

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

I have remarked in my last that, after the examples which I have produced from the Champion, of malice, violence, falsehood, intolerance, voluntary ignorance, my readers might well ask how the proselytes of this denomination in Spanish and Portuguese America can be any more the children of hell, in their treatment of the Catholic Church, than the editors themselves, and their American associates. Yet the proselytes are in fact worse than their masters. I will give a few illustrations.

As we all know, Saint Augustine, as a teacher, has among Christians, especially in the Western Church, perhaps the most exalted place of all unimpaired doctors. At the Reformation the Protestants were so far from putting him lower, that they put him higher. By scornfully rejecting most of the later Western teachers, and pouring out unbounded vituperations on the schoolmen, but above all on Saint Thomas Aquinas, they left the Bishop of Hippo in a solitary prominence which he does not possess among the Catholics, great as he is.

It is true, the Protestants have mostly rejected, or, at least, practically suppressed, the one-half of his teachings. Saint Augustine dwells with intense fervor on God's election and grace. Yet he insists not less strenuously that the Church and her sacraments are the revealed and covenanted means whereby God carries out His election and dispenses His grace. The Protestants, but above all the Calvinists, reduced this part of the great Doctor's system almost to nothing, and left the sterner aspects of his teaching overhanging the way in a dangerous prominence, which certainly does not reproduce the full impression of the "Fleming Heart."

Yet Augustine, when exalted to the very summit of the Reformation, and thereonward he was treated by the Protestants as their peculiar, indeed, exclusive possession. Now it is competent for us, if we can sustain it by proof, to contend that the central principles of this Father away to one side rather than to the other, that we have the larger inheritance in him. Yet it does seem a little over-reaching to deny to the Catholics their portion of the great teacher who has said: "I would not believe the Gospel itself did not the authority of the Catholic Church move me thereto."

At all events Saint Augustine was put in the forefront by the Reformers, and Luther and Calvin were regarded as being, each in his way, a sort of re-incarnation of the great Father. Now as St. Hilary saith (I quote him at second hand): "Veritas, a quocunque dicitur, e Spiritu Sancto est." ("Truth, by whomsoever uttered, is of the Holy Ghost.") Luther was a very great religious genius, and, as Jansen says, when he rests on a sound authority he brings out the principles of spiritual life with very great depth and perfection. He has assimilated a great deal of St. Augustine, and reproduced it with a pungent force which scarcely the saint would not disown. Yet not to speak irreverently, I think the Bishop of Hippo would make some very queer faces, after having explored Luther's whole record to life, teaching, and fruits of teaching, as set forth by the reformer himself, to be told that the Saxon friar was regarded by a great part of Christendom as a later avatar of himself.

However, so great has been and still is the reputation of St. Augustine throughout the Protestant world that, although the singularly shallow theology, a sort of dogmatic shallow, very little indebted to the saint, they would not venture to vilify him themselves. At least in all the many numbers of the Champion which I have looked through, I have never seen any editorial disparagement of the great Bishop. Yet they have published without a word of remark a long article from one of their Spanish-American converts, which from beginning to end is simply a sullen attack on the Catholic Church for showing herself unworthy of the Christian name in her saints. And what may be said in inquiry in Augustine which is sufficient not only to bring him down from his place of immemorial honor, but to break up the credit of the whole Catholic Church of all ages? Is it his youthful immoralities or his youthful heresies? Not at all. No reference is made to them, besides that they were long since put away with abhorrence. Is it that he was provoked by the warring disorders of the Donatist obstinacy into language afterwards used to cover forms of intolerance which he would have abhorred? Not at all. Nothing is said of this. What then can it be which is enough to damn the Bishop of Hippo? Simply this one thing. In spiritualizing the Old Testament, after the manner of his age, Saint Augustine applies an evil action of David, purified of its evil, typically to Christ!

Now the editors themselves have not done this, would not have done it. Yet so indulgent are they to the newborn zeal of their proselytes, that when these, on such inconceivably trivial grounds, attack one of the very greatest names of universal and of Christian history, in assailing whom they are insulting and assailing every branch of the Christian world alike, these editors quietly allow them to go on, and publish their foul diatribes for them, without once attempting to show them the supreme folly and

wickedness of their behavior, not to speak of its reckless imprudence. If only they will prove their sound conversion to one of the most vulgar forms of Protestantism by attacking the Catholic Church, it is no matter what names of greatness and goodness they trail in the dust. The Saviour, we know, is as far as possible from anxious parism of simile. He compares Himself to a burglar. His Father to an unjust judge. His people to the unjust steward. Now if this man, cleverly disguising his intent, had attacked the Saviour Himself, adroitly turning the assault then upon the Catholic Church, I almost question whether the editors would have refused with their admission to their columns. I have known a minister of this same Church, in his blind zeal for tetrachism, to blaspheme Christ without losing his standing. Why then should not this Spaniard be allowed to blaspheme Christ likewise if only he can turn his blasphemy to profitable account against his original Church?

Saint Francis of Assisi is one of the purest, sweetest and holiest of created names. The Congregationalists of England have not, I see from the Ave Maria, thought it consistent with their reverence for canonical Scripture to give three Sundays of the year to teaching their children the facts of his life, as they and the other non-conformists have not found it inconsistent with their Protestantism to head their children of Sunday school heroes with the name of Saint Charles Borromeo. The editors of the Champion have so far conformed to universal Christian feeling, that in all their multitudinous and reckless attacks on Roman Catholicism, I do not think they have ever said a word of dishonor to St. Francis. Yet they have published a long essay from one of their converts, in which Francis is portrayed as one of the special and chiefest members of anti-Christ. Here again we have the proselyte twofold more the child of hell than the proselyter.

The Champion may have occasionally flung out against the sign of the cross as superstitious. Indeed, I remember their once attacking Episcopalian baptism on this ground. That is about all, however. But they have lately published a paper from one of their proselytes, who in all form undertakes to prove that the sign of the cross (of universal use among Christians from the earliest ages, as we see in Tertullian) is nothing more than the mark of the beast, and that whoever uses it becomes thereby a member of anti-Christ, a follower of the beast. All this, he assures us, is taught as plainly as day in the Book of Revelation! Here we have the disciple not twofold, but threefold fourfold, fivefold, as much the child of hell as the teacher.

I have already spoken of the article in the Champion jeering at the belief that Christian marriage is a spiritual union, calling it, in Luther's words, "an outward bodily thing," and speaking contemptuously of those who maintain its inherent indissolubility. This, too, I need hardly say, was written by a proselyte.

On Saturday, then, is speaking from the life when he declares that where partisanship, and not the love of God, is the principle of such efforts, the converts are twofold more the children of hell than those who win them.

I do not, by any means, intend this of all the Protestant laborers in Spanish lands, as I shall show.

Charles C. Starbuck.
12 Meacham street,
North Cambridge, Mass.

NATIONAL DECAY NOT CAUSED BY RELIGIOUS CREED.

We are constantly being told that Catholicism is the cause of the decay of the Latin countries, says the Newcastle, England, Daily Chronicle. Protestant Journal. Protestantism, it is said, has been the ruin. But what about Germany? Germany is, of course, not a Latin country; but it is a Catholic country to a far greater degree than is commonly supposed. The majority of the population of Germany are Catholics; the Catholic party is the strongest party in the Reichstag; and, as one of its leaders remarked some time ago, the Catholic party is the governing party. But nobody will contend that Germany is a decadent nation. It is objected that the German Government is not a Catholic Government, the answer is that neither is the French Government. Further, if Paris is France, as for administrative purposes it is undoubtedly so, then France is not a Catholic country. Belgium is not a Catholic country. Belgium, on the other hand, has been for several years under Catholic rule; and, although there is great political discontent in Belgium, there has also been great economic progress. The most priest-ridden country in the world, Christian or non-Christian, is Russia. In Russia it is almost impossible to move hand or foot without the intervention of the priest. But, while it is difficult to foresee the future of Russia, her progress from the time of Peter the Great up to the present is incontestable; and most people are agreed that she has a great future before her. The causes of national decay are obscure, and must be sought elsewhere than in religious creed.

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FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

The kingdom of heaven is like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened.

This may seem a very strange comparison, if, instead of letting it in at one ear, as the saying is, and out at the other, we stop to think of it a moment. For what sort of likeness is there between that glorious kingdom of heaven, which we hope some day to enter, and a little leaven or yeast put into flour to raise it and make it into bread? Surely, we should say, none at all. What could our Lord have meant when He said that the two were alike?

But let us think a little more about the matter. Is the kingdom of heaven to which He was speaking that in which all the saved are to enter? Or is there not some other meaning which we may give to the words?

There is another meaning, and it is the true one in this place and in many others in the Gospel. It is the kingdom of God or of heaven, not in heaven, but on earth, of which our Saviour is here speaking. When He says the kingdom of heaven, He means the kingdom which He came to establish. His holy Catholic Church.

But how is this leaven, or yeast? Well, it is not so very hard to see this. It is because, being put into the world in the beginning in the form of a few weak, poor, and unlearned men and women, like the little spoonful of yeast put into a great mass of flour, is soon spread through the whole known world, and is even now spreading in the same way, changing and influencing in many ways all whom it meets with; even if it does not fully convert them; just as the yeast is spread through the whole of the dough, raising it and making it into good and healthy food.

Yes, this was the way that the Church spread through the world and made its converts, especially in the early times. It was not only by preaching. The apostles and their successors did not have much chance to preach to the world in general. Christianity was not learned in the pagan Roman empire so much by preaching as by private instruction joined with good example. One person caught it from another, as the particles of dough get raised by those next to them. Masters and mistresses, for instance, caught it from their servants, others from their friends and acquaintances—first, from noticing their virtues, so different from those which the pagans had. They saw how gentle and affectionate, and still how courageous, they were; how they bore suffering without a murmur; how they shrank from the idols worshipped by others, and from all the things which these idols represented; how little they cared for pleasure; how each sacrificed himself for his neighbor.

"See," said the world, "how these Christians love one another!" Things are somewhat changed now. It is true. The Catholic faith can now be preached and taught openly; still, it is almost the same as if it could not, for people outside the Church will seldom come and hear it, or even read books explaining it. The discipline of the secret still prevails, not because we wish it, but because the world does. So now, as before, the faith must catch and spread from one to another if it is to make much progress in such countries as ours. Protestants run away from the priest, and will have nothing to say to him; so it will not do to say that making converts is the priest's business and does not concern you. No, making converts is your business, as things stand, perhaps even more than his. But how are they to be made? Not by cursing, lying, and drunkenness—sins too common, alas! among many who call themselves Catholics, and specially liable to be noticed by others. It was not by these that the first Christians converted the world. Not by quarrels and slanders; it is not by these that you will convince people that the Christians love one another.

Turn, then, from the vices which repel, and practice instead virtues which will attract unbelievers, and lead them to inquire why you are so good instead of wondering that you are so bad. Then they will come to you, as they did of old to your ancestors in the faith, to learn the doctrine which has taught you these virtues; and you will be, as you should be, the leaven which is to leaven the world.

AN ENORMOUS SUM.

Announcement is made of the sale of the New York Catholic Orphan Asylum property, Fifth and Madison avenues. Fifty first and fifty second streets. The price was between \$2,500,000 and \$2,600,000, the largest price ever paid for a single piece of property in New York. According to the present arrangement the orphan asylum will not move to its new home, in West Chester, for a year, and it will therefore be about the end of 1900 when the syndicate enters into actual possession. Soon after that date it is reasonable to expect that there will be an imposing colony of fine dwellings opposite the Cathedral, on the block now occupied by buildings of the institution.

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CATHOLICITY IN WALES.

The work of the Catholic Mission in Wales is proceeding apace, and its latest effort shows that it recognizes the significance of Welsh genius and nationality. For the first time in its history, a complete Catholic Ritual and Prayer Book in the Welsh language has just been published. This work has been undertaken at the suggestion of Cardinal Vaughan, and carries a special commendatory note from the two Welsh Catholic Bishops, Bishop Mostyn, of Menevia, and Bishop Hedley, of Newport. The work of translation was entrusted to Father Jones, the Welsh Roman Catholic incumbent of Carnarvon, who was assisted in the compilation by the Very Rev. Father Hayde of Cardiff, Mr. Hobson Matthews the Cardiff Archivist, and others. Moreover, Father Jones is at the present time seeing through the press an original Welsh edition of the Gospels and the Epistles intended for popular use, this too, with the approval of Cardinal Vaughan.

A TRYING EXPERIENCE.

A Nova Scotia Farmer Suffered for Fifteen Years.

CONSULTED FOUR DOCTORS, BUT THE ONLY RELIEF THEY GAVE HIM WAS THROUGH INJECTIONS OF MORPHINE—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORED HIM TO HEALTH AND ACTIVITY.

From the News, Truro, N. S.

Mr. Robert Wright, of Alton, Cochester Co., N. S., is now one of the hardest and hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a News reporter, Mr. Wright said:—"I am indebted grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later it grew into a great deal of trouble. Usually the pains came in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bed ridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly and became nearly exhausted.

During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphia. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from the pains, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvellous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful.

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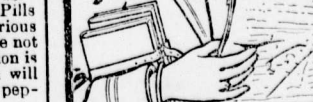
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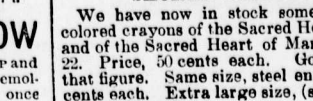
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE LITTLE SACRISTAN.

"Remember, Pail, be home before dark." "All right, mother; I'll be back by 8 o'clock at the latest." Then with a hasty farewell the youth sprang on his bicycle and rode swiftly down the street under the shady maples, through whose leaves, already tinged with the beauties of approaching autumn, streamed down the brilliant midday sunlight. Phil Seton was the only child of a widowed mother, and had spent all his fourteen summers in the pleasant little village of Exeter. A mighty bond of affection united mother and son. To her maternal care and solicitude he responded with a truly filial devotion. He was a sturdy, active lad, inclined to all manner of sport, and, indeed, his proficiency in this line was greater than in his studies, though Pail was nevertheless a diligent student. Being the son of a pious Catholic mother, he was intimately connected with all concerning the little parish Church. He had lately been appointed assistant sacristan, and he took much pride in the performance of his duties.

"Oh! a goody goody sort of a boy, Phil!" some of my readers will perhaps be tempted to exclaim. But no, Pail had his little faults; who has not? This, however, is not the place for enumerating them. We have another tale to tell.

Phil wheeled out to "Elmgrove"—Harry White's home—and the two boys enjoyed, as only boys can, the delights of a day's tramp through the woods and fields. The day was drawing to a close as Pail remounted his wheel for the journey home, for, though earnestly pressed by his friends to remain and spend the evening with them, the memory of his promise would not allow him to accept the kind invitation. The last rays of the setting sun were gleaming through the tree tops, barring the long white road with the shadows of great elms that skirted its borders. He had scarcely proceeded a mile, when suddenly he felt the rear tire give way. What was his dismay to find that it was punctured.

"Whew! this is a pretty fix, and I haven't my repair kit with me. It's a long walk back to Elmgrove—I have it! I'll just step into Mr. Cherry's house, which cannot be more than a quarter of a mile from here, and leave my wheel there until I can come and fetch it home, while I myself—"

Pail stopped. He was going to add that he could walk back to Exeter. But now it was dark and it would be a long, lonely tramp, while Mr. Cherry's hospitable family would be only too glad to retain him. Inclination pointed one way, filial affection and obedience the other. The struggle was short, for the thought of his mother's anxiety if he should not return effectually banished any lurking desire he may have had to evade the dreary walk home.

All this time Pail was proceeding towards the Cherry homestead, and at the time he had made up his mind to go home he was almost at Cherry gate. Mr. Cherry, an old friend of Pail's father, welcomed him heartily and was loath to let him depart. But after Pail had gone he remarked sympathetically to his wife:

"Sarah, mark my words! The boy's got the makings of a good man in him. It's not often nowadays you see boys so obedient to their parents. Seems to me children ain't as docile as when I was young."

In which opinion, minus the characteristic grumble that accompanied it, Mrs. Cherry heartily concurred. When her hero tumbled his back to the Cherry homestead the journey seemed far shorter than before. The long road stretching out before him led to the increasing darkness, formed most dismal contrast to the bright cheerful fireside he had just left. The nights were growing colder and a keener breeze whistling through the trees swept down on the lad as he began his long walk. But, summoning up all his natural courage and buoyancy, Pail resolutely faced towards home.

By way of short cut the boy turned down an old disused road leading to the left. He had gone scarcely a hundred yards when a sudden light gleamed from the view as he descended a small hill. Behind a clump of cedar bushes was a camp fire, around which four or five men were seated.

Tramps! ejaculated Pail. During the past summer Exeter had been tormented with the usual number of the tramping fraternity. The business and insolence of these Wandering Willies had grown intolerable, and they were strictly forbidden their under pain of imprisonment. Recent burglaries had become numerous in the village and surrounding country, and it was thought that the perpetrators probably had a rendezvous in the secluded part of the neighborhood. All efforts to track them hitherto, however, had been in vain.

"Well, what matter even if they tramps. They won't hurt a fellow. They would hardly hold me up. I'm not going to go back for fear they'll just walk right past me and as likely as not they won't see me."

Still screened by the bushes he advanced. The men were talking in low tones, and when Pail was but a few yards from the fire one of the group, raising his voice, said:

"Well, that settles it. Jack pick the lock and stand guard, while

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