

Sacred Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY. BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LXXXV.

I have already cited the great Protestant Guizot, who, in his History of France, written for his grand children declares emphatically that in the sixteenth century the French Protestants and the French Catholics were about equally disposed to assassination and massacre, the one side very little more or less than the other.

How slowly history unveils itself to us as it was! How slowly Luther was opened their eyes to the real character of Alexander VI! It was not until Leo XIII. disclosed to the world the secret Borgia records that the eminent Catholic professor Doctor Pastor could finally say, "All attempts to re-establish this reputation are henceforth futile."

Mr. Joseph Cook also (I believe he objects, being unordained, to being called Reverend) has declared that the right of parochial schools to exist rests on bare toleration, is essentially precarious. He seems to think of them as Lewis XIV. thought of the Edict of Nantes, something to be in force as long as it pleased him and no longer, subject, moreover, to continually advancing encroachments, until at last it could be set aside as no longer meaning anything.

Dickinson and Cook, therefore, and their friends, seem to agree very well in principle with the French atheists and Deistic Protestants in maintaining the right of the state to persecute the family into a mere passive vehicle of its own prevailing policy, whether it chooses to be atheist, Protestant, or Mohammedan, or for that matter, Mormon.

However, the French are so logical and so intense in their feelings, that when they have set their hearts on a particular scheme of persecution, they are inclined to carry it through with a fierceness which we could hardly expect to find in Brother Dickinson or Brother Cook, or indeed in Saxons, Germans or Irish. The Irish, to be sure, are sufficiently intense, but somehow or other, as a German writer has remarked, their intensity has seldom led them in the direct line of persecution. Their occasional outbreaks have not been against heretics but against oppressors. Two heretics, Lambert, and no witches, very nearly fills up the list of Irish persecutions.

The legendary accounts of the disputes between Saint Patrick and the Druids witness to Irish zeal, but seem to show that it had not extinguished good temper, and a sense of the rights of the other side.

In the sixteenth century, therefore, we see the French Protestants, then nearly a fourth of the nation, resolute in the design to suppress Catholicism throughout the kingdom. They were powerful in a great part of the Provincial cities, and in the mountain fortress of the Cevennes; in the valley of every grade of the nobility, to the very highest; they were organized thoroughly as a state within the state, having armies, great captains, fortresses and taxes; they were led by a branch of the royal house, which, as death followed death in the elder line, was fast approaching the throne, and soon reached it in fact. The peasantry was overwhelmingly Catholic, it is true, but they made little more account of the peasants than of so many cattle. Besides, they were encouraged by the example of England. At Elizabeth's accession it is computed by Protestant authority that nearly three fourths of the English were Catholic; yet the French Calvinists saw the great Queen, by her skillful policy, gradually cajoling and compelling her subjects away from the old religion, until at her death she had so far succeeded that even the powerful Catholic reaction under James did not maintain itself, and that England became, if not so solidly Protestant as North Germany and Scandinavia, yet more actively Protestant than either.

These hopes of the French Protestants were by no means regarded as chimerical by the French Catholics. We can see now that the attachment of the French nation to Catholicism and to Rome was deeper than that of the English, and that even a persecuting

Calvinist on the throne would probably have failed. Henry the Fourth saw it, and to be sure of the crown conformed to the ancient Church. Yet so uncertain had matters seemed for a long time before, that when at first reports ran that the battle of Montcontour had turned out a Protestant victory, Catherine de Medici, who at heart cared for neither religion, nonchalantly remarked, "Ah well! all is that we shall now say our prayers in France."

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IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of the Royal Road of the Holy Cross.

To many this seemeth a hard saying: "Follow Jesus." But it will be much harder to hear at last the words: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," for they who now love to hear and follow the word of the cross shall not then fear the sentence of eternal condemnation.

This sign of the cross shall be in the heaven when the Lord shall come to judge.

Then all the servants of the cross, who in their lifetime have conformed themselves to Him that was crucified shall come to Christ, their Judge, with great confidence.

Why, then, art thou afraid to take up thy cross which leadeth to the kingdom? In the cross is salvation; in the cross is life; in the cross is protection from enemies. In the cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness; in the cross is strength of mind; in the cross is joy of spirit. In the cross is height of virtue; in the cross is perfection of sanctity. There is no health of soul, nor hope of eternal life but in the cross.

Take up, therefore, thy cross and follow Jesus, and thou shalt go into life, everlasting. He is gone before thee, carrying His cross, and He died for thee upon the cross, that thou mayest also bear thy cross and love to die on the cross. Because if thou die with Him, thou shalt also live with Him; and if thou art His companion in suffering, thou shalt also be His companion in glory.

Behold in the cross all doth consist, and all sleth in our dying; and there is no other way to life and to true interior peace but the way of the only cross, and of daily mortification. Go where thou wilt, seek what thou wilt, and thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the holy cross. Dispose and order all things according as thou wilt, and as seems best to thee, and thou wilt still find something to suffer, either willingly or unwillingly, and so thou shalt always find the cross.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON. Fifth Sunday After Easter. PRAYER IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

"Amen, amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you." (John 16, 23)

There are many prayers and petitions which daily ascend to Heaven, but all are not heard. What is the reason? Has prayer lost its power and efficacy in our days? By no means. God's promises are unchangeable, but very often we do not pray in the name of Jesus, and only prayers in His name are heard.

Faith, and every reason teaches us, that in order for our prayer to be heard, it must be said in the proper manner, and it must be offered for proper purposes. We must pray in the proper manner, that is, our prayer must proceed from a pure heart, or at least, from a penitential heart that asks for God's grace to be freed from sin. If you pray with the lips only, pronouncing words to which you attach no meaning, how can you expect that the Lord of Heaven and earth will hear them? Is it not rather an insult to God to address Him and not even to observe with much respect as you would when speaking to men. Listen to the admonition given by our Lord in the Old Testament: "Before prayer, prepare thy soul, and be not as a man that tempteth God." (Eccl. 18, 23)

Do not imitate the ungrateful Jews, of whom the Holy Ghost says "This people honoreth Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me." (Matt. 15, 8.) St. Bernard says that God derives as little pleasure from mere lip-prayer as He does from the humming of the bees or the twittering of the birds.

There are many whose prayers are not only deficient in attention and devotion, but also in the proper disposition of the heart. That our prayers should be heard, they must proceed either from a pure heart, that is, one free from sin, or from a penitential heart, that is, from a heart, willing to give up all enmity with God. Such persons would not dare to ask a favor from those whom they had grievously injured, without having previously shown some signs of repentance, for well they know, that they would only add insult to injury, and hence would not, to approach Almighty God, without any sorrow of amendment. They are fully aware that they are enemies of God and are an abomination in His sight, and, yet, they expect to be heard and their petitions granted. Vain attempt! God will not be mocked. Whoever does not approach Him either as a good child or a penitent one, cannot expect to find favor in His sight. We read in the gospel that the man born blind and to whom Jesus restored sight, exclaimed: "Now we know that God does not hear sinners." (John 9, 31)

The Lord answers the sinner through thy four hands, "When you stretch forth your hands, I will turn away My eyes from you, and when you multiply prayer I will not hear." (Isaiah 1, 15) and in the book of Proverbs, we read "He that turneth away his ears from hearing the law, his prayer shall be an abomination." (Prov. 28, 9) Hence, my dear brethren, I repeat, if we do not wish to pray in vain, let our petitions proceed from a pure, or, at least, from a penitential heart, for God will not hearken to the prayers of those who hate and despise Him.

In order that our prayers be efficacious, we must, in the first place, pray for those things which are beneficial and necessary for the salvation of our souls, and only then for the necessities of life. This is the natural order of things; for the most precious, the eternal, must be preferred and must outrank the perishable and temporal. Thus our Lord teaches us in the Gospel: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things will be added unto you." (Matt. 6, 33) Alas! however, the majority do not subordinate the temporal goods to the eternal. Their first petitions are for the daily bread, not for the spiritual bread of life, but for the temporal, for health, for comfort, for other corporal benefits, and last of all, come the supplications for the necessities of the soul, for heaven, for eternal life. They follow the example of the mother of the sons of Zebedee, who came to the Jesus and said: "Say that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, the other on Thy left in Thy kingdom," and Jesus answering said: "You know not what you ask." (Matt. 20, 21) Almighty God is often obliged to answer us in the same manner. Many Christians ask for things that would be prejudicial to their salvation. They ask for bread and know not that it would be for them a stone. They ask for a fish, not knowing that in their hands it would change into a serpent. They implore God for riches, health and other temporal goods. What, in their estimation would be so beneficial, would, in reality, be most detrimental and perhaps the cause of their eternal damnation. Our Heavenly Father, however, knows and sees all things. Could He, as a beneficent Father, grant such petitions? Certainly not! Hence, in all our petitions for temporal advantages, which would be prejudicial to our peace with God with the greatest confidence, we should always add: Lord grant it, if not prejudicial to my soul. On the other hand, when supplicating for those things which appertain to the

welfare of our souls, namely to become better, never to yield to temptation, to correct our faults, to overcome our evil habits and inclinations, to acquire virtue and to advance in Christian perfection, for all these things we can pray, not only with child-like confidence, but with the assurance of being heard. Above all, we should frequently ask, with all earnestness and fervor, for Divine assistance in the last hour, and for a happy death. To pray for such things and with proper dispositions, St. Drane, once asked: "Do you believe, if one could get at the real history of any life and the real unveiling of any soul, it would have a charm no other sort of book ever has? Not that every soul is a St. Augustine or a St. Teresa; but I believe that if we could get at the real history of any of the Toms and Harrys, the Marys and Janes, of ordinary life—the inside history, I mean—it would be much the same; because, whenever you get the real history of a soul, you come in contact with God and His dealings with it, so that, however ordinary the soul, you always meet with the Divine."

THE UNVEILING OF A SOUL.

The gifted writer, Mother Francis Raphael, of the Dominican order, known to the world as Augusta Theodora Drane, once asked: "Do you believe, if one could get at the real history of any life and the real unveiling of any soul, it would have a charm no other sort of book ever has? Not that every soul is a St. Augustine or a St. Teresa; but I believe that if we could get at the real history of any of the Toms and Harrys, the Marys and Janes, of ordinary life—the inside history, I mean—it would be much the same; because, whenever you get the real history of a soul, you come in contact with God and His dealings with it, so that, however ordinary the soul, you always meet with the Divine."

Such words give even to us some insight into the intense interest that centres in the unveiling of a soul.

MICHAEL MUNKACSY DIED IN AN ASYLUM.

The Celebrated Painter, Passed Away at Bonn.

Munkacsy, the celebrated painter, died in an asylum at Bonn, Germany, Tuesday. He was buried at Budapest. Michael Munkacsy was stricken with paralysis of the spine some years ago, since which time his life has been despaired of. His greatest work was "Christ Before Pilate," which made a sensation in Europe before it was exhibited in America. It is considered by some who are great critics the most masterly interpretation of a theme that has been essayed by many of the world's great painters. Munkacsy sprang from the humblest rank of life. His parents were poor and lowly. Drifting to Paris, he found a protector and a patron in a banker named Sedemayer, who was something of a Midas. The Hungarian's genius expanded under the influence of gold, and in 1870, when he exhibited in the Salon "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner," people knew that a new painter had arisen. Next came his "Night Prowlers," "The Studio," "The Two Families," and "Milton Dictating Paradise Lost to His Daughters." In 1882, "Christ Before Pilate" was shown, and the Hungarian was fairly seated in his fame. The latter picture was purchased by John Wanamaker of Philadelphia. In 1884 he painted "Christ on Calvary," and two years later "The Last Moments of Mozart."

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tranquil, almost angelic peace," which may be tasted, St. Phillip says, even in this life. It is no wonder that she was able to guide and comfort other souls that lay unveiled before her clear spiritual sight. "I must love souls," she exclaimed. "I can not help it" or, "I would die to help that soul!" As if filled with Ascension Day thoughts, she wrote that when we get to heaven we shall find that no two of the blessed saints there will seem to us alike, though all will bear a likeness to the Lord. "There will be great souls like St. Catherine, and hidden souls of whose beauty the world has never talked—but one and all will catch their own ray from the brightness of His presence, and will reflect it in their own way."

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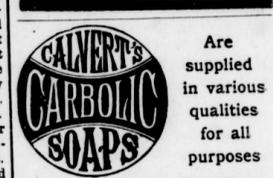


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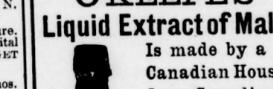
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

The scene of our story was in Prussia, in the month of February, 1800. The weather was very severe. Napoleon was expecting the attack which took place on the 8th of the month, on the part of the Russian army. The night before, the emperor himself, after drawing his plaid about him, awoke the alarm, and shaking his arm, said: "Come, Savary, every one is to let us go to the rounds."

And whilst Savary went to summon the officer, whose duty it was to accompany Napoleon, the latter looked around to inspect the weather. It was colder than the previous day had been, but the moon shone with magnificence. At a short distance stood an old soldier, lazily smoking his pipe. "It is a cold morning!" cried Napoleon.

"Yes, sire; it was certainly warmer yesterday," replied the grenadier, alluding to an engagement which had taken place between the troops of Marshal Davoust and a Russian division.

"Bah! bah!" cried Napoleon, "that is an idea of your own. And what a famous idea of your own was that, sire, to bring the Russians into the icy hole, and then to smother them with a discharge of artillery!"

"You think I gave them a lesson in French politeness, which they will soon forget."

"Sire," observed Savary who just appeared, "this soldier speaks truth. Never did your Majesty appear so much inspired. Never did I brave army exhibit more ardent confidence of success."

"They wished for war," replied the emperor, "and I have given them a large dose of it, but we must be bold, and try to save our soldiers' blood. Do you not think so?"

"Undoubtedly, sire. But then saying that one cannot make an egg without breaking the egg."

At these words Napoleon, who was standing with one foot on a strap, leaped upon his horse, making a little sign with his hand, the grenadier, galloped away, followed by several officers.

Arrived at the head of the regiment of infantry, in which he had been captain fifteen years before, the emperor observed a little drummer, about twelve years old. He alighted and putting his hand kindly on the little fellow's chin, he asked: "How old are you, my boy?"

"Nearly twelve, sire," and his heart beat violently.

"They have done wrong to you here. They should have you three or four years."

"It was my mother's wish."

"Well, then, tell your mother that she has not common sense. What is her name?"

"Marie Françoise Siebert, seamstress in the Twentieth regiment, sire, and so does her Francis, too."

"Siebert," said the emperor, "have heard that name somewhere. What does your father do?"

"Nothing, sire, for he was a Marengo."

"Ah! that was glorious for him, melancholy for you. But you are the brother. Is he with you?"

"Yes, sire. He is a fifer, an older than I."

"Well, tell your mother that a great deal too young to go campaigning, and that I say she has common sense."

"I could not say that to my mother, and why not?"

"I love her, sire."

"The child is right," said the emperor, "and I should not disrespect his parents. Let me continue he, turning to his father, "is this no a good sized fellow, send against the Russians?"

"Bat," answered Siebert, "on top, I am not at all afraid, then our drum major gives me instructions whenever he is engaged."

"I am very glad to hear that, Napoleon, and giving the boy a pull he rode off, saying to the drummer: "That is a fine little fellow, but happens to him I shall forgive his mother."

The battle of Austerlitz was won by Napoleon, a thunderbolt that of Eylau, where the victor claimed on both sides; for of the most terrific in which army was ever engaged. At 6 o'clock a. m. the engagement very bloody. Darkness put the carnage, and the French that night on the battlefield fought all day.

The next morning, February 9th, Napoleon, according to custom, was on horseback at the battle. The ground was covered with blood, and the numbers of the slain were lying about in all directions. The wounded were carried off. On one spot French generals had fallen, whom were d'Hautpoul, and Corbineau, who commanded divisions of the Imperial Guard. As Napoleon contemplated a long file of cars and little bearing the dead bodies of the emperor stopped, and his hat, exclaimed, "Honour to the brave, and the spurs to his horse, rode on, not gone two hundred paces."