

RE-AFFIRMS HIS POSITION.

Supremacy of the Roman Church in England Before the Reformation. — Mr. Joseph Baum Returns to the Discussion — A Matter of Ecclesiastical History — Mr. Baum's Statements of Last Year — Answer to Anonymous Correspondence.

Ottawa Citizen, March 21. Editor Citizen: When, a few days ago, I asked you to print a note from me embodying portions of an address from the President of the English Church Union, I did so solely because it confirmed a position I had occasion to take in your columns a year ago. That position, which was confined to a single point of ecclesiastical history, was clear and simple in the extreme. I had elsewhere stated that the Anglo-Saxon Church owned the sway of Rome in the seventh century, and, desiring precision, I said that at the Council of Whitby, held in the year 664, the Papal supremacy was formally acknowledged. A passing stranger, in the course of a public lecture, coarsely denied this, and, more so, affirmed that it was not until after the Norman Conquest that the Church of England became subject to Rome. Emboldened by his own audacity, like Colonel Sellers, he grew wilder and wilder in his statements, until finally Citizen, 18th Jan., '94) he asserted that the Church of England had never acknowledged the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. This was the issue joined between us. There is not a word from me in my letter of last year enlarging it, for I know full well the importance in disputations of sticking closely to the point. Nay more — with the exception of a passing allusion to Anglican Orders — I have never in my life discussed any other question of this nature in the Citizen. In my note asking you to publish Lord Halifax's remarks, I, realizing the tendency of my Anglican friends to get off the track, was scrupulously careful to avoid mentioning any subject that could afford the least opportunity for evasion. Unluckily, your night editor by placing the word "Reunion" over my letter, gave Mr. Fortier a pretext to digress, of which he was not slow to avail himself. Upon the question in respect of which I was rudely and offensively given the lie, he had not a word to say, except stoutly to assert that Mr. Baum had issued from the encounter with flying colors.

A CLERICAL DISPUTANT. All minds, however, are not constituted like that of Mr. Fortier. The Rev. Mr. Shaw comes forward and says with an air of impatience, which is quite pardonable under the circumstances, that every school-boy ought to know that the English Church "succumbed" to Rome about the year 716 — and that during the long period between that date and the Reformation there was but one religion in the kingdom — i. e., the Roman. He asserts this positively without any qualification. It is true that he differs from me with regard to another branch of the subject which I discussed at another time and in another place, but in respect of the sole question at issue between Mr. Baum and myself we are substantially at one. That Mr. Shaw does not go back quite far enough is surely not material here. I say the supremacy of Rome was acknowledged in 664, he says about 716, but we both, in effect, agree that it was a fact before Egbert reigned, and consequently Mr. Baum's statement that it was never acknowledged is preposterous. This admission of Mr. Shaw's of course commits him to nothing, except to a knowledge of English history.

I do not know how Mr. Baum's sponsors will receive this fresh endorsement of my position. Where Trench and Hallam, and Von Rancke, and Green, and Emerton and Lord Halifax have failed, I am afraid Mr. Shaw will not succeed. Before, however, their spokesman makes some entirely inconsequential reply to this letter I invite his attention to these weighty words of that undisputed authority in literature, the Spectator, upon this very point. "If the Reformation did not break the Roman yoke, the Protestants would have no great opinion of the Reformation. The Anglican party must not attempt to prove too much, or they will bring ridicule upon their claims."

20th December, 1894. AS TO THE ANONYMOUS GENTLEMEN. I hope my anonymous friends, a covey of whom rise at every shot, will forgive me if I do not reply to each one separately. Two reasons deter me. In the first place communications having reference to St. George's Church and other interesting topics to which I have never in the most remote manner alluded, are so entirely irrelevant that even had the writers the courage of their convictions I could not notice their remarks without swerving from my point which I am quite determined not to do. In the second place, I have long ago found out that it is perfectly futile to attempt discussion with one who is not man enough to assume responsibility for his statements.

In saying this, however, I must make an exception in favor of my friend "Catholics," for I recognize that a gentleman whose authorities are limited to two quotations from an encyclopaedia is fully justified in concealing his identity.

In conclusion, then, I re-affirm my position with respect to the sole question ever discussed by me in the columns of the Citizen. I maintain that far back in English history, long before the time of Alfred, before the kingdom of England existed, the Anglo-Saxon Church acknowledged the supremacy of the Holy See, and that that supremacy endured until the Reformation. The ecclesiastical records of that distant period are dim

with the lapse of centuries. Much is wanting in them — much is obscure — much, but not all, for as the historian bends over the ancient chronicle, he can discern on every page "Thou art Peter," though all else be oblivion. Your obedient servant. JOSEPH BAUM. Ottawa, 19th March, 1895.

THE DANGER OF TRIFLING WITH CONSCIENCE.

One of the strangest anomalies and most dangerous weaknesses of poor human nature is the tendency with conscience. This idea is suggested by reading Father Walworth's "Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary," in the Catholic World for March, and especially the interview which he had with Rev. Benjamin W. Whitecher at Utica, while giving a mission there in 1855. Whitecher had been with him in the Episcopal Seminary some ten years before, had sympathized with what was called the Oxford Movement, was inclined to follow the example of those students who "went over to Rome" but had not the courage of his convictions.

"His first backward step," says Father Walworth, "was when he took orders in the Episcopalian Communion. The second was when he took a Presbyterian wife. Still later on, becoming a widower, he took a second wife and became surrounded by a family of children." Ten years of his life passed away in this false position when he met Father Walworth during the mission in Utica as we have mentioned. After the first natural greetings Father Walworth, who felt deeply the false position of his old friend and determined to get him out of it if possible, said to him: "Well, Whitecher, don't let us dodge the one great matter we are both thinking of: Why are you not a Catholic long before this?" Without showing the least signs of fight Whitecher dropped his head and answered: "Sure enough, that is the great question and I don't know how to answer it. 'Ten long years of your life have passed away,' Father Walworth continued, 'and still here you are looking one way and rowing the other. How can you do it? How can your conscience bear it?' 'Conscience!' he repeated mournfully, 'don't talk of conscience. I don't know that I have any conscience left.'"

What a confession for an intelligent Christian man to make! Yet it is a perfectly natural one. It is a law of our moral nature that when a man violates his conscience and lives in opposition to its dictates — "facing one way while he rows another" — he becomes demoralized. Conscience of his weakness and hypocrisy he cannot respect himself and it is impossible for him to be a happy man, unless, indeed, his conscience becomes hardened by the Spirit of God and he given over by the Spirit of God to hardness of heart and blindness of mind. This is the awful danger incurred by such people and the only wonder is that those who are in this unhappy condition do not realize it. "That part of the work which depends on the author himself is worthy of very little respect, and of no confidence whatever."

Having acknowledged in such unqualified terms that Father Young has succeeded beyond all question in proving the two theses he proposed to defend, viz: that the multitudinous attacks by Protestant orators and writers of every class upon the religious, intellectual, moral and social life of nations under Catholic influences have been made wholly without warrant of truth; and that in all worthy respects, in view of the attainment of true Christian civilization, Catholic countries have been and are even at the present day, despite the "rage of the people," far and away superior to "many or most Protestant lands," we will allow Professor Starbuck to hold what opinion he chooses about "that part of the work which depends on the author himself." We venture to say thereon, that to careful readers of Father Young's own text, whether they be Protestants or Catholics, the expression of such an opinion of it would hardly do more than to provoke a benign smile, since he fails to sustain this curiously interjected damatory clause by any illud ratiocinatio whatever.

What does surprise us not a little in so learned a writer as the Andover critic, is to find him immediately shifting the issues, and berating Father Young for failing to discuss those faults and sins among both Catholic clergy, and people prior to the so-called Reformation which contributed in so lamentable a measure to make that unwise rebellion against the doctrinal and moral majesty of the Christian Church possible.

Professor Starbuck's sudden change of the subject is not unlike the method resorted to by Protestant controversialists generally! Did any Catholic apologist ever attempt to explain and prove to an inquiring or objecting Protestant hearer, say for example, the doctrine of the Real Presence, purgatory, or what not, who, when he had conclusively proved it, did not find himself suddenly interrupted with some such a decoy question as: "But what have you got to say about Galileo? or the Spanish Inquisition, or the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew?" Discussing the causes of the Reformation was evidently quite beside Father Young's purpose and wholly unneeded for. But then we must indulge Professor Starbuck a little in this, sounding a mild counter-blast in the ears of his Protestant audience, tingling as they must be under his rather stunning

violence and the violent beareth it away." It is a holy violence, an energetic exertion of the will, a heroic act of self-denial, a determination with aid of the grace of God to do one's duty and save one's soul that can alone enable the seeker for salvation to secure the prize. Alas! how many who were once just at the portals of the kingdom of heaven, who gave every indication of faith in the Catholic Church and who their friends thought without doubt would soon become Catholics, at last fell back, returned to the weak and beggarly elements of the world and finally died and made no sign. God have mercy on their souls! — Catholic Review.

A NOTEWORTHY CRITICISM.

That prolific writer and scholarly critic, the Reverend Charles C. Starbuck, Congregational minister and professor in Andover Seminary, Mass., contributes a signed criticism of Father Young's "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared," to the New World quarterly. We think the large number of our readers who have undoubtedly already perused that convincing defence of the superior results of Catholic civilization will be pleased to have the judgment upon it made by so eminent a Protestant critic laid before them. He says of it: "The substance of this book consists in a tremendously effective array of quotations from Protestant writers, believers and unbelievers. They are quite sufficient to turn the coarse impudence and calumniousness of popular libelers of Roman Catholicism to despairing silence, if anything were capable of changing the nature or abating the enormity of these ribalds." He (Father Young) succeeds abundantly, but by quotations, in showing that in many points of popular happiness, kindly industry, between the high and low, sexual morality, equal division of the land, devotion to the Christian ideals of character above possession and eternity above time, many Catholic countries stand decidedly above many or most Protestant lands. He urges with cogent force that our lack of authoritative power to bring home to the masses the decisions of Christian faith and morals induces a sad measure of spiritual impotence, which is felt more and more painfully in Protestant countries, as the lingering force of ancient Christian tradition dies away. He brings facts and statistics and reminders enough for an ample justification of President Woolsey's half-expressed wish that in view of the lack of pedagogical power in Protestantism, it might be desirable that Catholic influence should increase among our masses, and save the Christian family in large regions, indeed the population itself, from the danger of extinction. He shows that in many parts of Catholic Europe, if there is comparative night, it is, as Carl Hase said of the century in Germany before the Reformation, "in many respects a sacred night."

The sentence omitted from the foregoing and replaced by dots is as follows: "That part of the work which depends on the author himself is worthy of very little respect, and of no confidence whatever."

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encomiums of Father Young's triumphs out proofs. Our many Catholic readers to whom the views of the Reverend Paulist Father are doubtless well known, concerning the possibility of the salvation of Protestants incalculably ignorant of the Church, and of their ability to make acts of saving divine faith — propositions defended most forcibly by him, as we remember, in a newspaper controversy a few years ago — will wonder to hear Professor Starbuck call him a "bigoted sectarian, who has exposed himself to the condemnation which the bull Unigenitus pronounces upon those who shall deny that the grace of God may be given out of the Church."

We commend to Professor Starbuck's more careful perusal the opening pages of Father Young's chapter on "Poverty and Pauperism."

We ourselves find little cause for wonder that Father Young while carefully avoiding condemnation of Protestants as individuals — (some well-merited lashes given to certain notorious slanderers expected) — has no word to say for Protestantism. The wide open eye of history must see plainly enough that whatever of really good influences Protestantism may claim for the defence of the Christian name and of fundamental Christian doctrines, for the sustaining and propagation of Christian ideas of civilization and true social progress, is to be credited not at all to what is distinctively Protestant, as being the denial of Catholic principles, but wholly and solely to that mighty force of Catholic tradition bound up with the very language and social customs of the people which the Protestant outbreak was unable to extinguish among its adherents at its beginning. What practical results have to be recorded against Protestantism as the force of that tradition has become more and more entangled among the peoples whose civilization it has made itself responsible for is just what is so thoroughly exposed in Father Young's book. Professor Starbuck says the same when he writes: "He (Father Young) urges with cogent force that our (Protestant) lack of an authoritative power to bring home to the masses the decisions of Christian faith and morals induces a sad measure of spiritual impotence, which is felt more and more painfully in Protestant countries, as the lingering force of ancient (Catholic) Christian tradition dies away."

May this first noteworthy criticism coming from a Protestant source of this most important and timely work be followed by others no less discriminating, honest and courageous. — N. Y. Catholic Review.

A NEW FASHION.

While in Boston a few days ago I was told that the latest fad in that city was kindness, and that people were quite taken aback at being addressed in such a kind manner, and at inquiries made concerning their families, where before they had only received a conventional bow. I was extremely glad to hear of this fashion, even though like most fashions it should soon pass away, yet it will be such a pleasant one while it lasts. It set me to thinking, however, how much this world needed simple kindness. Did you ever hear a little story told of a poor woman in Glasgow, who one summer day was walking along a street in which some poorly-clad children were running about barefooted? A policeman saw the woman stoop down and pick up something as she passed down the street and roll it up in her apron. Thinking it must be something valuable the policeman went after her, and coming up demanded to know what she had concealed in her apron. She refused to tell him, which only served to make the policeman more anxious and determined to know, and finally he threatened to arrest her if she did not unroll her apron and show him what it concealed. At last she did it, and the only thing he found was a few bits of broken glass. The guardian of public property, feeling very much annoyed and chagrined, vented his feelings on the woman by upbraiding her for picking up such rubbish. In defence she gave this beautiful reason: "I thought I would take them out of the way of the bairn's feet." Did she serve? As I read it I thought of other "bits of glass" that lie around in households and elsewhere, something dangerous. There are broken spirits, broken hopes and other broken things, that if stepped upon in this broken condition, some hearts may be hurt, and though no blood be seen, yet they are made to bleed. Now, a little kindly thought is needed on the part of some one who sees "father is not quite in as good a humor as usual this morning."

Perhaps something has happened to annoy him, he is inclined to be sharp, and now tact is needed, a very gentle heart and a very gentle hand. There are worse things than stepping on glass with bare feet (though that is not a pleasant thing), but think of a trusting heart, think of little children, who thought there was no one like their father, being unjustly treated, just because the father felt ill-humored or out of sorts!

REMOVING THE TROUBLE.

Can you not imagine a wife or mother seeing the real condition of things and going to work to remove that which may be the occasion of pain? I can hear my mother's voice saying, "Now, children, run along, father is tired" (maybe not tired as she was). Oh, my mother! I cannot keep the tears back as I think how she removed "bits of glass" that tender

feet (or hearts) might not be hurt. I sometimes feel tired of hearing of eminent saints or celebrated Christians never attracted any attention on earth, but at whom I am so sure the angels loved to look. We need simple goodness and lives like the simple life of Christ. The more we study that unostentatious life and pattern after it, the better for us and for the world. And we had better come to downright kindness, not putting it on because it is fashionable, but because it is said, "Be ye kind, one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." No wonder Faber says, "Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world." And though, perhaps, we do not take much notice of the common grass, yet this would be a very different world without it. So let us keep on doing the kindly things. "Let who will be clever." My dear tired mother, don't become discouraged. You do not know what that fretful child will be to you yet. I well remember a dear old lady with whose son and daughter we once took a Thanksgiving dinner. I saw her eyes follow her son with a look that I never saw her have for any one else. He was her only son, all the other children had passed on, and he was devoted to his aged mother. I said to her that afternoon, "You are very fond of your son?" "Yes," she said, "he is my all, and yet the only time I ever rebelled against God was when I rebelled against having that child. And now I have lived to old age and he is the only one in the world to care for me." I wish I could cheer all the women who will read this page. I wish you could see the crowns you will wear some day for what you endured while in the kitchen, in the shop, for the patience in suffering, for not returning unkind words, for the patient hand removing all the briars from the way, for all the seeds of kindness sowed. Be sure the reaping day will surely come. Nothing is for naught. Be content to do a little and you will be a link in the great chain of humanity. — Margaret Bottom in Ladies Home Journal.

Good Pictures.

A room adorned with good pictures is a room that inspires good thoughts in its occupants. Every Catholic home should have its crucifix, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and a few religious pictures. The absence of these aids to devotion is indicative of weak faith or lack of fervor. If parents realized the wholesome influence exerted by these objects on the impressionable minds of children, they would not be indifferent to them. It is sometimes urged in excuse for the absence of any outward tokens of religious faith that they excite the ridicule of unbelievers; but Catholicism whose faith is strong never entertains any such apprehensions. Those who are afraid to have their non-Catholic friends know that they venerate the Mother of our Redeemer ought to blush for shame when they hear of the honor that is paid to her by many outside the fold. The public has lately been afforded glimpses of the homes of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes and that charming story-writer, Octave Thanet. Conspicuous in the sitting room of each of these appears a picture of the Mother of fair love and of holy hope. — Ave Maria.

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