

The Jesuit In Fact and Fiction

A lecture on "The Jesuit in Fact and Fiction" was recently delivered by Father Bernard Vaughan in the Rotunda, Dublin. The chair was taken by the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron. Father Vaughan said it was once his privilege to have been asked to give an address to a number of Nonconformist ministers, and as the choice of subject was left to him he had elected for his thesis, "Why I am a Jesuit." What had led him to make that choice was the difficulty which had always presented itself to them of reconciling the Jesuit in fact with the Jesuit in fiction. Accordingly he had thought it well in the interests of truth to give to his friends the antidote to what a Jesuit was not, by putting before them what a Jesuit was. He knew to his cost what a Jesuit was, because he had been through what American called "the Jesuit Gospel Mill," and the process was supposed to crush out all notes of individuality in the wretch who was so foolishly wicked as to submit himself to its grinding wheels, he had flattered himself, that he for one, at any rate, had managed to get through with every bit as much of his own individual character left as he cared to call his own.

He had not lost, but had gained by the Jesuit training, and he was proud to be able publicly to say that if he had anything worth owning it had in great measure come to him through that splendidly hated society of which he was an unworthy member. He had met and knew many Jesuits of many nationalities but he had never yet come across the type set forth in works of fiction, nor did he think that human nature being what it was, that type could anywhere exist in fact. While there were easier and far pleasanter ways of qualifying for a place in lowest hell he did not believe any created being would or could bring himself to submit to the severe strain of a Jesuit training just to become the villain who was put forth as the diabolical hero in so many modern works of romance. Nothing but the hope of graduating for Heaven had induced him to train in this Jesuit discipline. So much did he abhor the Jesuit of romance that during the past year he had brought actions for libel against two newspapers for venturing to fasten upon him, a Jesuit in fact, some of the bad names given to the Jesuit in fiction. In one case the journal offered a full and adequate apology, in the other, a jury of his countrymen forced the libellers to pay £300 damages and £300 more costs. When he read of the gross charge brought against him, he could not help borrowing the words of a London bus driver, who, on Coronation Day, being slugged by a coster, called out to his fares: "Anó what do you think of that for an illuminated address?"

Father Vaughan then described how St. Ignatius founded the Society of Jesus. Ignatius was an up-to-date man. He saw the world as it actually was. The Church, so it seemed to him, needed the services of a new religious order set on new lines, adapted to meet the new wants which were being evolved out of the new movements, the new discoveries, and the new learning that were reorganizing, not to say revolutionizing, modern Europe. Accordingly Ignatius conceived the idea of founding what is known to us as the Society of Jesus. What was the government of that Society? The supreme authority in it was the General Congregation. It alone elected its General and made its laws. The General, who was elected for life, had five assistants, of different nationalities, his advisers but not his colleagues. He governed by his own authority, but he was bound to rule according to the Constitutions of the company, the Decrees of the General Congregation, and the traditions of the society. Next to the Father General came the Provincials of the different provinces, of which at the present time there were three and twenty. To the members of each province the Provincial was the most important superior, for all in his province, with the exception of the rectors of the colleges, were appointed to their several offices by him. As the General had his assistants, so the Provincials, the rectors and the superiors of the various houses had their consultors, with whom they discussed the different interests of their individual departments. To each province was attached some foreign

mission to which any member was liable to be sent, but it was not usual to send the members of one to that of another province. Father Vaughan said one had to become a member of what some of their admirers called that "crack regiment" to realize what a rare expression it was of the organization of the Catholic Church. No doubt Voltaire had spoken too eulogistically when he said to Frederick II.: To say, Sire, the Pope to destroy this brave army is like asking Your Majesty to disband your regiment of Guards." Voltaire had also made other observations of a less flattering character about the "Minima Societas," as its founder called it.

All Jesuits were volunteers, there was no such thing as conscription. Before enlisting each candidate was examined by four priests, whose business it was to satisfy themselves that he was fitted physically, mentally, and morally for the service to which in the course of his training he would have to be put. If passed by the examiners the candidate became a novice, which implied that for two whole years he was trained in an ascetical school in which his virtue, and most of all his spirit of obedience, were put to many a rude, rough test by his Superior, called the Novice Master, a Jesuit Father who, moreover, undertook to fashion him into a Jesuit according to the mind of Ignatius. At the end of his two years' training the novice, if all went well with him, was admitted to take the simple vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. After taking his vows, and till he became a priest in the Society, the Jesuit was called a scholastic. During his scholasticship he passed through two years' study of literature and mathematics, then followed three more devoted to philosophy and physical science, after which he was put to teach boys for perhaps six years in one of the Jesuit colleges; then he spent in theology three years, then was ordained priest, remaining after that one year more in the study of dogma. What became of the Jesuit after all those long years of work and worry? Why, he was put into what was called the tertianship, which meant that he went back to a third year's noviceship, where in a spiritual mill he had ground out of him whatever of pride and vanity he might have contracted by his successes in government, or in literature, sacred and profane. During that year he studied the Constitution of the Society, made a second month's retreat on the lines of the spiritual exercises, and was told, both in season and out of season, of all his past faults and failings, some of which astonished him not a little, but he was consoled by being reminded that "We do not know ourselves as well as others know us." After the tertianship the Jesuit took his last vows, or the solemn vows, so called because they were more difficult of dispensation than the simple vows of religion. He became a Spiritual Coadjutor, or else a Professed Father. The Society felt she could now put no more into him, so she resolved for the rest of his life to take all she could out of him—and depend upon it she knew how to do it.

Here it might be well, said the lecturer, to remark, for the benefit of those not in "the know," that there were no "Jesuits in plain clothes," no "crypto Jesuits," no "Jesuits in disguise." No, neither were there "female Jesuits" or "lay-Jesuits" or Congregations of men or women affiliated to them, or Third Order of Jesuits. With the exception of the Lay-Brothers, who were Jesuits living in Jesuit houses, in Jesuit garb, and doing Jesuit domestic work, there were absolutely no Jesuits who were not actually priests or in training to become Jesuit priests. There was no mistaking them; they had their own rule, their own houses, their own dress, and some people went even so far as to say their own "sly and oily ways," though he, the lecturer, had not as yet met the "sleek and silky" type except in works of travesty and fiction. Truth to tell, they were a body of plain, blunt men, who tried to do their duty; but they were neither much better nor much worse than others. There were plenty of other priests, secular and religious, from whom Jesuits might learn many a salutary lesson.

Father Vaughan went on to tell of the work done by Jesuits as foreign missionaries, as theologians, and scientists till the Society was suppressed in 1773 by Pope Clement XIV. Why was the Society, numbering 22,589 members, suppressed? Time did not permit him to enter into a detailed account of matters which led up to its suppression. The brief suppressing it gave a long enu-

meration of complaints that had at various times and places been made against it. But while these charges were rehearsed historically, they were not in the Brief pronounced as proved in fact. The Brief was a disciplinary and administrative measure; it had nothing to do with doctrine; it was not an infallible utterance, so that all that a Catholic need to say about the Brief was that where it was promulgated there the Society was truly and canonically suppressed—ceased to exist. With the Brief before him the Protestant historian Schobell wrote this:—"The Brief condemns neither the teachings, nor the morals, nor the discipline of the Jesuits. The complaints of the courts (of France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples) against the Order are the only motives alleged for its suppression, and the Pope justifies his action by precedents of Orders suppressed in deference to public opinion."—"The Bull itself is wholly useless as an historical document. It contains no word in support of the charges which for a short time previously had been made against the Jesuits, nothing of the real motives of the suppression, and only a hint at some plausible motives—but, the sum total comes to this: The Order was constituted for the good of the Church. So long as this object was served the Order was maintained. But now that it seems no longer to answer this end the Pope abolishes it, and has the right to do so—as is proved by many examples." L. H. Fischer, another Protestant historian, wrote:—"The weakest argument of all (against the Society) is that sought for its suppression by the Pope—this only exhibits once more the familiar phenomenon that the best of friends are sacrificed to secure peace."

Father Vaughan said that for all he knew the Society might be suppressed again. It had died in 1773, it had revived to live its early life once more in 1814; but how long that life was to continue depended upon the Holy See. If a Pope were to arise in the near future to give the death-blow to the Society it would submit to it without much ado. No individual religious Order was necessary to the welfare of Christ's Church, and he could quite conceive a set of circumstances springing out of the future which might induce the then reigning Pontiff to repeat the act of Clement XIV. One thing was certain, and that was the Society never had been, and never would be, reformed. It was its one proud boast that if it failed in anything it was in its individual members, not in its organization, in its constitution, or in its corporate life. The lecturer concluded by the refutation of some of the severer charges that had at different times been brought against the teaching of the Society, which he said was nothing more nor less than the teaching of the Catholic and Roman Church. He referred to three recent works of fiction which had commanded quite a large circulation by their misrepresentations, "gross as a mountain," of Jesuits. He was sometimes asked why Jesuits were so splendidly hated. That question he answered in the Socratic manner by asking the further question: Why, if the descriptions given of Jesuits in fiction were true, were they not universally hated by all good men? Perhaps, after all, the Jesuit in fact did not be kind to the Jesuit in fiction.

BABY'S BEST FRIEND.

The best friend baby can have is a simple medicine that will relieve and cure the minor ailments that make his little life often very miserable. Such a friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They cure indigestion, sour stomach, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. All mothers who have used these Tablets praise them. Mrs. F. L. Bourgeois, Eastern Harbor, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and look upon them as baby's best friend. I have found them an excellent remedy for colic, and they have done our baby much good in many ways." Little ones take these Tablets as readily as candy, and the mother has a guarantee that they contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Once used always used where there are little ones in the home. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

There is one thing whereby we may glorify ourselves; that is, by returning God the glory which comes from Him, by serving Him faithfully, and by acknowledging all that He has done for us.

The Cause Of Temperance.

From one of our Catholic exchanges we clip the following despatch:—
Paterson, N.J., April 27.—The Very Rev. Dean McNulty made complaints to-day before Recorder Senior against Henry Barclay, Patrick J. Duffy and George Ross, saloon-keepers, for violating the Sunday liquor law. The Dean had raided the saloons kept by these men, and, as they are out of the Dean's parish, his visits were unexpected. The venerable priest's lifelong crusade against the liquor traffic has generally been confined to his own parish, where the side doors are carefully guarded against his unwelcome visits.

The Dean's raid recently was prompted by a letter he had received signed, "A Poor Wife," which said that the writer was a heart-broken wife because her husband frequented certain saloons where women were harbored.

When the priest walked through the side door of Barclay's saloon a number of men were at the bar. Some ran out when they saw him, but others tried to brazen it out. The Dean told them to get out. "Go home to your wives and families," ordered the clergyman, advancing to the bar.

The men moved aside slowly as he approached. "You spend your money for this filthy stuff!" he cried, as he picked up the beer glasses and dashed the contents into the faces of the men, one after the other, so quickly that they were completely routed and ran out of the side door.

The Dean is held in such veneration by the whole community that no man was ever known to have temerity to resist him by force. Many a crowd of rough men he has driven before him in just this way. "And you are worse than they are," he cried, turning to the quaking bar-tender, who a few minutes before had been strutting around in all the glory of a suit of new clothes of a sporty pattern and style. "You ought to get out and earn your living in a lawful manner."

Still another mug of ale stood unemptied on the bar and the Dean caught this up and poured the contents over the new suit, as the bar-tender tried to duck behind the bar. A crowd had gathered outside, but when the Dean emerged they scattered. Word was passed around to the saloons that "the Dean was out," and business was temporarily suspended. The clergyman is accustomed to such tactics, so he marched rapidly to Railroad avenue, several blocks away, and outstripped the heralds. In George Ross's saloon he found a number of men, but he had no trouble in driving them out. In Duffy's saloon in the same block he caused another stampede. He tried several other places, but found that the heralds had been ahead of him.

In talking of his raid recently the Dean was indignant at the attitude of the city government and the laxity of the police department. He said:—

"It is too bad that an old man like myself has to do the duty of the city authorities. The police are sworn to see that the laws are observed, and, moreover, they are paid for their services; yet I can go out on Sunday and find many instances of violations of the law, while the police never report saloonkeepers for Sunday selling."

Only a week ago the Dean took a look at some saloons on Sunday evening. He succeeded in getting into one on Market street, it is said, and found that the only customer was a policeman in full uniform, with a glass of ale in front of him. The officer pleaded so hard with the Dean for another chance that the clergyman yielded to his entreaties and made no complaint, especially as the officer promised to take the pledge.

BIBLICAL STUDIES.

The Commission on Biblical Studies recently appointed by the Pope has decided to publish a periodical review. The first portion of this official review will contain signed articles on subjects concerning the Sacred Scriptures, contributed by the most capable scholars. Because of the fact that these studies will have been passed by the commission,

they will be fraught with a great authority. But the second part of the review will be very much more authoritative. It will consist of decrees and replies. Every decree will be of a binding force dependent upon the nature of its subject matter and of the approval of His Holiness manifested about it. The replies will be the decisions of the commission upon the questions formulated to it. Any Catholic may ask questions.

The commission is analogous to a royal academy of sciences or letters, and it is remarkable that its decisions will not be rendered with a mere "negative" or "affirmative," but in full statements; not light only will be given, but a full light. And this is not the light given by any Roman congregation at present. Nor do any of the commissions with which this Scriptural one has its place issue a publication of the sort. That for the Preservation of the Faith does issue a bulletin, but the scope of the commission is chiefly of a practical order, and the theoretical part of its work is not concerned with problems either arduous or new.

So that for the first time in history Rome will possess an official body which is a quasi-congregation, concerned with doctrinal points and questions of study, that will issue an official publication, and while this is to be entirely official, its output will be a supply befitting the widest possible demand. Already the work of preparation has become so considerable that His Holiness has decided to appoint an under-secretary to the commission in the person of the Rev. Padre Molini, O.F.M., and ex-student of the International Franciscan College of St. Anthony, where he now resides, after having been professor of Sacred Scripture in the college of the Order at Jerusalem.

MAY-SONG.

(From St. Anthony's Messenger.)

Mother fair, in thy care
All my trust is placed;
Let my days, and my ways,
By thy love be graced;
Keep me near, Guardian dear,
Hold me by thy side;
Ne'er depart, for my heart
Needs thee as its guide!

Mystic Rose, only those
In this Vale of Tears
Who have not placed their lot
In thy care have fears!
We who know what we sow
We shall also reap,
Bless the claim that thy name
Bids thy children keep!

—Amadeus, O. S. F.

Our Boys And Girls.

Father Klasein in his contribution to the last issue of the "New World" says:—

"Home, Sweet Home!" This is a song with which almost every boy is well acquainted. He has sung it again and again. But, how few are there who fully realize what the meaning of this beautiful song is? It being the favorite song among our people here, one would be inclined to think that they before all other people had a due appreciation for that singular place we call "home." But, alas, it is not the case. How many are there, to whom the happiness of home life is entirely unknown, not because they have no home, but because they fail to make their home a happy home? Let us tell you, my dear boys, some of the things necessary to make a "sweet" and happy home.

First of all, it depends not upon wealth and riches to make a home happy and pleasant. It depends entirely upon the members of the family forming a home. Some of the happiest homes are to be found among the poor. There we find real happiness, contentment, peace and love. It matters not whether your parents are paying \$30.00 a month for a fine steam-heated, modern improved flat, or only \$5.00 or \$10.00 a month for a couple of old-fashioned rooms. It matters not whether you have a large choice of room, a reception room, a dining room, a library, a nursery, a laundry and a gymnasium, or only a sitting room with a kitchen and a few bad rooms. It depends not upon the size of your house and apartments, but upon you

and the other inmates. Whether you have an expensive carriage with rubber tires or an automobile to wheel you about, or whether the street cars and your feet are your only means of transportation; it matters not. If the inmates of a home lack the necessary qualities of making a home sweet and pleasant, the finest, the richest, the most comfortable home will be miserable, a home of discontent, of hatred, of fault-finding, of strifes and quarrels. Whereas, on the contrary, the home of the poorest laborer can be made the happiest abode on earth, if the inmates understand to make it so.

What must you do, therefore, that your home may be to you a "sweet" home? You must above all love it. From love all things proceed. If you do not love your home, you will not appreciate, care for it either; you will fail to do those things which necessarily must be done to make your home happy and pleasant. No matter how poor it may be, you must love it nevertheless. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." We cannot all have the same kind of homes; there must be rich homes and poor ones, but all of us can have a "sweet" home. There is nothing to prevent it. "My home is my castle, my palace, where I love to dwell. There is no place on earth so dear to me as my home." Such must be your words, words coming from a heart fully convinced of the truth which they express. Your thoughts must always rest on your home. If circumstances make your departure from home necessary, you must then with joy in your heart look forward to the day when you shall be able to return to it again.

"Mid pleasures and palaces,
Though we may roam—
There's no place like home."

So frequently we hear of foolish boys running away from home. Such fellows do not love their home. Only with a heavy heart can we part from that which we love. These lads, therefore, have no love for their home or they could not part from it so easily.

What must you do in order to love and appreciate your home fully as you ought to? You must love your parents first of all. Love for home must be grounded on filial love. Filial love is the love children should have for their parents. You must, therefore, love your parents, esteem and respect them. You must feel yourself attached to them, united to them by the strongest, by inseparable bonds. You must consider yourself most happy when together with them, while on the other hand, it must cause you the deepest sorrow to be separated from them. A boy who does not love his parents will also not love his home. Home love is the outcome, the fruit of filial love. Where there exists no good feeling, no harmony between parents and children there can be no "sweet" home either; where the happy relation between parents and children is broken there can also be no regard for the place in which they dwell. These two things go together at all times. Father and mother must be the centre of home life, the main attraction. "I love my home," you must say, "because papa and mamma are there."

Keep up, therefore, and increase the love for your parents, and you will also feel the appreciation and love for your home being preserved and increased in you. Never let any strained feelings or rash hatred come between you and them. It will ruin your home for you. To insure the happiness of the one, you must carefully nourish the love for the other.

A NOTABLE CAREER ENDED.

Father Michael Coughlan, for fifteen years rector of St. Michael's Church in New Orleans, died Saturday, aged 65. He was a native of Kings County, Ireland. At 23 years of age, when the Pope's power was threatened by Garibaldi, young Coughlan, with other Irishmen, went to Rome and enlisted in the Irish Papal Zouaves. His company was cut to pieces at the battle of Casa Fidardo, and he, with others, was taken prisoner. After confinement in the Italian prison for some time he was released at the intercession of the French Government. He went to Paris, thence to Martinique, where was professor of English in the Catholic College of St. Pierre; thence to New York, and then New Orleans, where he studied for the Church at the Archbishop's Seminary. He was detailed to New Iberia, where he became president of the Holy Cross College. In 1888 he was made a rector of St. Michael's Church in New Orleans.

Be careful of fits of anger. One of those is worse than a week's tooth-ache, and wears unaccountably the springs of life.



CHAPTER XVI.—C

In a few minutes she on a small keg near the Hardress hurried the preparing dinner. Larry not so proficient in the gastronomy as the cele of Crookford's, and yet questioned whether the parations of the latter spatched with more satisfaction. Eilly, indeed a heroine's proportion; doted at the voracity of men, one of whom platon on an unpeeled p followed both at a mouth without employing a st tory action.

Danny Mann, in the occupied in procuring a lodging for the night. when they had concluded remonious meal, to say been successful in pro in the house 'man cat kep a priva tween that an 'Beale."

"A private bottle! Hardress: "what do m vate bottle?" "I mean," replied th "dat she sell as good she paid license for it; never was fool enough "Where does she live "Close to de road al me—" (here he drew side) "when I axed he de Ponies, an' de deal of gentlemen, westwards yesterday, Naughten (Poll's Phil, wainten' for you dese the horse an' jauntin' "I am glad to hear there to-night, and tel the door before day-br morning. Tell him I fare if he uses diligen "Why, din, indeed," "I'll tell him nothing "T'would be de same still, for he's a boy of him England, Ireland for an estate, he'd ax for a kitchen garden."

"Well, well, do about it, Danny, bu the spot. That fello ed her out of the cal low is so impudent s nothing but the recol fidelity and the honest tive, keeps my hand my foster-brother, an ceive with the except formity, a well-lookin' "I never observed the hunch," said Eilly "For which," as with a slight change ance, "he has to tha "You, Mr. Hardres "Even so, Eilly. W both children, that y my constant compan produced a feeling of which he presumed a rudeness to a litt mine, a Miss Chute, visit at my mother's ed to me, and my summary. I met him the kitchen stairs, even the ceremony of tion or preparatory him by one collar, with desperate force of the fight. He w as soon as I expect amination, it was d injury had been don which, notwithstanding that were em it, had its result in formity."

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