

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCIV.

When Professor Foster, following the learned Lutheran theologian Delitzsch, quoted a somewhat extended passage from the introduction to the *Enchiridion* of I. of course, never having read the full text of the bull, had no warrant to oppose myself to so learned a scholar as Delitzsch, who assures us that he copies from the original. The passage, it is true, seemed to travel extravagantly beyond the record, to have little pertinency to the proper purpose of the bull. However, I could not say into what exuberance of disquisition Pope Boniface might have been led by his extreme exasperation against Philip the Fair. Therefore I naturally accepted the quotation as genuine.

Genuine or spurious, it can not, as we have seen, be cathartic. To be sure, Foster, whose purpose absolutely requires that it should be, declares that it is, in utter contempt of nearly the universal body of Catholic divines. However, the rest of us, not being endowed with such sublime gifts of theological self-confidence, have not the boldness to contradict almost the united *schola theologorum*.

Nevertheless, the passage, though not binding on faith, yet, if truly found in the introduction to a decree of the faith, must be construed to agree with the doctrine of the Church. Otherwise, we should make out Boniface VIII. to have been a public heretic, which no one pretends. I therefore gave a possible interpretation, by no means very natural or probable, yet conceivable. Otherwise we should have the Pope flatly contradicting, as Foster, in his innocent ignorance, supposes him to do, the Canon Law in its declaration (see the *Regesta* of Innocent III.) that it is not dying excommunicate which of itself sends a man to perdition, but dying excommunicate and impenitent.

However, interpretation, natural or non-natural, has turned out quite superfluous. The editor of the Review having pursued the bull as given in *extenso* by Baronius in his great work reports to me that there is no such passage as that adduced by Delitzsch. President Mullan, S. J., of Boston College, has also been kind enough to go through the bull as found in the *Bullarium* itself, and discovers that the only words of the introduction bearing on the matter at all are these: "As the faith requires, we are compelled to believe and hold one Holy Catholic Church, likewise Apostolic, and we firmly believe her and ingenuously confess her; outside of which there is neither salvation, nor remission of sins."

Here, we see, is no mention, as in Foster, of heretics or schismatics, Jews, Saracens or heathen, or reception into the visible fold before the hour of death, nothing except the declaration that for salvation it is necessary to be in the Catholic Church. She had, from of old, distinguished between her body and her soul, and Boniface says nothing in contradiction of this immemorial teaching, on which, however, he has no occasion to dwell, as no one could imagine it applicable to contumacious rebellion from the very midst of her acknowledged communion. If Philip was really a rebel at this time as to which I give no opinion (of course he was a conscious and guilty rebel. At the last the evil king became spiritually a paricide.

Are we to suppose then that Delitzsch has been imposed on by a forgery? I think not. The passage seems to be written in all good faith. There is nothing in it of the clumsy malice of the spurious Jesuit oath, or of the spurious sacerdotal oath, as given by that wretched and voluntary ignoramus and slanderer, J. T. Christian. The author is evidently a sincere Catholic, but of a narrow and literalistic temper, who puts the words of Boniface in meanings that are not in them. He is such a man as Manning and Ward declared that the English Catholics of 1850 were. The gloss has then at some time been ignorantly confounded with the text, and Delitzsch seems to have copied from such a corrupted source.

Nothing can counteract this presumption except the previous assumption that the author of these words as Foster actually gives them. Either there has been an ignorant enlargement or a careless mutilation of the Bull. Present evidence speaks for the former.

There is another passage which has been run after as continually as the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and with about as small a present prospect of overtaking it. It is the famous proposition, supposed to be discoverable among the writings of the Jesuits: "The end sanctifies the means."

It is a mistake, although Dr. Johnson urges it against the character of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, to suppose that there cannot be anything really comical in pure fatuity. There cannot be a more utterly tenuous book than Lansing's "Romanism and the Republic," yet the book is running over with comicalities. Even its pervading wickedness, its unremitting endeavor to confirm Luther's teaching, that the commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," does not bind toward the Catholics, cannot take away the drollery from the thing. The wickedness is too feeble to lend itself to deep indignation. J. T. Christian's book now, published by the Southern Baptists, is deeply devilish. It might, early on an occasion, issue in murder or in massacre. But no one can imagine anything tragic coming out of Lansing's feeble maunderings except, indeed, as an idiot might know no better than to throw a lighted match into a powder magazine.

Mental imbecility sometimes has a very droll cunning, and for its own monkeyish purposes may be shrewder than intellect. Lansing, being charged to show where a Jesuit has written that the end sanctifies the means and knowing nothing about anything not even having found out after months

of neighborhood, that Holy Cross is a Jesuit college, could not, to save his neck, produce this obnoxious tenet from a Jesuit, if there were fifty instances. Accordingly, he absolves himself from all obligation of showing that Jesuits have ever written that the end justifies the means, by saying that the thing has been taught so often by the thing as to make futile the attempt of the Order to deny it. Here he is safe. When an imbecile, liar and ignoramus writes for fools, liars and ignoramuses, the farther he strays from the truth the more completely impregnable he is. So for the present we will leave him and his wretched crew to stew in their own juice, and turn to those that use the intellect of human beings.

Professor John Huber, in his book on the Order, is embarrassed where to find this proposition, but he cites something which under all the circumstances he thinks may not unreasonably be taken as meaning something like it. An English Jesuit, indeed, quotes a colleague who, in his zeal for some entirely sound proposition, has very nearly tumbled over into this pit. And such occasional approaches of unadvised controversy are thus far all that can be hunted up. Such ill-considered expressions can be found in any school of ethical writers.

The old Catholics, naturally, are at present peculiarly strenuous in controversy with Rome and the Jesuits. Some years ago a German Old Catholic quoted the very sentence from a German Jesuit: "The morality of the end determines the morality of the means." Unluckily the book had gone out of print, and he could not verify the citation. Later, however, it has turned up again, and there, sure enough, are the words in black and white: "The morality of the end determines the morality of the means." Now at last, can it be doubted?—we are safe in port and the guilty Society is shrivelling to nothing before the indignant says of our righteousness. Alas, as Dante says, "I have seen a bark, after safely traversing the wide sea, go down at the harbor's mouth." The sentence is in the book, unquestionably, but only as a blundering summary of the Index. The text to which it refers is this: "An act is good when the end is good, the means are good, and the circumstances are good. If one of these conditions fails, the whole is evil."

What can be done with so disappointing a body? However, let not the faithful be too disconsolate. They surely do not think that the resources of the Father of Lies are exhausted yet.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

OUR IDEALS.

BY W. N. HOLMES.

Using the word "ideal," not as something visionary or unreal, but as the conception of a thing in its most perfect state, and making ourselves the object of this conception, we open to our minds a vista of great possibilities. To have a conception of a perfect man or perfect woman is not sufficient, however; we should also have an unquenchable desire and ambition to become perfect mentally and physically as nearly as possible. To do this it is necessary to constantly keep our ideals before our consciousness, thereby making them a part of our life.

As the mental faculties in their action create all our ideals, we need but cultivate the specific faculties which will make our ideals more perfect. Let us individually find out which faculties in our mental constitution need cultivation and which need restraining, and then act accordingly, and our ideals will soon reach a higher plane.

As the noblest and highest creature in the universe, ought we not to be ashamed to blame heredity, environment, circumstances or anything but ourselves for our shortcomings, our weaknesses, our failures. Are we not, as men and women, capable of harnessing nearly all nature's power and have it do our bidding, able to master all animals, qualified to delve into the mysteries of nature, and by a daily acquisition of knowledge, added to the experience gleaned from the brightest minds in all the past ages, enhance our knowledge and power to an extent undreamt of even fifty years ago?

Too long have we considered ourselves weak, helpless mortals, incapable of reaching a state of mind and body which may be termed approximately perfect. Let us throw aside this thought, let us believe in our ability to become better and better in character, and keep this ideal before us, and be satisfied that we are doing the work for which we have been placed on earth, and leave it better because we have lived in it.

What does it mean to become perfect? Does it mean to improve our desire for money, for honor, for fame, for selfish pleasures? No. To become perfect means to become more loving, more sympathetic, more reverent, more hopeful, more conscientious, more courageous, more moral, more self-reliant, more self-controlled, more helpful, more tolerant, more spiritual, more tactful, more agreeable, more thoughtful, more considerate, more learned, more cheerful, more sincere, more cultured, more faithful, more appreciative of the beautiful; to become less selfish, less conceited, less quarrelsome, less subject to anger, less stubborn, less grasping, less subject to our appetites, less impulsive, less revengeful, less fearful, less regretful, less of petty enmities, less fault-finding. In a few words, to become perfect we must strive to attain the highest and best qualities of character that the greatest and best men and women of all ages possessed.

Now comes that weather-stained and moth-eaten excuse: "But environment and circumstances are against me." To use the picturesque phrase: "Forget it; forget it." It is simply an acknowledgment of your weakness. What were insurmountable difficulties physically to the majority of people have been overcome by a few who had sufficient strength, self-confidence and

persistence. So-called mental impossibilities can also be overcome if you work hard enough. Brace up; make up your mind to be stronger than your environment. Get out of it if no duty you stay in your present unfavorable environment, change it. Perhaps it is only your view of it that is wrong, and your environment to another would be the means of improvement, calling out your best mental and physical powers. Never for one moment dwell on the thought that circumstances are against you. Quit your whining, and use the strength, wasted in telling and thinking about your troubles, in efforts to overcome them. Be patient, keep your ambition fixed on improvement—learn, study, think, concentrate on whatever you do, aim at perfection, and with every step forward the seemingly impossible will become easy, and your life will become filled out with the pleasure of knowledge and culture. This in turn means an intense desire to help others to lead a happier life, which happiness, like the boomerang, returns to the sender, but unlike it, leaves its impression on everyone in its path.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Seventeenth Sunday After Pentecost.

WHY WE SHOULD LOVE GOD.

"Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." (St. Matt. xxii. 37.)

What do people of the world appear to love the most? It is money. And why money more than anything else? Because with money they can procure what they desire, houses, lands, clothing, good fare, to journey around where they will, to amuse themselves, etc. Money represents to them all sorts of temporal goods and advantages.

But money cannot buy happiness; that is, true, real happiness. It cannot buy health, it cannot buy long life, it cannot buy peace and contentment of mind. The rich man must part with all temporal goods in a short time, as the apostle says: "We brought nothing in this world and we can carry nothing out."

To love riches with his whole heart is a foolish thing. "Blessed is the man who has not gone after gold, nor set his heart on money and treasures."

No! God is our only treasure. He is the infinite, boundless good. All that is good or beautiful or desirable flows from Him as from its source, and apart from Him there is nothing good, beautiful, or desirable. "Blessed is the man who has not gone after gold, nor set his heart on money and treasures."

The love of God is not precisely the sensible affection such as we feel to our relations and friends here on earth. Our affections are not always under our control. We have never seen God, and only know what He is by what He has revealed. The affectionate love we can only give as far as He imparts it to us. It is not what He demands of us. What is this love? St. John answers this question. "This is the love of God, that we keep His Commandments." The love of God consists in true heart-felt obedience. We must be disposed to keep His Commandments and all of them. If we are fully, earnestly disposed to do this then we fulfill the commandment to love God. No matter how great may be our temptations or how great a sacrifice it may involve, we must be disposed to obey the commandments. Let us not rest satisfied a moment until we find ourselves solidly grounded in these dispositions; and if we find ourselves weak or wavering, let us pray, and never cease praying. God will help us, and we shall be able to say with St. Paul, "I can do all things in Christ who strengtheneth me," and with St. Anthony who, sorely afflicted, exclaimed, "Let God arise, and all His enemies shall be scattered and they that hate Him shall flee before Him."

Behold what this adorable Heart requires of its friends: Poverty in intention, humility in operation, purity in object.—Bl. Margaret Mary.

Three alone, O my God! These alone does my soul desire and my heart knows no peace unless it rests in Thy Sacred Heart.—St. Catharine of Sienna.

The least things done for the love of Our Divine Master may be full in His sight of the richest and sweetest merit and the greatest things we may do in charity, and if they are not done in charity, are, as the Apostle says, worth nothing.

Tobacco and Liquor Habits

Dr. McTear's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks. A vegetable medicine, and only requires the simple directions: "Forget it; forget it." It is simply an acknowledgment of your weakness. What were insurmountable difficulties physically to the majority of people have been overcome by a few who had sufficient strength, self-confidence and

A PROTESTANT AT THE POPE'S MASS.

Baron Otto von Piorten describes his impressions while assisting at the Pope's Mass. "At his entrance into the Vatican his heart 'hardens' at the sight of all the splendor. In the plain chapel he, with his wife, seeks a rear-most pew to avoid having to kneel. But as Leo XIII., bent forward and leaning upon two priests, enters and greets the assemblage with a mild and kindly smile, he sinks unconsciously upon his right knee. 'Before this man it causes no wretch to one's self-respect. It were well if no man had to bow before any one less worthy.' The Pope kneels down and prays. Through the breathless silence of the congregation a sound penetrates; slowly, growing firmer, gaining strength as it were from the words of the prayer, the words are uttered with deepest expression of a contrite heart: *mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!*

"That came home to me like a personal revelation. Those words came from the inmost heart, or else everything is a lie here below. . . . Yes, yes, *nostra culpa*, a voice cried within me, and my head fell forward till I could see nothing more. And then I felt something in the corners of my eyes that I had not felt before a long, long time. I cast a side-on glance at my wife, who was kneeling by me, to see whether I was shared before her. I saw enough. Two Protestants, who were weeping!" During the progress of the Mass he feels as though he had never heard Mass before, as if now for the first time he understood the deep meaning of its parts.

The Pope's benediction touches him particularly; it is accompanied by an indescribably mild smile of the shining blue-grey eyes. "If it depended on him, on this old, kind-hearted, truly pious man, there would be peace on earth." The baron did not take part in the audience which followed, but he saw that no one came away unconsolated; he saw in spirit how the endless procession of grief-burdened humanity passes before him who is willing to give comfort and hope to all that they may bear their burdens. And he would not tire till his arms would sink nerveless to his sides; and as long as they could would these kindly lips try to speak soothing words, and these eyes consoling glances. "The impression can never be obliterated; the Pope's Mass will remain unforgettable by the Protestant."

Dooley on Reformers.

One must admit that Finley Peter Dunne, in his Dooley papers, often tells much truth as well as causes laughter. The other day Mr. Honessy asked Martin Dooley why reform administrations, municipal, state or national, nearly always fail. "I'll tell you," said Mr. Dooley. "I tell you everything I'll tell you this. In the first place, 'tis a great mistake to think that anyvarn raval wants to reform. A varner himself. He'll reform other people gladly. He likes to do it. But a healthy man'll never reform while he has th' strength. A man doesn't reform till his will has been impaired so he hasn't power to resist wh' th' tempter. An' th' th' truer in politics than anywhere else."

Another reason lies in the fact that many reformers are very earnest, very impractical people. They can see merit only in their own notions. They cannot see that they are warped and one-sided. They want instantly to make the world as it ought to be, but as it could be made. Whenever they get into power they push matters so far that sensible people begin a reaction in self-defence. Then the reformers stand disgraced where they expected to win immortal fame. Healthy reforms are right, but may civilization long be delivered from the immature, idealistic quacks who have never shown any remarkable aptitude for having a business of their own and minding it as they ought. It is somewhat significant that, given a choice, the world invariably shows a disposition to put the rogues in office rather than the cranks.—Catholic Telegraph.

Bourke Cockran on Happiness.

"What Constitutes Real Happiness" is the subject which Mr. Bourke Cockran, with a good deal of wisdom and insight, expounds in a New York paper. "What is Happiness?" he asks. "Is it fame? "Some wise men hold that fame is posthumous and notoriety contemptible. To be gazed at and envied even to heridity. Catarrhs of the nose soon palls upon the mind; from being a source of satisfaction it becomes a source of embarrassment. The prominence which has cost a life-time of industry and self-denial to acquire can be forfeited in a moment by an ill-considered act or a malodorous expression. "Is power happiness? * * * Ask the possessor of it, and he will tell you that it is an obstacle to all contentment. * * *

It is knowledge happiness? The utmost that a life devoted to study can hope to accomplish is to discover the fountain of knowledge; not one of us can ever hope to shake his thirst at it. "Is wealth happiness? Look at those who possess it and tell me if you think they are a happy race. * * * I have heard of jolly beggars, but no one has ever heard of jolly millionaires. * * * The cripple sometimes smiles on the bed to which he is chained, and who would be natural for a workman to sing while the object of his labor assumes a form in which it will be at once the monument of his industry and the source of his wages, as it is for a mother to sing over the cradle of the child she has borne. * * * But who ever heard of a millionaire singing comic songs or whistling a merry tune as he clips coupons in a suburban cell? From a somewhat extensive observation of life I can say with perfect sincerity that in my judgment hopeless misery exists nowhere except among the idle rich. * * * Happiness consists, not in our possessions, but in ourselves; not in what we have but what we are. * * *

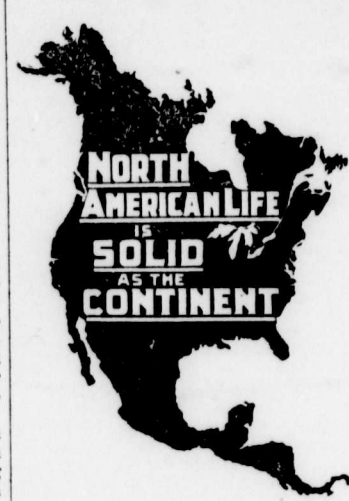
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Oh how compassionate and consoling is God to those whose hearts are oppressed and who have recourse to Him with confidence? Men are cold, critical and severe; God bears all, He has pity on all, He is inexhaustible in goodness, in patience, in gentleness.

The disciples of Jesus Christ will be citizens infinitely enlightened with regard to their duties and very zealous to fulfill them; the more they think that they owe to religion, the more they believe themselves to be indebted to their country.—Montesquieu.

Some have said that the Christian religion, by representing heaven to us as our true country, detaches us entirely from that in which we live on earth, and causes us to neglect the duties of society. This reproach is clearly false, since our religion teaches us that we can only reach heaven by fulfilling our duties to society and our country. Experience teaches us enough who are the truest patriots, those who believe in a God and in a future life, are not materialists who believe neither in heaven nor hell.—Bergier.

They Father Consumption.

Bad coughs, colds and croup are responsible for more consumption than is traceable even to heredity. Catarrhs of the nose quickly turn ordinary remedies because it is the only antiseptic yet discovered that is volatile enough to reach the root of the trouble in remote parts of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and impregnate every particle of the air breathed with its healing, germ-killing vapor. Colds can't last ten minutes or coughs more than thirty minutes when Catarrhine is inhaled. It clears nose, throat and air passages at once, stops dripping, headache, and eradicates catarrh from any part of the system. Two months' treatment, \$1.00; 100¢; 50¢; 25¢. Druggists, or N. C. Poison & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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