



MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

By a Protestant Theologian in The Sacred Heart Review.

III.

I have already cited the great Protestant Guizot, who, in his History of France, written for his grandchildren, declares emphatically that in the sixteenth century the French Protestants and the French Catholics were about equally disposed to assassination and to massacre, the one side very little more or less than the other. To this very day, as we know, the French are perhaps, of all nations in the world, at least in Christendom, the most intolerant. Perhaps we should except the Russians, although I doubt it, for in Russia, intolerance appears to be more a matter of calculation and state policy than of national temper. In France, it is not so much the government that pushes the nation into intolerance as the nation the government. By the nation again we mean not so much the peasantry, comparatively inert, as the population of the towns. Let any party get control of the government, and in its eyes all the rest of France is non-existent, or exists only to be persecuted.

In modern France the Protestants are too few to persecute the Catholics directly. Since the loss of Alsace-Lorraine they number only some 600,000 out of 40,000,000, although their high character and care for education give them proportionally a much greater influence. Yet the correspondent of The Nation, already quoted in The Review, calls attention to the fact that a large party of the Protestants (I suppose the side inclining to Deism) has shown itself very well disposed to side with the Atheists, or the Freemasons (in France the two terms are very nearly synonymous) in violating the unity of the family and the moral connection of parents and children by forcing Catholic children into the atheistic government schools, under heavy penalties of disfranchisement from public trusts if they have not spent at least the later years of their school-time in these. The aim, doubtless, is to trench more and more on family rights, until private schools are altogether extinct.

It is true, this scheme is nothing very different from that propounded by the Rev. Mr. Dickinson in Massachusetts, while Superintendent of schools. 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 tolerance, 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 Moham-

medam, or for that matter, Mormon. However, the French are so logical, (see Calvinism, which is French), 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 direction of persecution. Their occasional fierce outbreaks have not been against heretics but against oppressors. Two heretics burnt, 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; they swarmed in 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 she 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 Moncontour 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 French."

How slowly history unveils itself to us as it was! How slowly Catholics have 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 Doc-

tor Pastor could finally say, "All attempts to re-establish this reputation are henceforth futile." Sir William Hamilton's disclosures concerning Luther were neglected, and when subsequently Janssen renewed and extended them such a howl went up from Protestant Germany as went up from Calvinistic France when the great Protestant controversialist David Blondel first discovered that there had never been any such person as Pope Joan. The traitor, to take away from his brethren such an effective weapon! At first the cry was that Janssen was a fool and a forger, and there was even a pleasant talk of cutting off his ears, after the pious example, as was explained, of Ulrich von Hutten, that hero of the Reformation, who marked his zeal for the pure gospel by cutting off the ears of two Dominicans. This devout counsel was not followed, however, from a wholesome dread of the Hohenzollerns, who are sound Protestants; indeed, but who are emperors and kings.

In like manner it is next to impossible for us to get out of our heads the notion that the Catholic Church of France, at this time, was a great overbearing power bent on crushing, by fair means or foul, the little innocent flock of quiet Christians who pleaded only for the right to follow their own conscience in peace! In reality we see here two rival powers, unequal in the number of adherents, it is true, but so nearly equal in resources and energy that for a long time it seemed by no means certain which would carry the day. In the years of this struggle Guizot says, that there were from eighteen to twenty massacres of Protestants by Catholics (including St. Bartholomew's) and four or five massacres of Catholics by Protestants. The number of massacres, we see therefore, answered on both sides to the relative numbers of the two parties. The number of victims, taking Dr. Fisher's estimate of St. Bartholomew's, seems to have been, by Guizot's statistics, supplemented by Cardinal Guise at the Council of Trent, something like this: Protestants massacred by Catholics, 35,000; Catholics massacred by Protestants, 8,000.

Further details will be interesting and instructive.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

12 Meacham street, North Cambridge, Mass.

A short time ago the youngest maid of honor to the Queen was received into the Church. She was the daughter of Lord Alington, and her husband was attached to the court of Greece. There were many circumstances about her conversion that went to show that the finger of God led her in a most remarkable way into the Catholic Church. Not the least of these was her untimely demise. Her death was quite sudden. It occurred at the vice regal lodge, Dublin Castle, while on a visit to the lord lieutenant. Her reception into the Church was a beautiful preparation for her sudden, though not unprovided death.

A Great Builder.—The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

A FLAMING BUSH.

Written for THE REVIEW by an English Banker.

The variety and diversity of the secretions of members of the vegetable world are almost innumerable. As examples, in parts of South America the wonderful cow-tree abounds, which, if an incision be made in the trunk, exudes a quantity of good milk, the physical qualities of which are said to be exactly similar to those of ordinary cow's milk, which, it is stated, it entirely replaces in some districts of that country. In West Africa the butter-tree supplies the natives with a perfect substitute for the ordinary ingredient. Other trees produce soap, honey, wax, and many other vegetable imitations of animal products.

There is, however, one noteworthy tree which possesses similar properties to the noxious poison, prussic acid, and is equally deleterious and fatal. This deadly outlaw of the vegetable kingdom, the dreaded Upas tree, has a more evil reputation than any other product of the plant world, and at a more superstitious period no traveller would dare go beneath its shadow. The places where it grew were termed the "valley of death." Birds which approached too near were said to drop down as if struck by lightning, and no creature could live within a considerable distance of the fateful tree, the neighbourhood of each tree presenting the appearance of a revolting charnel house, strewn with the bones and decaying corpses of men and animals.

Of course, all this is absurd exaggeration and ignorant superstition. But there is no doubt that the juice exuding from the tree is virulently poisonous to that high degree that a few drops injected into the system of man or animal will destroy life in a very few minutes.

Another strange member of the vegetable world is the common garden Fraxinella, or Burning Bush (Dictamnus Fraxinella). This rather handsome herbaceous perennial, its pinnate leaves similar to those of the ash—hence its name—bears several spikes of hooded flowers, in appearance somewhat resembling those of the common monkshood or aconite, but of a rose-pink hue. Its chief peculiarity consists in its strange habit of distilling a gaseous vapour, which appears to collect round the flower spikes in somewhat considerable quantity. This exhalation, which in many respects resembles the vapour of heated benzoline, is highly inflammable, and if a lighted match be held near the flower, especially in the evening of a calm sunny day, an extraordinary flash of brightly-burning flame, of a hue not very dissimilar to that of the flower itself, shoots up into the air. If the plant be covered with a tall glass frame and placed in a sunny position, the accumulating gas will fill the frame, and quite an explosion will ensue when a light is applied. Strange to say, however, this brilliant conflagration does not appear to injure either the plant or its flower, which remains unharmed in the midst of the flashing flames.

And, about three thousand five hundred years ago, a similar sight, on a vastly grander

and more glorious scale, was witnessed. Moses, the great lawgiver, warrior and legislator of the Israelites, standing on a mountain, which ever afterwards is one of the most sacred spots upon the face of the earth, witnessed a bush which, though apparently burning, yet was not consumed. But the dazzling brilliancy of those coruscating rays of glory, effulgent in vivid splendour, and flashing with a terrible and appalling fiery lustre, was such as no terrestrial forces could produce. For in the midst of that intensely glorious radiance was the Eternal God, the Ruler and Creator of the universes, who had deigned to visit this insignificant earth for the sake of His people. And the time will come when every child of man will be a witness of that glory, for each one will be conducted before the throne of the Great Judge, there to receive their final and irrevocable sentence: "Come ye blessed, inherit the Kingdom"; or "Depart ye cursed, into outer Darkness!"

NOTES FROM STE ROSE.

Ste-Rose is rubbing her eyes and opening them seeing the bright sunshine. We shall be busy anon if we have been sleepy awhile. The rivers run free from ice, hurrah! for the fish rushing down. People some miles distant are making arrangements for coming in with their cows during the summer months when our cheese-factories will be again in full swing. We have begun seeding, but no doubt the crop will be grown by the time you receive this, so why mention it? It freezes "the genial current of the soul" to have a mail service so long on the road, even in fine weather.

Behold now a chance for all those young men who have been sufficiently industrious to gather up the stones on their land, these shall become, if rightly taken advantage of, the first foundations of the future learning of this place, being the very things required for our new convent which we expect to have ready for the Sisters, to begin teaching in September. There is talk of a municipality and other changes, new buildings and stores dotting the green—shall we say, though merely as a figure of speech, as yet. And now, we are getting too civilized for the poor, dear Indians, they are gone mostly, I fear, and have taken with them the poetry of the place; also, in some instances, a jug of comfort as well. I think it was the missionary's wife who said (how wives will boast!) she knew the Indians in her husband's care were all converted for they had renounced the errors of barbarism to adopt those of civilization. But some of them go without any comfort. One poor fellow we were acquainted with said he could not stay here, all his children died and he must go. This might be superstition in us, but these children of the forest live near to the Great Spirit who is a very intimate and personal friend of theirs, this is what the braves think, but the squaws are more lowly-minded and fancy God has not always time to look after the little wants of women and children. No time! poor souls! He has His Eternity to do things in.