

the one sheep that had been wandering in the wilderness. When converts are made in striking numbers the Church and her head on earth are aware of it, and there is great rejoicing; so there has been in Rome over the conversion of whole nations brought to the faith by the apostolic men Rome has sent forth to carry God's truth to them.

On ordinary occasions it is different. If the writer of the globe, or complaint, we speak of, were to be converted to Catholicism the Pope would perhaps not be informed, nor would the Catholics in America, Australia, or even Austria; and Rome, New York, Melbourne and Vienna would go on just as if nothing particular had happened. If, however, the fact were known in all those places, it would cause rejoicing; not that the Universal Church had escaped a great menace or plumed her cap with a remarkable feather, but because another soul had been brought to what is meant for the safety and sanctification of all souls. In the meantime those who did know would be glad; not all Rome (such is the defective supply of information even in these days of telegrams and post cards), nor all the Catholic Church in England or Baywater, but all Catholics who should know that another spiritual brother had been born to them.

Converts themselves should know as much about it as those who have not the least intention of becoming converts. What is their experience? Did we find when we became Catholics that the Catholic Church had her head turned? Did the Pope suffer from an accession of blood to the head? It was a great day for us; was it made a festival for Christendom? Was the priest who received us promoted, or has he since confided to us his just disappointment at the delay in his promotion? Was all Catholic Battersa agog, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, even anonymously, warned that he had better look out—Mr. Smith had turned Catholic and the Established religion was on its last legs?

Nay, but Mr. Smith is given a friendly welcome—and a friendly warning. He has made a beginning; let him see to it that he walks worthily of the great grace God has given him. He is a child of the Church now, but her babe, let him learn, and let him, above all, learn obedience. Of babes not much else is required. Much talking is not seemly in babies; they are not stammerers, and precocious speech is seldom instructive. He is not greatly flattered, but he is sincerely congratulated. He has done as good a day's work in becoming a Catholic as he could do under the circumstances. Certainly he is congratulated—on his own account, not because the Church stood in special need of him, but because he and all men stand in great need of her.

Is there no such congratulation for the neophyte who flings himself into the arms of the Church of England? Has she no such embrace for him? Why not? Is there no warm congratulation? Does such congratulation seem out of place? It may be. I, for one, can believe it. Perhaps those to whom he goes wonder why he comes. What brings him? What has he to gain spiritually? What is he willing, spiritually, to lose. Dr. Johnson was a devout Anglican, a hundred times more devout an Anglican than any thousand Anglicans you shall commonly meet. "I shall never," said he, "be a Papist unless on the near approach of death, of which I have a very great terror." What says he of converts from Protestantism to Popery and vice versa? "A man," declared the doctor, who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere; he parts with nothing he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains; there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion that it can hardly be sincere and lasting.

Laceration of mind hardly begets elation in those who have to endure it; and if they who welcome them do so with a calm that is much like coldness, who can wonder?—Catholic News.

## COMPLETE FAILURE

The difference between Catholic and Protestant religious ministrations at the front in the great European war is strikingly illustrated in the actual situation, as noted by Father J. H. Howard in a discourse recently in the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Liverpool.

"Though 'in no unkindly spirit' Father Howard faced the facts. 'Already,' said he, 'the ghastly conflict has revealed the hopelessness of the Church of England. I have read in journals like the Church Times letters from prominent Anglicans who have confessed their utter and complete failure to meet the crisis of the war. Ministers of the front, but the Tommies (British soldiers) don't know them, don't understand them, and don't want them. But to the Catholic chaplains their spiritual children rally in their thousands. You have got to meet the realities of life and death upon the battlefield, and the one Church which is of any use in that contingency is the Catholic Church of Christ.'

For this great claim the facts stand in proof, plain and undeniable. We hear little of the Protestant ministrations at the trenches, but the Catholic chaplain is on record there, night and day, at all hours—reckless of

danger to himself, eager and intent only on the saving of souls. Truly he is the representative of the good Shepherd, giving his life for the sheep.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## THE SCIENCE OF SNOOPING

The Committee of Five halted hesitatingly before the private office of State Senator McCaffery. "I don't like his name," ventured the Reverend Darksome Bigot; "it sounds Irish."

"And the poor priest ridden Irish are all Romans," added Miss Prejudice, enigmatically. "It must be faced to the bitter end," said brags Colonel Backwoods. Onward, champions of righteousness and American liberty against Rome! Onward to the charge!"

### THE INDICTMENT

Senator McCaffery met the charge with the serene countenance, and graciously waved the quintette to seats within range of the battery of his smiles.

"What can I do for you to-day?" he said, with the air of grandfathers patting little Freddie on his golden locks.

"We have here," began the Reverend Bigot, "a bill for the inspection of convents and other institutions of the Romish Church, and we crave your support."

Senator McCaffery's jaw shot forward a full inch, and the window-barrometer suddenly registered calm, changing to storm. But Senator McCaffery had inherited a sense of humor from his priest ridden ancestors, and so his jaw grew less hard, even if the barometer remained unchanged.

"For years," continued the reverend gentlemen, "these institutions have grown up in our midst unchecked. But noble hearted Americans alive to our solemn responsibilities have cried: Who knows what heinous crimes may be perpetrated behind high convent walls?"

"Yes," boomed Miss Prejudice with triumphant logic, "if they are right before heaven, why do they not let us go in and out as we choose?"

"Ah, why?" asked Mr. Ignoramus and Miss Very Prude. "So we wish this law passed authorizing state officials."

"To inspect at their discretion these mysterious abodes of shadows and somber robed women. They must be allowed to study conditions, right abuses, free the imprisoned, and permeate all with the wholesome atmosphere of American freedom."

### HOW TO PROVE IT

"Gentlemen and Ladies," began Senator McCaffery; "your bill is most interesting. Before I would recommend your presenting it to the senate, you must gain for it the solid backing of definite facts. These it is your duty to acquire by a systematic course of—snooping."

"Snooping?" Miss Prejudice's eyes gleamed with a new light. "Yes, let snooping be your occupation for some days. Disguise yourself, would you receive any of you were you to show yourselves in your true likeness. But disguised, you can visit these convents; spy out abuses; learn all their dark secrets; and then return with your facts to carry your bill triumphantly through the legislature. May I suggest some fit disguises?"

Senator McCaffery turned his blue eyes toward the ceiling. He was thinking of his daughter as she knelt in consecration before the altar not three years back. His voice was gentle when he began.

### ORPHANAGE AND HOSPITAL

"Miss Prude, for you I should suggest the disguise of helpless, innocent babyhood. Pass yourself off as an infant deserted by a drunken father and a wolfish mother. Lie in a basket of straw with nothing but rage for covering, at the door of a Catholic orphanage, and when the Sister hearing your plaintive cries, trembling arms in piteous supplication, deceived by your disguise, she will pick you up and lay you against her heart throbbing with a wondrous pity, and bear you to a cot about which hover others in dress and gentleness like to herself. Now is your chance; snoop to your heart's content. For when you note the hundred and more cribs each with its tiny bundle of helpless humanity, and hear the crooning voice of these mothers by proxy and observe the depth and the breadth of human love when transmuted by the divine touch, you will know that you are in a convent orphanage."

"For you, Mr. Ignoramus, I suggest this expedient. Garb yourself as a penniless wanderer, and as you cross a busy thoroughfare, cast your self headlong before an oncoming street car. Safe in your disguise as a homeless, helpless mass of bleeding flesh and broken bone, they will carry you to a Catholic hospital, where real Sisters live and work. Your first conscious gaze will rest upon a Catholic Sister; you will feel her calm brow, her gentle voice will soothe your throbbing nerves, and from your bed in the midst of this convent hospital, you may learn all the grim secrets of the Catholic Sisterhoods. Snoop till you have grown tired with snooping."

### REFUGEE AND REFORMATORY

"Miss Prejudice, your disguise will require heroic courage; but I know your readiness to handle any sort of mud or mire if you can do so in the name of Anti-Romanism. Dis-

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guise yourself as a poor, broken woman, whose past is a vivid blot and whose future is a dismal blank, whose soul and body are denuded with the weight of man's inhumanity and woman's criminal weakness. Write across your aching brow the lines of shame and despair, so deep that men and women shrink from you as they pass you in the street. Then throw yourself at the steps of a Catholic refuge, and out of the depths of your misery, lift seared eyes to the Sister who answers your knock. When she takes you in her arms and for the first time you hear of the Saviour Who loved even Magdalen, when you learn that there is hope even for the most pitiable of God's creatures, you will know that you are in a convent of the Good Shepherd. Then you may safely snoop.

Your disguise, Mr. Darksome Bigot, will not afford you great difficulty. Ignorance is its first requisite; wilful wickedness its second. Pretend that you are a lad of twelve who never knew the love of a mother nor the cherishing care of a father. Plunge your soul deep in the corruption of the alleys; train your hands to deftness of theft, your brain to quickness for crime. Weaken your body with the fumes of rotten tobacco and with vile food. Learn to fly furiously from the approaching policeman.

Then when the hand of the law falls heavily on your shoulder, they will send you to a Catholic reformatory where Catholic Sisters will teach you for the first time what it means to look into the eyes of spotless womanhood, where your hands will change their criminal deftness for the cleverness of the skilled artisan, where the curse will give place to the prayer and warped boyhood will develop into upright manhood. There in that reformatory may study conditions uninterupted and suspected by no one. Snoop, while there's time for snooping.

### THE QUIET HAVEN

"Colonel Backwoods, your disguise shall be that of a greybeard, who like a humble Lear, has felt the serpent's tooth of filial ingratitude. Clad in the garb of poverty, with a hopeless, hunted look in your eyes and a quaver in your voice, dragging leaden feet from the homes of faithless friends, you will seek out a Catholic Old People's Home. If your disguise is complete and neglect no detail, your eyes are writ large on your face, a Sister will lead you by the hand; a Sister will clothe and feed your quaking form; a Sister will draw your soul upward from the present wretchedness to the glory promised to Christ's poor. In one so near the grave, they will suspect nothing; and in the midst of this blind and unsuspecting charity, snoop 'till you can snoop no longer."

"And when you have thus gathered from first hand the horrible secret of these 'nunneries,' and come to the absolute wrappings of anti-Romanist writers, triumphantly return to offer your bill to the state legislature. Can such skillful snooping fail of its due reward?"

Senator McCaffery lowered his blue eyes from the ceiling and gazed in surprise, at five empty chairs. The committee for the inspection of Romish Convents had fled in search of a senator who was neither Irish nor blessed with a Catholic sense of humor.—Daniel A. Lord, S. J., in America.

## A PROTESTANT SERMON

### AND SOME SUGGESTIONS

There is something distinctly different, something thoroughly Christian, informing and encouraging in such sermons from the Protestant pulpits as that preached by Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Nicolls at the Second Presbyterian Church, St. Louis. When other Protestant pulpits were expounding the virtues and value of the Parkway and expostulating on topics quite foreign to Gospel preaching, Dr. Nicolls was treating his congregation to an eloquent eulogy of the "Illuminated Doctor," Raymond Lully, Catholic missionary and martyr.

The kindly and fair-minded minister introduced his subject by a reference that is not only worthy of the man, but deserving of dissemination throughout many Protestant portions of the nation. He denounced the "ignorance, misunderstanding and painful truth called bigotry, which causes Catholic and Protestant to look at each other askance."

These are timely words in the present days of anti Catholic hatred and religious intolerance. They express the sentiments of all sincere and intelligent Protestant Christians and are a denunciation of those who are trying to preach religious hatred into the principles of Protestantism. Furthermore, Dr. Nicolls declared "many Protestants look upon the Catholic Church as an apostate church and even call the Pope anti-

Christ, while many members of the Roman Catholic Church believe there is no salvation outside their own church."

This correctly quoted mental attitude of our Protestant fellow citizens toward the Catholic Church and its Spiritual Head, is also, and unfortunately, attributable to ignorance and misunderstanding. It reflects either a non intelligent reading of profane history, or a total lack of familiarity with it. If they look upon the Pope as anti-Christ, what must be their opinion of the rulers of nations who have always had their representatives at the Vatican. What must they have thought of the eagerness of all nations, save our own, to be represented there just before the outbreak of the present European slaughter? As the most conspicuous exponent of peace in all the world to day; as the only arbiter in all of Europe through whom peace is apparently possible at present, what must be their opinion of the Pope now? Certainly, not that of anti-Christ.

It is quite evident, therefore, that Dr. Nicolls' many Protestants are sadly in need of historical reading and study. And the good Doctor himself would profit by delving a little further into Catholic doctrine and belief. Particularly so, concerning the contention that "there is no salvation outside the Roman Catholic Church."

We have no inclination to become the volunteer instructor of the good minister in the matter. But we can assure him in the kindest spirit that he should possess the information. Furthermore, we can assure him it will be not only pleasing, but not in the slightest degree shocking to his own religious convictions, or in anywise derogatory to the Catholic Church. Should he accept the suggestion and acquire the proper information it is certain his future sermons may be made even more distinctly different, Christian informing and encouraging.—Church Progress.

## TWO SIDES

Here is a clipping from the pen of Reynold E. Blight, taken from the Bulletin of the Los Angeles Consistory (Masonic).

In certain circles it is popular to bitterly denounce the Catholic Church, and in the condemnation forget her splendid achievements and the consecrated service she has rendered to humanity. The long roll of patriots, statesmen, philanthropists, thinkers, heroes and saintly souls who have drawn their spiritual inspiration from her communion is sufficient proof of the greatness of her religious teaching. Among her priests are those whose names have become synonymous with purity of life and unselfish effort for the betterment of humanity. Father Damien, Father Matthew, Father Junipero Serra, Saint Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, the countless institutions of learning, her manifold charities, the universality of her spiritual appeal must awaken the admiration of all men. It must not be forgotten that at her altars the common people received their first training in democracy. Prince and pauper, peasant and merchant knelt together, equal before God. During the long night of the dark ages the lamp of knowledge was kept burning in the monasteries. Tolerance knows that there are two sides to every question, and that a picture that shows only shadows is essentially false."

## WHY WE ANSWER THE CHURCH'S DEFAMERS

It is not because we fear for the Church, her teachings or her continuity, that we stoop to answer the charges which mendacious bigots bring against her and against us. But it is because we are jealous of her honor and integrity, and of our own, as becomes the sons of such a mother. What would we think of a child who had not sufficient filial love and natural feeling to defend a parent from insult and attack? And how would we regard a man who had not enough regard for his reputation to shield it, with both deed and word, from blemish? What is it that the uncharitable, un-Christian and un-American minority would rob us of? Money? Chastity? Perishable wealth? No! Not one of these, but of things a thousand times more valuable and intrinsically precious. We are forcibly reminded of the truism, in "Othello," where Lago says:

"Good name in man and woman dear, my Lord, Is the immediate jewel of their souls. Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which no enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

It is our character as men and our rights as citizens which fanaticism would take away. Even the Apostles, schooled in meekness and longanimity by Christ Himself, boldly and bravely met the false accusations of their enemies and persecutors with clear and unqualified denials, declaring the absolute truth of the God-given doctrines they professed. The Saviour had foretold their rejection by the world and the suffering and death which should be their portion on account of and in imitation of Him. "The servant," He warned them, "is not above the master." As He was calumniated, so were they, and so must

we be, although in lesser measure. "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice sake," He assures the hearers of His Sermon on the Mount, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Yet He will not have His inviolate truth impugned. He means us to "confess Him before men," to fight with the sword of spirit, "his Eternal Word—not uncharitably, nor with bitterness, but temperately and firmly, as befits those coming under His law of universal love."

Let us, therefore, rally to the defense of Our Mother, the Church—her priests, her sisterhoods and her holy doctrines. Let us prove to friend and foe alike that we wish to live with all in peace and charity, doing none any injustice, returning good for evil, according to His sublime precept, but yielding nothing nevertheless of our precious heritage—the Faith. Above all, let us vindicate our name as citizens and as upholders of this republic, founded on Christian principles and on the noble axiom that all men are created "free and equal, having inalienable rights, under the American Constitution, to serve God as their religion and private conscience may dictate, without let or hindrance from any man or set of men whomsoever, as was intended by the founders of the nation—a nation wisely conceived and dedicated to religious, as well as to civil liberty.—Robert Cox Stump, in Catholic Sun.

## THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY ACTS

The Presbyterian General Assembly, the highest ecclesiastical authority in the Presbyterian Church in the United States, has taken decisive action in regard to the Union Theological Seminary of New York, which has been a storm centre for several years. It recently adopted, by an overwhelming majority, a report severing the connection of the Presbyterian Church with the Seminary that has been sending forth graduates who, in their examination for admission to the Presbyterian Ministry, have shown that they do not believe in some of the essentials of Christianity. Some of them regard Christ as merely a representative of the highest and most perfect manhood. They avoid committing themselves to clear cut statements as to His divinity. They deny His resurrection on which St. Paul laid so much stress when he declared that vain would be the faith of Christians if Christ, as told in the Scriptures, did not rise from the grave.

So, one by one, the essentials of Christianity are gotten rid of till nothing is left but the vaguest kind of belief. It was this process of whittling down Christianity that stirred earnest Presbyterians to demand that the Presbyterian Church should sever all relations with a theological school that was undermining not only Presbyterianism but Christianity itself.

The graduation address at this year's commencement of the Union Theological Seminary furnishes us with a sample of the arguments employed by the defenders of the educational institution on which the Presbyterian General Assembly has placed its seal of condemnation. The address was made by the Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, pastor of the Madison Avenue Church. The Reverend Doctor is convinced that Our Lord founded no Church to repudiate His teachings. Therefore, all Churches are of human origin, and consequently represent merely human views, which may or may not have an element of truth in them.

"As liberals," says the Doctor, "who accept the results of scientific investigation into the origin and essence of the Christian Church, we do not believe that its divisions have a valid excuse in the light of our modern knowledge. We accept the conclusion that our Lord Himself gave no formal constitution to the Church, but breathed His Spirit into the group of believing people to whom He committed the continuance of His own mission; and that this Church organized itself differing forth its convictions in differing forms in the various ages, according to its government out of methods of oversight and direction which it found at hand, expressing its devotion in worship congruous to the age and customs of its worshippers."

Later on in the address there is this sentence: "We believe that its life is something deeper than doctrine or polity or culture, and can most successfully be cultivated where there is liberty of thought and flexibility of organization and variety of worship. We do

not believe that there have ever been divinely fixed forms of doctrine or government or ritual."

The acceptance of these views would reduce all Church authority to the vanishing point. In other words, there is no existing Church that can speak with absolute certainty about matters of the most vital importance to men. We have here Protestantism carrying its principles to their logical conclusions.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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