

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

I have said that by no means accuse all the Protestant agents in the Spanish countries (including the Portuguese) of the bitter scurrility continually appearing in the Champion. I have seen a few numbers of an Episcopalian paper published there, which were certainly temperate in tone. So also have been the few Presbyterian and publications that I have seen, and not most of the few Congregational, and not having seen any Baptist publications in Spanish, I can give no opinion about them. The Seventh Day Adventists also have establishments in Guadalupe, Mexico, but their publications are marked by that simple seriousness of tone, which, as the Ave Maria observes, is largely characteristic of this denomination. I have seen, it is true, some injuriously erroneous statements of Roman Catholic doctrine proceeding from them, but evidently the result of pure ignorance with no dishonest intent. They show not a trace, so far as I have had their papers in hand, of that malignant scurrility which is continually overflooding the pages of the Champion, and which, with some eminent exceptions, is, and always has been, characteristic of the vast denomination of which this is an organ.

Catholics, I may remark, seem to me often very indelicately superstitious. Let any criticism be made, in any part of the Catholic world, and a great many of them appear to think themselves bound in honor to take it under their wing, even when they have ascertained nothing about the facts. Now this is very foolish. What would they say if we should behave so? Suppose that a Catholic traveller, without any thought of attacking general Protestantism, should speak somewhat sharply of the religious state of Flanders or Saxony, or Geneva or Denmark? This is no more than Protestants are doing continually. It would certainly be rather whimsical if we here in America should rise in a mass, and, without an examination of facts, should declare that the Danes or Saxons or Protestants were among the best of Christians, and that any disparagement of them meant only a slight blow at the Reformation. Yet too many Catholics seem to be much offended if intimations are made that the moral and religious state of Peru or Brazil or Spain itself is capable of considerable improvement. Yet the Jesuit Colberg has spoken with the utmost frankness to this effect as well as our own countryman, Father Sherman, speaking of Porto Rico. So also declares Mr. Stead, did Cardinal Manning to him concerning the colonies. These, the Cardinal said, had never come up to the higher level of the Council of Trent. Indeed I believe it is generally acknowledged that wherever the Jesuits control in the former colonies, breathing as they do the spirit of Trent, the people stand religiously and morally a good deal higher than elsewhere. Bianco White as reported by Canon Mozley, says the same of Spain.

I can not see, therefore, that the independent, and other papers, have been unreasonably in suggesting that the American Catholics need not be timid about taking an essentially missionary position towards these lower levels of the Catholic world. This is no more than has already been done in fact, so far as their numbers will go, by the sons of Saint Ignatius. In Germany also I notice that a great Catholic missionary meeting has lately been held, at which it was said that South America needs nothing so much as to be surcharged with German Catholics, men and women, with their higher spirits and moral standards. The mosaicic exemptions render possible the activities of this kind which otherwise would infringe on local episcopal right. What, indeed, were the great mendicant orders themselves but Home Missionary societies? Catholic Christendom had the faith, and sacraments, and priesthood, but under the combined force of misbelief, and unbelief and barbarism, it was in great danger of wreck. Then came the Four Orders, to raise it to new heights of Christian living and thought, and to preach the gospel more fully to the poor. To the poor, indeed, the Coming of the Lord was veritably a Coming of the Lord. What was done in the thirteenth century, and the sixteenth, will certainly not be found beyond the Divine power and providence in the twentieth, in some suitable form.

There are three classes of Protestant agents in Catholic countries. There are those who firmly believe that the salvation, if not of every individual, yet of every country, depends on the acceptance of a definite scheme of Protestant doctrine. There is no reason why such men should not perfectly disinterested and self-denying in going abroad. They may be narrow, but their sincerity is evidently a restraint on violence. Then there are those who, as the American Board says of its agents in Austria, have no thought of Protestantizing Catholic lands, but think that Protestantism may have its own influence for good in such lands, how could they be Protestants? With such views, however, they could not be zealous Protestant missionaries, as the zealous Protestant Rankes says, Protestantism in its proper nature is ill inclined to proselytism. Those who are the most active in this are hardly the most genuine Protestants. The third class, and the only thoroughly odious class, of these agents, is

that represented by the Champion. These men are not necessarily, nor ordinarily, hypocrites, but are simply coarse, common, shallow partisans. They do not go out, or stay abroad, from any deep desire of spreading from any deep desire of spreading the truth, or good. If they did they would be delighted to acknowledge truth and good wherever they found them. Look how enthusiastic the Jesuits of the seventeenth century, employed in England, showed themselves over all the fruits of the Spirit which they discovered within Protestant limits, and which they were so alert to discover! How glad they were to tell their fellow Catholics at home, and how glad these were to be told, of the numbers of English Protestants that appeared never to have lost baptismal grace! This large appreciation, instead of making them less effective in their work, made them more so, as it has done to this day. Even as concerns the heathen, a man like Bishop Reynaud, now Vicar-Apostolic in China, gives all missionaries a good example, as Mr. Spear of the Presbyterian Board points out, by his readiness to acknowledge all the wisdom and truth of their errors, dividing this clearly with a frame of mind in missionaries, whether in Christian or in heathen lands, how absolutely pitiful the men of the Champion are! There must be some reason for their existence, or they would not exist. Be we Calvinists or Arminians, Augustinians or Molinists, we must acknowledge a Divine providence. When we meet such men, and aside for holiest phrases as a cover to vulgar aims, we must fall back on the Divine wisdom and murmur, *Dies declarabit*.

However, let it not be supposed that these people only behave so towards Catholics. To be sure, if they make a proselyte, they baptize him, not conditionally in form or matter should have been lacking, but absolutely, as if he were an Arab or a Hindu. Yet they think less unflatteringly of Roman Catholic baptism than of Anglican. The former they only call "a parody of Christian baptism." The latter they call "a parody of a parody." If then they baptize Catholics once, they ought to baptize Episcopalians twice, as being still more deeply imbued with the leaven of anti-Christ. I do not say that they do this, but logically they ought.

I need not say that these people think it prejudicial to holy zeal to know anything about the Catholic system. We will give some illustrations of this in our next, and then leave the Iberian lands at present to themselves. Charles C. Starbuck. 12 Meacham street, North Cambridge, Mass.

THE CHRISTIAN SUNDAY.

Turn for a moment to contemplate the radical and world-wide revolution wrought by the Christian religion in the ritual observance of mankind. What sweet and pleasant memories cluster around the day which is set aside for public worship—to think of it is to think of bright Spring mornings when the air is calm, when the blue heavens with here and there a floating cloud, stoop closer to earth, when from amidst the wide spreading green, the many colored flowers look forth half-afraid and the birds sing in gentle and more tender cadence. A sort of stillness steals over the earth—the very cattle are subdued. Through the quiet air the silvery peal of the bell is heard like a heavenly call to prayer. Then from innumerable homes reverent groups issue, and led by the sweet sound make their way to church. The peaceful soul illumines the countenance. The voice is more sympathetic, the manner more observant, the bond of love more consciously felt. Neighbors greet one another and enter into pleasant conversation; the shy child ventures to speak, and in the presence of youths and maidens there hears of youths and maidens there awakens a dream of the holy mystery of love. And then, all are one family, before the altar, all are one family, the priest, whom they call Father, is the symbol and representative of their Father in Heaven. Their thoughts and hopes and loves commingle as they ascend to God, as hearts are drawn together when they aspire.

The old recall the days of their youth and remember those who have fallen asleep in the Lord. Thus there is not only a union of souls, but a communion of the living and the dead. Here the master and the servant, the sage and the child, the man and the woman are on a level. And in the observances themselves what a pure and holy influence we discover. The prayers, whether of the priest or the people, are as sublime as they are simple and spiritual. In what glad jubilation tones "The glory to God in the highest" breaks forth from the organ loft, while the whole congregation rises, thrilled by a new hope and divine faith. What heroic strength, what unquenchable energy re-echoes in the deep, rich music of the *Credo*. This noble worship is the expression of a rich and exuberant religion, life, which unfolds itself in every direction, and modifies all the thoughts and feelings of men. It has subdued to its service the tenderest souls and the noblest hearts. The sublimest genius has felt its inspiration and has knelt as a servant in the temple of the Lord. The poet and the painter, the orator and the musician, the architect and the sculptor, like the kings of old, bring rich offerings to the Saviour's throne. It is certain that all that our children should know something of all this, and if possible, feel the exaltation of mind and the glow of imagination which a gen-

uine love of art tends to produce: for the love of art is the love of perfection. They who feel it will strive to do well whatever they do. Only what is excellent will have power to please them, and they will soon learn to understand that there is an artistic as well as a vulgar way of doing every thing, and they will labor to speak in a dignified, to build, to paint, to write, to give, even, after the manner of the excellent and more noble sort of men—Bishop Spalding.

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

I will utter things hidden from the foundation of the world. (Matt. xiii. 35.) These are the concluding words of the gospel, and they refer to the great truths that are made known to us through the revelation of Almighty God. For as believers in a divine revelation we know things that have been hidden from the beginning, and we have a knowledge that transcends all human knowledge. Our faith gives us light which our reason could not supply. We might spend our whole lives in the most profound study and investigation, we might dip into all the systems and master all the sciences, and we should still be ignorant of certain truths which our faith makes known to us.

When we look back over the world's history and see the greatest minds of every age and country groping in the dark, seeking in vain for the knowledge that a glorious privilege it is to be enlightened by the divine light of faith. For where its rays do not penetrate there can never be sufficient security in regard to the most vital truths of human origin and destiny. We see the sad evidences of this all around us in the world of today. Men who refuse to accept the revelation of Almighty God and the teachings of His Church are in doubt, about the origin and end of life. They are even doubtful as to the existence of God Himself, though the universe by a thousand voices proclaims His presence and their own souls reflect His image. From age to age the human mind busies itself over the deep questions of philosophy and the discoveries of science. From generation to generation men seek to solve the great problems of life by force of reason; but revelation alone can adequately disclose the things hidden from the foundation of the world, and without its divine light and guidance mankind must sink into darkness and doubt.

How widely different is the state of the mind established in the settled conviction of faith from that where there is nothing but the theories and opinions of human knowledge! In one there is the repose of certainty, security and peace; in the other there are many puzzles unsolved, prompts unassisted, disquiet and unrest. One short lesson learned in the school of divine faith will give more light and bring more knowledge than can be acquired in a life-time in the schools of human learning.

Great stress is laid nowadays on secular education. And we are told that what the country needs, what the world needs, are intelligent and cultivated men and women, and certainly education is an excellent thing, and most desirable for all. But why make so much of a knowledge that concerns only the petty things of time, and ignore the feeding course of time, and ignore the knowledge that relates to the Infinite God in heaven and a life that is everlasting? What will it profit us if our death bed to have learned the facts in the world's history, to have been familiar with the teachings of philosophy and the discoveries of science, to have studied the writings and mastered the thoughts of men, if we know nothing of our Creator and our relation to Him and the course of our destiny; nothing of the preparation we should make for the hereafter and the thoughts that should animate us as we stand on the brink of eternity?

Here is the great contrast between the knowledge that God imparts to us and all human science—the one imparts to us the truths of eternity, and the other teaches us the truths of time; and the difference between them is just as great as that between time and eternity. And if, as is generally the case, we estimate the value of a thing by its importance and permanence, there is surely no term of comparison here. The little child who has learned the first pages of the Catholic catechism has already acquired a knowledge which forty centuries of human speculation have never reached, and the simplest believer in Jesus Christ and His Church is possessed of a wisdom far higher, far holier, than was ever conceived by the greatest sages of old.

Let us realize, then, that faith is the highest knowledge, that it discloses to us "things hidden from the foundation of the world," and makes us sharers in the knowledge of God Himself, and therefore elevates and crowns our reason.

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NEW YORK FIREMEN AND THEIR CHAPLAINS.

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The chaplains of the Fire Department, the Rev. William Smith, of the Fathers of Mercy, and the Rev. James Le Baron Johnson, in the uniform of chief of battalion, are becoming familiar figures in New York. While each has a driver and buggy kept at his own expense and ready to respond to the third alarm, not infrequently one chaplain picks up the other on the way to a fire.

"I never met Father Smith," said Chaplain Johnson, "until we were appointed to the chaplaincy, and now—well, we are damnation and Pythias." The good fellowship between the chaplains is not without its effect upon the firemen, with whom they are in closest touch.

It is scarcely seven months since the position of chaplain was created. New York remains the only city in the world that provides spiritual consolation for the members of its Fire Department. That it was a long time in coming, during which the chaplains were shown by the good the appointment of Mr. Johnson, at present one of the assistants, rector of Grace Church, and through his efforts twelve firemen were confirmed by Bishop Potter.

"My duties," said Mr. Johnson, "are naturally less arduous than Father Smith's, as 80 per cent. of the firemen are Roman Catholics. His influence among them is wonderful. I shall never forget the first fire we attended. The men were most profane. Father Smith reproved them. 'Who the hell are you?' they demanded.

The chaplain opened his uniform. At the sight of his priestly garb the men fell back. 'Ah, it's you, Father,' they said, and the silence that followed was impressive. I have seen him administer the last rites of the Church to a dying fireman brought into a saloon on the East Side followed by the worst of rables. Every head uncovered, every knee bent, and no one can tell the influence it had on that hardened gathering.

Every night the chaplains visit together an engine or hook and ladder house. The men draw up in line and give them the salute accorded a chief of battalion. Then they pass down the line, with a handshake and talk for each man. The opportunity for practical temperance work is unlimited, and much has been accomplished. Their presence at a fire is not only comforting and assuring to the firemen, but it has a quieting effect upon the inmates of burning buildings when the chaplains appear or when they learn of their presence in the house. Often they save life by taking the injured who otherwise would have to wait for an ambulance and suffer by the delay.

How much the influence of the chaplains is due to their magnetic personality is best known to the firemen. Both are young, up in field sports and at a fire never shrink from the danger line. Before starting, while he works in the Fire Department that he spent two years in an engine house, and one night nearly lost his life at a fire.

"You had better go, Father," said the chief to Chaplain Smith at the recent burning of a vessel. "There's a great danger here."

"Do you stay?" asked the chaplain, "and the men?"

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PRAYERS.

St. Louis, Nov. 9.—A miracle is said to have performed at the convent of the Sacred Heart, at Maryville. The story, which has become public, despite the efforts of the Sisters to keep it secret, is as follows:

Mme. Burke, a Sister of the Sacred Heart, of Omaha, was brought to St. Louis for medical attention. A local physician pronounced her case cancer, and proposed an operation. At the request of the Sisters, he waited nine days, during which time they offered a novena in the patient's behalf, praying constantly through the intercession of Blessed Mother Barz, founder of the order while Mme. Burke wore a garment which had been worn by Mother Barz.

The patient, however, grew rapidly worse, and at the end of the nine days the disease had reached a stage where an operation was impossible, and all hope for human aid was abandoned. The last sacraments were administered, and all were prepared for the end, when suddenly there was a knock, and the emaciated look disappeared from the face of the patient. Her eyes became bright, and in a few moments she arose, dressed herself, and, unaided, walked out of the room and down the stairs. She was entirely cured, and has since been well and strong.

The mother superior of the convent and the attending physician both admit the truth of the story.

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Catholic writers, who died only a few months ago.  
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**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.**  
Curiosity.  
There is a vast difference in the ways of wanting-to-know—between the laudable desire to acquire valuable knowledge and the vulgar thirst of personal curiosity.  
Nothing is so sure a stamp of ill-breeding as this same curiosity. It is the most vicious of all bad manners, since it leads to eavesdropping, the reading of private letters and other such dishonorable practices. Young people addicted to "harmless" curiosity are often led to commit harmful errors. Not very long ago I was shocked to hear a young girl tell of the "fun" she had had in going regularly to listen to phone conversations in a telephone exchange. It never occurred to her that this deliberate prying into other people's affairs was as blameful as if she had opened their sealed letters.

Good manners are built upon good morals, and we may not shatter the one without shaking the other. Originally, courtesy was kindly, princely, noble; it gave perfect trust and demanded absolute honor between peer and peer. It was not a possession of the common people in the olden times, when the masses were servile or surly, stupidly apathetic or vulgarly curious. To day every one may enjoy the heritage of good manners formulated and bequeathed by the ruling class to whom *noblesse oblige* was no empty phrase. The boy that takes off his hat in greeting is simply following the example of the courtly knight who doffed his steel helmet and left his head unprotected to show that he trusted the person whom he saluted. The modern custom of shaking hands originated, too, in the steel armored days, when the knights bared their mailed hands for the clasp which proved that they could trust one another unarmed.

Trust must be linked with perfect honor, else it is trust misplaced. The overly inquisitive are not to be trusted; to gratify their insatiable curiosity they will attempt to ferret out secrets, to betray confidences, to spoil plans, to interfere with every right of another to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Whatever is "bad form" is almost always essentially evil, and in this way the etiquette and the usages of good society help to make "the best people" gentle, self-sacrificing, honorable and to stamp as vulgar and ignorant those who have no regard for the rights of others. It is distinctly bad form to be curious and inquisitive. It is bad form to deliberately listen to even one sentence not intended for our ears. It is honorable to make our presence known at once or to move out of earshot.

It is bad form to ask personal questions either directly or by suggestion. It is another's right to tell us just as little or as much as he please. It is vulgar to attempt to force confidence. It is bad form even to read the transcription of a letter entrusted to us to mail. It is bad form to read a letter of introduction given to us. In both cases curiosity is trembling on the verge of dishonor. And yet how infinitely worse to read another's private letters, or even the semi-public messages on a postal card!

Our boys and girls should be model knights and ladies, courageous and frank, with a chivalric respect for the rights of others. They must restrain undue curiosity as they restrain anger, selfishness, insolence and other un-Catholic faults. Regarding inquisitive curiosity as one of the grossest forms of impertinence, they must add to their self-directed shall not the mandate "Thou shalt not pry." Adapted.

**An Indian Fairy Tale.**  
Zachariah, that was his name, and there never was a little boy who took more interest in fairy tales and stories about Indians and wild adventures on the plains. "I was going to say that no boy ever took so much interest, but there are so many boys who think nothing else that I am afraid to say that." One evening Zach was sitting by the dining-room table reading his favorite book. It was about an Indian boy who had some marvelous adventures, and when Zach had reached the end of the tale he gave a long sigh, wishing that it were twice as long, and laid his head in his book and said to himself: "Oh, wouldn't it be nice to be an Indian boy and live in a wigwam and have a real tomahawk and go out into the woods and—"

"What's that you say?" asked a voice close to him.  
Zach lifted up his head and was surprised to see that he was in the woods, sitting on a log, and close to him was an old Indian woman, who was looking at him very hard.  
"What's that you say?" she asked again.  
"I was just saying that I wished—"

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