

lay your heathen hands upon it. Mother of God, assist me." And again the great Christ wavered above the mob.

But the weight was more than he could sustain. He toppled slowly backward until he rested slanting against the wall behind. So far the mob looked on unobtrusively. Thanks to his English, they believed it a renewal of their orgy of disdain. But now, when Murray's tall form sank from sight, and I divined that he had knelt before the symbol, an angry hissing murmur ran through the street from side to side, and all the crowd surged forward one impulsive step.

It was this which roused him to his danger. He was on his feet in an instant and peering over the heads of the people.

"Stand back!" he shouted, this time in Chinese, and for a moment they obeyed him. Before the moment was over he had found what he sought.

"Chee!" he called sharply, and a man near the palanquin, started violent from his attitude of spectator. "Chee, come here!"

"Murray!" cried the man, and rushed forward, fighting his way with shoulder and elbow. But half-way to the cross he stopped, doubt, and hesitation chasing each other over his lean face. Murray encouraged him with voice and gesture.

"Come! You know me! Why, are you afraid? Come on, I say!"

"What would you have?" asked the other, still hesitating.

"This," he indicated the cross. "It is mine, and I am going to take it away with me. Go and find me men to carry it."

For a moment it seemed as if the very audacity of the proposal had proved its safeguard. The one called Chee again moved forward, though this time slowly, and the press, pushing and muttering, opened up a path before him. But a dozen steps from his destination he halted.

"Well, what is it? Don't you know me?" sneered Murray at him, and the very breath of the mob was hushed, and he heard his answer. When it came its form was fatal.

"I knew you," he said slowly, "when you scorned that sign—I render freely; the words will not bear a translation—as I did. I knew you when you believed with me that we could drive this Christian scum into the sea. But since the driving began I have not seen you. Where have you been? What do you believe?"

"And, like the chorus in a devil's opera, from a dozen throats the question was hurled back.

"What do I believe?" repeated Murray. "You want to know? Well, I'll tell you."

He looked down at the ground and up around him. The men in the back ranks were already growling out their impatience. From the end of the street the roar of renewed plundering rolled up to us like a wave; everywhere was violence and death, and lust for death and unwillingness to brave it for a faith's sake. Murray looked, and I swear a new soul came to the man. Up went his head and his clenched hands.

"I believe in God." He made his answer clear. "In God the Father, Maker of heaven and earth, and in His Son—" With an inexpressible sound of fury the mob was upon him. To most of them the words were meaningless, but not the dullest could mistake the tone and look.

They swept upon him, eager and panting each to be first in the sweep of his long arms. And Murray met them, chanting the defiant psalm of his new found faith:

"And the third day he rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God."

In such a stress the creed was born. He was raised. He did ascend. Surely the Christ, Whom he had believed, doubted, scoffed at, and for whom he was to die, was with His martyr in that hour.

I saw him clearly a moment later. He had shaken off his assailants and stood erect. His clothing and disguise were torn away and the blood flowed from a wound in his shoulder. He passed his hand across his eyes like one awakening from sleep; he looked down at his mangled flesh.

"And I believe in the resurrection of the body; and in the life to come," he uttered slowly, and with the words fell forward to the ground.

Then the mob closed in between, and one who also believed these things, and should have joyed in death for their profession, groveled upon the floor of the palanquin, sobbing aloud. For Murray was dead: he had died in the faith. And I yet lived, and was ashamed. And how was I to regain the embassy?—Pearson's Magazine.

FREEMASONRY AND AMERICAN CATHOLICS.

An example of the way in which Freemasonry permeates our social life is given by the Rev. John Talbot Smith in his article on current stage events in Donahoe's Magazine for this month. Somehow or other one expects stage folk to be free from the narrowness of the secret order, but that they are not would seem to be evident. Writing of Frank Keenan, who is a Catholic, Father Smith says that when that able member of the acting fraternity was at the Catholic Summer School, he spoke little of his own career and profession except to a few in private. "What glimpse of an actor's life he gave," says Father Smith, "I saw chiefly in the hard struggle at bitter temptation particularly for those who cherish lofty ambition. The natural obstacles are very great, chance and favor play an important part in achieving any thing, and even when the prize seems near, a mere trifle may snatch it away. It would seem that the society of Freemasons still exerts considerable influence in various departments. Many an actor just missed success by his unwillingness to join the faith at the critical moment.

In other professions and other lines of effort the same state of affairs may

be found and many a Catholic pushing his way upward has come face to face with the same problem which the Catholic actor had to meet. Father Smith says that he was rather astonished to learn from a railroad man that all Catholics in the employ of a great railroad corporation knew that promotion for them ceased at a certain point; to get any higher they would have to become Freemasons.

Freemasonry here is not what it is in France, they say. If we are to believe what we see in public print, there is no affiliation between the Grand Orient or French Freemasons and the order in England and America. But it is very apparent that in no country has the lodge any particular love for Catholics and the Catholic Church. And Freemasonry in America, while not so savagely and openly anti-Catholic as in France, has its own way of being hostile to the Church and the Church's faithful sons.—Buffalo Union and Times.

HOW THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

Written for The True Voice by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.

VI.—ORIGIN OF CALVINISM.

John Calvin was a very different character from Martin Luther. Like one another in their uncommon power of intellect and strength of will, in their intense hatred for the religion of their fathers, in their rejection of all authority on earth that claimed to control their independent thought, speech and action—these two standard bearers of the Reformation were in most other respects the opposites of each other.

Luther was by nature and principle a destroyer and disorganizer in religion and morality, fond of breaking through all bonds; of throwing down all bars for himself and for other men generally; Calvin on the contrary, had a remarkable genius for organization and delightful in imposing bonds. He built up a novel structure of dogma and morals, tightening the yoke on the multitude, but releasing himself and a few elect souls of all fear of future punishment. We shall understand this better when we shall get acquainted with his personal history.

Calvin was born at Noyon in Picardy, France, on July 10, 1509, when Luther, as a young monk, was beginning his professional career at the University of Wittenberg. His father was a faithful Christian, blessed with a good wife and six children, but not with ample means for their support. Of the children John was the most talented and the most ambitious. In the same town the noble family of the Momors, with a charity common in Catholic times, took him into their home to be educated with their own children by a private tutor. When he was twelve years old, they sent him with two of their own sons to Paris, where John was to continue his studies for the priesthood.

While attending lectures at the great Paris university, the poor boy was lodged and supported gratis by his paternal uncle, Richard, who made an honest living as a locksmith. The boy is thus described by an early writer: "His body was dry and slender, but he already exhibited a sharp and vigorous intellect, prompt at repartee, bold in attack. He was great at fasting—he spoke but little; his language was serious and always to the point. He entered seldom into company and sought retirement."

Meanwhile the errors of Luther, his fierce assaults on the Pope, his condemnation of penance and moral restraints, etc., had begun to attract public attention in France, and was creating a wild excitement, particularly among the students of the Paris University. Calvin was soon infested with the new spirit. While his good uncle Richard daily attended Mass, abstained from flesh meat every Friday and Saturday, and piously told his beads daily, John had begun to scoff at such devout practices. For already at fourteen he had read some of Luther's books; he had admitted doubt and then proud contempt into his conceited mind. The influence of his principal professor at the time was in favor of the novel errors, and soon the boy was no longer a Catholic except in name.

Still he found it his interest to conceal his sentiments; and, at the age of nineteen having been enrolled among the clergy by receiving the tonsure, he obtained a considerable ecclesiastical benefice, which enabled him to live on the Church without discharging any sacred duties. He never received the priesthood nor even the Minor Orders, though he held the title of pastor of a considerable parish.

For a while he studied law at Orleans, where, under the tuition of an excellent master, he greatly improved in logical thought and trenchant expression; but he was unpopular among his fellow students with whom his habit of fault-finding earned for him the sobriquet of "the accusative case." Next he studied at Bourges, where he made the acquaintance of Beza, Wolmar, an other enthusiastic admirer of Luther. Thence he returned to Paris to complete his theological course, living all along on the income of a church benefice, while he was maturing in his active mind the plan of his heretical system of predestination. While he paused on the brink of the precipice, he was a prey to racking torments of conscience.

As last his mind was made up; for, to use his own words: "God, by a sudden conversion, subdued his heart and made it docile." From Andin's "Life of Calvin" we are led to conceive the genesis of his system in this way. He had a powerful intellect, and an iron will to execute whatever he resolved upon; but he had no love of any person but himself, no kindness, no tenderness, no pity on the miserable. Being such, he formed to himself a conception of God after his own image and likeness, a God all intellect and strength of will, but wanting in the element of goodness. This God, in Calvin's system created the world simply to exercise His arbitrary power, without any regard to the happiness of His creatures. Some of these He predestined to be saved, happy forever,

others to be lost in endless woe; with out leaving any influence on their lot to either the elect or the reprobate. To the elect God gives sooner or later an intimate conviction of their election; this pledge once received can never be lost. Calvin calls this conviction "faith," taking this word in a novel sense of his own. This faith prompts the happy recipients of it to lead holy lives. Those who have it not are a mass of damnation; they have nothing to gain by the practice of virtue, but they should be kept in order by the elect, by force if necessary.

Calvin, while still openly professing the Catholic religion, held conventicles at night with his secret followers, whom he indoctrinated with his new tenets. His position became dangerous. So he sold his ecclesiastical benefice and fled to the court of Noyon, where Queen Margaret patronized the Reformation. In that kingdom he composed the gospel of his sect, which he entitled, The "Christian Institutes."

A REVIVAL OF CHIVALRY.

One of the most timely, necessary, and inspiring documents to reach our table in a long time is the pastoral letter in which Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, discusses the need of a revival of the chivalrous spirit, and, as a means thereto in the territory under his own jurisdiction, establishes the new order of Knights of Our Lady of the Southern Cross. "So far as society is concerned," says the Australian prelate, "the order of knighthood is needed now more than it was in the middle ages. There are more deep seated wrongs to be redressed, more serious evils to be cured. In the Middle Ages marriage was recognized as the sacred and sacramental institution intended by God for the lawful propagation of the human race, and the inseparable union of man and woman in family life. But to-day, outside the Catholic Church, marriage has lost its sacramental, and much of its sacred character. The primary purpose of the Almighty in instituting marriage is largely frustrated by the artificial limitation of the family, and by race suicide. The inalienability of marriage is destroyed by the recognition of divorce; and the unity of marriage is practically dissolved, not, indeed, by simultaneous but by successive polygamy. Then, outside the married state, who can enumerate or weigh the sins of unchastity which defile the earth, cry to Heaven for vengeance, and corrupt souls created to the image and likeness of God!"

Commenting on the fact that in ancient times the flood was sent to purge the corrupted earth, and fire from heaven destroyed the cities of the plains, Mr. Carr asks if the sins and unnatural excesses of modern times are less deserving of swift and startling punishment. "One thing at least," he continues, "is certain—namely, that there is abundant scope for the exercise of that lay apostolate, that lay priesthood, with which the Knight's office is invested. There is no danger of any conflict or collision between the two priesthoods. They operate in different spheres and are exercised on different occasions. The Church is the centre of the one; the street, the market place, the cricket ground, the shop, the factory, every place where men congregate, as well as the private home, is the sphere of the other."

An invitation to become sharers in this new spiritual crusade is extended to "all who are willing to imitate the example of the knights of old, to practice the virtues they practiced, to uphold the duties and responsibilities of married life, to protect the purity of the young, to put a stop, as far as opportunity may allow, to every word and act calculated to offend modesty and injure innocence."

THE OLD, OLD CRY.

Francis Xavier Werntz, the new "bishop pope" as the head of the Jesuit Order is called, is a German, and was elected, it is declared, by the influence of the Emperor of Germany, who has become in recent years a power at the Vatican. The fact that the chief of Martin Luther's followers hold such a relation to the rulers of the Roman Catholic Church from which Luther revolted is interesting if not significant.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The late Superior of the Jesuits departed this life his brethren were under the necessity of selecting some one to fill his place. As they have to live under his authority without reference to what the world outside may do or think about it, it is to be assumed that they would select from their number the one they believed to be best fitted by ability and other qualities to lead and direct them in the work to which their society is devoted, and this without reference to where he may have been born. This is the natural assumption, and it should stand unless there be positive and convincing evidence to the contrary, for the Jesuits are admittedly men of ability and thorough capable of attending to their own internal domestic affairs without consulting outsiders, whether they be wearers of crowns or cloaking hats.

But those who are fond of discovering stealthily scheming in everything the Jesuits do cannot let an opportunity pass. They are quite sure there must be a Jesuitical trick somewhere in every proceeding the Jesuits have a hand in; and they forthwith set to work, like Sherlock Holmes, to detect and expose it.

If the Jesuit had selected an American for their Superior, as some thought they would, "Ah, ha," says Old Sweden, "there's a clue." The voracious Roosevelt and the Jesuits are looking for something—perhaps a chaplaincy to the White House, that they may regulate the Presidential conscience, and introduce thumb-screws and iron boots. Alert, ye sons of liberty, our 'stations are in peril. The Jesuits will annex us. Keep your eyes on the clasp."

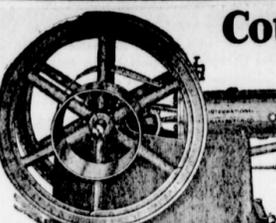
If the Jesuit had elected an Englishman the cry could be changed a little, but the general sense, or no sense of it would be the same. "Edward VII is a power at the Vatican. The Jesuits are currying favor with him; our church is in danger," etc., etc.

If a Frenchman had been elected the cry would go forth, "The Jesuits are currying favor with the atheist rulers of France, so that when the revolution

comes they may lead and direct it and bring back the Bourbon and re-establish the Church's power."

But the newly elected Superior happens to be a German, and Old Slouch thinks this never could have happened without the influence of Emperor William, who is ambitious to be the dominating power in Europe. To gratify this ambition he wants to give the influence of the Jesuits, and to give a sign of willingness to assist him they select a German as their Superior. And, as the philosophic Mr. Dooley would say, there you are. "The chief of Martin Luther's followers" hobnobbing with the Jesuits. It is, as the Advocate remarks, "interesting if not significant."

The Emperor William had no more to do with the selection of Father Werntz than he had to do with getting out the latest issue of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, or than the Akood of Serat had.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.



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