HOW A PROTESTANT'S PREJUDICES WERE REMOVED.

A Result of Manly Intercommunication and Explanation, and an Example for all Catholics.

The following is taken from the *Independent* of last week. It is written by Joseph V. Tracy, of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and is so very worthy of attention that we give it a place of honor in *The New World*:

One bright morning in the early part of August last a group of three Catholic priests rejoiced to find themselves speeding away from an Eastern city to the White Mountains. Arrived at Bethlehem, it took little time for them to mount a hotel wagon and start for the newest and, by all odds, one of the nicest houses in that region. When they drove up the hotel the guests had gone to supper, and after a hasty toilet the reverend gentlemen followed suit. Their Roman collars, clerical clothes and unimportant selves were openly stared at by some of the eaters, while others satisfied their curiosity by sly peeps *en passant* as they reached for a bit of bread or turned to ask a question of the waitress. When the newcomers began their grace by crossing themselves, knowing glances (maybe it is not wicked to remark that there was the least bit of inquiring horror in some of them) were speedily exchanged. It came to light afterward that there were

NO OTHER CATHOLICS AMONG THE GUESTS.

The next morning the trio appeared in outing shirts and clothes of the "roughing it" kind; and were evidently in for a week or two of free and easy vacation life.

Some days later toward sunset of what had been a hot afternoon, there came up a rousing mountain storm; thunder and wind and lightning and rain, each did its best to make the exhibition an unqualified success. Ambitious as the efforts were, however, their forces were short-lived, and the mountains and the trees and the habitations of men pulled through the conflict, not hurt—nay, rather the better for it; for trees and grass sparkled under rain-diamonds, mountains swathed and ribboned and capped themselves with cloud remnants, windows reflected the fires of the setting sun. The great, good-natured god of day himself, departing in glory and splendor, left his sky domain one vast ocean of ravishing, indescribable, kaleidoscopic color, as if in this way he would congratulate Mother Earth upon her victory.

One of the priests, sheltered from the lingering drops which still splashed by the overhanging eaves stood in the open, wrapped in admiration of the scene, ever and anon sending up acts of praisegiving to His who is *the* Beautiful, and Whose Son had come, *his* garments dyed from Bozrah, red in *his* apparel like him that treadeth in the wine-fat,

AND HE THOUGHT OF THE WORDS:

"For the mountains shall be moved, and the hills shall tremble; but My mercy shall not depart from thee and the covenant of My peace shall not be moved, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee, O poor little one, tossed with tempest, without all comfort. Behold, I will lay thy stones in order, and will lay thy foundations with sapphires, and I will make thy bulwark of jasper, and thy gates of graven stones, and all thy borders of lovely stones."

While thus engaged he was conscious that another was near, communing, like himself, with God. It was natural as the colors faded and the sombre moon began her vigil, that a conversation on religious subjects should arise. Much was said that is always said when human nature is deeply moved by spiritual emotions; much that is ever old, withal ever new. But gradually the talk took what, for want of a better word, may be termed a personal turn; and then the other said:

"I must tell you how pleased I am to have met you and your companions. The intercourse has

TAUGHT ME A LESSON I FEEL THE BETTER FOR HAVING LEARNED.

The priest made a movement of surprise.

"I am a Protestant," continued the speaker (the priest knew this, and that he was a man much looked up to among the guests); "but I will never think of Catholics and their clergymen as I have been brought up to think of them, and as I have thought of them until but yesterday."

"You nonplus me," said the priest. I do not understand why you should alter any views you may have had in our regard. Certainly *our* conduct has given you no reason for the change. We have been simply resting and recreating; forgetting for the time being our labors, cracking jokes at one another's expense, singing the songs we sang as college comrades—doing nothing which people in general would consider as they put it, edifying."

"You are mistaken," was the answer, "it is in play-hours that the real, the hidden parts of a man come out; and I am satisfied that in the present instance I have not been hoodwinked. Now as I have been astray in my estimate of you and your co-religionists as men, will you permit me to ask some questions that I may know whether or not I have been deceived as to the doctrines of the religion which must have played a leading part in making you what you are?"

"Certainly," consented the priest, whose amazement had been growing amain.

"Does your religion esteem more the Virgin Mary than Jesus Christ, or place her above Him?"

THE PRIEST DID NOT SMILE;

he may have been tempted thereto.

"No, it does not," he answered; "apart from our theological works, you will find in our books of popular devotion many expositions such as this:

"'God is the sole author, and the original source of all the dignity, sanctity and glory which we honor in the Blessed Virgin; so all that veneration which the Catholic Church pays to this Blessed Lady, has God for its beginning and its end. Our devotion to her proceeds from the love we bear her Son; we honor in her His gifts and graces; we love and honor her for His sake; and all the extraordinary respect we at any time show to her, we refer to His greater glory. So far then from robbing God of any part of His honor by the veneration we give her, we honor Him indeed so much the more, because all our devotion tends to Him, and finally terminates in Him. And thus we always find that such as are truly devout to the Blessed Virgin, fail not to be also lovers of God, and pursuers of good works.' In Catholic prayer books the Most Blessed Trinity, or one of the Divine Persons only, is besought to 'Have mercy upon us,' while Mary is asked to 'Pray for us' that mercy may be had."

The guest thought a few moments and then asked:

"IS THE POPE MACHINATING TO SUBVERT AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS?"

Only the circumstances in which the question was put and the earnest information seeking of an honest questioner, saved the priest from laughing outright.

"Of course he is not," was the reply, "and if he were madman enough to think of such a thing, the six or eight million Catholic citizens of the United States would be first in telling him to mind his own business. In religious matters we look to St. Peter's, at Rome; but in civil affairs, to the Capitol in Washington."

No questions could startle the priest now.

"Tell me, does the Catholic Church insist on the hatefulness of sin?"

"Well, if the teaching that the smallest infraction of God's law, though it should save the world, would not be allowable; that hell,s in's punishment, is eternal; that not even the divinely stituted avenues of divine grace—sacraments—can effect anything unless sin has been interiorly abhorred; if teaching all this, and much more of the kind, means a right estimate of sin, then the Catholic Church does insist on its hatefulness

"BUT HOW COMES

it that all I have been taught of the Catholic Church is in direct contradiction to what you say?"

"Because they who have taught you got *their own* information from other than Catholic sources. Starting out with the notion that this Church was merely an instrument in the hands of astute ecclesiastics, who used it to play upon the superstitions and passions of the multitude to their own aggrandizement, how could those teachers of yours but stigmatize it as a house of moral pestilence and a menace to the common-weal?"

"I thank you for these words," said the layman, "and I thank God that, though I had not thought it, we are brothers in religion to this extent. You as well as I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and in His unique, incomparable mediatorship. Even this knowledge has come to me as somewhat in the nature of a revelation. But many questions arise in my mind. I do not understand it—I do not understand it." He spoke slowly, drawing out his words. "Men whose specialty is religion, ought to be familiar with the original sources. If what you say be true—and I think *you* believe it to be true—then how can I keep my confidence unshaken in those who have been my authorities"—

"And there," broke in the priest, "you run upon a distinctively Catholic doctrine, *viz.*,

THE NECESSITY OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION."

Then, until the evening hours were exhausted, the conversation ran into channels familiarly known without traveling them again here.

Among the results of the talk it may be mentioned that the layman's heart was lightened and gladdened to feel that hundreds of millions of Catholics on the globe did rightly estimate Jesus Christ and His work! at least he had the word of a man for this, whose personality begot confidence in him. And the priest felt that he did not know all of Protestants which he should. Another thought haunted him; he would not for worlds be of the number of those who had misrepresented a creed, and when hereafter he dealt with Protestantism before his people he would make sure to know its teachings as Protestant authorities expound them.

"Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

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THOUGHTS ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

On Sunday evening the Rev. John S. Vaughan delivered the second of a series of discourses at the Church of Our Lady, Grove Road, St. John's Wood, on "The Conversion of England." Though there was no immediate prospect, he said, of England's return to the Catholic faith, which she had professed for over one thousand years, yet any man who took the trouble to compare the present with the past would at once realize that a great change for the better had come over the land. A century ago Catholics were regarded not only with suspicion but with positive hatred; their Bishops (or Vicars Apostolic), priests and religious were insulted openly in the streets and vilified in the public press; the Pope was the scarlet woman and the beast of the Apocalypse. Formerly to be a Catholic was to be ostracised from society and treated as a moral leper. So strong and inveterate was the hatred to our religion that parents would forget even their natural instincts; if a young lady became a Catholic she was in many cases thrust out of her home, and sometimes driven into the open streets, as though by accepting the Catholic faith she had forfeited all claim to a father's protection and a mother's love. Sons were disinherited and cut off with a shilling if they dared to enter the Church of God.

THE PRINCIPLE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT

was right enough so long as it did not lead men into the Catholic Church. When it did then it was, of course, not to be tolerated. A great portion of the literature of those days was distinctly anti-Catholic, and almost every poet and rhymster bespattered with filth both the Church and all those who either served or worshipped at her altars. Even little children were taught to believe that all those divine denunciations and threats of prophets and seers which we meet with in the Holy Scripture were directed against the Pope. Rome was, of course, Babylon—the city of every species of iniquity. When men came to those passages in the books of the prophets wherein the sin of idolatry was denounced, the crucifixes and images of the Catholics were pointed at as a just and fitting illustration. In fact, not the real figure of the Church—the spotless bride of Christ—was before the nation, but a hateful, hideous misrepresentation—a monstrous caricature. At the present time there was greater toleration and liberty. Our Catholic Archbishops and Bishops were asked to take part in social movements; they stood with other representative Englishmen on public platforms, and were invited to sit at public banquets and other social gatherings. The fact that even the city of London had selected a good, practical Catholic to be its mayor was itself a sign of the times. Indeed, so great had been the advance in recent years that many of

THE LOW CHURCH PARTY

complained bitterly that they could not keep pace with it, and even clergymen of the Church of England were found to protest against what they called the Popish tendency of the present English Church. It was only on the previous day that he had read in a paper that one of them—a certain Rev. Charles Stirling—intended to resign in consequence of this state of things. The paragraph was as follows:

"RESIGNATION OF A VICAR.—The Rev. Charles Stirling, writing from New Malden, of which he was the vicar, sent the following letter on the 22nd inst. to the Bishop of Rochester, who has accepted the rev. gentleman's resignation: 'It is my painful duty to state that I have to-day, with feelings of profound grief, executed the deed of resignation of this benefice. In placing my resignation in Your Lordship's hands, I may be allowed to say that the present judgment in the Lincoln case has rendered it impossible for me to retain my connection with the Established Church as she now is, with Popery taught by her clergy on every hand, her Communion tables converted into 'altars,' her ministers into 'sacrificing priests,' her churches into 'Mass houses,' and with auricular confession inculcated, practised, and, where possible, enforced. All this is done under the eyes, with the knowledge, and under the protection of the Bishops, who first introduced the 'wolves in sheep's clothing' into the fold, and then shield them when the flock remonstrates. My Lord, I have been for forty-one years a plain English clergyman. I must decline now to be any longer associated with Romish priests.'"

These and many other considerations which might be made indicated a marvellous change of feeling which at all events was hopeful and sufficient to encourage Catholics in their efforts to help still further the great work of England's conversion. It showed that at last the breach between truth and falsehood, light and darkness, was decreasing, and that time might bring about a complete reconciliation between the Catholic faith and England. Turning to the "Reformation," Father Vaughan said he would consider some of the disastrous consequences of

THE REVOLT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

It might be divided into three points: 1, as regarded God; 2, as referred to the English nation; 3, as affecting others. In the first place, it robbed God of the honor and glory which was His due. He specially referred to one act which was the highest, holiest and most sublime in which a creature could share, an act which alone rendered to God an honor and service in every sense adequate and proportioned to His infinite deserts—the Holy Sacrifice of the altar—which, when offered up, though even by the youngest and simplest of priests rose up before the great white throne of God as an odor of ineffable sweetness, and which lying upon the altar and in the hands of the priest was the Divine Victim for our sins, the world's Redeemer, Jesus Christ, God and man, truly present, and which was an atonement and satisfaction for innumerable sins and the impetration made for all the world. The

VENERABLE BEDE,

who lived and labored in England in the eighth century, said that when Mass was offered up, 1, the Holy Trinity are honored; 2, the angels rejoice; 3, the saints in heaven are filled with gladness; 4, the souls in purgatory are comforted; 5, the just on earth receive grace; 6, sinners hope; and, 7, the whole Church innumerable graces.

—*London Universe, Dec. 10.*

TWO GREAT MEN MEET.

The President-Elect and Cardinal Gibbons at a Reception.

The following interesting article appears in the last issue of the Boston *Pilot*:

At an evening reception given the other day in New York to the Papal delegate, Cardinal Gibbons was present. In the course of the proceedings Mr. Cleveland came in. He shook hands warmly with the Cardinal, and a few words of greeting passed between them. Not an important event, certainly, yet to a reflecting spectator it was one both interesting and suggestive. Very different in physique and externals as they stood together that evening were our President-elect and the head of the Catholic Church in America. The one was dressed in his official dress, "the purple dye of empire and of martyrdom," and he was saluted with a title which carries us far away to other lands and far back to the days of Richelieu and Mazarin, of Wolsey and Fisher, of Ximenes and Albornoz. Over that ruin of all æsthetics, the evening dress-coat, on the other rested, metaphorically, the mantle of George Washington.

Whilst the Cardinal's spare form and fine features, in which are blended asceticism and scholarly culture, made him the fitting type of spiritual authority, our President (pardon, brother Republicans, if we anticipate by a few months), with his burley Anglo-Saxon outline, massive head and honest, resolute face, was a fitting impersonation of the bold, enterprising, noble people who have so recently confided to him the supreme guidance of the nation's affairs for the next four years. The opinions and principles which govern these two men in their respective spheres are known with certainty to all, yet the difference in that certainty which we have shows how widely distinct these spheres are.

CONTRAST AND RESEMBLANCE.

Few of those who were present, perhaps, could say to which of the two great political parties the Cardinal gives his allegiance; but every child who knows his Catechism could define scientifically the Cardinal's views on any of the great questions which divide Christianity into so many opposite camps. With Mr. Cleveland the case is reversed. We are not more certain about our own political opinions than we are about his; but, though he is called a Presbyterian, few would venture to assert that his religious latitude and longitude are to be determined by a reference to the profession of faith which satisfied John Knox. Contrasting in so many points, they resemble each other in the fact that they are the representatives of two mighty organizations, to which, in a great measure, belongs the future of civilization. Like the representatives, these organizations afford points both of contrast and resemblance.

The Catholic Church, venerable with the weight of nineteen centuries, holds forth her hand in loving friendship to the young American nation, whose history extends back but little more than a hundred years. They meet to exchange advantages. The Church brings to the young Republic her nineteen centuries' accumulated tradition of philosophy and art, her power to consolidate the social structure by the consolidation of its basis, which is the family life. In return America affords to the Church a field of enterprise so vast in the future that the authority which she may acquire in it can confer upon her an influence surpassing that which she possessed when she was the foundress of empires and the nursing mother of kings. This nation, under the most favorable auspices, is beginning the experiment, often dreamed of, but never hitherto put in practice, that of the government of the people for the people and by the people. She has, to help her and bid her Godspeed, that Church which nursed our present civilization in its precarious youth, and out of unpromising elements constructed the old politics of Europe, unsatisfactory, it is true, but the best that could be made out of the given material.

THE WORLD AND CHURCH.

Whilst assured that the outcome of popular government will redound to the lasting benefit of mankind, the most profound thinkers confess themselves unable to forecast the conditions under which the democratic idea will reach its final evolution. Will the nation perfect that development in her own sovereign individuality, or is she destined to merge into a mere element in "The Parliament of man the sederation of the world?" These are questions which no man can answer. It sounds like political impiety to propose, even speculatively, this other: Will the diverging interests of her immense territory at length bring about disintegration? History repeats itself; and history tells us that other great nations flourished and decayed. The Roman conqueror wept over a fallen rival; and in the fall of Carthage, read the doom of Rome.

The world of Scipio does not differ more widely from the world of to-day than the world of 2092 must differ from 1892, if it is destined to spin so long, down the ringing grooves of chance. Before these the issues which now divide our great political parties shall be as dead as are now the issue which divided the Party of the Mountain from the Party of the Plain. McKinleyism and Tariff Reform will lie in a deeper dust than that which now covers the Licinian Rogations Democratic and Republican will repose peacefully side by side in the tomb of all the Capulets—

"While history's pen their praise or blame supplies,
And lies, like truth, yet still, most truly, lies."

Modes of thought and ways of life unknown to us shall prevail. One thing only can we predict of that distant age—the institution which was represented at the evening reception in New York by the spare, ascetic figure wearing a soutane and scarlet skull-cap, will still be present, vigorous and young. The world passes; the Church remains.

Bazaar and Prize Distribution in aid of the Hotel Dieu Hospital Windsor, Ont.

On account of the reopening of St. Alphonsus' Church in October, a fifteen days mission in November, and the Advent season coming in shortly after the mission, the above bazaar was necessarily postponed until the month of January, 1893. It will open on the 16th and close on the 21st January, when the drawing of prizes will positively take place, without any further postponement. Let it be remember that tickets holders will have sixty chances for each ticket, that is, one chance on each of the sixty prizes on the ticket; whilst, in ordinary prize drawings, there is only one chance per ticket on all the prizes on the ticket.

Then, whilst aiding a most deserving charity, they might possibly on one and the same ticket win several valuable prizes.

The last returns should not be made any later than the 20th January, 1893.

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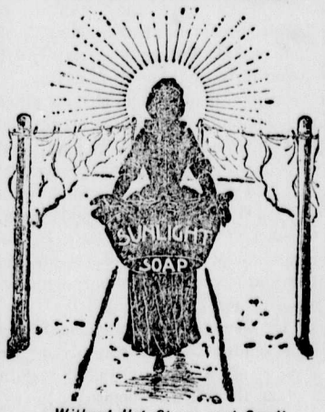

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, application will be made for an Act to incorporate the society known as "The Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada," the objects of which society are to unite fraternally all persons entitled to membership under the constitution and by-laws of the society; to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members; to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish, manage and disburse a benefit and a reserve fund, from which a sum not exceeding two thousand dollars shall be paid to each member in good standing, his beneficiary or legal representatives, according to the constitution and by-laws of the society.

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