

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

Some Protestant friends of note have begged me to remember that it is unmerciful to annihilate an annihilated man. As I hope I am not inaccessible to emotions of humanity, we will hear forth consider fully, we will hear forth statements of the Langlands, the John Moores and such people, with little mention of their names.

I am sometimes asked whether Catholics are not just as capable of blunders and slanders as Protestants. Undoubtedly. Any one who will look over the Morning Star, but more particularly over the Missionary Review of the World, will see how far I have been from forbearing to use a free hand towards them. Yet assuredly I am not responsible for Catholic blunders and slanders in the same sense in which I am for Protestant. Besides, I should like to know whether American Protestantism is not superabundantly able to take care of itself. I do not propose to undertake, except now and then on special occasion, a championship which might well be treated as somewhat officious. On the other hand, a championship of one fifth of the people against the other four fifths, by a member of the majority who has the requisite knowledge, is plainly neither superfluous nor officious.

I see from the London Tablet, which, as we know, is the leading Catholic paper of Great Britain, that the table of Luther's suicide has been finally set at rest by the researches of a German Catholic professor. What could a Protestant, however learned, have done in comparison? On the other hand, the old Protestant fables about the enormities of Bellarmine's spotless life, and the horrors of his peaceful death, had they still retained any vitality, would have had their quietus, not from the Catholic authority, Wetzer and Welte, but from the great Protestant authority, Herzog-Hiltl. That zealous Protestant gentleman who is bent on bringing up Cardinal Bellarmine a hundred and fifty-two years after his death, in order to poison Pope Clement XIV., may safely be left to his incantations.

We have now been brought into such closeness of relation with Spain, and with Spanish countries, that our old careless contumeliousness is plainly something which it is a sin to maintain any longer. I am glad to see that some intensely Protestant sheets—for instance the Morning Star—have worthily frowned upon the hateful self-sufficiency which dishonors itself in endeavoring to dishonor a nation with which we have chanced to come into strife. Undoubtedly Spain is dishonored by bad government, as in the past she has been by bad government. More than by either she was drained of her true life-blood, the Old Christians, by their incessant outflowing to the New World, and impoverished by the home-flow of transatlantic gold, bringing with it idleness and luxury. Yet, as the Morning Star well says, citing an admirably fine passage from elsewhere, none of these burdens have quelled the elastic vigor of the Spanish race, or the possibilities of noble beauty in the Spanish character. Moreover, in the Spanish character, the modern Spanish literature is one of the finest in Europe. It is to be hoped that many of our young people will soon be able to read this in its own grand Castilian. Unhappily, the present writer does not know enough to enjoy it.

How, at a time when we are victorious and Spain defeated, ought we to judge her past history? As we should wish our own past history, here and in England or elsewhere, judged, with cordial recognition of its good, and keen but kindly criticism of its evil. How odious it is now for us to puff up our lips and pompously declare: "God, I thank Thee that I and mine are not these miserable Dagones. I thank Thee, O Lord, for the deep wells of humanity which Thou has placed in my heart, and which are ever spouting noisily up and calling all the world to bear witness to my profound abhorrence of a tribunal that no longer exists, and my heart-rending pity over people that went to the stake four hundred years ago! What a gracious Providence that created Torquemada, and gave him for me to thunder against! Otherwise what pang might be enduring now between my conscience and my cowardice! There are so many oppressions and inveterate evils right at my door, in my own race, in my own land, among those of my own religion, in the history of my own lineage, that I should be in great straits between my duty and my interest, were it not that whenever my inner sense goads me to inconvenient boldness of protest, I can fly in thought over to Iberia. There I can gather around me at pleasure a spectral auto-da-fé. I can courageously denounce the gloomy Philip to his very race. In the Deza or Valdes or their successors, I can parade my evangelical freedom before them, without any fear that their shadowy hands will be stretched out to throw me into dungeons below the ground or into secret prisons above. From this visionary review I can come back with an invigorated sense of duty done, and with full inward liberty to be silent at home. O happily accursed Santa Casa, how monotonous would life have been without you! O felix culpa of the gracious Queen, whereby you were set up, a perpetual refreshment to my self-righteousness, a perpetual help for the evading of all inconvenient stress of obligation at home!"

And now, as Hugh Latimer says, "I will tell you a merry toy." Fifty years ago or so, there was a little book offered to the American Tract Society by a worthy English Quaker, Joseph John Gurney, brother to the famous philanthropist Elizabeth Fry, who so absorbed the mind of Pope Pius when Archbishop Manning first met him that Manning could hardly persuade his Holiness to talk of anybody else. A singular gift of the Holy Ghost to the English people the Pope virtually pronounced the great Quaker to be. The brother of this eminent woman could not well be slighted. However, his tractate was soon found to have a sentence something like this: "Had Christian love had its full effect, where would have been the lash of the slave-driver? Horrors! This sentence could never be allowed. His sister herself could not have permitted to say such a thing to us. Was not the slave-driver at the time the very foundation of the Republic? The Presidency could be better spared. Besides, a venerable Southern clergyman had lately given a large sum for missions, which, as he said, he could well afford, inasmuch as he had just sold a black man for a thousand dollars. Such saintly wells of charity were not to be stopped up.

But what do you? The answer was easy. There was the Holy Office at hand, always benevolently ready to offer itself as a scapegoat. Besides, no money could be hoped for that, even had it not been dead and gone, except that it survived as a comforting spiritual presence. Accordingly, the sentence was amended thus: "Had Christian love had its full effect, where would have been the tortures of the Inquisition?" Ah, we have not been duly grateful to the Holy Office for lifting us above so many uncomfortable points of self-application. Our churches ought to combine and rear a memorial in honor of it at the national capital.

To turn now to a graver mood, what is the foundation of that sad insensibility of the Spaniards to the sufferings of other races which has marked them? All races, in the past, have been only too insensible. As Giberti says, sensitiveness to the sufferings of enemies was an export even with good men two centuries ago. Yet the Spaniards have always been peculiarly insensible. Why? The Spectator, as we think, rightly, makes it fundamentally a matter of race. The Spaniards are Basques Latinized. Now the Basque is a non-Aryan tongue, and the Basques are a non-Aryan race. Great masses of other Europeans are non-Aryan in blood, but only in Spain has the Mongoloid race—in a very fine development, it is true—been so largely continuous and controlling.

Mongoloid is peculiarly insensible to human suffering, more so than even the negro. Into this stolidity, again, has been largely infused the fierceness of the Jew and of the Moor. There has been great richness of result, in many ways, but there has been indifference to the welfare of subject races; easily kindled into bloody cruelty.

The notion that everything, good or bad, in a people, results from its religion, is very stupid. Does everything in a man, good or bad, result from his religion? Is he amiable by nature? Christianity, assuredly, will tend both to enhance his amiability and to guard against flabbiness. Is he naturally harsh and irritable? Christianity will tend to soften and smooth his temper, but he will almost certainly be relatively unamiable till his death. So with every other trait of character, upright, ingenuousness, disinterestedness, principle, affectionateness, mercifulness. Principle, however deep and devout, will very seldom give it the spontaneous ease of nature. And what is true of a man is true of a race. There are mild and harsh races, upright and tricky, equitable and rapacious, abstemious and intemperate, calm and fiery, energetic and sluggish, chaste and sensual. Christianity, especially in its higher forms, will steadily develop what is good and discourage what is evil. Yet while a race subsists it will, relatively to others, show much of its original excellences and defects. Had any other race, four centuries ago, been turned loose upon the American Indians, it would probably have left a sad history, except the French, who seem to have been almost always mild and merciful. No other race was turned loose upon such masses of Indians as the Spaniards, Indians having such wealth to tempt rapacity, such abominable and unnatural corruption of morals to rouse disgust, such hideous idolatries in wide regions to kindle abhorrence, and such powers of resistance to inflame war-like ardor. The Indian affairs in the English colonies were a small matter, one way or another, by the side of those in Spanish America. Most European races would have been exterminatingly cruel. Considering the constitutional callousness of the Spaniards, and the fact that in half a century the process of extermination was completely stayed, leaving millions of Indians surviving, we see at once that there must have been some very powerful influence to contend with the cruelty and the lawlessness of such countless swarms of Castilian adventurers.

We know well what this countervailing force was. It was the Catholic Church, acting especially through the bishops and the orders. We learn this from Las Casas, Lorenzo, John Fiske, Sir Arthur Helps, Mr. Mackenzie, and various others. The Church, drawing the S at after her, threw herself into the work of saving the Indians, body and soul, with such energy as had seldom been seen before, even in her history.

She might by no means have found so many grand instruments of her grand purpose as she did, had there not been a fourth element in the Spanish race, the Visigothic. This German

stock, from which the larger part of the upper classes came, but which went far beyond the nobility, was thoroughly Aryan, having a far more sensitive nature than Basque, Jew or Moor. It would not be an absolute extravagance to represent the history of Spain from 1492 to about 1600 as largely a conflict between Aryan humanity and non-Aryan callousness and fierceness. There were many mild and merciful men of non-Aryan, and many hard and fierce men of Visigothic stock. Yet it was the upper classes (and not from interest merely) that were least friendly to the Inquisition, while, as Heffele shows, the plebeian Castilians of the Old Christian stock were enthusiastic defenders of it. Peter's (home), and the monastic prelates, mostly of Visigothic blood, rallied around Las Casas, in both Old and New Spain. The exceptions were barely enough to point the fact. It was the great Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros, Grand Inquisitor of Spain, who, although a Franciscan, first set forward Las Casas, the future Dominican, on his great career. Led by such men, and aided by the bishops in America, the friars (many of the lesser brethren being Visigoths) threw themselves with unexampled boldness and energy athwart the fearful torrent of rapacity and cruelty pouring out in the shape of reckless Spanish adventurers, and though millions were swept away first, they at length checked the work of murder entirely, and aided, says Helps, by every following king of Spain, and not least by Philip the Second, they essentially mitigated the burdens of the surviving tribes of Indians. Never, says Mr. Mackenzie, and with full right, has there been a more heroic, strenuous, and finally successful contest, than that waged by the Spanish Church and the Spanish State against the reckless cruelty of the Spanish Conquistadores.

Charles C. Starbuck. Andover, Mass.

A JEW WHO SAVED A PRIEST'S LIFE

Joseph Jacobs is the Hero, and He is Now a Street Car Conductor in New York.

Writing to the Catholic Sun, of Syracuse, a New York priest says: The other night I got on the Third Avenue electric car at One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, and on my way to Forty-second street chatted with the conductor. His name is Joseph Jacobs, and he is a handsome-looking Israelite. On every second or third block campaign meetings were being held. From wagons lighted by flaming torches, flaming orators flung out in such flaming phrases on the merits of their respective candidates. After deploring the evils that open saloons on Sunday bring to the poor working man, he asked me if I knew Father Habler, of Tacoma, Wash. I did not. "A grand man, sir, if you know him, and proud I am to say I was the humble means of saving his life once."

"How?" said I. "Please tell me." "Well, you see," said he, "eighteen years ago I was foreman in a sawmill in Tacoma. I was in a boarding house and the partition between me and the next room was only made of very thick paper on laths. Father Habler was a man very much thought of in the city. He had a mission named Comelzeta Prairie, many miles from Tacoma. He wanted to build a convent school and academy there. He had collected between eight and ten thousand dollars round about, and was staying at Comelzeta Prairie, having the money in his possession. It was known to many he had the money, and one night I heard two fellows on the other side of the partition planning how they'd get it from the priest. They were to tie him in the house and burn the soles of his feet to make him reveal where the money was and then kill him, burn the house and destroy all traces. I got up for something and they asked: 'Who's that?' 'It's me,' I said, and they said nothing.

"The next day I went out in the woods hunting deer; they knew I was going. Coming home, they met me in the woods. One of them said: 'You are the only one who knows what we said last night, and we'll take no chances.' With that he raised the gun, but I was too quick for him. I shot him in the shoulder. The other fellow ran for the canal, but in crossing the river he upset and I saw him drown. I took the gun from the other fellow. I was arrested and told the whole story to the police. I got their basket in the house, with candle, rope and some luncheon, which they had ready for their trip to the prairie. I gave them to Father Habler. He said he'd pray for me every day of his life. You can write and ask him if this is not true."

Soon Left Her. "I was taken with a swelling in my feet and limbs. I was not able to walk for four months. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and procured a bottle. Before I had taken it all the swelling left me. I took three bottles of Hood's and have not been troubled with swelling since." REBECCA SEEVERS, Chatham, Ont.

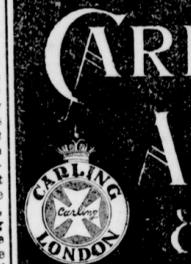
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SHOULD PARENTS GUIDE THEIR CHILDREN TO MARRIAGE? Parents should make some effort to supervise the marriage of their children instead of letting the latter pick up life mates by chance. Say what we will against the way that engagements used to be arranged in some parts of Ireland and as they are still made in France, and the truth remains that a marriage brought about by reason is more apt to turn out happy than a marriage brought about by passion. Matrimony is a sacrament and it should be entered into for considerations worthy of a sacrament—for the salvation of the souls of the parties and the hope of posterity.

Instead of trying to find eligible partners for their marriageable sons and daughters, some parents discourage their children from getting married at all, forgetting that they were once young themselves and that the loveliness of love was not worn homely for them until the anxieties of a home drove the romance away. Other fathers and mothers give the young folks no advice on this matter, but let them find sweethearts where they may or catch beans by street flirtations or by any similar means of "settling their caps" for the fellows. And other parents urge their sons and daughters to wed, it matters not whom, so as to get rid of them. They ought to have a care to see their grown children settled in life. They should give them proper instruction concerning the sanctity of the ordinance of marriage and help them to choose worthy spouses. They should not imagine that no young man is good enough for their daughter or that no girl is worthy to have their son for a husband. They should not allow any hole-in-the-corner courtships nor fly to the kitchen or upstairs when "company" comes. They should see to it that their young make love as Christians and mate as Christians; and

while money is not so much a necessary factor in the starting of new homes here as it is in older countries, yet they should not neglect to inquire if the young men are industrious and thrifty and the young women are frugal and fit to manage a home. If the parents left less to "love," there would be more happy marriages, fewer separations, and more enduring affection.—Catholic Columbian

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FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Third Sunday of Advent. ON SINCERITY IN CONFESSION.

"Who art thou?"—John 1, 19. Who art thou? is the question asked of St. John by the ambassadors of the Pharisees, the priests and Levites from Jerusalem. We should often put the same question to ourselves, especially when we are about to approach the tribunal of penance, to be reconciled to God. For then it is an imperative duty imposed by faith, to acknowledge to ourselves in the examination of conscience, what we are before God, and to accuse ourselves to the priest, as we feel guilty before the Omniscient Sanctity. Unfortunately, however, when they are in actual communication with God Himself, make an outrageous mockery of truth. Governed by pride or shame, they either conceal their sins or put them in such a light that the confessor finds no guilt in them.

The terrible consequence is that their confession is unworthy and they receive no forgiveness of sin. Still greater evil follows, for the confession is of no value in the sight of God, and another crime is added to the unforgiven guilt, a crime greater than which cannot be imagined, viz: the profanation of the holiest gift of religion, one of the sacraments of the New Law. But even here the evil does not rest, for faith teaches us that every sacrament received in such a state is a new sacrifice. Behold! to-day you make an unworthy confession, to-morrow you, as Judas, receive Holy Communion. After six weeks you again approach the sacraments, and add two more sacrifices to your fearful guilt. After some years you receive the sacrament of matrimony or of extreme unction, new sacrifices, and then a chain of sacrifices is forged and interminably continued, until you repair all the invalid confessions by a good general confession.

Unfortunate sinner, who thus accumulates mountains of sin, I must ask you, and justly so: why do you not remain away from the tribunal of penance? If you insist upon going to hell, the sins you already have committed will plunge you sufficiently deep into that eternal abyss: you need not, by a sacrilegious confession and the crime of Judas, force yourself deeper into the eternal fiery Gulf of divine wrath. Remain away from confession, even from your Easter duty, remain away, for a sacrilegious reception of the sacraments you will not fulfil the commandment of the Church, but you will make yourself more culpable and more criminal before God.

But no, what did I say? Remain away! No, do not remain away, my dear brother, come to confession, but come in all sincerity and humility. What have you to fear? Of what have you to be ashamed? Can that be a disgrace to you which God commands? No, in dear friend, to commit sin is a disgrace, shameful before God, the world and yourself, but to confess the sin and to obliterate it, is no disgrace, but an honour to the Christian, a joy to God, a happiness to the angels and a consolation to the confessor. What easier, I ask you, to confess to the priest of God, bound to eternal secrecy, or to be tortured during your whole life, by fear, by the remorse of conscience, as by the stings of a serpent? Which is easier, to confess now to one whose mouth is open before Heaven and earth, before all angels and men, and to be in the fire of hell for all eternity? Unhappy Christian! there is no middle way, and you still hesitate. Oh, I cast myself before the blessed Sacrament, that throne of mercy, and propose your Saviour there really present. I will regain peace with God and my conscience; I will no longer hide my unhappiness, I concealed in confession no matter how enormous the crime may have been, no matter if it reached back to the earliest days of my childhood. I will atone for all my sacrilegious confessions, and Communion a good, general confession, and sincere works of penance make my worth of the infinite mercy of God. Thus, my dear Christians, you speak to-day to God, and to yourself, and do not hesitate to carry your penitence into effect, so that you may gain the peace of the children of God, and that this consoling thought may comfort you in your hour of death, have, on such a day, made my penitence with God, and can now confidently approach His judgment-seat.

You, however, my dear Christian, when you approach the tribunal of penance, never forget what I teaches you: either acknowledge your sin! Confess or be tortured! Must go to confession, or to hell! To the priest or to the devil! Alas! make a sincere and contrite confession without which there is no forgiveness, and present it to God as an offering. David, Confessor, I will confess, God will answer, Remittam, I will give. Amen.

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