

### The Weakness of Protestantism.

The Missionary Review of the World contains a remarkable article from the pen of Mr. Talien. It is entitled, "Papacy in Europe," and is copied in part in the columns of last week's Presbyterian Review of this city. "The writer," says this latter journal, "goes to the root of the matter when he points out that the decline of Faith in the Bible is the great source of danger."

We were always of opinion that the Written Word of God, if left at the mercy of human weakness, human pride and passion, would lead infallibly to skepticism and infidelity.

Not all men, however, are satisfied with unbelief. There is a craving in the human heart for truth, and for God's Truth, which is found only in religion. But if men so disposed find nothing but disappointment, dead sea apples, in Protestantism, they must seek comfort where alone it can be found. They will find all heart cravings for truth eternal fully satisfied in the teachings, the worship and practice of the Catholic Church. The Bible was presented to them for examination. They were told to see for themselves in God's Holy Word. But one man took a different view from another. Various beliefs and modes of worship, very differing in meaning and very strongly opposed to each other, sprang from the same source. Who was right and who wrong? No one could tell. There was no authority to appeal to. So that every man, according to his own whim or fancy, or perhaps in view of gratifying his own darling passion, whether of lust, or vengeance, or cupidity, satisfied himself that his way of interpreting God's word was the correct way, and that any other interpretation was false and to be condemned.

Again it was discovered that some of the most profound thinkers and scholars of the day, some men of high standing and repute as Church divines, had very serious doubts as to the authenticity of many chapters and of whole books hitherto considered as God's Word. One distinguished Bishop of the Anglican Church wrote a book in denial of the facts and figures contained in the Pentateuch, the most important part of the Bible, and without which there would be virtually no Bible at all. Archdeacon Farrar, a leading luminary in English Protestant circles, has lately written a criticism on the Book of Daniel, in which, while acknowledging that its contents are "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be completely furnished to every work," yet he denies its authenticity and its inspiration. The praise he bestows on the pages of the Book of Daniel are, as the Guardian says, "sugar-coating the pill to make it pleasant." But the Christian Guardian and other Christian journals and churches, because having no authority to correct Archdeacon Farrar, are compelled no less volens to swallow the pill.

They must let the news spread and go forth to the world that one of the great Protestant lights of the Eng-

lish church has raised doubts, a very serious doubt as to the prophetic character or inspired message of him whom the Christian world always honoured as one of God's most highly chosen and highly gifted servants—as one of the great prophets who communed with archangels, and pointed out the precise time and circumstances of the Messiah's reign and the world's redemption. "And after sixty two weeks (of years) Christ shall be slain; and the people that deny Him shall not be His. And He shall confirm the covenant with many, in one week; and in the half of the week the victim and the sacrifice shall fail." (Daniel ix., 27.)

In the Thinker for May, Rev. J. H. Thompson, D.D., says among other things: "We further scarcely expected to find it laid down almost in terms, with certain saving clauses, perhaps that whatever the prophet did, he did not prophesy in the sense of foretelling—that what foretelling was in the message was merely an inconspicuous adjunct to his exhortation. We for our part hold that it is incumbent on Archdeacon Farrar to explain the stress laid by our Lord and his Apostles on the argument from prophecy. He would not accuse our Lord of deceiving the disciples, when on the way to Emmaus, He upbraided them as slow of heart in not believing 'all that the prophets had spoken.'"

From all of which would appear, that Archdeacon Farrar does not attach much importance to prophecy of any kind, and that as far as inspiration is concerned, the greater portion of Holy Scripture is a closed book to him. And Archdeacon Farrar is not the only Protestant divine, or scientific lay Protestant just now engaged in the work of high criticism on God's word and man's relations to God. It is the fashion of the hour both in England and Germany. Now what are we to deduce from all this? What else but the conclusions of the Presbyterian Review, viz., that "the decline of faith in the Bible among Protestants is the great source of danger." Which means that "the Bible," being discarded and discredited Protestantism, of which it is the sole foundation, must tumble to the earth sooner or later, and that even now "want of faith in the Bible," is weakening its hold on humanity and hastening its destruction. The Catholic Church, which guarantees the Bible, proves its inspiration, and explains with authority all its mysterious events and prophetic fulfilments, must be the safe harbour of refuge for all wandering souls, anxious for truth, but tossed about on every wind of doctrine. Here is how the Presbyterian Review (of May 16) regards the question: "The mind of man demands an assurance of absolute certainty as to his relations to God, and the Bible meets that demand frankly and fully. But as Protestants lose faith in the Bible, men will find themselves more and more driven to seek assurance elsewhere. The Church of Rome offers a guaranteed ticket to a reserved seat in heaven, and many will purchase 'salvation' from her rather than take any risks on the Bible in which its professed advocates do not more than half believe."

### Archbishop Langevin.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface was in Toronto over Sunday, and those who attended High Mass at the Cathedral had the gratification of hearing a sermon from the youngest Archbishop in America, perhaps in the world. The character of the discourse delivered on that occasion was strictly in accord with the estimation the people in this Province have formed of the lately consecrated prelate. Those who had the good fortune to meet the distinguished visitor speak of him as a sagacious, conservative churchman, who is thoroughly conversant not alone with the conditions in the Province over which he has been called to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but as well with the general disposition of the Canadian people. If we can judge from the tone of the interviews granted to the daily press, the Archbishop fully realizes the strength of his position on the school question, and may be depended upon to accomplish all that wisdom and firmness can do under the circumstances.

### A Significant Statement.

The extent of the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States is frequently spoken of in general terms. It is commonly conceded to be very great, but perhaps one concrete instance will give a clearer impression of its magnitude than pages of generalization. Speaking of the celebration of the sacerdotal jubilee of Archbishop Williams of Boston last week Cardinal Gibbons gave such an instance. His Eminence said:

"The year before your venerable Archbishop was ordained there was but one diocese in all New England, for the first Bishop of Hartford was not consecrated until 1844. There were then only fifty-three priests in New England, with a Catholic population of 75,000 souls. The Archbishop, though not yet a very old man, remembers the time when New England contained only four priests, and in 1816, when a coadjutor was proposed for the See of Baltimore, the Rev. Dr. Mareschal wrote to Bishop Flaget recommending Bishop Chevreus, of Boston, for that place, and the reason he assigned was that the illustrious Dr. Chevreus had nothing to do in Boston."

"To-day the Archdiocese of Boston is one of the most flourishing metropolitan sees in the country, with six suffragan sees. New England has to-day 1,200 Catholic clergymen with a Catholic population of nearly 1,500,000. And nowhere can a Catholic community be found more devoted to the faith of their fathers or more loyal to their grand old Commonwealth, more loyal to the flag of their country and to her civil and political institutions."

Of Sir Donald McFarlane, who is the only Catholic representing a Scotch constituency, the "Saturday Review" tells the following story: When he was contesting the constituency, it was anticipated that on account of his religion he would be heckled out of the constituency. But a heckler arose who put a fresh complexion on the matter. Was it possible, he asked Sir Donald in stentorian tones, for a Papist to be a patriotic Scotchman? With feigned hesitation and much meekness of manner, Sir Donald replied that he had always considered Robert Bruce and William Wallace to be patriotic Scotchmen, and that both these worthies had held the same religion as he did.

### My Gift.

I ask a gift to me so dear—  
The gift to love my native land,  
To tread with reverent step the path  
Where trod our fathers hand in hand.  
The swelling psalm of the hour  
Hush for my heart, no glory true,  
For virtue rests within the deed—  
The will to act, the soul to do.

Give me to humbly kneel in prayer  
Ere that I draw the sword of day,  
To bear the light of heavenly star  
Before I walk my earthly way;  
For rescue from God's Altar high  
Makes pure the root of daily deed,  
And dews of heaven rained down thro'  
prayer  
Make sweet and strong the goodly seed.

I ask the gift to love my friends  
And cherish them in kindly part,  
To give them audience true in word  
Within the chamber of my heart:  
To seek no laurels dreamt of men  
No niche of fame in sculptured wall;  
To love the poor with kindly heart  
And hearken to their daily call.

Give me the love that binds the heart  
To memories of the old, old days,  
And holds in kind and tender thought  
Each scene, each joy with star-clad rays;  
For love that holds the past in thrall  
Has deepest root and sweetest bloom,  
When through the gift of memory's tears  
It droops above the silent tomb.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Brother Jonathan on the A.P.A.

By JAMES WHITEHEAD RILEY.

With his plain-patched, currier breeches,  
an' his red and yaller coat,  
He has just come up and registered and cast-  
ed his just vote,  
Talkin', tellin' about the Bible, an' our in-  
stitootions grand,  
An' that the Stars an' Stripes must float  
from each school-house in the land!

Tearin' up an' down on platforms, lettin'  
steam off acin' priests,  
An' bishops, popes, an' cardinals that eat  
heretics at feasts.

Sayin' now a the time er never to defend  
the flag we've saved!  
Our homes, our wives an' children, er by  
home we'll be enslaved!

Well, I've stood an' I've listened till he got  
his rantin' through.  
An' last night I stood in meetin', and I sez:  
"Why, who be you?"  
Never heard on ye till yesterday—since  
that time I riz the axe  
On my ole man at Concord, an' ye run to  
Halifax!

"Ye were mighty still when Sumter's guns"  
went shakin' up the land,  
An' I had my Irish regiments march in an'  
take a hand!  
Great strappin' fellers, shot right down,  
with a shamrock on their breasts,  
The Stars and Stripes above 'em, and a cross  
inside their vests!

"The last guard of McClellan, and Burnside's  
furthest dead!"  
No, I guess not, stranger—jest yit; I ain't  
goin' to lose my head!  
Like a f'lin' gin to heaven, our roads may  
be apart,  
But in pintin' to the general end, we're all  
the same at heart.

"Some of my folks were Catholics as far  
back's '76!"  
An' thirty-six years later helped me out uva  
nasty fix!  
An' as fer Irish—in Mexico—of jall Zach's  
bloodiest field,  
He found at Cerro Gordo his biggest hoos  
was Shields!

But the way that you've been talkin', St.  
Peter raves an' swears  
When comes along an Irishman that kneels  
and says his prayers.  
But now I come to think on't, an' look ye in  
the face,  
I'll be hanged if you ain't Irish—an' no  
credit to the race!

But if you come to the United States to jest  
kick up a stew,  
'Tween Abner Jones an' his man Mike, and  
neighbor Donahoe,  
"I tell ye here, right equear and now, ye'd  
better shack fer home!"  
I don't want imported patriots to help me  
keep out Rome!

Sir Patrick was very fond and proud  
of his nephew, the famous cricketer,  
who married a daughter of Sir Hum-  
phrey de Trafford. On occasion as  
the House was droning away in the  
dog days over Supply Sir Patrick  
caught the Speaker's eye. "Mr.  
Speaker," he said, "we are simply  
wasting our time in this. I move that  
we adjourn and see my nephew bat at  
Lord's." The motion was not put  
from the chair.