

## STARBUCK ON THE CRUSADES

(Sacred Heart Review)

As the Jesuits have always passed among Protestants, not to speak of their many Catholic antagonists, as the incarnation of insidious policy, so it is natural that their great Founder should have been commonly supposed to have given them the first impulse in this direction. John Wesley, who extols the Trappists as an order full of the Holy Ghost, takes, I am sorry to see, this less favorable view of St. Ignatius, although he does not insist upon it. Lansing, whose description of Loyola is almost the only respectable piece of writing in his book, entirely fails to do justice to the noble side of his character, but I am glad to say that he brings no charge of disingenuousness against him.

An amusing anecdote bearing on the character of St. Ignatius is related by Oetinger, the famous Lutheran prelate, divine and theologian, living about 1760. An eminent gentleman had come on an official visit to the Latin school where Oetinger lived, in Wurtemberg. After the examinations, the visitor delivered an address to the school, which, curiously enough, turned on the character of Ignatius Loyola, whom he represented as an intriguer. Upon this, Oetinger, who was quite a student of the lives of Catholic saints, sprang up, and interrupting the distinguished guest declared that, having carefully read a full and well-accredited life of the famous Founder, he did not hesitate to say that he was a man of singular simplicity in the cause of Jesus.

Said he: "When Count Zinzendorf preached at Tubingen, where I then was, a friend of mine told me that in the pulpit the aspect of the great Moravian nobleman and Bishop appeared to him so venerable that I, and all the rest of us, seemed in the comparison mere 'schelmengesichter,' rogues' visages. Now I say that Count Zinzendorf himself, and all of us here, put in the comparison with St. Ignatius, are mere schelmengesichter."

The Lutheran audience, much to their credit, instead of falling into a rage at this plain speaking, exploded in a general burst of laughter over the discomfiture of the gentleman from abroad, who seems to have acknowledged his defeat by silence. Oetinger would have fully agreed with the admirable eulogy on Ignatius lately pronounced by Dean Hodges.

The Republican correspondent, among other evil deeds of the Papacy, to maintain its supremacy, mentions "endless wars fostered or incited."

Concerning the wars of the Middle Ages, I have little to say. Although I venture to say that I probably know quite as much about them, and about their causes, as this gentleman, and that I am quite as capable of judging them impartially, yet I find the struggles of warring elements in this thousand years too complicated to be easily described or appreciated. I can not sum them up, like this gentleman, in a quarter of a sentence. After reading volumes upon them, I find my opinion, at many points, still wavering and uncertain. It requires a Milman, or a Hallam or a Ranke, or a Stubbs, or a Michelet, or a Guizot, or, to come nearer home, a Fiske, to deal with them adequately.

One thing is certain: some of the conflicts which in a loose way, might be described as struggles of the Papacy to maintain itself, were really struggles of the Christian commonwealth of that time to save itself from overthrow, the Papacy standing at the head simply because its place was there.

I do not even suppose that even this writer would venture to describe the Crusades as incited by the Papacy for mere ends of its own. As Lord Macaulay well says, it was better that the Catholic world should gather around the Bishop of Rome, against the advancing Turkish swarms, than that the Moslem should appropriate Christendom, piece by piece, as more than once they seemed very likely to do.

The Papacy gave voice and direction to the current of Catholic enthusiasm and indignation over the outrages inflicted upon Christianity in the East, but it did not create the irresistible tide. Peter the Hermit did more for this than Urban II. The Crusades greatly heightened the power of the Popes, but Urban no more preached the First Crusade for that end than Godfrey of Bouillon obeyed the call for the sake of being made King of Jerusalem.

We are often referred to the disastrous failure of the Crusades as a proof of the criminal folly of their inception. Now a great impulse, controlling a vast society for generations, for a great and worthy end, can never be criminal, and, in the deepest sense, it can never be foolish. Results are known only to God. The establishment of an impregnable Christian commonwealth in the

East, as a breakwater against the Mohammedan flood, was not impracticable nor especially improbable. If the Crusaders failed of their immediate end, it was not from their excess of devotion but from their lack of it, from their faintness of heart, and from their discordant aims. So far from giving too much power to the Popes for this object, they might have done very much better if they had given a great deal more. Had they solicited His Holiness to appoint a captain-general, whom it should involve the anathema to disobey, they might not improbably have established a permanent Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem.

Yet, in a higher sense, the Crusades are far from having failed. They beat back, and broke up, and bewildered, the Turkish hordes, so that even the profound selfishness of the Christian princes of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, and the paralysis induced by the religious wars of the Reformation, no longer left it possible for the misbelieving barbarians to conquer Europe. The blows of Godfrey on the walls of Zion, in 1099, and of Richard against those of Ascalon, in 1192, nay of St. Lewis before Tunis, in 1270, were not merely followed, but were really reproduced in the delivering onset of John Sobieski, in 1683, which saved Vienna, and drove back the Ottomans, it is to be hoped forever, from the heart of Christendom. Had other princes been as self-forgetful and as helpful as the Popes, all this, and much more than this, might have been accomplished a great deal earlier than this.

To me the encomium pronounced by the Encyclopaedia Britannica upon Pius II. appears very extravagant. Yet, however self-seeking we may believe Aeneas Sylvius to have been before he achieved the chair, of self-regard there appears no trace during the five or six years of his reign. Nor must we forget that his enthusiasm for the deliverance of the Eastern Church was enthusiasm for deliverance of a Church which did not acknowledge his jurisdiction. He asked aid for the Greeks, not as Catholics, but as Christians. He doubtless hoped that help given from the West might heal the schism, but neither he nor the other Popes who saw the fall of Constantinople made this a condition of giving assistance.

When St. Pius V., a century later, through Don John, destroyed the Turkish fleet at Lepanto, no one who knows the character of this Pope imputes to him any crafty calculation of profit, any more than to Cervantes when he lost the use of his hand in this great sea-fight.

Having launched out farther than I intended (to continue our nautical talk) upon the troubled sea of the Middle Ages, we will pursue our voyage somewhat farther.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.  
Andover, Mass.

## DISCUSSED ETERNITY

St. Mary's Church Crowded to Hear  
Rev. Father Drummond's Fourth  
Lenten Sermon.—Free Press, Apr. 10

Every seat in the great auditorium of St. Mary's church was occupied last evening when Rev. Father Drummond preached upon Eternity, the sermon being the fourth in a series of Lenten discourses, and the topic was "The Endlessness of the last End." The sermon was a powerful and convincing exposition of the great Christian doctrine, concerning the impenetrable future beyond the grave. Dr. Drummond opened with references to the testimony of Jesus Christ Himself and to the testimony of the Church. Viewing the latter point he showed how the whole preaching of the Church was based upon eternity. Faith, he considered, was a grasping of things unseen, belonging to realms in which reason had no scope. A soul goes to its doom because it refuses to listen to the voice of God as given in His commandments. The thought of eternity was a means with men of guarding themselves against unruly passions. A journalist met Rev. Father Drummond once, and speaking of politics and commerce, said that it was nothing but the thought of an eternal hell which kept the majority of men honest.

After touching upon the moral and social proofs, the preacher summed up with the words that "the thought of eternity as being the fulfillment of our last end is one of the fundamental doctrines of our Christian life."

Edith—Have just had my photograph taken. What do you think of it?  
Bertha—Why, it's perfectly splendid. It's a beautiful picture! Nobody would ever think it was taken for you.—Boston Transcript.

## BELGIAN CONGO

Lord Mountmorres continues to give in the "Globe," the London Tory organ, his merciless exposure of the systematic calumnies put forward by British speculators concerning Belgian rule in the Congo Free State. It gains force as he proceeds. It is absolutely crushing in its piling up of testimony on the opposite side. For instance, in his latest instalment he sets forth the following facts.

"I can imagine no testimony to the efficiency and the benefits of state rule stronger than the scenes one witnesses almost every day in the Ubangi province. For here we see its effect, not in bringing a feeble people into quiet subjection, but in converting a stalwart, warlike, independent race of savage cannibals into a loyal, contented and industrious population. Only a few years ago this people was one of the most lawless barriers in the way of white civilization to be encountered in the whole of Africa. Yet nowadays the visitor to this part of Africa can travel almost anywhere in perfect security, alone and unarmed, on the State side of the river. He will see in the villages a population which is neither cringing on the one hand nor hostile on the other, a population whose virile energy has been diverted from its old-time occupation of war and robbery to the peaceful industries of forging, smelting, agriculture and textile handicrafts, such as the making and dyeing of native cloth, of nets, rope, string and the elaborate and ingenious contrivances used by natives in the chase."

That these people were cannibals down to a recent date was attested by the experience of Mr. Jameson, a traveller from Ireland, who was present at a feast where a little girl, a slave, was killed and eaten before his eyes, and some suggested at his indirect instigation, since he had hinted a doubt of the existence of the practice to an Arab chief who traded in slaves. Now there is not a trace of the horrid practice, as Lord Mountmorres convincingly shows. No fact could be more eloquent of beneficent rule.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## THE SECRETARY'S AWKWARD MOMENT.

By Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O. M. I.,  
in Donahoe's for April.

Besides the two clerical secretaries who lived with the Archbishop of Dublin, in Eccles street, there was another who was a layman. The archbishop had plenty of occupation for them all, for besides occupying the important see of the metropolis of Ireland he was appointed by the Holy Father as Papal Legate, and this gave him the supremacy over all the convents in his archdiocese. Moreover at that time he had no coadjutor, or assistant bishop. He had issued orders that no inmate of his house should be from home after ten o'clock, p. m. He had discovered that his lay secretary often broke this rule, so, to give him a lesson, he sent his servants to bed one night, telling them if there were a ring at the bell that he would open it himself. He remained in his study until eleven o'clock, when the absentee arrived home, and rang the bell. The Archbishop answered the call, and opening the door as far as the chain would permit he called out, "Who's there?" "It is I," said the other, "let me in will you? Is Paul at home?" Whilst unloosing the chain the archbishop replied, "Yes Paul is at home and he is sorry that you are not." He did not add a word but giving him his blessing he sent him to bed.

When Phillip Verrill Mighels was gathering material for his novel, "Bruver Jim's Baby," he ran across an old miner who unconsciously posed for his character of "If-only Jim."

The old man sat alone in his cabin, where the hand of woman had never been known and dirt reigned triumphant. The conversation turned upon cooking.

"Yaas," drawled the old man, "I got me one o' them cook books wunst, but I never could do nothin' with it."

"What was the trouble?" asked Mr. Mighels, persuasively.

"Why, every one of them receipts starts off with 'take a clean dish.'"

Daughter (looking up from her novel)—Papa, in time of trial, what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?

Papa—An acquittal, I should think.—London Tit-Bits.

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One of the pictures is called

## "Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something quaintly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

## "Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

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