

THE ATTACK UPON THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Inconsistency of Protestantism.

London Universe, June 13.

On Sunday at the High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, the Rev. W. R. Sullivan, D. D., dealt with the subject of a book written in opposition to the late Cardinal Newman. Before doing so, however, he pointed out in connection with the present conflict going on in the State that men saw one party in the State pledged to unite man to his wife, the other proposing to divorce man from his wife, while a third party desired to unite religion with education, and the Church with the State. Catholics were glad that if the proposed measure on education

must come, it should come from the party which pledged itself, as far as it could guarantee, to maintain the union between religion and education. The Catholic Church stood before the country as emphatically an institution pledged to maintain that union. Without boasting, Catholics could say that what they had done during the last hundred years was little short of miraculous. The Catholic Church had done for the education of the poor Catholics, as well as for those who were in a better state of life, more, perhaps, than the Church had previously accomplished in England during the same period of years, even at the most flourishing period of its history. It was for Catholics of the present day to continue the work so ably initiated by their fathers. Proceeding with the subject of the book, he said it was undoubtedly true that most of the objections which were levelled against Catholic doctrine arose from a misunderstanding of that doctrine. That was undoubtedly so in the case of the man who had penned that attack upon Cardinal Newman. He would put before them in a brief manner what a miracle essentially was. A miracle was defined by St. Thomas as an event wrought by Divine power suspending the ordinary course of nature. God could not, even of His own absolute power, commission even the highest creature to perform the creative act, for it was one invested in the Deity Himself, and therefore could not be shared by any creature. However, God could communicate His power and sovereignty over the world He had made and the creatures He had made. It was believed—and a beautiful theory it was, though the Church did not call upon men to accept it as a doctrine of faith—that the heavenly bodies and the world were moved in their courses by heavenly spirits; and that theory, no doubt, was the origin of the old belief in

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

as they were imagined to move through the heavens with the rustling of angels' wings, and the hymns of praise that these spirits chanted to God, thus uttering the sweetest music which had ever awakened the ears and intelligences of men; in other words, God made use of His creatures to effect His purposes either in the natural or supernatural orders. There could not be order in men's thoughts unless there was order in the world. Then that order must come from a designing intelligence. Evidence of design was stamped upon the face of creation in whichever way men looked at it. And so the pertinent question arose, Why should it be more difficult to Almighty God to cause a departure from the natural order? He had created than to create that order? It required no greater effort of the Omnipotent power to effect the extraordinary once than to effect the ordinary every day. But the finger of God was as powerfully moved when the rose budded or the sun rose as when a sick man was healed suddenly or when our Lord arose from His tomb, for the same Divine power operated in both cases. It was clearly indicated by

MR. JOHN STUART MILL towards the close of his life that, when once a man was driven to accept the existence of a Supreme Being, he had no logical standpoint whatever for denying the existence of miracles, because in that they had a sufficient cause for belief.

A POET WHO HAD JUST BEEN TAKEN FROM THEIR MIDST

had said that nature was a thought of God. Men thought, and their thoughts remained in the ideal order. They had not the making of their own materials—they borrowed from God. That edifice in which they were gathered together that day at one time existed only in the architect's thoughts, but he borrowed materials from God, and so raised that structure. When the Almighty performed a miracle it was only an interference with a very small portion of the legislation which God had enacted, an interference concerning the physical world. Every work of God, it pondered over, was a miracle, and what men thought they understood was but an outline of what began and ended in infinity. That good writer of whom he had spoken, and Protestants in general, were bound by their reason, as also by their creed, to accept the miraculous. Protestants believed in the Incarnation—that the Supreme Being was made down before his Maker, accept that doctrine, and say he believed it, and yet refuse credence to all other occurrences of a wondrous or miraculous character? Protestantism professed to accept greater miracles, but for its own purpose rebelled against that which was less. It would accept the Incarnation of the Eternal, but refused to accept a miracle wrought by one of God's saints under the new dispensation. From that they could see the marvelous consistency of the Catholic

Church and of Cardinal Newman, who declared that.

HE WAS A CATHOLIC BECAUSE HE WAS NOT AN ATHEIST.

The position of Cardinal Newman in that respect was justified by the most simple arguments. God had revealed His will through our Lord and Saviour; not through Buddhism nor any Oriental creation, but the light which shone in the face of Jesus Christ. After that only one step remained to bring men to Catholicism. Dr. Sullivan concluded by saying that unless a person was living at the present time endowed with authority to communicate the teaching of Christ to men wholly and entirely they would not know it. That divinely guided voice Cardinal Newman found in the Catholic Church, and therefore as he was not an atheist, but a believer in God, he found himself logically constrained to accept as an expression of the mind and will of the Almighty the teaching which was given to the Catholic Church.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

An Eloquent Tribute.

The following is a portion of a speech made by Captain Crawford, the poet scout, on the Sisters of Charity:

"On all of God's green and beautiful earth there are no purer, no nobler, no more kind-hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of Catholic Sisters. During the war I had many opportunities for observing their noble and heroic work, not only in the camp and the hospital, but in the death-swept field of battle. Right in the fiery front of dreadful war where bullets hissed in maddening glee, and shot and shell flew wildly by with demonic shrieks, where dead and mangled forms lay with pale, blood-flecked faces, yet wearing the scowl of battle. I have seen the black-robed Sisters moving over the field with their solicitous faces wet with the tears of sympathy, administering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into ears soon to be deafened by the cold implacable hand of Death. Now kneeling on the blood-bespattered sod to moisten with water the bloodless lips on which the icy kiss of the death angel had left its pale imprint; now breathing words of hope of immortality beyond the grave into the ear of some mangled hero, whose last shot in our glorious cause had been fired but a moment before; now holding the crucifix to receive the last kiss from somebody's darling boy from whose breast the life-blood was splashing, and who had offered his life as a willing sacrifice on the eyes binding gaping wounds from which most women would have shrunk in horror, now scraping together a pillow of forest leaves upon which some pain-racked head might rest until the spirit took its flight to other realms—brave, fearless of danger, trusting implicitly in the Master whose overshadowing eye was noting their every movement; standing as shielding prayerful angels between the dying soldier and the horrors of death; their only recompense the sweet, soul-soothing consciousness that they were doing their duty; their only hope of reward that peace and eternal happiness that awaited them beyond the star-embellished battlements above. Ah! my friends, it was noble work.

"How many veterans of the war, who wore blue or gray can yet recall the soft, soothing touch of a Sister's hand as he lay upon the pain-tossed couch of an hospital! Can we ever forget their sympathetic eyes, their low, soft-spoken words of encouragement and cheer when the result of the struggle between life and death yet hung in the balance? Oh! how often have I followed the form of that good Sister Valencia with my sunken eyes as she moved away from my cot to the cot of another sufferer, and have breathed from the most sacred depths of my faintly-beating heart the fervent prayer, 'God bless her! God bless her!'

"My friends, I am not a Catholic, but I stand ready at any and all times to defend those noble women, even with my life, for I owe that life to them.

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LET US DISCARD MINIMISM.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The Church is in danger of being cursed by Minimism. There is a natural tendency in most of us to run in a rut and to be satisfied with things as they are. Custom is powerful, and a bad custom equally with the good. We are placed in the midst of a non-Catholic and, to a very considerable extent, a hostile community. We know and acknowledge, at least theoretically, that the object of the Church is to save souls. That is what the Church is for. It is not a mere eucosmynary institution for priest or people, though clarity is its moving, animating spirit. It is not a mere money-making machine, though money is necessary for carrying on the work of the Church. Its object is not merely the civilization of mankind, though that is one of the subsidiary results of the spread of Christianity. The great end—the all-absorbing object of the Church—was declared by its Divine Founder in the great commission which He gave to His Apostles: 'Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations.' 'Preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned.' The duty of the Church, then, is to convert the nations, to bring the people to a knowledge of the truth; to attract them to the Church that they may be saved.

This, of course, involves a tremendous responsibility on the part of both priest and people. We ought all to be wide awake to the importance of this great work. It should be our constant study how we can influence all with whom we come in contact in favor of our religion, and to attract them to the Church. The Church should be aggressive, and to that end constant effort should be made not only to spread the light, but especially to make the devotional system of the Church as attractive as possible to outsiders. For this purpose it is not necessary that we should imitate the example of our Protestant friends. We have only to follow the good old traditions of the Church. It is Protestants that are imitators; but, unfortunately, in some things, they are sometimes more faithful to Catholic traditions than Catholics themselves.

We are in danger of overlooking an important consideration, and that is that our Protestant friends have been educated with the idea that Catholic worship is a mere external show, a formal perfunctory performance without the spirit of true devotion, and destitute of the life and power of godliness. This idea has been instilled into them from childhood, and it is put forward as one of the important reasons for separation from the Church. What is the natural inference from this state of facts? Manifestly we should strive by every means in our power to disabuse them of their erroneous impression. For this purpose it is not enough to have magnificently adorned churches, an attractive ceremonial, splendid processions and grand functions on special holy days and high festivals. These, indeed, are not to be despised. It is perfectly legitimate to appeal to the imagination. But these are the clothes of religion and may exist in surpassing splendor when the life and power of godliness have departed.

What we want, and what we should all strive for is to build the people up in solid piety and every-day, practical religion. For this purpose nothing is better adapted than congregational worship, that is, popular devotions in the vernacular. We must give the people something to do—a chance to express their feelings of devotion in prayers and hymns and spiritual canyons. It is this that will awaken enthusiasm and develop devotional feeling in the coldest hearts, and it is this that will attract our non-Catholic friends.

Why should we be suspicious of such devotions? Why should we be backward about adopting them? The fact that extravagances and unedifying practices exist among Protestants should not deter us from adopting the sober, rational and stirring devotions of the Church. Thank God a better feeling has begun to be developed amongst us! There is a very general acknowledgment of a want of that kind. Edifying examples of popular devotions are multiplying. The Sunday evening popular service of the Paulists, sometimes familiarly called Father Elliot's prayer meeting, is attracting wide attention and furnishes a good example of what can be done were faith, and zeal, and perseverance prompt. Great crowds are attracted by that service and a most favorable impression is made on multitudes of our Protestant friends.

It sometimes seems almost as if there was a repugnance to introducing hymns and prayers in the vernacular, whereas one would naturally suppose the disposition would be in the opposite direction—that is to introduce the vernacular wherever it could be done with propriety and without violating any rule of the Church. We should strive by every means in our power to relieve the apparent formality and perfunctory character of the devotions of the Church. We know of some excellent priests who always make it a point when Protestants are present at some function, whether it be a funeral of some distinguished person, or the baptism of a convert, or a wedding, to translate portions of the service as they go along, and explain the meaning of the function, and it has a very excellent effect. Of course this involves some care and trouble, but the result will well repay any effort of the kind. Shall we not then all try to get out of the old minimizing, monotonous, per-

functory rut and join in the effort to develop the true spirit of the Church?

Let us study constantly not only to enlist the interest and stimulate the devotion of our own people, but also to make the services of the Church as attractive as possible to outsiders, that they may lead to see that the King's Daughter is all glorious within, that her clothing is of wrought gold, and thus they shall, with the blessing of God, be attracted to the Church in crowds, as doves to their windows.

IN A PANTHER'S JAWS.

Mike Donovan, a track walker employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad and in charge of the section at Stella, Fort Bend County, Texas, was recently attacked by a large panther, and only with much difficulty succeeded in killing the beast. Donovan, armed only with a hatchet and wrench, was engaged in his daily inspection of the track, and had reached a part bordered on one side by a dense thicket of post oaks, when his attention was attracted by a rustling in the undergrowth.

The next moment he was startled by the panther hurling himself on him. The attack was so unexpected that the man staggered and fell under the creature's weight, but managed to deal it a blow with his hatchet, which, without wounding it severely, caused it to spring from his body with a hoarse cry. Donovan had only time to scramble to his feet, however, before the panther returned to the attack, screaming fearfully. He met it with uplifted hatchet, and cut it deeply about the head and shoulders, but the infuriated creature, though bathed in blood, appeared only the more determined in its animosity, and sprang upon its foe with such force as again to fell him to the earth, when it endeavored to fix upon his throat. Unfortunately for the man, the panther's assault had knocked his hatchet from his grasp as he fell, leaving him with bare hands to grapple with the snarling, maddened animal tearing at him with distended claws, and suffocating him with its fetid breath as its gaping mouth strained at his throat.

It was only by the exertion of his utmost strength that he was able to retain his grasp on the panther's throat, and so prevent it from getting at his own, but a new horror confronted him as they struggled madly over the pebble-strewn roadbed. The panther had thrown him across the track, and, in spite of his frantic efforts to throw it off, held him with his back across the rails.

The shrill whistle of the afternoon train here warned him of the approach of a horrible death, and literally sick with terror he exerted himself with a strength born of desperation, and succeeded for a moment in so crushing the panther's throat that the beast, gasping for breath, relinquished its hold sufficiently to enable him to roll to one side and off the track. Before he could raise, however, the panther fell upon him again, and as they closed in their deadly embrace the long train swept by. Donovan says that so close were they to the track that the heat of the engine scorched them as it passed. He screamed lustily for help, but supposed that the noise of the train prevented his cries from being heard.

The panther appeared frightened off of its senses by the thunder of the locomotive, and springing up from Donovan's body, made for the woods, screaming at every jump. The Irishman here was enabled to recover his footing, and seized his wrench that lay near, then running to an adjacent tree braced himself against it, awaiting the return of the panther, which, on seeing the train disappear, advanced toward him as undaunted as at first. Donovan raised the heavy wrench as it reached him, and brought it down with full force on its head. The blow sent the creature reeling to one side.

The man, with another blow, succeeded in knocking it over and stunned it, when, running for his hatchet, he despatched the animal by nearly severing the head from the body. Donovan was badly scratched about the limbs and breast, and very much exhausted by his fearful struggle, but otherwise uninjured. The panther was a large one, of a species known as 'gray cats,' and bore the marks of a still inflamed gunshot wound, given probably by some hunter, which had evidently run the animal mad.—Globe Democrat.

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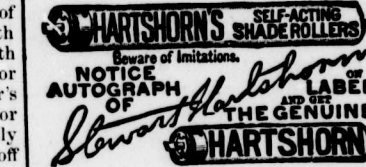
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