Sacred Heart Review.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCX.

Before we go farther, let us fix firmly in our minds what we have already noted, namely, that the prohibition of the Federal Constitution, to establish any form of religion, or to restrain the free exercise of any form (naturally, if not at variance with Christian morals), and also the prohibition of any religious test for office, apply only to the federal government. As the Supreme Court of the United States has often made plain, no restriction of the Constitution applies to a state, unless so expressed. So far as concerns the national charter, a State might set up a Catholic, or a Puritan inquisition. The thing would be impossible, of course, but by the tenor of events, not by the law of the land.

As we have seen, at the time when these federal enactments were passed, a number of the states had religious restrictions, or provisions. Massachusetts, I think until 1834, Connecticut until 1818, required every man to pay a tax to his pastor, or if he had none, to the Congregational pastor of the place. New Hampshire had the same law. Massachusetts kept Catholics out of office until 1821, New Hampshire out of the higher offices until after 1861. Several other states shut them out of the governorship until about 1830, more or less. North Carolina still excludes atheists from her legislature, and probably from governorship.

We see then that the federal restrictions on religious intolerance have not acted on the several states by any force of law, but purely by the force of example and influence, strengthening the general spirit of the age.

However, many Protestants, while professing to be loyally acquiescent, in the tolerance of the Constitution, maintain that the inclusion of Catholics in this freedom was ill-advised. Catholics, they say, owing superior allegiance to a foreign potentate, cannot be true citizens of this country. The Committee of One Hundred (if there still is such a thing) proposes to all the states to renew the old laws of Massachusetts, and shut Catholics out of every office. There is so little hope of changing the federal constitution in this direction, that they apparently leave it out of their present view.

But if the Catholics, by their very religion, can not be true citizens, why should they vote, any more than hold office? The One Hundred would doubtless allow that this exception is well taken, but would remind us that Rome was not built in a day and can not be unbuilt in a day. "Have patience," they would say, "Partial disfranchisement naturally implies in the end total disfranchisement. Observe how gradually Lewis XIV. went to work against the Huguenots. Let us take a lesson of him against the Catholics."

Now such declarations and projects reflect distinct discredit upon the Founders of the Republic, in a vital point. It is of no use to say that the Pope's infallibility, in their time, was not yet proclaimed, and that we are only proposing to revenge the disloyal springing of a mine upon us by Rome. Practically, the Pope's doctrinal infallibility had been the prevalent opinion in the Church for ages. In fact, the Pope's infallibility, both doctrinal and practical, was then often maintained of a vague extravagance which the Vatican Council has distinctly restrained, and which the papal brief approving the Swiss Pastoral of 1871 has limited still more sharply. This reason, therefore, for persecuting the Catholics, is distinctly a subterfuge.

We must bear in mind that the Fathers of our nation were almost all brought up in all the traditions of British Protestantism, Anglican, Presbyterian or Nonconformist. They had been accustomed, from the cradle, to be fed on all the stories of the Marian martyrs, of St. Bartholomew's, and of the Gunpowder Plot. They were familar, as a part of British legislation, with laws firing Catholics and hanging or banishing Catholic clergymen. It was within memory that an Episcopal minister had been hanged in New York on an unproved charge of being a priest. All the most extravagant claims of the most extravagant canonists of the Middle Ages were as familiar to them as to us. The relation of spiritual to temporal allegiance had been fully considered by them, and had been determined to be in no way inconsistent with good citizenship. Their deliberations were not formal, like those of the British Parliament in 1829, but came to the same conclusion, namely, that there is no reason why Roman Catholics should not be good citizens, if reasonable regard be had to their religious conscience, as to that of other men.

Moreover, they knew that in no colony, at no time, had Catholics disobeyed any law save such as forbade their worship, which of course we all hold it right to disobey. This is not true of all Protestants. The Quakers disown any member who obeys a military law. Yet no one dreams of disfranchising the Friends. Some churches, I believe, exclude a member who goes to law with a brother. The State, of course, leaves them free to do as they please. Yet if the Catholics had such a law, what outcries we should hear against them as putting contempt upon the civil administration of justice!

Mr. Edwin D. Mead, I believe, is in general far from intolerance. Yet he surely forgot himself some seventeen years ago when he proposed to punish all pastors that should withhold the sacraments from parents who sent their children to the public schools. I like this policy no better than he, but surely that teachers' convention in Tennessee which Mr. Mead also attended, was nearer right in discouraging all such proposals as at variance with American principles.

Mr. Mead's suggestion is only tenable on the ground that it should be civilly punishable for any church to restrain its members by spiritual censures from availing themselves of any provisions made by the State. Then this would include those churches which forbid lawsuits among their members. Nay, if the government should open galleries full of wanton pictures, the churches should be published if they forbid their members to frequent them. Indeed, this is far short of actual fact. In Hamburg and Bremen or Lubeck I understand that a woman who wishes to enroll herself in a brothel is entitled to require of her pastor a certificate of Confirmation and Communion. Here, too, I have seen in a St. Louis law-journal, where I believe at one time such women were registered, a proposal to forbid the churches to shut them out of their membership. This was the tenor, although I will not answer for the precise terms.

Of course, if once you begin, there is no stopping. Schools, museums, drinking-shops, houses of ill fame, anything which the civil authority sees fit to patronize, it ought to be viewed as incivism for any church, or any body of men, to oppose, whether by excommunication or provable disapprobation. We can not logically stop short of Cæsarism in its most aggravated degree, of the state of things towards which they are swiftly tending in France, in which the minority, however large, is helplessly at the mercy of the governing majority when once this has settled into any course of policy. The only logical end is the renewal of the guillotine for every one who is "suspected of being suspicious."

The Tribune, long ago, (and it has well-seconded by the Independent) told the truth when it declared that it is of the very essence of Americanism that the State shall in no way guarantee the ecclesiastical standing of the citizen. Where his membership is guarded by a contract, and by fixed forms of trial, the State will see that these are observed, for she is the guardian of all contracts. Otherwise her business is to remain wholly aloof. Could anything be more utterly alien to the American spirit and traditions than the assumption of the civil authority to decide, in any measure, the conditions of admission to the Church or of exclusion from it? America knows nothing of any civil disparagement involved in excommunication, or of any civil advancement involved in being exempted from it.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSION.

Catholic Standard and Times.

Harrisburg, September 29.—If there is a spot on the map of Pennsylvania where ignorance and bigotry have been more rampant than it ever was in the remotest hamlet of New Hampshire, that spot is Allison Hill, Harrisburg. The nursery of anti-Catholic organizations, its denizens have been the promoters of all the obscene lecture courses of Margaret Shepherd, Fulton, Rodenhafer, Linton and a band of smallfry preachers to whom sensationalism is life itself.

Into this paradise of spleen and ignorance came the Rev. Xavier Sutton, humble and frank as a child, filled with the wisdom of God and His saints and overflowing with a persuasive power for good that tears down all the barriers of prejudice.

In the new and beautiful St. Francis' Church, a monument to the zeal and devotion to its pastor, Father McGrath, a mission to Catholics and non-Catholics, one week to each, was closed on September 21, and the peaceful Catholics of Allison Hill district may now walk the streets without fear of coarse insults from their non-Catholic neighbors, thanks to the good offices of Father Sutton.

Night after night was the church comfortably filled (some nights crowded) to hear the doctrines of the Church explained in a manner so plain yet so eloquently expressed that none could go away without a larger and better degree of knowledge than was possessed on entering. Catholics who, for peculiar motives, had not identified themselves with the Church for many years and some who had openly gone to places of Protestant worship and sent their children to the Protestant Sunday schools were convinced of their error and wickedness of their conduct, and with repentant hearts came back to their first love. Catholics, too, who knew their faith, but not too well, were fortified in that faith by lucid and cogent explanations of Church doctrines not to be found in catechisms, but which laymen should know in order to answer the cunning mendacity of some of their non-Catholic neighbors. Many non-Catholics, some from mere curiosity and others seeking after knowledge, came to hear the truths taught and false statements refuted.

QUESTION BOX.

The question box furnished Father Sutton with a powerful weapon for spreading the light, though it also made clear the dense, gross ignorance of those who loudly proclaim that Protestantism is the father and mother of education, the friend of science and the keystone of patriotism. The following are fair samples of numerous questions, all of which Father Sutton answered in language felicitous and at times mirth provoking:

"Why did Martin Luther leave the Catholic faith?"

"Why is it that the priest dare not marry?"

"What do the pictures on the wall mean?"

"Why dare the people not enter the church without hats on?"

"Where in the Bible do you find cards associated with Christianity? Is not euchre gambling?"

"What is the difference between a sincere Catholic and a sincere Protestant?"

"Why do you have statues in the church?"

"Why do Catholics want a priest so bad when sick?"

"What are convents for?"

"Why do Catholics have lights through purgatory, and what is purgatory?"

"Why can a priest forgive sins and not heal the sick?"

"Is it not a fact that St Augustine denied the existence of purgatory?"

"Who grants indulgences?"

This week Father Sutton has opened a two weeks' mission in the Church of the Sacred Heart, South Harrisburg, and the little church is crowded nightly, many of the entranced auditors being mill hands, to whom this mission is indeed a blessing, not because they are worse than their neighbors, but because they have lacked opportunities to hear the truth expounded.

The expansion of Catholicity in and about Harrisburg dates from the first mission of Father Sutton given in the pro Cathedral here a few years ago. Then we had two places of worship and now we have four, with a mission church in Mechanicsville and another starting in Marysville. Indeed, the only growth of Catholicity in twenty years in and about Harrisburg dates from the time our present Bishop Shanahan assumed charge of the diocese and with proper administrative zeal began the work of Catholic and non-Catholic missions.

G. M. S.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Twenty-Third Sunday After Pentecost.

HOW TO BE MASTERS OF OURSELVES.

"Many walk, of whom I have told you often (and now tell you weeping) that they are the enemies of the Cross of Christ; whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly; and whose glory is their shame; who mind earthly things" (Paul iii 18.)

Sensuality is the bane of man's existence. The dominion of the passions over reason is the source of his greatest misery. "Every passion," says St. Ambrose, "is a slavery," because it subjects man to an unjust and tyrannous bondage.

The present, or at least the ultimate, happiness of the creature is wrecked unless he resists the attacks of sensuality and frees himself from the control of the passions. The Spirit of God and the spirit of the world, the flesh, and the devil cannot exist together in the soul. Whoever seeks to serve at once God and mammon is of those "whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is their shame," who are "the enemies of the Cross of Christ," because they strive to destroy a fundamental principle of the Christian religion, namely, self-denial.

"We must live in this world," says St. Francis of Sales, "as if our spirits were in heaven and our bodies in the tomb. We must live a dying life, and die a living and a life-giving death in the life of our King and most sweet Saviour! This we do by self-denial.

Yet the very word—self-denial—fills the mind of some with terror, with thoughts of long fasts and of scourgings, of mental suffering and of bodily misery. These are they "who mind earthly things." They cannot appreciate the necessity of self-denial because they are insensible to spiritual things. The world is the region of the senses. They love their bodies and serve them with fidelity, they devote their time to the study of how they can get the most pleasure out of life, and they wander along through their probation wondering why they find so little comfort for their pains.

Self-denial does not consist in mere bodily mortifications. Fasting and other corporal austerities are but means by which the animal man is brought into subjection. The real end of self-denial is that the soul may be the master of the man. St. John of the Cross tells us "that there is great reason to lament the ignorance of some who burden themselves with indiscreet penances and with many other disorderly exercises of their own self-will, putting all their confidence in such acts and believing that they become saints by means of them. If they would but use half the same diligence in mortifying their unruly appetities and passions they would make more advancement in a single month than in many whole years with all other exercises."

"Be assured," says St. Francis of Sales, "that the mortification of the senses in seeing, hearing, and speaking is far more profitable than wearing even sharp clains or hair-shirts. It ought to be our principal aim to conquer ourselves, and from day to day to go increasing in spiritual strength and perfection. But above all it is necessary to overcome our little temptations to anger, suspicion, jealousy, envy, duplicity, vanity, foolish attachments and so on, for by so doing we shall gain strength to resist more violent temptations."

A man's chief care, then, ought to be turned within himself, for a man who governs his passions is master of the world. We must either command them or be enslaved by them.

THE MAKING OF IMAGES ORDERED BY GOD

Rev. John F. Mullaney, L L. D., in October Donahoe's.

The Council of Trent defines two things in regard to the belief of the Church on this subject. First that it is wholesome and proper to have pictures and representations of the saints: second that honor and respect are to be paid to them. This is briefly the doctrine of the Catholic Church. We are ignorantly charged with having corrupted the prohibition which applied to the making of images as well as adoring them. If the making of images is forbidden them no monuments of any kind can be allowed in churches, and yet it is well-known fact that there are many such in Protestant churches. I have seen such in England. The great St. Paul's in London has paintings and statues and monuments — so have many other churches in the same city, such as St. Stephen's, St. Bride's and Christ's Church at Greenwich. Many of the Episcopal churches in our own country have altar pieces with carved figures and representations of the Saviour and the Blessed Virgin. We agree with Protestants that images should not be made for adoration of worship, but we also hold that we are justified in making use of them as sacred memorials to assist us in our devotions. The making of images was ordered, by God Himself. The walls of Solomon's Temple were covered with sculptured images, and a brazen fountain suppoated by twelve oxen stood in its court. There were two cherubim in the Holy of Holies decorating the Tabernacle.

A Fitting Epitaph.

From the Lutheran.

A medical director of the United States navy—Dr. Michael Brady—recently died leaving behind him a very strange, but no doubt consistent, will. He strictly enjoined the beneficiaries named therein not to pay one cent to any Catholic church or hospital, or any other so-called charity, and stipulated in particular that no priest should be called in to "mumble Latin" over him at his funeral, nor any other minister. Having cut himself loose from all religious sentiments and affiliations, he makes equal havoc with his family ties. As an evidence of the dislike he bore his one sister, he cuts her off with $10—probably because she was a faithful member of the Church—and bequeathed the rest of his estate to another sister and a favorite nephew. Over his grave might be inscribed the words: "Not one cent for charity or Church. Thus dies a foe to all good works. His ashes will rest more peacefully than his soul." But he was at least consistent—more than can be said of some rich Lutherans who gave little to the church while they lived and left it still less when they died.

IRISH HONESTY.

One day, while at Camp Winder, writes Mrs. Emily V. Mason in her "Memories of a Hospital Matron," there was brought into the hospital a fine-looking young Irishman, covered with blood, and appearing to be in a dying condition. He was of a Savannah regiment, and the comrades who were detailed to bring him to us stated that in passing Lynchburg they had descended at the station, and hurrying to regain the train, this man had jumped from the ground to the platform. Almost instantly he began to vomit blood. It was plain he had ruptured a blood vessel, and they had feared he would not live to get to a hospital. Tenderly he was lifted from the litter, and every effort was made to stanch the bleeding. We were not allowed to wash or dress him, speak, or make the slightest noise to disturb him. As I pressed a handkerchief upon his lips he opened his eyes, and fixed them upon me with an eagerness which showed me he wished to say something. By this time we had become quick to interpret the looks and motions of the poor fellows committed to our hands. Dropping upon my knees I made the sign of the Cross. I saw the answer in his eyes. He was a Catholic, and wanted a priest to prepare him for death. Softly and distinctly I promised to send for a priest, should death be imminent, and reminded him that upon his obedience to the orders to be quiet, and not agitate mind or body, depended his life and his hope of speaking when the priest should appear. With childlike submission he closed his eyes, and lay so still that we had to touch his pulse from time to time to be assured that he lived. With the morning the bleeding ceased, and he was able to swallow medicine and nourishment, and in another day he was allowed to say a few words. Soon he asked for the ragged jacket which, according to rule, had been placed under his pillow, and took from the lining a silver watch, and then a $100 United States bank note greeted our eyes. It must have been worth $1,000 in Confederate money, and that a poor soldier should own so much at this crisis of our fate was indeed a marvel.

I took charge of his treasures till he could tell us his history and say what should be done with them when death, which was inevitable, come to him. It was evident that he had fallen into a rapid decline, though relieved from the fear of immediate death. Fever and cough and those terrible night sweats seon reduced this stalwart form to emaciation. Patient and uncomplaining, he had but one anxiety, and this was for the fate of the treasures he had guarded through three long years, in battle and in bivouac, in hunger and thirst and nakedness. He was with his regiment at Bull Run, and after the battle, seeing a wounded Federal leaning against a tree and apparently dying, he went to him, and found he belonged to a New York regiment, and that he was an Irishman. Supporting the dying man and praying beside him, he received his last words, and with them his watch and a $100 bank note which he desired should be given to his sister. Our Irishman readily promised she should have this inheritance when the war ended, and at the earliest opportunity sewed the money in the lining of his jacket and hid away the watch, keeping them safely through every change and amid every temptation which beset the poor soldier in those trying times. He was sure that he would "some day" get to New York, and be able to restore these things to the rightful owner. Even at this late day he held the same belief, and could not be persuaded that the money was a "fortune of war;" that he had a right to spend it for his own comfort, or to will it to whom he would; that even were the war over, and he in New York, it would be impossible to find the owner with so vague a clue as he possessed.

"And did you go barefoot and ragged and hungry all these three years," asked the surgeon, "with this money in your pocket? Why, you might have sold it and been a rich man, and have done a world of good."

"Sure, doctor, it was not mine to give," was the simple answer of the dying man. "If it please Almighty God, when the war is over, I thought to go to New York and advertise in the papers for Bridget O'Reilly, and give it into her own hand."

"But," I urged, "there must be hundreds of that name in the great city of New York. How would you decide should dishonest ones come to claim this money?"

"Sure I would have it called by the priest out from God's holy altar," he replied, after a moment's thought.

It was hard to destroy in the honest fellow the faith that was in him. With the priest who came to see him he argued after the same fashion, and, as his death approached, we had to get the good Bishop to settle this matter of "conscience money." The authority of so high a functionary prevailed, and the dying man was induced to believe he had a right to dispose of this little fortune. The watch he wished to send to an Irishman in Savannah who had been a friend, a brother to him, for he had come with him from the "old country." As for the money, he had heard that the little orphans of Savannah had had no milk for two years. He would like "all that money to be spent in milk for them." A lady who went to Georgia the day after we buried him took the watch and the money, and promised to see carried out the last will and testament of this honest heart.—Atlantic Monthly.

FERVID EVANGELIZATION IN FROZEN LANDS.

Bishop Clut, coadjutor of Bishop Grouard, of Athabasca, has been in the Frozen North for over forty-five years, with only three or four visits to civilization. His diocese would make a good-sized empire, and he has traversed it repeatedly in birch canoes, on snowshoes, making in this way about thirty miles a day. His first thirteen years as missionary were at Fort Chippewyan, Lake Athabasca, and the next twenty-five at Providence Mission, about forty miles down Great Slave Lake, in the Mackenzie River Country. He passed two winters within the Arctic Circle where overwork and bad food brought him very near to death. For thirty years he had no bread to eat, only meat and fish with rarely a few potatoes.

But, when recently removed from there for treatment of his completely broken down health, he was asked if he expected to return he answered: "Oh, yes, to be sure. I would not go out if I was not to go back again."

This is a passion easily found among those heroic souls. A fellow missionary, and subject of his, Father Seguin, O. M. I. who has been for forty years within the Arctic Circle, and without eating bread, now nearly blind from cataract, and for the last six years suffering constantly from a dislocated shoulder which there was nowhere around him a surgeon to set, was some time ago ordered to France for treatment. But he pleaded that even if he became blind he might be let return to his beloved savages!

The Indians of Bishop Clut's charge speak Chippewyan, of which there are about ten different dialects. All these the Bishop understands and speaks. They took him a year's hard work to learn, with no aid from grammar or dictionary. All the tribes of the district are now Catholic, having taken kindly to the faith from the first preaching of it to them by Father Grollier and others a generation back or more.

For the two immense dioceses of Athabasca-Mackenzie there have never been more than twenty priests. Sisters, first the "Grey Nuns," and more recently Sisters of Providence also, do great work conducting schools, as at Lesser Slave Lake, Athabasca, Peace River, Vermillion, Wabasca Lake, Fort Chippewyan and Providence Mission.

Attached to these schools, and cultivated by Indain children may be found the best gardens in the Northwest, growing successfully, turnips, carrots, potatoes and other hardy vegetables. The new element thus made available for the local food supply vastly benefits the general health; bread, once unknown, is now supplied twice a day.—Martin Mahony in Boston Pilot.

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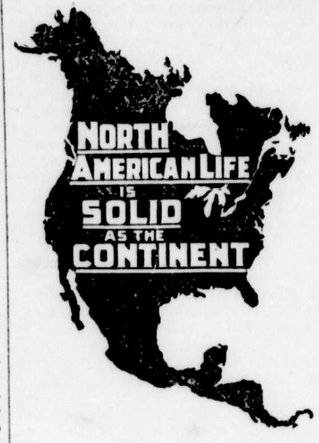

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A BABY CHANGED.

THE MOTHER TELLS HOW IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED.

"A wonderful change," is the verdict of a lady correspondent who writes us about her little one. "I take pleasure," writes Mrs. R. B. Bickford, of Glen Sutton, Que., "in certifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion, and was teething and cross and restless, and the use of the Tablets made a wonderful change. I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets might save many a dear little life, and I would recommend mothers to keep them in the house.

The opinion of this wise mother is echoed by other correspondents. Baby's Own Tablets give such comfort and relief to a sick baby, they so infallibly produce calm, peaceful sleep, that you would almost think them a narcotic. But they are not. They are not. They are only a health-giver for children of any age. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. May be had from druggists, or by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant be syrup.

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