

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE.

The Catholic Church the World's Greatest Civilizing Power.

Catholic Columbia.

On the occasion of the jubilee of Pope Pius IX., June 8, 1877, a remarkable oration was delivered by a Protestant gentleman, Gen. Alphonse Baker, in the city of Montgomery, Ala. The words and sentiments are as elevated as though they came from the lips of a Catholic. Baker spoke of the wonderful work and progress of the Catholic Church, and said, among other things:

And yet in that day, as in this, it was through persecution and suffering and often martyrdom that the Church was forced to pass. For it is Peter himself who had to die upon the cross. And he, who had trembled before a servant maid in the porch of Pilate's palace, when charged with even the companionship of the meek Nazarene, craving the privilege of being nailed to his cross with his head down, in token of humiliation below his Master, met his torturer for His sake with that death-defying spirit of the martyr, which has been demanded of many since in the long line of his successors, and which fires the unconquerable soul of the illustrious one who keeps watch for the Church at his tomb to-day.

The course of Christianity, it is true, is sometimes traced with difficulty in the darkness and confusion of those early days of filletary and violence through which it had to pass. But, as the direction of an army, now and then obscured by smoke and dust, or lost to view from intervening obstacles, is best observed by watching the standard that is carried at its head, so the course of Christianity, the advance of its steady columns of eternal truth, confronting everywhere the enemies of civilization, innocence and society, is most surely indicated by that cheering ensign, flashing perpetually through history's thickest gloom, which has been steadily borne aloft throughout all the ages, at the head of the Church, by the Holy Father of the faithful. Of that ensign, upheld, history has never for a moment lost the sight. For eighteen hundred years it has been conspicuously visible in every crisis of civilization.

We see it there before the tent of Alaric, when the Senate and the Emperor were helpless, twice saved Rome from sack and pillage. And when that powerful barbarian, upon his third and last invasion, had in the night burst through the Salarian gate into the city and, by the light of palaces which he had set on fire, turned his wild hordes loose to slaughter and to rapine, we see again that banner defending the sacred vessels of the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, and with them a multitude of terror-stricken women and children, who in that night of horrors crowd around that only sanctuary, as by the order of Alaric, a barbarian guard, mingling their savage shouts with Christian hymns, escort the sacred and the golden treasure, through ruin and fire, safely across the wide diameter of Rome and place it, and the trembling throng that follows, unharmed within the heaven-defended fortress of the Vatican.

Again we catch the sight of it, in the bold hands of Pope Leo the Great, as he goes out from shuddering Rome to confront Attila, the Calmuck tiger, who called himself "the scourge of God," and striking terror to even his heart with those thunderbolts which unarméd justice and holiness can wield, warns him away from Rome and turns aside the whirlwind with a feather!

We hear people of this enlightened age, judging all things by its standard, talk about the ignorance and superstition of the Church of Rome in the dark ages. But an immortal author of the nineteenth century, one of the most renowned that ever spoke the English tongue, himself a Presbyterian of the straightest sect, the great Macaulay, takes a different view: and in the commencement of his history of England, fit to rank with "Livy's pictured page," declares that the resemblance of the Church of Rome, often spoken of by divines, to the Ark of Genesis was never more perfect than during those evil days when she alone rode in darkness and tempest on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring.

What, for instance, was the effect of this so-called ignorance and superstition upon that country from which we derive our language and laws? For six hundred years, from the time of its invasion by Julius Cæsar, it had remained under the dominion of the Cæsars, and notwithstanding the enlightenment of the Augustan age and the splendor that succeeded it: notwithstanding the efforts of the Romans to civilize and advance that province; notwithstanding their founding of its cities and their building across it of that triple wall; without progress, it had remained in barbarism, and enshrouded by the religious power of what was a dark as well as a bloody superstition. But the instant it is touched by the spiritual power of Rome, how magic the change! Pope Gregory the first, justly called the Great, sends St. Augustine with forty monks across the channel, who lands in Kent, and with no other weapon than the cross, as it were miraculously, in two years converts the whole island to the Catholic faith. And that Britain, which had almost disappeared from history behind the clouds of barbarism, reappears as England, prosperous and "marble-clad," resplendent with the light of that Catholic truth, which shone on

her unclouded for a thousand years, and prepared her for that glorious march which has placed her in the front of nations, and made her the most stable government in the world.

What has taken the trouble to inquire, does not know that it was the influence of the Catholic Church and its hierarchy that softened the dire and mutual hostility of the Norman and the Saxon and at length united them, and that the aid of that hierarchy was signally efficient in extorting from King John at Runnemeade "the great charter" of English liberty to whose priceless blessings and protection we here to-day are heirs? Well may England's greatest and Protestant historian admit that it is difficult to say whether she owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation.

And what does history tell us was the influence of this so-called ignorance and superstition upon another historic land? Once it was the *ultima thule* of the world—the barbarous island home of a race, untamable, of pagan warriors, pirates and marauders. But, about fourteen hundred years ago, Pope Sylvester sends there a Catholic mission. I believe those of our Protestant friends who are skeptical about St. Peter's faith make no question at all upon St. Patrick's. Yes, a Catholic missionary, who had acquired the language of that country while he was a slave upon its coast, to which he had been carried in his youth by a band of pirates from his native Brittany.

And again, as if miraculously, those bloody savages and pirates all but simultaneously kneel before the cross of Jesus, and accept the faith which He established upon earth. And a hallowing grace descends from Heaven upon that land, to expel forever from it every poisonous influence, and to inspire those virtues which have made its manhood the synonym of valor, generosity and genius, as its womanhood of truth, tenderness and purity. That martyr people whom suffering for their faith has consecrated! In their native emerald isle of the sea, despoiled by confiscations, enthralled by injustice and tormented by temptation, they have, nevertheless, in cheerful poverty, "showed the world how to live with honor, and to die with faith." And, when driven by oppression from the green fields of their fathers, they have also taught the pricelessness of their fidelity to the land of their adoption. For who does not know that wherever the fate of the exile may have cast them, there, in peace, civilization's grandest monuments bear witness to their mighty toils, and in war, freedom's holiest battle grounds are watered with their blood? My friends, I need not name that hallowed country. In the glowing words of Lacordaire—these lips are not pure and ardent enough to pronounce that name. But Heaven sees it, and the earth knows it, and every generous country opens its heart to bid its children welcome. O Heaven! that sees each of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, while she shall exist in all the undiminished splendor of her youth and vigor.

Al! my friends, it is no human power that can do all this. It is that Power alone on High which planted the rock of her eternal foundation and promised the guidance of its eternal truth. God long preserve the Head of that Holy Church of Christ, delivered from evil and sanctified in truth, to bless and purify the world! Holy Father, we, your loving children in this day, the humble tribute of our fidelity and affection. We share in all the griefs and humiliations which our holy Church is suffering in the persecutions inflicted upon you. Remember, Holy Father, your faithful, loving children here. "May your prayers obtain for our beloved country the Divine protection, and the union of all our people of whatever sect or section in the bonds of love. May the hand which you stretch forth to-day over the city of the world extend over us, and may your benediction hasten the hour in which, according to the promise of our Saviour, there shall be but one fold and one Shepherd."

DO NOT WORRY.

Resignation and Peace are the Sacri- fices that God asks of us. Let your soul never be disturbed; ignore what worry is. If an affair does not succeed as well as you expected, you must rejoice before God at everything that He is pleased to do. The things that appear most important to nature are only trifles in the estimation of a Christian, because nothing has any importance for him except what God wishes. Trouble and worry are for hell; the children of God ought not to know them. Work in all peace and tranquility; do your utmost according to the nature of the things by which you are surrounded, and to the circumstances in which you find yourselves; leave the rest to the care of God's Providence. If He is pleased to crown your labors with success, rejoice before Him and give Him most humble thanks; if, on the other hand, everything goes wrong, bless Him still with your whole soul. A Christian who acts thus always passes his life in peace, joy and happiness. At the end of this miserable life, which is of little account, there will come a happiness of which I shall not undertake to speak to you for fear of not doing so worthily.—Ven. Fr. Libermann.

The salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire.—Samuel De Champlain.

PRIESTS HIDING-PLACES.

Remarkable Work by a Protestant Writer.

In these days of peace and tolerance none but he who has committed a crime against life or the pocket need hide himself from justice. But there was a time when the Englishman's house was a veritable castle, in which he might defend himself against his enemies, or in case of need find a secure concealment. So it came about that the old houses of England were furnished with secret chambers and furtive hiding places, in which the supporters of the weaker side in politics or religion must take refuge. The novelist long since discovered the romantic value of hiding places and undiscoverable pits. Everybody remembers the cunning "properties" employed by Sir Walter Scott, and no reader of "Esmond" can forget the retreat of Father Holt. But secret chambers are no invention of the novelist, as is shown by Mr. Fea's interesting book, wherein the general use and purpose of hiding-holes are incidentally and historically explained.

When creeds and dynasties changed as a battle or at the death of a King, secret lurking places were a general necessity, and probably no great house was planned without them. It was to Elizabeth's punishment of the Catholics, and the ingenuity of the Jesuits, to which we owe the most cunning devices of concealment. For a "priests' hole" was then contrived in every Catholic mansion, a hole big enough to contain a Jesuit, if need be, but always large enough to hide vestments, books, and sacred vessels. The refuges which already existed were made perfect by modern skill, and if no refuge were there Nicholas Owen, the famous Jesuit and the friend of Garnet, was ready to invent such a lurking place as would elude the vigilance of the cleverest spy. The history of the Catholic plots shows us no more interesting figure than Nicholas Owen. He devoted his life to the task of constructing places of concealment, and he brought to the work an apt talent, which might have been useless in any other career. As there was no building which Jack Sheppard could not easily pierce, so there was no house into which Nicholas Owen could not bring an unobtrusive secret. Though he was but a small man—"Little John" they called him—he could move the heaviest blocks of masonry, and his own hands carried out the curious plans evolved by his active brain.

"With incomparable skill," we are told, "he knew how to conduct priests to a place of safety along subterranean passages, to hide them between walls and bury them in impenetrable recesses, and to entangle them in labyrinths and a thousand windings. But what was much more difficult of accomplishment, he so disguised the entrances to these as to make them most unlike what they really were. Moreover, he kept these places so close a secret with himself that he would never disclose to another the place of concealment of any Catholic. He alone was both their architect and their builder, working at them with inexhaustible industry and labor, for generally the thickest walls had to be broken into and large stones excavated, requiring stronger arms than were attached to a body so diminutive."

However he easily triumphed over such small obstacles as lack of strength. Whatever there was of force or intelligence in him, he turned to the one object of his life. In other words, he was an artist perfect in the command of his materials; an artist, moreover, who loved his art for its own sake. To sink a hole beneath the fireplace, to make a huge stone turn on an unseen pivot at the mere touch of a spring, to cover a door so naturally with plaster that the keenest eye could not tell the difference between the solid wall and Owen's opening—these were his triumphs, and few architects have ever enjoyed his unbroken success. However, his hour came when Gunpowder Plot. He was found as Handlip Hall in a hole of his own contriving. Cecil was jubilant at his capture; he was resolved that Owen should yield up all the secrets of his art, and that there would result "great booty to priests." But no secret was wrung from him. "The man is dead—he died in our hands," thus runs the record, and it is far more eloquent than the common details of torture and suffering.

The method of discovering the famous hiding-places was systematic, if not always successful. The attacking party would measure every wall and note every chimney. If the measurements did not tally, then, of course, there was a priests' hole; or if a chimney sent forth no smoke, then it was evident that the chimney was no chimney at all, but a shaft of light and air. Nor were the secret chambers pleasant to inhabit. The unhappy priests were often condemned to live upon marmalade and a few cakes, unless, indeed, a hidden pipper-down into a well stocked kitchen. Such are the receptacles with which the mansions of England, were, and are still, provided. Harrington, Upton, Ingstone, have all in their day hidden the law-breaking priest from a rough and ready justice. The dismantled Harrington, for instance, despite neglect and decay, still shows beneath the stairs a secure retreat. "One particular step of a short flight running from the landing into a garret is, upon close inspection, a bridge of hope,"—so says Mr. Fea—"and beneath gaps dark cavity about five feet square, on the floor of which still remains the piece of sedge matter whereon a certain Father Wall rested his aching limbs a few days before his capture and execution in 1679."

To the cleverness and resource of those who contrived these hospitable pits there seem to have been no limits. Here, for instance, is the description of a hiding-place to be seen at Oxburgh Hall near Stokes Ferry. "Up in one of the turret of the entrance gateway"—again we quote Mr. Fea—"is a tiny closet, the floor of which is composed of brickwork fixed into a wooden frame. Upon pressure being applied to one side of this floor the opposite side heaves up with a creak at its own weight. Beneath lies a hollow, seven feet square, where a priest might lie concealed, with the gratifying knowledge that however the ponderous trap door be hammered from above there would be no tell-tale hollow as a response." That, indeed was the supreme test of good artistry; that when the enemy rapped the trap should not sound as hollow as it was. And many an ancient mansion had not only this priests' hole, but its chapel. At Wellas Hall, for instance, near Pershore, it was the custom to spread linen upon the hedges as a sign to the village that Mass was to be celebrated; then if the Mass was disturbed, the secret chamber was near, by the chapel; nor need the priest shiver in the cold, since his hiding place was curious in being fitted with a fireplace. But by degrees the religious persecution declined, and the hiding places remained ready for the reception of fugitive kings or pursued cavaliers. The story which Mr. Fea tells of Charles II.'s flight is intensely interesting. Bascomb and Moseley Hall, Trent and Heal House, all hid him for a while, and there is no doubt that he did not bear his imprisonment with one-half the patience which sustained the priests. James II.'s escapes were less ingenious, and as we come down to modern times the ancient hiding places lose their significance. Here and there, to be sure, there is a mansion the secret of whose closed room has never been penetrated. Mr. Fea makes no attempt to fathom the mystery of Glamis Castle. The closed room in Forfarshire is no more intelligible to-day than it was when Sir Walter Scott stayed at the Castle. But the head of the family of Senhouse has at least acknowledged to Mr. Fea that in his house a mystery exists. "It may be romantic," he writes to Mr. Fea, "but still it is true that the secret has survived frequent searches of visitors. There is no one alive who has been in the secret chamber that I am aware of, except myself." But the Lord of Senhouse is almost as reticent as the Lord of Glamis, and if a mystery does exist in either case, the probability is that it will never be fathomed.—London Spectator.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THE HOPE OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

"Dum spiro spero" would seem to be the motto suitable to the movement for Christian Unity. While there's life there's hope, let the pulse of that life beat ever so faintly. Untoward as the auspices presently seem, hope of an ultimate coalescence of the scattered members of the Church is by no means abandoned. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in the course of an impressive treatise in the North American Review for this month, sets forth the grounds why lovers of Christianity should never give way to despair of such a reunion. It speaks well for the spirit in which the Review is now conducted that it should invite men of such standing as this great representative Catholic to express their views on the higher concerns of life in its pages amidst matters of secular import. We may discern in such an attitude the germ of a future condition when the present unnatural order of mundane thought shall be reversed, and we shall ask for our daily bread and give thanks for what has been already vouchsafed us before proceeding to eat it. To devour it, like the savage, and then rush out to hunt for more is practically what we do now; we have no time for prayer or petition. The new god, Commerce, is a most exacting deity; he allows no time for any other devotion than his own. It is in prayer that the Cardinal sees the faint streak of morning gray which he hopes in as the precursor of a brighter day. And truly no surer base could be sought for the beginning of a bridge of hope. Prayer, as the Scripture tells us, may move mountains—may move the will of God Himself, as we know from many marvelous proofs. Why did our Divine Lord say "Ask, and you shall receive" if there was no efficacy in the prayer of the creature? When a gloomy Calvinism pervades the minds of men—when they say to themselves, "It matters not what I do, pray or say nought, my fate is settled beforehand," then grace dies out and worldly things are sought for as the outlet for the activities of the human mind and soul. When men believe not in any future state, when there is no higher incentive to good than the human need of orderly living for the preservation of modern arrangements, the revolt against heaven is complete. What can avert the Divine displeasure against insurgent man but the piteous, persistent, heartfelt petitions of those who cling to His law despite all inducements to join the crowd of devotees of the strange deity, or the other crowd who laugh at the idea of any deity whatsoever? It is the spirit of earnestness which seems to the Cardinal's mind to be wanted on the part of those who ad- vanced to God in order to attain the great purpose of uniting all men once again in one fold, under the one good Shepherd. Here we are confronted with some phenomena in the moral order which seem to baffle human specula-

tion. Our most illustrious teacher, Leo XIII., in his beautiful Encyclical recalling the world to the claims of our Divine Redeemer on the love of mankind, pointed out in solemn words of warning the dangers which menace all human society because of the rejection of the spirit of Christ by States and peoples. This rejection gives rise to wars between States and to wars between the classes and the masses. These two things are the main obstacles to the unity of Christendom, in the belief of Cardinal Gibbons. By reason of Christ's Vicegerent being deposed from his old rightful place as arbiter between nations and as the Supreme Moral Judge, all human passions are let loose and questions are now decided by force and the power of corrupting gold that erstwhile were decided solely by the weight of equity. Militarism, together with a godless money-getting industrialism, as Cardinal Gibbons points out, menace the peace of Europe. He might have added the peace of Cardinal Gibbons. By reason of Christ's Vicegerent being deposed from his old rightful place as arbiter between nations and as the Supreme Moral Judge, all human passions are let loose and questions are now decided by force and the power of corrupting gold that erstwhile were decided solely by the weight of equity. Militarism, together with a godless money-getting industrialism, as Cardinal Gibbons points out, menace the peace of Europe. He might have added the peace of Cardinal Gibbons. By reason of Christ's Vicegerent being deposed from his old rightful place as arbiter between nations and as the Supreme Moral Judge, all human passions are let loose and questions are now decided by force and the power of corrupting gold that erstwhile were decided solely by the weight of equity. Militarism, together with a godless money-getting industrialism, as Cardinal Gibbons points out, menace the peace of Europe. He might have added the peace of Cardinal Gibbons.

Now, nothing is clearer than that the conditions here described exist in full vigor on our own continent just now. If the only hope for the regeneration of mankind lie in prayer, as surely seems to be the case, we may well begin a process of heart-searching. If men whose chief spiritual teachers hesitate not to glorify in the gods of Militarism and Commerce, under the veil of progress and liberty-extension, where are we to look for that regeneration which our great Pontiff, Leo, touchingly pleads for before heaven and man? If the blessings of God are asked for wars of sordid conquest and aggression by great priests of the Catholic Church, in order that the State may be placated, wherein lies the hope of any favorable response to the petitions of the humbler millions?

Such questions as these are naturally suggested by the course of the distinguished Cardinal's plea for Christian Unity. They raise the high question of the ultimate morality of war when waged under conditions that were not compulsory. As long as the world rejects the principle of the Supreme Moral Judge, as international arbiter, one may quietly his conscience with the just reflection that in the absence of any such decisive tribunal men are free to act on their own interpretation of the moral law as applied to particular nations and circumstances, and are free from the responsibility that would be theirs were the mundane arrangement on the ideal plan that it ought rightly to occupy.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

HUMBUGGING THAT PAYS.

There is a man out in Chicago by the name of John Alexander Dowie. Last Sunday, addressing a vast assemblage in the Auditorium, he said: "I am the messenger of the covenant. I am the forerunner of Christ. I am he who will smite the enemies of the Lord of Hosts. I am he who will subjugate all government. I am Elijah." There is no significance in the fact that there is a lunatic in Chicago. There are many of them roaming about the country, harmless and otherwise. There is, then, no significance in this Dowie's being abroad. The significant fact is that he had a large and applauding audience, and has thousands of followers, and that their contributions for the last few years have made him a millionaire. Bar-num was an adept in the follies of mankind, and he meant more than a joke when he said, "The people like dearly to be humbugged."

There is an old woman up in New Hampshire who announces to the world that there is no such thing as sickness or disease. She is the inventor of the Christian Church Scientist, and has, it is claimed, over a million followers, and the adepts among them undertake, for a consideration, to cure diseases whose very existence they deny. This inventor like Dowie, has accumulated a fortune. The age of incredulity is the most credulous age. This may look like a contradiction, but it is an idea of Pascal.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

MEANING OF I. H. S.

The question is frequently asked by Catholics, what is the meaning of the monogrammatic sign, "I. H. S." Many persons believe that the letters I. H. S. mean "I have suffered." Such is not the case. The letters represent the three ancient languages, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Therefore, as the letters I. H. S. make up, as it were, and essentially so, the monograms of Jesus, it follows that in them we find the origin of all monograms.

In Latin the first letter in the monogram, "I," stands for the Holy Name Jesus, the second person of the Blessed Trinity "Jesus Hominum Salvador." It will be remembered that in the liturgy of the church in ancient times there were no J's; in its stead the letter I was used. The little bar which crosses at the center the up-stroke and gives the letter H its character and value as the eighth letter in our alphabet, was evidently placed there to signify the sign of the cross and to remind us of the death of Jesus upon that instrument of suffering; hence the significance of the little cross bar.

The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellect but religion in character.

men, even those who race and creed. It desired that friendly views, like Mr. Bro- fore a Toronto audi- frequent between the ec and Ontario, and the distrust which has relations of the two each other would dis-

CH CANADIANS.

correspondent calls our following extract from er's dedication of his Lane that has no Sir Wilfred Laurier. wa in these words a on of the noble quali- in the people of the uebec. Mr. Parker

on know, traveled far- ing the past seven- ight have seen peo- as from the French have never seen fr- stry associated with a virtue, so much edu- ous life; nor have I uesthood at once so de- m-linded in all that me life of their peo- ple. A land without igh without riches, French alone, too well educa- entry, too poor to have as though in her the has been answered: poverty nor riches, but e convenient for me. e habitant of Quebec, else, I should say: golden spout in his

I come with this book, the first things I ever the life of the Province, and the last things, I'll ever write about it. e it as the loving re- who sympathizes with whom y come, and true, and who has no- ity, and not doing as to bleivements of the a- rance is got of the two races of Europe."

ndent comments on the

uring of such a noble heart is very consoling more than compensates for the pain and abuse that has been poured upon the head of the spec, and their beloved, incidentally, upon other Provinces, while of Quebec, form a nt, of the people of the n."

OF PLACE.

rom Montreal states that es there are much ex- als made in England to through the English Rev. Canon Dixon. Jude's Church. These ship are based (accord- ing papers) upon the took so willingly as African war, from as expected that great- would be gained church schools, and to cancel the debt upon e pleased to note that rochmen disapprove of otting sympathy, which the patriotism of Cana- would not have taken collecting funds if he upon its incongruity and

v. H. A. Constantineau, University of Ottawa, has t to Regina, N. W. T. ll return to Ottawa with to carry on success- term the great work ible institution of which gushed head.

BITIVE DUTY.

illos are no better than — more truthful, more charitable, more mer- ent, more submissive to more pious, more holy- our judgment will be as are lost through our or lack of good ex-

HAS OBTAINED.

my life as I find it, as a ad advantages that are ibly to my noblest hap- everlasting safety. I infinite Love ordained it bow willingly, tractably to discipline, my Father of it.—J. G. Holland.

contributes to try you. oves you will not permit tempted beyond your will make use of the your advancement—