BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCIII.

We have seen how exceedingly inadequate and incorrect is Professor Fos-ter's treatment of the doctrinal rela-tion of Rome to non-Catholics. His errors involve the Presbyterian Church, which publishes his work. However, she deserves the mortification of being found out in so many mistakes and mis-representations. What business is it of a Church to be publishing polemical

treatises about another Church? Nevertheless, even in this work Presbyterianism does not belie its reputation as a learned body, of a higher moral and social standing than certain other denominations. Foster's work as a whole seems fairly accurate, and even his blunders are those of a scholar, and not of a mere pretender. Moreover, his tone is grave, and hy no cover, his tone is grave, and by no means

Even that discreditable little book "Almost a Nun" is at least written by a woman of breeding, and, moreover, has not the slightest suggestion of in-

The general tone of social refine and moral elevation among the Baptists and Methodists is of course not on a level with Presbyterianism, always exepting the group of high-minded men athered around the Methodist Review and the New York Christian Advocate, and the eminent scholars who adorn the Baptist colleges and seminaries. It would seem as if the better elements in these two denominations rise more inevitably to the top than among the Presbyterians and Episcopalians. The cream separates more distinctly from the milk. Of the Baptists, Professor Henry C. Vedder writes on Catholic matters with an eventues and symmamatters with an exactness and sympa-thetic courtesy that would not misbe-come a Cardinal. I own to some stirrings of friendly envy in having read his articles in the Independent.

The Southern Baptists, speaking gen erally, are inferior, at least in scholar-ship, to the Northern. Their best scholar, Professor Whitsitt, they have driven out of his place, because he knew too much, and disturbed the foun-dations of orthodox "Landmarkism," which rejects all immersions even that have not been administered by ordained Baptist elders of the unbroken apostolic succession, secluded no doubt through the dark ages somewhere among the

Mountains of the Moon.

It may well be imagined of what sort on Catholicism would be published by such a denomination. Bring together everything conceivable in the way of forgery, malignant falsehood, the grossest distortions of both history and doctrine, with distinct incitements to civil persecution of the Catholic Church, and you have a faint image of Church, and you have a faint image of
the evil-smelling thing put out by
"The Baptist Book Concern," at
Louisville, Kentucky, written by one
"Rev. J. T. Christian, A. M., D. D."
This J. T. Christian well deserves to
be called "Master of Arts." He is
reat master in the art of soliciting the

past master in the art of soliciting the brooding ferocity of religious hatred by the grossest incitements of the coarsest

Contained the second sequence of the second s Kentuckians, and love them very much. They are a noble race, but besides their weakness for Bourbon, everybody knows that they are almost as much inclined to sudden explosions of murder as the Sicilians themselves. That Ken-tuckian who expressed his hope, at an A. P. A. meeting in Denver, of soon "wading knee-deep in Popish blood," was not tolking quite so chimerically as

if he had been an Easterner.

We are not to borrow trouble, but Mount Pelee warns us of the latent possibilities in nature, as in man. Certain lunatic Catholies in France may conceivably, though not probably, yet fulfil their threat to bring about a second St. Bartholomew. And certain demented Baptists and Methodists of demented Baptists and Methodists of the second St. Bartholomew. Kentucky may not inconceivably evoke its parallel in the midst of our continent. Lunacy, once inflamed, above all religious lunacy, knows neither evidence nor justice nor humanity. "Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from " Cursed be blood " is a cry that may yet be for not to have lost all potency in the brooding deeps of untutored humanity. Who would have thought possible, a little while ago, such tortures and mas-sacres are, after deducting all false testiony, are ascertained to have been inflicted by some of our countrymen in the East? Who would have conceived that when these cruelties were de-nounced, it would be insinuated by dis-tinguished senators and other men of mark that the denouncers were guilty of disloyalty, a charge which meant that Cicero was disloyal in denouncing Verres, and Las Cases in denouncing Cortez and Pizarro? Nay more, who would have imagined that a call for humanity towards conquered provincials would be described as disloyalty, not to the nation, but to the army, thus setting up the soldiery as a substantive power in the State, and changing our chief magistrate into a Roman Imperator, before whose supreme word of military command all limitations of law

More than all, who would have believed it possible that the President of the United States, when the officers of the army, had found one of their number guilty of murdering a defenceless and had condemned him to prisoner, and had condemned him to dismissal and to five years of a felon's punishment, would force him back on his indignant colleagues, and would change the just severity of his sentence into a matter of the loss of numbers, and a fine of seven hundred dollars. Truly, as Ophelia says, we know what but we know not what we may be. Cruelty and despotism are cur

everything before them.

I in no way view it as likely that there will be a Protestant St. Barthol. omew in Kentucky or a Catholic in Paris, although, in view of French derceness and the disproportion of numbers, perhaps the latter is the less it probable. Yet I have lived to see is the less im many astonishing things, and to read of

so many more, that I should not be overmuch astounded to be some day de-manded for execution by the G. A. R. overmind associated to be the G. A. R. on the charge of treason against the Pretorian guards, or by the Rev. John T. Christian, A. M., D. D., as Grand Master of the Holy Protestant League, on the charge of having dishonored Luther's sacred exhertation, never to shrink from a lusty lie if it will discomfit the Papists. In these dissolving days, we must be prepared for anything.

I have lately been reading again the history of the Titus Oates plot. It seems to us now incredible that men of sense could give ear to fables which defy all 'probability, all possibility, all proportion of numbers, all settled ways of working, all principles of credibility, all proportion of numbers, all settled ways of working, all principles of credibility.

of working, all principles of credibil-ity, the very elementary action of human nature. Yet we know that time was when any one who ventured to doubt the wildest tale of this murderous impostor did so with his life in his

Yet Oates never dreamed of charging on the Jesuits what this wretched man Christian puts into their spurious oath. Hear him: "I will spare neither age, sex, nor condition; I will hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle and bury alive these infamous heretics; cut to pieces their expectant mothers and crush their infants' heads against the walls, in order to annihilate their execrable race." Here this vile liar, slanderer, voluntary ignoramus and would-be murderer, authorized, moreover, by a denomination of one or two millions of municants (Southern only, be it remembered) puts into the mouth of every Jesuit words that in the rudest times of the Middle Ages would not have been tolerated by the Church from the mouth of a Spanish Bishop or inquisitor, and makes him threaten, on his own account, to exercise a horridness of cruelty which was not fully equalled by the French Protestants in the utmost insanity of their rage, be-tween 1560 and 1590. They confined the slow torments of their massacres to the clergy, while the Catholic murder-ers of St. Bartholomew butchered only and did not torture.

Who, a little while back, would not

have disdained the thought that it could be possible for a vast American denomination to publish accusations so horrid that even the unbounded wickedness of Titus Oates recoiled from them? He invented the craziest stories of intended massacre, but, in all the accounts that I remember, said nothing of torment. Verily, as I have said, we never can tell what hideousness of insane belief, projecting itself under the lead of an Oates or a John Chris-tien into boundless cruelty, may snedenly burst up from the midst of an appar-eatly civilized and Christian commun-ity. There has been nothing so bad but that worse may possibly follow.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

#### What is Meant by the Seal of Cocfession.

The obligation of secrecy which is on the minister of the Sacrament of Pen-ance is called the Seal of Confession. This obligation arises from the natural law, for every one who confides secrets to another has a right to have his confidence respected. It is also required by the Divine law, for when God in-stituted the Sacrament under the form of a secret trial, He by implication required the minister who holds His place to do nothing which would frustrate the purpose of this secrecy; and these natural and Divine obligations are enforced by the canon law of the Church. of a secret trial, He by implication re-

The obligation is absolute, admitting of no exception whatever. The seal binds the priest and all other persons to whose knowledge the confession has come, such as interpreters, or if ever it should chance that any one overheard what was said; and it extends not only to sins, but also to whatever else has be come known in a confession made in order to absolution, the revelation of which would in any way annoy the pen-

The penitent himself is not under any obligation of secrecy, but if he be in my wise he will always observe it .- Rev. went over the Range, stood near great Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J.

#### In the World and Not of it.

The accompanying incident is taken from the secular journal, the Philadelphia North American:

It was just 6 o'clock. The bell in the

tower of St. John the Evangelist, in South Thirteenth street, was pealing out the Angelus.

Its sounds floated aflove the noise and hum of Chestnut street, but now and then in a moment of calm penetrated softly to the street. To the crowd it had no significance, but to one at least it meant more than the simple pealing of an evening bell. He was only a street cleaner, an Italian, and when the notes of the bell muffled in the roar of the city, met his ears he removed his sciled white cap, and, leaning forward sed himself devoutly and bowed his head to the simple words

of the prayer.

In the middle of the street, thousands passing on either side, he was far from he city's throng, away in the sunny

fields and vineyards of Italy.

In pose and reverent attitude he was the living embodiment of Millet's famous "L'Angelus." There was even touch of the indescribable loneliness of the pricture in the figure of the man. Despite the crowds and the noise and the eternal roar of the city, he conveyed an impression of alcofness as of a man apart from the world. The moment of prayer lifted him out of his lowly garb and above his mean surroundings, and in the figure of this humble Italian was spirit of simple dignity and reverence that would lend power to a painter

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FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Sixteenth Sunday After Pentecost. MEDITATION.

Brethren, mark those last words the inward man. The outward man is easily known; you see him, touch him, hear him whether you will or not. The inward man is known fully only to God. Not even one's father-confessor knows much of the inward man of the peni-tent. Yet that is the real man; the reasoning, thinking, loving, longing, reasoning, thinking, loving, longing, deciding, judging, accountable and responsible man. That is the man God deals with in an especial manner. He has his outward, visible Church and the Sacraments to reach through the outward man to the inward man reach what God alone can reach. What is a Sacrament? An outward sign of inward grace. What is Holy Massthat central act of all religion? The death of our Redeemer to the outward man is nearly two thousand years past and gone and many thousands of miles away; to the inward man the Mass is the death of Christ here and now. Without the inward spirit, then, the sacraments, the Sacrifice, the whole Christian religion is distant and forgotten and unreal. The object of all that is done by religion for the outward man is to build up the inward man.

man is to build up the inward man.

So much for the general principles of the outward symbolism of religion. Much might be said on this topic that would be highly profitable. But just one little part of it will engage the control of the symptomy today, mental rest of our sermon to-day: rest of our sermon to-day: mental prayer. What is mental prayer? Mental prayer is the inward man tending towards God. It is that free, reasoning, responsible being called man acting with a view to his end—God. The life of a really prayerful man is reason-ing towards God, the essential truth; loving God, the essential joy; respons-ible to God, the essential right.

Hence the cultivation of union with God by inward or mental prayer is the duty of the intelligent Christian. prayer, to be sure, has an inward character, even that which is most loudly Purely vocal prayer is that of a parrot or a man in a dream. there is a prayer in which no sound is uttered, except the voiceless eloquence of the heart. Oh! how we should long for that prayer. Oh! how we should try to understand God even as we understand our dearest friends; as man and wife know each other's souls, as parent and child know each other, by a pecies of communion too sacred to be clothed in words.

Now, brethren, I know that many excellent Catholics think that mental prayer, or meditation, is for monks and nuns and priests. What a mistake! Try it yourself. Take the Our Father, study over word for word the meaning of that prayer, excluding the world and its distractions meantime, and you will meditate. Take the psalms and go from verse to verse, and let your thoughts and wishes and resolutions have play upon the meaning of the words you read—do it slowly, and you will meditate. Take our Lord's parables, or the scenes of His life and death and glory, and ponder over them, picture the scenes, the places, the persons; ask yourself questions. Who did sons; ask yourself questions. Who did this or that? why? where? with what effect? with what helps? and how does it affect me? Try it five minutes every day? you never knew God as you will learn to know Him in five minutes of inner life. Try it fiteen minutes of a Sunday. Give half an hour some day of every week to hearing a week-day Mass in that spirit. "God is a spirit, and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit and truth."

## THEISHEPHERD AT THE GATES.

THE SHEPHERD AT THE GATES.

"I stand at the Gates of Eternity."—Letter of Leo XIII.

"I stand at the Gates of Eternity."—Letter reflex of their moral state.

In all my experience I have never to include the content of the content o In all my experience I have never seen a purely intellectual convert to infidelity. Pride, or greed, or interest, or passion was always clearly traceable in the life of the avowed unbeliever as the Great Divide. gates which were as pearl and of won-drous loveliness. Through the open tracery I saw palm trees and lilies, and clear river, she who is the Mother of Fair Love, and many whose faces I recognized, amongst them being that of the first Pope, who witnessed a good confession under Nero, that of the Pope whose chair was in the Catacombs. and of others too numerous to name, and I knew that the water was the River of Life, and that the woman crowned with stars was Mary, on whose breast once nestled Jesus, and that the marvelous doorways were the Everlasting Gates. Outside them, near to them, stood a white-robed figure—that of an aged man, with a face like ivory, and dark eyes full of soul. It was the Pope—he who now wears the ring of the Fisherman and sits in St. Peter's Chair. In his right hand was a golden vessel and his eyes scanned the hills, the plains, the cities of the world, which lay pread before him like a map. Here in this valley the Trappists ground wheat, tended sheep, prayed for souls suffering on earth and in the place of wait-There amidst the hurly-burly crowded cities—hives of industry -an army of sanctified soldiers of Christ absolved the penitent, raised the fallen, taught the ignorant, fed the hungry, give their lives for the Faith when called upon—as in China; spent

## LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

themselves right willingly for Him to

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whom they cried, "Abbas, Father!"
And the white-robed figure lifted up
his hands as did Moses, and cried, "O
ye Priests of the Lord, bless ye the
Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for
ever!" Here, again, thousands of consecreted women gave the cup of cold secrated women gave the cup of cold water to Hagar, instructed Ishmael, offered an asylum to Mary the Magdaoffered an asylum to Mary the Magda-lene. There in those green-shaded cottages, those stately homes, those narrow alleys, mothers taught their little ones to say "Hail Mary;" fathers told their sons to sing the praises of the King of Glory in the sanctuary, to follow in the footsteps of the dear, the good St. Vincent. In all places, north, east, south, west, the places, north, east, south, west, the Sacred Heart which bled, loved, suffered, broke, on the Cross was venerated. Millions of voices cried-

"Hail, thou Heart by sorrow broken! Refuge thou for souls foriorn, I wil. O malace of the Faithful! Hail, Sweet Jesus, crowned with thorn!

And the love of the Sacred Heart in-And the love of the sacred rear in-spired great deeds—as when the Zouaves publicly consecrated them-selves to It, as when a temple in Its honor was raised on the heights of Montmartre; and I, being but a poor Pilgrim of the Night, wondered what was contained in the golden vase. And even as I marveled the White Pope removed the fair linen on top of the chalice, and showed me red and white chance, and showed me red and white roses, like unto fire and snow. And I said, "O Holy Father, tell me what these typify, and in what soil they grew?"

And a voice—the voice of Peter the Fisherman—answered: "They are the treasures of Peter, handed down from age to age, from generation to genera marks which proclaim Roman Church the Christ's. For the red roses signify the constancy of mar-tyrs, the white the purity of saints."

And voices like unto triumphant music cried, "Alleluia! Alleluia!
Blessed are they who have overcome!"

And as they sang the Papal tiara shone and as they sang the Papar thara shoule like starlight, and a Voice, at whose sound I trembled, cried: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I build My Church. Pax, in aeternum, Pax!"—Nora Rylman, in Manchester Catholic

## THE CANT OF MODERN INFIDEL-

(Conde B. Pallen in Pittsburg Observer) The cant of infidelity is absolutely sickening. We had a recent specimen of it in a controversy on the immortality of the soul published in the columns of a New York paper which has a fondness and a reputation for raising points of religious discussion. There was much evidence of cant in some of the communications, the substance of which was that whereas imstance of which was that whereas immortality was consoling and beautiful, a doctrine relinquished with regret and sorrow, a tearing up of some of the most precious and tender roots of affective and the standard of the stan fection and association, nevertheless intellectual honesty and the dictates of reason compel one to follow the stern obligations of conscience and the plain path of duty, etc., etc. This is not only sheer and unadulterated nonsense,

but sheer and unadultered lying. No man or woman ever gave up his or her belief in the immortality of the soul out of pure intellectual conviction of its irrationality. In the first place, because reason is entirely on the other side in testimony of immortality; and secondly, because the preponderating evidence of loss of religious faith in most people—we might say all—comes about, not through intellectual specu lation, but through delusions of pas-sion. I have heard people aver that they have lost faith through a process of reason, but I never saw one who could substantiate the declaration, and, what is more, always saw ample evi-dence in their own words to lead them to the conclusion that their mental

the root of his or her unfaith. Some may, I admit, delude themselves into the notion by assiduous cultivation of a false conscience that they are sincere, but these are few; the majority of pro-fessed infidels do believe in their secret hearts, and those who most indulge in the cant that they would believe if they only could, that it would be such a consolation to believe, that they ad-mire the beauty of faith in another, are the very ones whose infidelity is most often an hypocrisy. This holds espec-ially true about Catholics who have lapsed from the faith into infidelity. But probe deep enough into their secret souls, and you will come across the moral canker from whose malignant roots sprouts the upas tree of their infidelity. This may seem harsh judg-ment, but it has its premises in a wide experience and close observation.

Think of good things in order avoid thinking of evil; for the mi man cannot be idle.—St. Ephrem.

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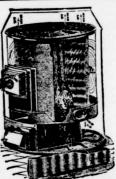
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AUGUST 30, 1902 OUR BOYS AN

A LOVELY DISAP

"Now," said Lea' pretty young face pleasure and excitement ne at last when I can to arranging my room quite dry, and I shall new rug spread down, the curtains and pictur home this afternoon, I no idea how lovely it And then she gave Lea ran off upstairs to be

Lea was almost as i little dressing room as self. It had always kind of closet and sto father had suddenly m that it would make a for her, and had had a side, or rather had had to a great window, floor, hung the walls v and now, at last, after was ready for the fin the moving in of the I am so glad that

to-day!" she exclair Leo joined her preset so nice having it all so nice having it and Sunday. See, Lea, I my desk across this ing-table here, and against the wall. As finished the breakfa have her dust over last time, wash the all the paint, and the just what I can accon before it is time to didinner. You will c dinner. You will c time for that, too, Try not to be late." It was Saturday, a to spend it in tow friends. They were

places of interest and fine time. Leaving his mothe Lea went off to his o ished and was comin bye to her when No telegram to his moth father, asking her town at once, as I business which nee attention.
"If you go you room over Sunday

sorrowfully.
"No, but that c am very glad now him know that I was it to-day ; it would disappointment for disappoint me. Bu if I am to catch th you going now on the youngoing now on the whole with the subject: "No fellows at the one j

will go down with them there. Say, do it for you—the " Not unless you my name," she
"But, come, dear to get to the static place in the train, as the cars starte not leave for half strolled up the ro presently.

Poor mother! all the week, and wish that I could lieve that I could town." The bo minutes he must where to put a th "I am not goi There's somethin at home. I'm son a bit of difference

next time.' Of course the b did make a diff made up his mi moved. He par back home, his full of plans for room. "I'm g the fu niture was things.' Nora had finis

mother wished room. It was lu was finished, and took the rest i place, hung the covers on the li glancing consta just as the wh heard he put on glass of roses w the greenhouse Happy! I when he received dog had Lea be in his mother's

heart beat as h

ing up the st from the door was looking o they entered the "Well, dear day ?" his mot good boy to An astonishment, caught sight of ad been bare fully furnished

flowers upon side, if the pic