as fullness cannot be added to within the same vessel it flows upon its surroundings, and so her merit flows in grace over to children.

Dr. King had better try again. He loves himself more and more, as it were, with every sentence that he utters. It is folly for him to be talking about winning against the Church of Rome. God's Church has existed from the beginning; she will last until the end. She is universal in the fullest sense of the word. She is American as well as Roman. She is, in fact, more American than any form of Protestantism. Pope Alexander, Queen Isabella and the Catholic Columbus are the illustrious discoverers of America. It is now high four hundred years since the children of the Church planted her sacred standard on the island of San Salvador. All this is written in bronze on the dome of the American capital. American Catholicity is co-eval with the discovery of this continent, and hence our Church is, before all others, American.

If Dr. King and his friends are not satisfied with the existing condition of affairs, they should remember that the Catholics, who belong to the Church of Peter, were first here; that they fought, bled and suffered martyrdom for the faith; that they opened up and civilized the country, and, above all, that they came to preach the word of God, and here they are nobly diffusing the light and divine truths of Christianity. They have come to stay, and the only remedy for Dr. King and his colleagues is to emigrate to some more congenial climate, where they may preach at will the fallacies of their peculiar doctrines.

Very respectfully yours,
J. M. E. LAYLIE.

Almonte, June 19, 1889.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Troy Catholic Week.

The Rev. Father McNulty died at Massacretta, leaving an estate valued at \$60,000 divided among various charitable institutions in his diocese. The relatives of the deceased priest sought to break the will on the popular plea of "undue influence," and "undue mind," "forged signatures," etc. The drawer of the will and the witnesses were Catholic priests of undoubted veracity who swore in open court to the identity of their signatures. The jury who was instructed to determine on the evidence of the signers returned the verdict that the signatures were genuine and deceased of sound mind. The judge declined to receive the verdict and delivered a stinging rebuke to the factious Protestant jury as follows: "The verdict is not in accordance with the evidence, nor with instructions given by this court. It is evident that the jury was prejudiced on account of the religion of defendant, therefore I cannot accept the verdict, and it is therefore set aside." The judge is the son of the celebrated and physician and scholar, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Catholic Columbus. A Protestant clergyman, in England, the Rev. Mr. Chapman, who collected a goodly sum of money for Father Damien before the latter died, has started a memorial fund for the leper priest. Writing to the London Times to solicit contributions, he says: "This man was essentially a Catholic, and any memorial to perpetuate the story of his heroism must be essentially Catholic. If it is to be entirely genuine, and as he would have wished it. No one, therefore, need send anything who feels the slightest qualms on the subject of the Church to whose glory this latest martyrdom accrues." This man evidently has a Catholic spirit, and his deceased friend may obtain for him the grace of conversion in return for his charity.

That English lord who is a priest, the Rev. Lord Archbishop Douglas, is going to the east coast of Scotland. He has dined up an immense van, which is divided into two compartments—one for a sanctuary, with altar, candles, vestments and everything else necessary for the celebration of Mass, the other as a living, eating and sleeping room for himself. With this equipage, he intends to visit the scattered hamlets of the Diocese of Galloway, devoting his life to preaching to persons who have seldom if ever heard a Catholic priest, and who, but for him, would live and die without knowing the truths of salvation.

Among the names of the English committee who counteracted the sacrilegious statue to Giordano Bruno, atheist and blasphemer, are Algeron Charles Swinburne, poet of unimpeachable faith; Bradlaugh, openly immoral and infidel; and Huxley who puts Science in place of Our Lord.

The progress of Christianizing Western Bengal is satisfactory beyond the wildest hopes. It is remarkable that English writers have either failed to notice or entirely ignored the strides made in India by the Catholic Church. Whole districts are embracing the faith; the Jesuits, Father Haygate and Father de Saint, recently added five thousand new Chris-

tians to the fold in the province of Chota-Nagpur.

Cardinal Taschereau does not propose to let honors and acclamations become necessary to his happiness. In a circular issued to the clergy of the Archdiocese of Quebec before beginning his pastoral visit, His Eminence forbids the custom of lining roads with young trees and erecting triumphal arches of the same, "as it is destructive of immense quantities of valuable young timber, and as, moreover, it is exceedingly difficult and expensive to procure decorations in older parishes." He also prohibits fireworks, cannonades, and fusillades in his honor, as "another cause of useless expense." The faithful clergy and laity of Quebec will find fitting marks of respect to pay to their chief pastor, and their regard for him will probably not be lessened by his outspoken dislike of ostentation.

Church Progress. The proverbial slowness and caution of Rome is well illustrated in a recent decision of the Congregation of Rites with regard to the apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes. For a considerable period the members of the Congregation have had before them a request to recognize the apparition as authentic and to dignify it by a proper office. A protracted inquiry has been held, and now the Congregation has decided to demand fresh information and new documents. Many pious persons will, no doubt, be somewhat disappointed on finding the realization of a cherished hope thus deferred, but at the same time they cannot fail to admire the thoroughness with which all questions affecting religious worship are investigated at Rome.

N. Y. Catholic News. Miss Curack has reached bottom. She is declaring against "Popery" in Toronto and scolding all Ireland's miseries to the Pope. The simple faith of our Catholic people has more than once betrayed them into accepting adventures either born Catholics or seeming converts, and today they are left with a shattered and a shattered Sisterhood alienated from the world and unresponsive of evil are easily imposed upon. They take every one as genuine and sincere. But for this women like Madame St. George and Mother Mary Francis Clara, never could have found a home in a Catholic convent, or proved in this that they were only Irish persons, permitted by heaven to plunge good humble communities of nuns into a thousand difficulties.

Our temperate and moderate friend of "The New York Times" is troubled by the spectre of the French Canadian celebration. "The French Canadians," it says, "mean to retain in this country, as for two centuries they have succeeded in retaining in Canada, the religion and the language of their ancestors, as distinct badges of their separation from their neighbors." Now, there are a great many French-American Republicans in this country, and being neutral in politics we do not wish the Times to drive these people into the ranks of the Democratic party. Will they permit us to criticize their utterances. Two centuries is a little too much or somewhat too little. Too much, if it goes back to the settlement of Quebec and Nova Scotia, which antedated Plymouth and Boston, too little if it refers to the British Conquest. They kept their language and religion while under French and Catholic rule is certainly not amazing, being Catholics. The New Englanders have kept the language of their ancestors, as distinct badges of their separation from their neighbors. They have practically discarded the bible and religion of their ancestors. But who were the neighbors of the French Canadian in Canada? Is it not somewhat of a puzzle? If it refers, esteemed contemporary, to the French Canadian in New England, their religion is no distinctive badge of their separation from their neighbors. The neighbors are to a great extent of the same religion, Catholic, and the number of Catholics is daily increasing.

If our friends of the Times uphold British rule in America, and on the day after the Fourth hold it up as a paragon, we must protest, and say all honor to the French Canadian who, after a century and a quarter of British rule, keep their faith their language and their language. —N. Y. Catholic News.

IT IS FOR ALL.

Some Protestants believe that only the Catholic laity go to confession. They imagine that, like doctors not taking their own medicine, the priests do not use that sacrament themselves. They are mistaken.

Every priest goes to confession to some other priest, usually once a week. The laity go to confession, generally to a priest of their respective dioceses, and, as a rule, once a week. The Catholics go to confession, just like the priests and the bishops. The Pope goes to confession. He has a priest, who is his confessor, to whom he declares his sins, just like from whom he gets absolution, just like the lowliest and most unlettered layman. Confession was ordained and established by Jesus Christ. The Bible bears testimony to this statement. It is a sacrament for all. To the sinner, it brings spiritual life to the soul, relief from his guilt, peace to his heart. To the saint, it brings an increase of light and grace from the Holy Ghost.

Confession is a great comfort. It lifts the sinner from his degradation as the slave of Satan and restores him to his dignity as a son of God and a brother of Christ. It is a blessing, a gift, a treasure, from whom he gets absolution, just like the lowliest and most unlettered layman. Confession was ordained and established by Jesus Christ. The Bible bears testimony to this statement. It is a sacrament for all. To the sinner, it brings spiritual life to the soul, relief from his guilt, peace to his heart. To the saint, it brings an increase of light and grace from the Holy Ghost.

Dame Experience.

Has convinced many that to use any of the substitutes offered for the only sure and painless cure is attended with danger. Get out your money and use the only Painless Corn Extractor, at drugists.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly, subdues the pain and disease. VICTORIA CAROLINE SALVE is a great aid to internal medicine in the treatment of scrofulous sores, ulcers and abscesses of all kinds.

CATHOLICITY IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND.

England, in days gone by, as prolific of Saints, although fallen since from its high estate, may well be an object of interest to those who, separated from it by the billowy Atlantic, bear in mind the wondrous champions of the faith, who labored on its shores, and the stately ministers and churches which still remain, albeit desecrated, splendid monuments of their success. The faith has of late years made rapid strides towards its lost heritage. In the north it is more, but still the south, slowest to leave the faith and tardiest to receive it again, is now falling into line, and beginning to accept the cast-off yoke of Christ, so sweet to all those who bear it patiently and well. Plymouth, an ancient town of the sea, whence so many persecuted souls have often set sail to find freedom on our shores, is becoming fairly peopled with Catholics. It boasts a beautiful Cathedral, splendid schools under the care of the Sisters, and zealous clergy both religious and secular. In this hot bed of Protestantism, flourish richly the Apostolic Sons of St. Francis, who walk in crooked and winding streets, dressed much the same as did their Saviour founder, when he harangued the crowd in the streets of Assisi. You cannot mistake them, as in coarse brown habit and with sandals feet they scour the adjacent country in search of their Master's sheep. On their arrival in Plymouth, they meet with much success, as was expected, the very "Hill of the Cross" varied to monies, in the fertile imagination of the "unwashed" caused them to be greeted with showers of stones and other convenient missiles. John Bull, though slow to be convinced and tardy to do justice, sometimes displays that fair play which he claims as his essential attribute; and now these humble workers, the Lord's vineyarders, are sometimes received with marked respect and kindness. Their monastery is situated high up amid the ancient buildings of rock-built Saltash and commands a splendid view of the river Tamar, as it sluggishly rolls towards the ocean. The building is very poor and the chapel, though containing within its humble walls the Last Supper, is one of the simplest of kind, being adorned with a few statues and pictures representing various acts of St. Francis' life. But these good religious make up by the fervor of their prayers and their numerous works of mercy, for the want of decoration, and Jesus dwells there in happiness amongst his poor and despised servants. Their mission is doubly honored by the sailors, who through Devonport, England's second naval station, and the government has given them one of Nelson's old warships, some say, the famous "Victory," upon which the Holy Sacrifice is offered every Sunday. This floating chapel is anchored in the river some distance from the monastery and the Lord of peace dwells there, steadily unmoved by the waves of warships arriving and departing, or the sullen roar of the cannon as it echoes and re-echoes over the placid surface of the river. Strange to say, the congregation is formed principally of Irish sailors, was in spite of England's ingenuity, continue to man her powerful ships and display for a stranger's interest the bravery and courage which can find no excess or end in their country's servile condition. Another degrading body of slaves are carrying on God's work in this part of England. Some years ago the Little Sisters of the Poor came across from France and established themselves in a hostile, bigoted neighborhood. Yet they have won over those people. An English Protestant gentleman came promptly forward and helped them to build a really magnificent convent that shelters some two hundred people, young and old. The Little Sisters are we come guests wherever they go, and seldom does their ungaily carriage return to the convent without sufficient alms for the daily needs of the house. Beautiful, well and favorably known in America for their successful college and boarding schools, they have given to the Church in both Canada and the United States, have their novitiate outside of Plymouth. They have brought up the country house of Lord Cecil (a nephew of England's Prime Minister), a most beautiful residence, about five miles from the sea and commanding a splendid view of the harbor of Plymouth and the grim fortress which guards it. They have also a college which promises to be in the near future equal to many of the good ones which Catholic England possesses. After all there is no reason to despair at the prospect before Catholics which the land there violently from the Church's bosom, present. Bigotry and prejudice have had their day; and now England has two alternatives and one—Catholicity or Atheism and revolution. Things cannot go on in the old, old style. Toryism, though degraded and presenting at the present time a pitiful spectacle to the world was of old a powerful bulwark protecting the Anglican church. But now with the decay of one, the other tapers to its flimsy and soon conservative England will meet the fate which overtook and still pursues the one time fairest daughter of the Church. If the masses of England could be educated all would be well, for a looking back over the Church's triumph in England during the past century, one fact is clearly demonstrated. Most conscientious and educated Englishmen have done one of two things—either returned to the grand old Church of their forefathers or become, if not in actual practice, at least at heart, skeptics in many matters of Church teachings.

ORDINATION OF PRIESTS AT GLASGOW. THE WORLD AND THE PRIESTHOOD. Glasgow Observer, June 29. On Sunday last His Grace Archbishop Eyre celebrated Mass in his cathedral at Glasgow; and raised to the priesthood, during the course of the ceremony, five clergy intended for the archdiocese of Glasgow—the Rev. Messrs Martin Jansen, Ladner Kahler, David A. Marie, Thos. Hopewell, and Charles Webb. His Grace was assisted at the altar by the Right Rev. Mgr. Munro, D. D.; Canons Caven and Maguire, V. G., and Fathers Dawson, Toner, O'Brien, and Kelly. The preacher on the occasion was Canon Maguire, V. G., who selected for his text the words contained in the gospel of the day: "Wonder not if the world hate you," and said in the course of his sermon—This day is one of almost unmitigated joy for these brothers of ours, who to day have taken the first step in the missionary work that we have to do for God. It is a day of almost unmitigated happiness. They have been welcomed with love by him who now doubly their father, and with love by those who are their brother priests, with love by their friends and relations, who feel that if they were dear before, they are still dearer now, by strangers to whom they were before but of little interest, but to whom they are now bound with the tie that binds the Catholic priest to Catholic people. The priestly life which begins this happily to day will, if it be a faithful one—and it please God it shall—be crowned by a still happier day when the reward will be given by a generous Master to faithful servants. Between this day and that last day there lies a life that will be full of much happiness, the happiness that comes from the consciousness of duty faithfully done, from the loving gratitude of a flock always ready to appreciate everything a priest does, with an appreciation more than it deserves. Yet this happiness will, no longer, be unmitigated. With that feeling of gratitude and love there will constantly run another and a different one, and therefore I have chosen for my text the words "Wonder not if the world hate you." These young priests, continued the Canon, others they would be despised and hated. This might seem strange, as their mission was one of charity, yet it was true. They would be hated, as the Apostle said, by the world. Look at those countries in which the children of the Holy Spirit are for a time, at the head of affairs. Look, during the last ten years, at France, Russia, or Italy, where the spirit of the world was emphatically triumphant, where men have reduced to practice those theories spoken of here only in the abstract. There, as one of these statesmen had put it, "the priest is emphatically the enemy." In this country, however, cannot proceed. The priest, for the Constitution does not permit it, but they can't hurt him, cannot hate him, and while they are ready to do. All priests experience this, feel conscious of being hated, of being looked on with suspicion or with the keenest dislike, tolerated only because the law oblige it. There are ever to be found these two classes of men, and with the priests, even when they do not deserve it. No matter how cruel they might be of the opinion of others, no man was comfortable, knowing he was hated. And if he were he could bear with equanimity, but not hatred. The young priests that day ordained would meet with it and perhaps be despised, yet to them he would say: "Be not discouraged, 'wonder not, deeply beloved if the world hate you.' No clearer sign could be given them of their fidelity to their Master, than that they were doing their Master's work and fighting their battle faithfully. Years ago priests were hated by many God-fearing men. The priest was looked upon as one who deliberately misled those under his charge, teaching them filiality and other apostate doctrines. Nowadays this has cleared, little by little, away. Hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen are beginning to look upon priests as no doubt, misguided, mistaken and misled, but still as honest men, and not as imposters. They knew the priest was conscientiously convinced of what he preached, and so priests had not now to the extent of doing formerly the hatred of those whose hatred would be a pain. They had the hatred chiefly of those who would strive to overcome all ideas of social justice, who would turn the orderly state of society into disorder, who would do away with the rights of property, marriage, confusing rights and wrongs, and mixing up matters in such a way as would leave each man unknowing what was his and what was not. These are people who hate us; well might they say with the apostle: "Wonder not if the world hate you." He would further say, "Cave not if the world hate you." It need not make them unhappy to be hated by those who hated all that was good and righteous. If they then think that by God's grace the hatred he had spoken of, would not prevail against the priests that day ordained, encouraging them and disheartening them, but that rather borne up by the love and affection of their own people they would persevere in their work and discharge faithfully their priestly duties to the last.

Of the newly ordained priests two hail from England, Fathers Webb and Hopewell, two from Germany, Fathers Jansen and Kahler, and one from Scotland, Father David A. Marie who belongs to Aldre, and in St. Margaret's Church celebrated his first Mass on Monday morning last. All the reverend gentlemen completed their studies in the Seminary, Parkhill, and were ordained for the Archdiocese of Glasgow. They have come on a short holiday and will receive their appointments on their return.

The Highest Praise. I used a bottle of Barckley Blood Bitters for my Dyspepsia and it proved a perfect cure, and I was blessed the day I got it. I would not be without it below for a good lot. It is worth its weight in gold. Mrs. W. J. Smith, Haley Station, Ont.

M. A. St. Mars, St. Pauline, writes: Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a public benefit. It has done wonders here, and has cured myself of a bad cold in one day. Can be relied upon to remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

A Big Success.

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For summer complaints and diarrhoea I can truly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as I have used it in my family with great success and would not be without it. John B. Havens, Grimsby, Ont. Never travel without it.

Express your Wishes by using the safe and reliable antiseptic Freeman's Worm Powders.



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