

pioneers of the vast interior; with Catholic settlers came the minister of God, and Mass was said to hallow the land and draw down the blessing of heaven, before the first step was taken to rear a human habitation. The altar was older than the hearth."

To this terse and striking statement we may fitly add the reminder that these first comers sought to give the new country a kind of consecration in the very names that they bestowed. Santo Domingo means "Holy Sunday." Another great island in the Spanish Main was called Trinidad, or "Trinity." Ponce de Leon in 1618 sighted the coast on Easter Sunday, which is known in Spanish as Pascua de Florida; and hence the present name of Florida commemorates the sacred season of Easter. Wherever Catholics went, throughout North America, this delicate yet pervasive aroma of beautiful religious names and associations went with them and diffused itself like the perfume of incense which lingers in the air and the memory. The spot where Mass was first said at St. Augustine was marked for a long time on Spanish maps as *Nombre de Dios*: that is, "Name of God." San Francisco in California keeps before us, by its name at least, the recollection of St. Francis of Assisi. In the middle West there is a peak still known as the "Mountain of the Holy Cross," from the cruciform mark of snow in the deep ravines of its rocky height. Many of the old religious names of places have been changed and effaced. But Santa Fe—signifying "Holy Faith"—yet survives in New Mexico. Maryland was named for that pious Queen of England, Henrietta Maria, whose second name of Maria—or Mary—was chosen for the Catholic colony because it was the name of the Blessed Virgin.

These may seem remote considerations. But there is a great significance in names and the way in which they are applied. Certainly it is interesting to observe that our country—which many persons are pleased to call, without authorization, a "Protestant country"—is so clearly marked in every direction with holy Catholic names as well as with heroic Catholic traditions. The fact that these names have remained is emblematic of that other and deeper fact that the faith itself has remained and increased, although at one time it seemed probable that nothing would be left of Catholicity, except its names.

Within a period of two hundred and fifty years from the first Catholic foundations in North America nearly everything established by them had, to all appearance, been blasted. The settlements in Florida were devastated and burned by the Anglicans of South Carolina, and the territory itself was finally given up by Spain to England. Later on, Maryland—which, as a purely Catholic colony, offered peaceful life, liberty and freedom of worship to people of every sect—had been treacherously undermined by Protestant immigrants, who overpowered the Catholics and condemned them to proscription. The great Catholic missionary organization in Canada had been destroyed. The Puritans had set up and were maintaining immovably their absolute intolerance and oppression in New England. Everywhere, east of the Mississippi, Catholics were weighted down by an arbitrary power, which deprived them of civil rights and could at any moment seize their property and drive them into exile. Even in the West and Southwest, where Catholics were still free under Catholic governments, the suppression of the Jesuits had stripped many districts of their priests and had left the faithful exposed to the danger of isolation and religious decay.

This was the state of things in 1763, a dozen years before the American Revolution. Then came the Revolu-

tionary War; and suppressed Catholic Maryland was promptly liberated and Catholic citizens were restored to their rights, because the other colonists knew and admitted that—when the pinch came—those citizens were absolutely loyal to the country, notwithstanding the wrongs it had inflicted upon them, and were essential to the success of its cause.

From the time when Catholic emancipation was declared on our shores, and ratified by the Constitution of the United States, which guaranteed to every one the religious freedom that Lord Baltimore inaugurated on this continent—from that time the Catholic and Apostolic Church has flourished amazingly within our North American borders. It was a good thing that all the sects found outlet here, and were enabled to carry on their battle to the fullest extent. It was a good thing that the Puritans should enter freely and have their way, and fancy that they possessed the whole land. Spain, France and England—these three powers vied with each other in colonizing and trying to possess the New World, and especially this northern part of it. France and Spain were Catholic, and they rendered us the service of tingeing the country deeply with their faith. England became anti-Catholic and did her best to expunge the faith from this realm, which came under her rule. Yet, as history has resulted, the Church at last found her surest footing in this country under the anti-Catholic dominion of England, which had tried so hard to suppress her, and the Church has since attained here, in a single century of freedom, a growth never paralleled in modern history.

This, then, is one of the most important results in religion of the discovery of America.

It was largely brought about, humanly speaking, as the Vicomte de Meaux tells us, in his recent book on "The Catholic Church and Liberty in the United States," by "the advent of the Celts of Ireland and the Teutons of Germany to the first rank of Catholic peoples" in the United States; which he declares "is the most astonishing phenomena that the New World, at the end of this century, can offer to the contemplation of the Old World." In former times Frenchmen and Spaniards, both Catholic, strove against each other in North America; sometimes to the detriment of religious progress. Even the English James, Duke of York, also a Catholic, tried to oppose the French in Canada—for political and state reasons—by setting up in the provinces of New York an Iroquois village under charge of Jesuit priests, as a hostile offset to the French Indian villages supervised by Jesuits in Canada. To-day certain rivalries between German and Celtic Catholics in the United States are not altogether unknown. Yet here we have this French Catholic of our time, the Vicomte de Meaux, honestly sinking all prejudices of the past or the present, and surrendering himself completely to admiration of the way in which—by unforeseen means—the Irish and the Germans, oppressed at home, have become the central and immediate forces of Catholic advancement in America. Ought we not all to learn some pertinent and peaceful lessons from these struggles of the past, and this calm, impartial tribute of a modern Frenchman?

True liberty is what the Church most inculcates, and what it most needs. It has found it at last in this country, where at first its prospect of doing so seemed most unlikely. It is by such paradoxes that the divine power works regardless of the self-interest, or even the most unselfish foresight and planning of men. The complete separation of Church from State, which exists here, has been an immense advantage to religion, and will continue to be so by assuring it of

entire independence in the pursuit of its spiritual aims.

But see—the development of this independence was opposed by nearly all the human forces which were in action during the period when it was maturing. The Puritans themselves, though rebels against Church authority, formed the closest kind of union between their own particular religious organization and their own form of civil government. When it became necessary to admit Catholics as political equals and fellow-citizens the Puritans, who were in terror of the "Romanish" influences that might be exerted upon the State, were obliged to abandon their own system of controlling the State by religious authorities, and to join in forbidding all connection of Church with State, so that they might be sure of shutting out the "Romanists" from such control. And this separation of Church and State proved to be precisely the most beneficial thing that could have happened for the progress of Catholic Christianity.

If Catholics had been able to establish, when they first set out to do so, a series of flourishing colonies along the seaboard of North America and to maintain them unopposed, they would have built a rampart which the Pilgrims and later legions of Protestants would hardly have ventured to pass. As it was, the attempts of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Weymouth to plant Catholic colonies in New England failed, and wherever Catholic settlements were made along their coasts, from Florida to the St. Lawrence, they were overturned, cut down or rendered powerless. So it came to pass that other elements pressed in, which, under different circumstances, would scarcely have ventured to do so. They thrived, and came to believe that this portion of the continent was theirs. Their successors streamed in, and believed the same. Circumstances led them—while they were opening the gates to every element of warring religious belief—to establish complete civil liberty and freedom of conscience, thereby opening the gates, also, to the one religion which does not mean endless division and war, but means peace. And everywhere they have gone, through all the great expanse of territory, they have come upon the old monuments and tokens of this religion which preceded them—in Florida, in Maryland, in New York, up and down the Mississippi, in Canada, in New England itself, and in far off California, where the restless tide of pioneer invasion ceased on the shores of the Pacific, at the feet of the old Catholic missions along the coast.

The whole country is surrounded by early outposts of the ancient faith. Their garrisons may have seemed dead, but they were only sleeping. The saints and missionaries of the past have apparently come to life once more in all those little strongholds which enring the land and seemed to be ruins, but suddenly prove to be in full vigor of existence again. And in the train of these reviving memories and associations an immense army of Irish, German, Italian, French and Polish Catholics have come upon the field.

Let them learn from the past, and avoid all strife, jealousy or rivalry among races or families which may retard religious and national progress.

When we perceive and comprehend how the apparent failure of early Catholic institutions in North America was the essential factor in bringing multitudes of non-Catholics hither where they have developed within a cordon of Catholic historic institutions, and have become mingled with a great body of living Catholics—and when we realize how it has taken four hundred years for this country to realize that the hero, Columbus, whom the entire nation unitedly celebrates in 1893, was the colossal Catholic pioneer—

then we shall begin to have some conception of the immense scale on which God works, and the patience with which He works.

When we realize, also, that the present condition of the true faith in this country—with its millions of communicants, its thousands of church buildings and charitable institutions—has grown up against the opposition of those who attempted to mould the national life in a totally different direction, we can appreciate what St. Francis de Sales meant when he said: "God makes people co-operate with Him when they are least aware of it." GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

#### The Worst Slums in the World.

A few days after my arrival, writes an "Observant Englishman" in the *Review of Reviews*, I was fortunate enough to meet a group of earnest social reformers, who were discussing the condition of the lower strata of Chicago life. One of them, a friend of mine connected with a university settlement in East London, and well acquainted with the darkest district in the metropolis, startled me by saying that he had found worse slums in Chicago than he had ever seen in London.

"Our rookeries," he said, "are bad enough, but they are at least built of brick or stone. Here, however, the low tenements are mostly of wood, and when the wood decays or breaks away the consequences are more deplorable than anything we have in London.

This was the testimony of a visitor. It was confirmed by the testimony of resident sociological experts. One of these was a lady, at present engaged by the national government in investigating and reporting on the life and homes of the poor in Chicago. The awful state of things she described greatly surprised me, and I suggested that it was due to the presence of the large foreign element.

"On the contrary," she replied, "the very worst places in the city are inhabited by native Americans." And she showed me the official chart of one of the lowest streets, on which the tenements were marked white when occupied by native Americans, black when occupied by foreigners. The rooms to the front which possess the worst character were white.

These carefully ascertained facts knock the bottom out of the complacent assurance I have since so often heard expressed, that foreigners were responsible for the darkest shades of Chicago life.

"Is this state of things allowed by law to exist?" I asked.

"Certainly not," replied the lady; "it exists in flat contravention of every municipal ordinance."

"Can nothing be done to enforce the law?"

"The very men whose duty it is to enforce the law are the nominees of the classes interested in violating it.

"Can you not rouse the churches to combine and put a stop to this municipal corruption?"

"The churches!"—the lady spoke with infinite scorn—"the proprietors of the worst class of property in Chicago are leading men in the churches. I have more hope of arousing the poor Polish Jews to a sense of their civic duty and opportunity than the churches. The Poles, poor as they are, and ignorant, do want to lead a decent life."

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A kind-hearted man finds life full of joys, for he makes joys of things which else were not joys; and a simple-hearted man can be very joyous on a little joy; and to the pure-hearted man all things are joys. Fisher Faber.