

The Catholic Record.

"Christiane mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

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DOCTOR BATAILLE AND HIS WORK.

"The Devil in the 19th Century."

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Doctor Bataille, the Frenchman who is making such astounding revelations regarding Freemasonry and devil worship, deserves more than a passing notice. Although his work may, at first glance, look like fiction, a careful study of it and a comparison of his revelations and documents, with the writings of a host of other authors, ex-Freemasons as well as others, can not but leave the impression on the unbiased reader that the doctor is sincere and knows of what he is writing. In the introduction to his great work, in two volumes of nearly one thousand large pages each, which is now approaching completion, he explains how he happened to form the resolution of investigating and exposing the aims and doings of secret societies.

As an old physician of the Messageries Maritimes Steamship Co. he was making trips from Marseille to Japan in the year 1880. Returning from China on the Steamship *Anadyr* they put in at Ceylon to receive passengers and freight from India. The doctor, as was his wont, closely watched the embarking passengers. While doing so he received a familiar slap on his shoulder from behind. Turning around he saw a man who turned out to be an old acquaintance of the doctor's, having made many trips with him in the interest of an Italian silk-house. Signor Carbuccia—this was his name—had changed so much since the doctor had seen him last that he had some difficulty in placing him. Carbuccia, who had been a gay bon-vivant, an infidel who had often twisted the doctor on account of his firm adherence to the old historic faith and practices of the Catholic Church, was turned into a complete wreck of humanity with unsteady eye and lank, shabby body—sick unto death in body and soul. At first Carbuccia was loath in accounting for this strange and almost sudden change. But being hard pressed by the doctor, who desired to help his old friend, if possible, was finally prevailed upon to tell his story. He related how he had been led to join the Freemasons; how he rose, step by step, to the highest degree—that of Sublime Hermetic Philosopher of the Rite of Mesraim—after having paid pretty stiff sums of money for the various promotions. Finally he was initiated into the mysteries of magic or sorcery, at the sessions of which the spirits of Luther, Voltaire and other departed celebrities were evoked and appeared like shadows or phantoms and disappeared without speaking or acting as if they had bodies.

"Now on this my last trip to Calcutta," continues Carbuccia, "I went to see my friends of the Palladium, in that city, who had just received a new ritual of magical ceremonies from Albert Pike, the chief High Priest of the order at Charleston, South Carolina. I was invited to a grand and important meeting. A Mr. Shekleton had just returned from China with certain objects said to be necessary for the magical performances necessary to the new ritual. At the meeting these objects were produced—three heads of Catholic missionaries recently put to death under horrible tortures by the pagans; they were tortured by a document signed and sealed by the Tao-Tai (governor) of the Province of Kiang Si and vouched for by him as genuine.

"The heads were placed on a table. We were directed by the master of ceremonies to form a triangle around the table. Then the Grand Master took a dagger, walked up to the table and struck the steel into each of the skulls, saying: 'Cursed be Adonai and his Christ! Blessed be Lucifer!' We had all to do the same. Now all the lights but one were put out. The Grand Master by the remaining light read the formula of evocation, from Pike's new ritual, addressed to Lucifer himself. When this was done we extended our arms as if to welcome some one. A violent movement of the air was felt, although the door remained closed, so that the only burning light was blown out. An underground groaning was heard, accompanied by awful noises and quaking of the earth, at a loud thunderclap resounded and at once the hall was brilliantly illuminated. A few seconds later we saw a human figure sitting on the Grand Master's throne. The Grand Master fell on his knees—we did likewise. After a few moments the figure sitting in the Grand Master's chair said: 'Hail, my children, and fear not.' We obeyed. I looked closely at the newcomer. He was not like the phantoms of Luther, Voltaire, etc., that I had seen before; but seemed to be a real person with body and bones, but his body radiating light, not receiving it from outside sources."

"He then addressed us in excellent English, exhorting us to combat his mortal enemy unflinchingly, with all our might; told us not to fear death, and promised to receive us in his imperishable kingdom for all eternity as our reward. Then he made the round from one to the other of us, looking intently for a little while at each one. Having finished the round he again came straight up to my left hand neigh-

bor, Mr. Shekleton, and said to him: 'Give me your hands.' As he stretched them out the strange visitor grasped them and immediately as if struck by an electric shock Shekleton gave one unearthly shriek. Lucifer suddenly disappeared at the same moment and left us in utter darkness. The candles being lighted we looked at Shekleton sitting in his chair—a corpse.

"The Grand Master then said in a low, solemn voice: 'Immortal glory to our brother Shekleton! Our all-powerful god has chosen him.' Then I fainted with fright, and when I came to found myself in a room attended by three of my companions of the Palladium.

"This horrible experience has cured me thoroughly of my former infidelity, and I promise you I will make my peace with my God and my Church, come what may."

Doctor Bataille, who at first could not believe Carbuccia's strange story, was so struck with the natural, sincere and open manner of his old friend that he could not attribute it further to hallucination. The more he heard of him during the voyage the more he was confirmed in the belief that Carbuccia had told him what he had actually seen and heard. Then and there the doctor determined to make the study and exposure of secret societies his life-work. Carbuccia seconded him heartily in this resolve, and gave him all the information regarding signs and passwords and persons to whom to apply for gaining admission to the lodges. Carbuccia, having made his peace with the Church, regained his composure, but changed his name and country, fearing the vengeance of his former associates. For doing this he had excellent reasons. In his early youth, he related, he was one day, in boyish fashion, looking for birds' nests in a dense forest near his home. While on a tree he saw a half a dozen men approaching to where he was; these turned out to be a duelling party, the two duellants, armed with swords, stationed themselves opposite each other, attended by their seconds. All at once one of the duellants was pounced upon by the seconds and was told that he had to die, because he, a Carbonaro member of a revolutionary secret society, had revealed the society's secrets to the Government. The alleged traitor was then stabbed through the heart by his opponent. Later, as Freemason and Palladist, Carbuccia often met Carbonari in the lodges, and feared that his former brothers would treat himself also like a traitor.

Doctor Bataille, having obtained his ecclesiastical superiors' permission, set out on his self-imposed mission of investigation and exposure, without, however, even once compromising his conscience, religion or manhood by taking any unlawful oaths or becoming guilty of acts forbidden by the law of God and His Church.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

The Eloquent Sermon of a Learned English Bishop.

At the recent dedication of a new church in Norwich, England, Bishop Hedley of the diocese of Newport and Menevia, preached a most eloquent sermon on the existence of God. He said:

"If you ask me what it is that has given substance and form to the conviction that there is a God, I say that it is the discussion of the problem of organization. You could not have had the play and motion of this universe unless there were a God! I do not speak of the origin of life; but of the origin of that primeval fact which we call movement, change or succession. It is this of which the universe is literally made up; and some will tell you that the world, the earth, the sea, the sky, and the living things therein—are in fact nothing but the effect produced upon your senses by the inconceivably rapid rhythmic motion of practices too small to be estimated by the faculties of man. Did motion once begin? Or had it no beginning? If it had no beginning, then the number of series of movements must be infinite even now. But an infinite series is an impossibility; that is, as such an impossibility as that twice two should make five. And if the number of motions is infinite to-day, it was infinite yesterday; but to-day it is certain that the number has been added to; therefore, one infinite is greater than another infinite; therefore, it must be that we can go back to the first movement—the first shock of change, which set the universe in motion, or, if you please, which made the universe what it is. It seems to me—and I frankly own that it is inconceivable that anyone can think otherwise—that primary motion must have been caused by something outside of the universe. It could not have come from the dead universe itself, even if it had already any existence. Therefore, there was an outside cause. I am equally clear when I come to the question of the origin of life, or at least of sensation. If to feel were merely to be acted upon, it would be a difficult matter. If the too bright sun merely wounded the delicate tissue of the eye, or the fire merely hurt the material we call our body, I should not

seek a further power or cause. But we all know that to feel is more than the light or the heat can cause. It is a reaction, one and indivisible, of some single undivided essence. The soul, which is the headquarters of sensation, must have originated outside of dead and senseless matter. No fresh arrangement of particles—no refining, no intensifying, no quickening of the time beats of matter—can give that profound difference between the things that are deaf and blind and the things which thrill with the shock of feeling. The difference is the difference of existence and negation—and if it ever began to be, as it must have done, it proclaims a cause, in which all that it means already exists, and much more; exists virtually, at least.

But—to end this too abstract discussion—it is when I cast my eyes upon man—upon my own soul and upon yours—that I see most overpoweringly the force of the grand principle that the origin of things is outside this universe. A man is part of the universe; and he is part of the animal and sentient life of the universe; and all that has been urged from movement and sensation can be illustrated and enforced in man. But in man there is also something else. When the explorer in the lattices of the pole sees from the deck of his ship the Northern lights streaming up the concave of the sky, he knows that there is something there under the rocky coast line, or the silent ice, or the restless Polar Sea. All through the human ages, amid the fiery dance of the atoms, the long struggle of forces, and the stupendous play of the great physical laws, a certain spiritual light has shined upon the world. It has had its dawns and its twilights, its noontides and its evenings. It has varied its intensity and the incidence of its rays has shifted. But no generation has ever been without it, and it is essential and prerogative of human nature. It is what we call truth, and justice, and right and wrong, and beauty, and the connection of the final triumph of good over evil. You may analyze it into more component parts than these, or into fewer, according to the power of the pressure you have; but these are enough to make me certain that there is a power outside this universe. Nay, one ray of this light of intelligence would amply suffice for a single intellectual judgment unites things and divides things which are found neither in earth, nor sky, nor ocean. But if you take the whole steady effluence of spiritual illumination, you can no more think of its being originated in matter or sense than you can believe the colors of the sunset to come out of the dark and formless clouds of the evening. Consider what you have. You have forces acting in a plane altogether lifted above weight, mass, motion, or sensation; you have the formation of a world, abstract and conceptual, whose very materials are abstract—so that, compared with them, even the other is gross, and the structures of the finest imagination palpable; and you have the universal race of men, always and everywhere, endowed with the same material and agreeing in the immediate and primary results. The light of the intelligence indicates God. That is, it demonstrates an external source; a source which is itself living and intelligent; and therefore personal: in other words, a living person.

There is one word more to be said. The first or primary origin of being, life and intelligence is, by the force of the terms, self-endowed with these prerogatives. That source is the absolute source. An absolute source, in the immaterial world, is another name for a limitless ocean. And the ocean of being, without shore or bottom, is the absolute infinite. Thus the very light of our faculties and the law of cause and effect place within human grasp the infinite and everlasting God.

I would ask you now to follow me into another thought. It is a common thing to hear men say, in this age of culture, that to admit the possibility or even the existence of God is not to admit the obligation of any religious profession or of any moral self-restraint. Various reasons will be given for this position—as, for example, that if God made my nature He meant me to live according to my nature; or, that a man's life and conduct are absolutely determined by the conditions which surround him; or, that nobody can be sure, at least in details, what is right or wrong, good or evil. But, without going into these reasonings, I would ask you to consider the very striking idea of human life which we obtain the moment that we seize the conception of a self-existing infinite being. There is no reason to suppose that a human being ceases to exist at death. Death is only dissolution; no element, even of matter, is ever annihilated; and the spiritual element is an element, and, therefore, incapable of dissolution. Think then of the life beyond the grave. I do not want to import into the idea of that life either space or time or measure. But you undoubtedly have a duration—a duration in which the Infinite God is controller and master—a duration which cannot be ended, for there is no conceivable force that can affect it, and

no possibility of the exhaustion of infinite being; a duration which is continuous with mortal life, in this sense that there are in both the same God and the same human beings. Can it be wrong to say that that future duration furnishes the key and the explanation to what we call life? If a man stands in the portico of a temple it is the temple which explains the portico. To grope about in the porch and never to open the great doors that discover the vista of the interior—would it be reasonable? There are many riddles and enigmas in life, so we are told; and so at first sight there appear to be. There are waste of energy, premature death, the mystery of pain, the undeveloped faculties, the constant war of the flesh and the spirit, the victory of force over right. But no one would call it waste of energy if what was poured out in this world went to build habitations in another. Death cannot be premature if it is the fitting moment to enter upon one's true life. Pain and suffering may be, and undoubtedly are, the agents of the purest and most intense spiritual energy, an energy which will show results in the ages which are to run when time has ended its course. Man's faculties, it is true, neither ripen nor bear fruit here on earth. If the human soul is a spirit, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, of which it may not be said in some way to be capable. It has a native power of comprehension, possession, activity, achievement, conquest, royalty, for which time and space offer no field. Millions die in infancy and childhood; other millions in ignorance and savagery; but even the finest of men and the more highly endowed of races and the women who compose them—after the longest life of education and culture—no one better than the trees of the early spring; there is life and growth and the swelling of the bud here and there, but nothing more. Will there be no summer for immortal spirits? And if men and women are undeveloped in this world, are they also without rest or peace. It is an eternal fact that man's higher aspirations exist side by side with very low and degraded instincts, and that a man must either fight or sink into the condition of the beast. A generous nature takes up the conflict and his life is a war. This would indeed be an enigma, for there is nothing like it in nature, were it not for the light of the world that is to be. For if a man conquer himself during a short probation, it is right and natural that he should reign as a conqueror during the long periods when probation has ceased. Those periods, naturally, are ruled by a different law from that of time. Our reason forces us to think that eternal war cannot be the condition of what God has created. And may we not conclude that the peace and a kingdom are for the man who takes the right side? For God will so overrule that it shall be so. Here in this world evil often overpowers good and the brute force of the wronged drives the good to the wall. It is eternity which furnishes the explanation. There is no other. And the explanation goes one step further. If the door of good is to find himself in the coming world on the side of the Infinite and carried along in the stream of the power which created and which sustains the universe, what is to be said of the door of evil? What is to be expected for the human heart which has set itself in opposition? What do we see in nature when nature's mighty laws are interfered with? What, but a tempest, a catastrophe, the smash and destruction of the thing that was in the way, and the final serene on flow of the everlasting forces?

These views of the origin of things and their fate—the destiny of man and the reality of God—are to me demonstrable and demonstrated. There is no way to escape them except to cover one's head up in the black cloth of scepticism—to refuse to credit one's own reasoning faculties. There are views which no man has a right to pass by if the intelligence of our people gave them the attention they deserve. We should have very few professing inability to believe in God and immortality. Such a profession is, with most men, chiefly an initiative cry. Some great man has proclaimed himself an agnostic, and forthwith the educated classes repeat the word; the men with a classical smattering, the readers of newspapers, the watchers of the political game, the skimmers of books, the eager audience of the purveyors of bold novelties in religion and morality—they affect to look on at the world as if the rush of time did not concern them; and they say, "Who knows anything?" There is no intellectual value in such a consensus as this. It is gregariousness, not intelligence; they are a flock not a school of thought. Because I would defy anyone of the average mental power to go into these things and not attain some conviction of God's existence. And as long as they have not taken the means to inquire and the pains to reason and observe, they have no right to say one cannot know—no more right than the man who sleeps in his bed through the night to pronounce upon the constitution of the stars. But if a man is in earnest in the scrutiny of his own nature and heart, then he will find that the preaching of John the Baptist carries the great lesson which, in this age as in the days before Christ, prepares the way for faith. The word

of the Baptist was, "Repent!" It had been the word of Elias in other times, of whom the Holy Spirit says that "he announced Kings unto penance" (Eccles. xlviii, 8). His word came upon the minds of kings and of all men like an unction which softened and transformed them, changing their hearts. I would say to every man who thinks that he has caught even a glimpse of the Infinite God, "Repent!" His very reason imposes upon him the obligation of repentance. For what is repentance?

The word which the Evangelists hand down as expressing the thought of St. John the Baptist means a change of the mind or heart. I take it for granted that a man who does not accept God does not accept the laws of morality. I know well that I shall be met here with a protest. I shall be told that the agnostic is usually as charitable, as pure and as honorable as the believer. Let me say, first of all, that charity is not always morality, and that temperance and continence are not always morality and that honor is not essentially moral. All these things are better—infinity better—than their opposites; but they may be merely the play of a proud and fastidious nature, which restrains itself for its own sake. Now, the essence of human morality must be the conforming of one's actions to a higher law, fixed, immutable and universal laws one dimly sees God. Any one, therefore, who does not refer his conduct to God is not in the strict sense moral, because his law is a private law; and the same principle which urges him to self-restraint today may license him to indulgence tomorrow. Let me not for one moment be taken to underrate the good that is found in many men who do not believe in God. Perhaps these good men do see something of God, although they will not pronounce His name. But, after all, it will hardly be denied that with the vast majority of non-believers morality consists chiefly in external good behavior, while personal indulgence, evil thoughts and desires, mental sins, and all that concerns themselves alone, are judged by a standard, not of right and wrong, but of convenience and prudence. What I say is that there can hardly be a human being but feels that this ought to be changed. It stands to reason that even if there be clear evidence for God's existence, vice must make it almost impossible to recognize it; because vice occupies a man with the bodily, the earthly, the transient, and blinds him to anything that is spiritual and eternal; just as a man who is exploring the catacombs and sewers of a great city sees nothing of the life of the streets or the daylight of heaven. It also stands to reason that if there be a God, He is a Person, and that our proper attitude to Him is one of reverence, love and service. Because, remember, our moral light is God's making and God's keeping up; and therefore to obey it is really to obey God. Besides, every glimpse we get goes to show that He must be our true Father and our best Friend. No other conception of a Creator is possible.

The two elements of repentance, then, are the search of God and self-restraint from what is seen to be evil. Have we a right—has any precursor who in these days should stand in the deserts with John the right—to call upon the nonbelieving world thus to change its heart? To me it seems we have.

You must remember there is a strong reasonable case for God's existence. The argument is from its very nature elusive and difficult to grasp with such faculties as we have. But there is no argument to compete with it. Abandon it and you have no key either to the spiritual or the im-mortal. It is a view of human nature, and with the aspirations generally accepted by mankind, whether left to their own instincts or cultivated by education. A nonbeliever cannot be right, therefore, in paying no attention to it. But observe what this leads to. A man's being is not merely his reasoning faculty. He has also a will, an imagination and a heart. Truth is not the conquest of the pure intelligence. It may, indeed, be so with metaphysics or mathematics; but not with any science which affects one's conduct or one's interests. Here a slight jar of the curious mechanism of a man's faculties throws the judgment off the rails. Here the hand that guides the reins shakes at an apprehension, pulls hard at a suspicion or lets the horses run away in a fit of pounce or doubt. No man can justly refuse to bend his will and to soften his heart towards that Being whom he suspects to be so near him. The human heart is saturated with reverence. With all its egotistic self-complacency there is mingled a glad humility which seeks some great and holy object before which to bow the knee. It is the instructive emotion of a soul which can never be self-sufficing, but must have access to some source, some fountain of existence to satisfy its mysterious capacity for what is good and everlasting. It stirs him out of his selfishness. It brings him to his feet, to make sure—to interrogate earth and sky, if perchance he is

destined to be so happy as to find his sovereign good. Nay, it brings him to his knees; for must he not long, must he not desire? Must not he feel that if the Infinite is there, never was there more solicitude than that Supreme Being to be known and loved—and must he not yield to the impulse of his human heart, and ask and pray for light and satisfaction? Yes, if a man is bound to search, he is bound to search with every faculty. He is in the forest, and the object of his search may be far away or close at hand; and he must plunge into its depths and not shrink from its difficulties—he must spare neither his body, nor his cries, nor any means at his command. We find that non-believers are not in earnest. They are cold and unconcerned. They reason a little—a very little. But they shut up their hearts. They spoil, as far as disuse can spoil, many of human nature's essential attributes—its reverence, its humility and its aspirations after the perfect. Let them change all this. The precursor has a right to challenge it.

And as for self-restraint, nothing need be added to what has been said already. Here, after all, is the stress of the battle. How many a man will not believe in God—or who will refuse to attend the very question of God—because to believe would mean to be pure, to make restitution, to humble the heart to religion? He cannot but suspect that he is wrong. The grand spiritual laws, even if to him they are little more than shadows, are shadows which could never be thrown upon his world, except by an Eternal Being. As long as he refuses to see them, he must be in bad faith. The conviction of the existence of God, being the first of all the convictions on which human destinies turn, must be capable of being acquired by the ordinary mind. If, therefore, a man blinds himself, fetters himself, or brutalizes himself, let him not blame his Creator, but fear of himself. Let him repent, and the power of repentance will carry him far; for it is the wind that blows from the deepest caverns of existence—even the breath of the Infinite—and on the shore on which it blows, there is not only the conviction of God, but divine faith, final and complete—and rest and peace.

MISSION IN A PROTESTANT CHURCH.

Non-Catholics Accompany Their Catholic Neighbors to the Services.

A mission by a Catholic priest in a Protestant church is not often heard of, but in Kingwood, N. J., such a mission was brought to a close last Sunday by Father Albert, O. S. F., of Butler, N. J. The Catholics of Kingwood are not very numerous, and the number has decreased since work was stopped in the iron mines a few years ago. There is no Catholic Church in the place. Mr. Hewitt, ex-mayor of New York, who owns all of Kingwood, built a church there, and offered it for the use of all denominations. The Franciscan Fathers, of Butler, received permission from the Bishop of Newark to hold services for the Catholics of the place in Mr. Hewitt's church. Mrs. Hewitt, for the sake of her numerous Catholic servants, was very much pleased with the Bishop's decision, and provided a movable altar table, as also a closet for vestments. For the closing services of the mission she sent two huge bouquets of roses for the altar, from her green-houses.

The Protestants of the place took a lively interest in the mission, and at the evening services two thirds of the attendants were Protestants. Father Albert once startled his non-Catholic hearers by the following words: "Brethren, this evening I shall speak of the forgiveness of sins, and as I see the Protestant Bible lying on the Protestant pulpit, which has been removed over into the corner during these days, I shall, to suit our non-Catholic friends, as well as my own people, take my text from the Protestant Bible." He then walked over to the pulpit, and opening the Bible, read from John xk., 23, the words of the divine institution of the sacrament of Penance: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven," etc. He then preached a very plain and instructive sermon on the sacrament of penance and the forgiveness of sins. Many of the Protestants afterwards expressed their great satisfaction to their Catholic neighbors, who had invited them to attend the services, saying that now they had heard the Catholic side of the controversy. They confessed that as the Catholic proof was taken from their Protestant Bible, they were inclined to think that the Catholic doctrine was right.

How many institutions for the comfort of the poor, or the saving of souls, have languished, more for want of approbation than of money; and though sympathy is cheap, the lone priest has struggled on till his solitude, his weariness, and his lack of sympathy have almost blanchingly given way beneath the burden, and the wolves have rushed in upon that little flock of his Master's sheepfold which he had so lovingly partitioned off as his own peculiar work.—Faber.

Rev. Mr. Fischer, who was sent to Rome to convert Catholics there, as pastor of the late opened American Methodist Episcopal church, has himself become a Catholic, and has been duly received into the true fold.