

Sacred Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

CXVII.

Dr. Hodges seems to make the number of victims of the Saint Bartholomew massacre...

It was right for him to describe the rejoicings at Rome over the Massacre. They form an ineffaceable blot in the history of the Holy See...

The first exultation of the Latin Catholics (in which the German Catholics seem to have had little part) over St. Bartholomew's was exactly the same in principle with the rejoicings and solemn thanksgivings of the Huguenots throughout France over the murder of the Duke of Guise...

So also the 5 to 8,000 massacres of French Catholics by the Huguenots, and the deaths of slow torture inflicted on 3,000 monks and priests, are no more found in the general Protestant memory than if they were something not yet disinterred from the Babylonian ruins.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve will always stand and ought always to stand in historical memory as the most fearful instance of religious fanaticism...

The Dean makes out that at this time, or a little later, the French Protestants numbered only a million, about one-fifteenth of the population...

Do not let us, therefore, talk any more about the bloodthirstiness of the French Catholics. They were neither more nor less bloodthirsty than the French Protestants, and after the death of Henry II. in 1559, they were incomparably less cruel in the application of torture.

The high relative morality of the Huguenots, which the Dean mentions, is warmly attested by the great Jesuit Bourdaloue...

Oh, how great is human frailty, which is always prone to vice! To-day thou confesses thy sins, and to-morrow thou again committest what thou hast confessed.

Now thou resolvest to take care, and an hour after thou dost as if thou hadst never resolved.

moral standing is about equal. The Protestant cantons are the more wealthy, but wealth and morals are not the same thing...

The Dean's description of the slowly accumulating persecution brought to bear upon the Huguenots by that odious man Lewis XIV. glows with well-warranted indignation.

I am glad to see that the Doctor does not follow the old fashion and put the blame of the Evocation and of the Dragonnades upon the Kings' wife. Madame de Maintenon has been acquitted of this by Dr. Henry M. Baird, and the charge will hardly be renewed.

It must not be forgotten that when, a century later, Lafayette, himself, as his letters show, an unwilling unbeliever, addressed himself to the work of re-franchising the Protestants, he had two zealous Catholic allies.

For to eat, drink, watch, sleep, rest, labor, and to be subject to other necessities of nature, is truly a great misery and affliction to a devout man who desires to be released and free from all sin.

And therefore the prophet devoutly prayeth to be freed from them, saying, From my necessities deliver me, O Lord.—Ps. xxiv. 17.

For some there are who love it to that degree, (although they can scarce procure necessities by laboring or begging,) that, if they could live all ways here, they would not care at all for the kingdom of God.

Miserable wretches! they will in the end find to their cost, how vile a nothing that was which they so much loved.

But the saints of God and all the devout friends of Christ make no account of what pleased the flesh or flourished in this life, but their whole hope and intentions are directed to eternal goods.

Their whole desire tended upwards to things everlasting and invisible, for fear lest the love of visible things should draw them down to things below.

Use not, brother, thy confidence of going forward to spiritual things; there is yet time, the hour is not yet past.

Why wilt thou put off thy resolution from day to day? Arise, and begin this very moment, and say: Now is the time for doing and now is the time to fight, now is the proper time to amend my life.

ourselves, since we are so frail and insecure. That may also quickly be lost through negligence, which with much labor and time was hardly gotten by grace.

What will yet become of us in the end who grow lukewarm so very soon? Woe be to us if we are for giving ourselves to rest as if we had already met with peace and security, when there does not appear any mark of true sanctity in our conversation.

This view of death should be taken by all God-loving Christians. No matter how favorable a view we take of the country in which we live, when compared to the one to which we are called, the transition from the one to the other can only be desirable, and a source of the greatest happiness.

Our ever-thoughtful and gracious host was so content that he should leave Montreal without paying a visit to the Jacko or Flathead Indian reservation thirty miles west of Missoula.

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They crowded the aisle, waiting their turn to kneel at the altar-rail and receive the sacrament, some of the mothers, the babies, carried in their papoose in arms, while the darker sisters bore theirs in papoose baskets strapped to their backs.

The closing feature of this service was the administration of First Communion to a large company of children who had been educated at the mission schools; and of the tiny white dresses and blushing cheeks of the girls and the neat jackets and trousers and caps of the boys suggested the lives of these primitive people.

Perhaps, my dear Christian, you will say: I would be most willing to die. If I knew for certain that I would go to Heaven! Let me answer, what makes you doubt, what takes away your hope? What would cause you an unhappy death? Ah, you say: The sins I have committed. You answer rightly, for the royal prophet says: "The death of the sinner will be most terrible!" What foolishness!

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sure you a happy death. Do you hesitate which to choose? Look aloft. So many saints now happy in Heaven, were as great sinners as you, and greater, but they became by penance, as great saints as they were sinners.

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO A CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSION.

Sacred Heart Review.

From an article entitled "In Montana," contributed by the Rev. J. R. Effinger to the Christian Register (Unitarian), we take the following description of a recent visit made by him and a party of fellow Protestants to the Flathead Indian reservation, where the Jesuits conduct the St. Ignatius Mission.

It is written, our readers will notice, in a fair, and what one might call an understanding and sympathetic, spirit were it not for the reference to the Blessed Sacrament as the "communion wafer," and the inevitable Protestant remark about the Church's ceremonies being more to the Indians than the Church's moral teachings.

It stands in an excellent tribute to the good work the Church is doing among the Indians. The last sentence—about the withdrawal by the government of financial aid—ought to make the zealous secularists who have been clamoring against and trying to hamper and destroy, civilizing and Christianizing work such as these Jesuits are doing, thoroughly ashamed of their narrow minded bigotry.

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Sacred Heart Review.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BELOVED DOGS.

Writers prejudiced in favor of every thing "Anglo-Saxon" are always telling us that the Latin races are cruel and dumb animals. This is a cruel falsehood.

Catch an English compere anything so "silly!" But the Irishman thinks that he is a very fellow when he refrains from beating and starving his dogs.

In Paris there is a cemetery for faithful friends of men. A French respondent of Courier des Etrangers says that the dog cemetery is a large garden laid out with M. M. Harrois, a Parisian editor, accompanied the writer through the burial ground.

The principal monument is erected to the memory of "Barry," the first St. Bernard life saver. The monument is as much an honor to the dog as to the worthy people who do to glorify his memory.

He saved the lives of forty persons. He was killed by the forty-first. Behind the symbolical monument which cemetery stretches away, divided into two parts—the first vacant, is all covered with sweet smelling flowers; the second is re-into different quarters.

For since the place was so said M. George Harrois, "manes have been bringing us the bodies of animals that had been companions. See, over in that are the birds."

I came closer, pleased that thought of them. Do you know how melancholy than mass of feathers, with a half of projecting from the middle, stretched out stark and stiff, spread wings, in the mud on the way? How well off they are under the big trees of the shelter from voracious beasts happy songsters of yesterday!

To perpetuate the memory of them the affection of their has devised, instead of heavy stones, little cages of silver bars on them are touching and inscriptions: "To Pierrette," "To Gazouille, our poor little finch He was found by my eyes knocked out one day were coming from school two ago.—Paul and Jeanne."

"Do not consider that any of human burial," said M. "We are not engaged, as charged against us ignore anxiously burying animals there might be found so much people to be helped! No; that what we wanted to do. Our two-fold: first, a hygienic one you know the dangers from the position of the bodies of animals into the water courses or upon the highways—when they are led by night in the collars of more serious, just covered in the squares. Even from view of sentiment something to the dog that aids us, and the defects us, consciences us and a far."

Under a stone dais she sculptured greyhound on with the arms of the Prince chiers Pignostelli is this epitaph: "In memory of my dear E. April 12, 1889, to August 2 faithful companion and only wandering and desolate saved me from death in May. Further on is this inscription: "Lilina, 1879-1900. Two able friends for twenty-one years."

"I never had but one true here he lies," said M. "Bijou, September 8, saved my life; I owed her snit."

A little further on was another: "To Miss Boalle. Rue Tours, February 18, 1900. Twenty years she had been a cherished friend. While I was noting down descriptions M. George Harrois new details. Everything with decency and modesty cemetery. Display of details grets upon the mausoleum inhibited, and everything that might injure the sentiments or the just susceptibilities of visitors."

Even the poor French very fond of their dogs. correspondent was listening of people appeared in the way. There were three one man. The man was in his hand he carried a vase with cloth.