

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD PROTESTANTS.

A Scholarly Priest Writes Upon an Interesting Subject.

Editor of the Catholic Times:

An article printed in the editorial columns of your issue leads up to the question: "What should be the attitude of Roman Catholics towards their separated brethren?" Among the passages referred to is the statement that "It is simply impossible for any Catholic Bishop or priest to recognize as a Church any sect or denomination which claims the name." This is a plain enunciation of what Catholics have believed and practiced from the beginning. We are not free to look at the matter otherwise, since our Lord Jesus Christ established one holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, which alone has the promise of His abiding presence. Catholics everywhere regard the Church as their greatest treasure because through her alone the inestimable truths of revelation have been and ever will be safeguarded and infallibly interpreted for their enlightenment and guidance. The fair name and the maintenance of the divinely-communicated rights of the Church are dearer to us than all the world besides; we cannot abate one jot or tittle of what has been given for our belief; we know that however fiercely the storms may toss our vessel, a safe and happy voyage will be hers: we have no fears, for Christ Himself is ever with her. The Church is independent of the world; she has within herself boundless treasures; but the giver of her favors has commissioned her to preach the gospel to every creature; she must labor to bring all "into the one fold and the one Shepherd," and hence the question arises, what should be her attitude towards those separated from her? We cannot recognize "as a Church any sect or denomination which claims the name." That is true, but it is only the negative phase of the problem. Your article continues: "A Bishop or priest" may refer to individuals in terms of praise, or he may call attention to works of benevolence which a sect as a corporation may undertake." Such a course of action is but the carrying out of the dictates of justice and charity. Converts to Catholicity quite generally tell us that they were sincere in their religious professions before their conversion, and they remember with feelings of deep gratitude many kindnesses done them by their former co-worshippers, and they needs must extol many of their beneficent undertakings. Many Catholics, too, have grateful remembrance of gentle treatment by Protestants. Undoubtedly if our blessed Lord were with us again in the flesh He would find opportunity to say of some not belonging to the visible Church, "I have not found so great faith, not even in Israel." It is not by undervaluing the good in men that we may make them better; it is not by contending that they are completely ignorant of revealed truth that we can bring them to the plenitude of divine revelation. We may give them credit for what they personally are, and then, in charity and obedience to the Church's mission, we may invite them to accept "the entire deposit of Christian truth" as possessed by the Roman Catholic Church alone. Christ's prayer and promise will surely be accomplished, but we must labor to further the movement.

Here in this country, where men of all creeds are in various ways brought into contact, many opportunities are presented of separating truth from falsehood and of expanding into fuller life. Despite this favorable condition it cannot be said that Catholics and Protestants have come adequately to understand each other. Last year a noteworthy book was published, whose title is "An Introduction to the Study of Society." In this volume appears the following passage: "Psychical contact between the Roman Catholic Church and Protestant churches is very slight, if, indeed, it takes place at all. On the other hand, through the Evangelical Alliance, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. P. S. C. E. regular channels of communication between Protestant churches in the United States have been established." Such is the way in which the various Protestant bodies come to understand each other. Is there no way in which Catholics can make themselves thoroughly known? The Church must find such a way, if she is faithful to her mission. Man is moved by the vision of truth; we must see that the fair vision of Catholic truth be presented fully and fairly to all inquiring minds.

There are three ways in which we may eventually determine the character of an individual, to wit: By his actions, by his countenance and by his speech. We may be deceived for a time; we may place too high or too low an estimate upon him, but if we take the pains we may finally arrive at certain knowledge. To live is to act; to act is to manifest the inner life to those who can see. No constant deception is possible, for our thoughts, words and deeds all bear the stamp of the life within. Prejudice, rivalry, ambition to gratify the great and influential, the wish to promote the interests of bountiful benefactors, and many other motives may help, to obscure the real character of an individual, or for a time fundamentally to misinterpret or misrepresent it, but the vigilant inquirer will eventually find the key to the conduct of every individual. The merchant may assure the world that his goods are what he represents them to be; the statesman may declare that he has sacrificed his time and peace for the common weal; the priest may claim that there has been nothing dishonorable or worthy

of censure in his career; that he has never publicly or privately been unfaithful to his sacerdotal pledges, yet as certainly as there are bitter factions in the world, as surely as the human race is made up of individuals swayed by various interests and motives, some of whom are morally far from the line of truth and benevolence, or again who may sometimes be willing to accept remote possibilities as realities, provided they help to carry out their favorite enterprises, there will be painful misunderstandings and many mutual recriminations. Time will disclose things such as they are, and a scientific history can closely approximate the truth.

So is it with the Church. She may always look for similar difficulties; nay, the difficulties will be more serious in her case, since she much necessarily bear witness to the truth, however hard it may be, regardless of the weight of opposing influence. But misrepresentations and calumnies notwithstanding, the honest inquirer has the threefold means aforementioned to learn her real life. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The fruitage of Catholicity is evident to the whole world. Asylums, hospitals and educational institutions everywhere attest her beneficent activity. Like her Master, the Church goes about doing good. She is the principle of the purest life in society and an ornament to the world. Our Holy Father Leo XIII., in his encyclical "Arcanum," tells plainly the advantage, both civil and domestic, which accrue from revealed religion. The authority of rulers is rendered more sacred; the submission of peoples more easy; the bond of civil union grows closer, and the rights of property more secure. In the same place he concurs with St. Augustine in declaring that it seems the Christian religion could not better promote even our merely temporal interests, though it were established with such end solely in view. "Without morality," says His Holiness, in his encyclical to the American people, "without morality the State cannot endure. * * * * * But the best and strongest support of morality is religion. She by her very nature, guards and defends all the principles on which duties are founded, and, setting before us the motives most powerful to influence us, commands us to live virtuously and not transgress. Now what is the Church other than a legitimate society founded by the will and ordinance of Jesus Christ for the preservation of morality and the defense of religion?" Mgr. Satolli, in the various speeches and addresses collected and recently published in book form, has much to say to the same effect.

The action of the Church on the State is, therefore, beneficent. But this influence for good can certainly be further developed. By insisting upon the virtues of patriotism and temperance the Church will be doing a work much needed in the present condition of our country. Patriotism is a natural virtue; love of native land springs up spontaneously in the soul; the excellence of a government and the security it affords begets this love in both native and adopted children. But this virtue which in a wide sense comprehends all civic virtues, may be cultivated to-day when we are growing so rapidly, drawing our increase from all quarters of the globe. The beautiful lessons of patriotism must be taught unceasingly to our rising generations. "Loyalty to Church and State" will go together. It is our natural virtue, but when practised in the spirit and with the fidelity of a true Christian it becomes a great supernatural virtue. "And this is the commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God loveth also his brother, for he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not? And so in the American encyclical our Holy Father says: "Let those of the clergy, therefore, who are occupied with the instruction of the multitude treat plainly this topic of the duties of citizens, so that all may understand and feel the necessity in political life of conscientiousness, self-restraint and integrity; for that cannot be lawful in public which is unlawful in private affairs." Again, "Let the priests be persistent in keeping before the minds of the people the enactments of the Third Council of Baltimore, particularly those which inculcate the virtue of temperance, the frequent use of the sacraments and the observance of the just laws and institutions of the republic." Such views have been expressed time and again by Cardinal Gibbons, the primate of our hierarchy, whose words command the respect of the thinking world. Many leading prelates throughout the country see a work for the Church in the development of these virtues and are going about the work earnestly.

The second means indicated for studying the life and character of the Church is her countenance. This is seen in her ceremonial. Who has not witnessed services in the Catholic Church which stirred his soul? Who has not felt, when gazing upon her tabernacles, beholding the adorners all around and listening to the swelling tide of worshipful music, that "indeed the Lord is in this place?" Their faith beheld the "Ancient of Days;" their love longed for eternal rest with Him. Every soul may find in this countenance of the Church food to support life, energy to promote action. There is thought for the thoughtful, love for the loving, beauty pure and irreproachable to all who have eyes to see.

The third means by which we may learn the Church's real character is

the spoken or written word. Perhaps speech is the most satisfactory means for investigating the aims and tendencies of the Church. Words are in themselves cold, dead things, but when molded to a purpose by the spirit in man, they convey our thoughts and feelings with some approach to correctness. How careful we should be to make our words truthful; if they are mere play of imagination, to deliver them as such; if they are expressions of fact or of hypothesis, let them be so stated. By a judicious use of written and spoken language, in a short time the American people would know us much as we are. How great a pity that more of our Catholic scholars do not find leisure to popularize Catholic truth! How many prejudices could be removed, how much good feeling could be engendered! In our days much has certainly been done, but can it be said to be commensurate with our powers and our opportunities? The world gives us a ready ear; it is anxious to arrive at the truth. It should therefore be one feature of our attitude towards our separated brethren that we be ever prompt to give them the advantages of our thought and life. The Church is Christ Himself perpetuated amongst men. But she has more than the divine; she has her human side. The members of the Church on earth are men, and her work is among men. She must adopt the weapon of faith and prayer, which in times past "conquered kingdoms, wrought justice, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, recovered strength from weakness, became valiant in battle." But she must also accommodate herself to the times and conditions of her field; "wherefore if meat scandalize my brother, I will never eat flesh lest I should scandalize my brother;" "for if because of thy meat, thy brother be grieved, thou walkest not now according to charity." "It is good not to eat flesh and not to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother is offended or scandalized or made weak." Things not reprehensible in themselves may not be in keeping with the demands of charity. The Church will prove she is just and charitable in little as well as great things, and thus will commend herself to the judgment and favor of our American people.

NATHANIEL McCAFFREY, St. Paul's Seminary.

AS TO PRIESTS AND NUNS.

A Texas Protestant Talks Texan About Their Slandering.

Mr. W. C. Brann, editor of Brann's *Iconoclast*, a breezy monthly published at Waco, in that State, pays his respects in the June issue to a subject otherwise beneath notice, the apostate Slattery.

Premising with the assertion that he has never penned a line disrespectful to any religion, "Pagan, Protestant or Catholic," he says: "If in the wilds of Central Africa I should find a man bowing down to a dried, rot, stuffed snake or a Slattery, I'd remove my hat as a tribute of respect, not to his judgment, but to his honesty. I have no word of condemnation for any religious faith, however fatuous it may appear to me, that has comforted the dying or consoled the living—that has cast no gleam of superlunary sunshine into the dark vale where grope each beneath his burden of sorrow, the sons of men. I am not warring upon religious faith, but on falsehood; not upon Christ, but on those who disgrace His cause—who mistake bile for benevolence, gall for godliness and chronic laziness for 'a call to preach.'"

Nor have I taken the Pope of Rome under my apostolic protection. The Pope managed to exist for a great many years before I was born, and, despite the assaults of Slattery, will doubtless continue in business at the old stand for several years to come. I was raised a Protestant, and—thank God!—I'm no apostate. I learned Protestantism at my mother's knee, and from my father's pulpit; but I did not learn there that the Church of Rome is the "Scarlet Woman," nus unclean creatures, and preists the sworn enemies of my country. I learned that but for the Church of Rome, the "glad tidings of great joy" which Christ brought to a dying world would have been irremediably lost in that dismal intellectual night known as the Dark Ages. I was taught that for centuries the Church of Rome was the repository, not only of the Christian faith, but of civilization itself. I was taught that the Catholic is the mother of the Protestant Church, and that no matter how unworthy a parent may be, a child should not become the herald of its mother's shame.

And while being taught my duty as a Protestant, my education as an American citizen was neglected. I was taught that this was a land of religious liberty, where every man is privileged to worship God in his own way, or ignore Him altogether; that it was my duty to insist upon this right, both for myself and for my fellows.

That is why I am the uncompromising enemy of the A. P. A. Mr. Brann suggests that if the Pope were really desirous to overthrow American liberties he could not devise a better way of attaining his ends than by hiring men like Slattery and his confederates to do the work in which they are now engaged; but he acquits the Pope of any connection with such a crowd, concerning which he says, in the picturesque vernacular of the Lone Star State, "If such cattle were sold by Satan, damned by Sycorax, and born in hell, they would dishonor

their parents and disgrace their country."

Regarding the brutal and shameless slanders against priests and nuns told by the delectable twain who claim to have been priest and nun themselves, Mr. Brann says:

"Malice, like death, loves a shining mark, and there is NO HATE SO VENOMOUS AS THAT OF THE APOSTATE."

But before giving credence to such tales let me ask you: Why should a woman exchange the brilliant parlor for the gloomy cell in which to play the hypocrite? Why should a cultured woman of gentle birth deliberately forego the joys of wife and motherhood, the social triumph and the freedom of the world and condemn herself to a life of labor, a dreary round of drudgery if her heart's impure? For shame!

Who is it that visits the slums of our great cities, ministering to the afflicted comforting the dying, reclaiming the fallen? When pestilence sweeps over the land and mothers desert their babes and husbands their wives, who is it that presses the cup of cold water to the feverish lips and closes the staring eyes of the deserted dead? Who was it that went upon the Southern battlefields to minister to the wounded soldiers, followed them to the hospitals and tenderly nursed them back to life? The Roman Catholic sisterhoods—God bless them!

One of those angels of mercy can walk unattended and unharmed through our "Reservation" at midnight. She can visit with impunity the most degraded dives in the White-chapel district. At her coming the ribald song is stilled, and the afflicted die on the lips of the loafer. Fallen creatures reverently touch the hem of her garment, and men steeped in crime to the very lips involuntarily remove their hats as a tribute to noble womanhood. The very atmosphere seems to grow sweet with her coming and the howl of all hell's demons to go silent. None so low in the barrel-house, the gambling hell or the brothel as to breathe a word against her good name; but when we turn to the Baptist pulpit there we find an inhuman monster clad in God's livery, crying, "Unclean, unclean!" God help a religious denomination that will countenance such an infamous cur!

As a working journalist I have visited all manner of places. I have written upon the foulest dives that exist in this continent, and have seen Sisters of Charity enter them unattended. Had one of the inmates dared insult them he would have been torn in pieces. And I have sat in the opera house of this city—boasting itself a centre of culture—and heard a so-called man of God speak flippantly of the Catholic Sisterhoods, and professing Christians applaud him to the echo!

Merciful God! if heaven is filled with such Christians, send me to hell, with those whose sins are human! Better everlasting life in a lake of fire than enforced companionship in Paradise for one hour with the foul harpies that groaned "awmen" to Slattery's infamous utterances. God of Israel! to think that those unmanly scabs, those psalm-singing cultures are Americans and our political brethren! I know little about the private lives of the Catholic priesthood; but this I do know: They were the first to plant the standard of Christian faith in the New World. They were the first to teach the savages something of the blessings of civilization. I do know that those of them who were once Protestants are not making a specialty of defaming the faith of their fathers. I do know that neither hard-slip nor danger can abate their holy zeal and that hundreds of them have freely given their lives in the service of the Lord. And why should a man devote his body to God and his soul to the devil? I do know that one of them has given us the greatest example of human sacrifice for others' sake that this great world affords. Even Christ prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me"; but Father Damien pressed a cup even more bitter to his own lips and drained it to the dregs—died for the sake of suffering mortals a death to which the cross were mercy.

The Protestants admit that they are responsible for the inoculation of the simple Sandwich Islanders with the leprosy; yet when those who fell victims to the foul disease were segregated, made prisoners upon a small island in the mid-Pacific, not a Protestant preacher in all the earth could be found to minister to them. The Lord had "called" them all into His vineyard, but it appears that He didn't call a blessed one of them to that leper colony where people were rotting alive, with none to point them to that life beyond the grave, where all the sins and corruptions of the flesh are purged away and the redeemed stand in robes of radiant white at the right hand of God. I blame no man for declining the sacrifice. To set foot upon that accursed spot was to be declared unclean and then confined until death released you—death by leprosy, the most appalling disease in all the dreadful catalogue of human ills, the most dreaded arrow in the quiver of the grim Destroyer. Yet Father Damien, a young Roman Catholic priest, left home and country and all that life holds dear, and went deliberately forth to die for the afflicted barbarians. There he reared an humble temple with his own hands to the God of his fathers; there, through long years of confinement and spiritual wants of the afflicted; there he died, as he knew he must die, with his fingers falling from his hands, his flesh from his bones, a sight to

appal the very imps of hells. No wonder the Protestant ministers held aloof. Merciful God, I'd rather be crucified!

We are all brave when the war-drum throbs and the trumpet calls us to do battle beneath the eyes of the world,—when, touching elbows with our fellows and clad in all the glorious pomp and circumstance of war, we seek the bubble fame 'em at the cannon's mouth. When the music of the battery breeds murder in the blood, the electric order goes ringing down the line and is answered by the thrilling cheer, the veriest coward drives the spur deep into the foaming flank and plunges like a thunderbolt into the gaping jaws of death, into the mouth of hell; but when a man was wanted to forth alone, without blare of trumpet or roll of drum and become a life-prisoner in a leper colony, but one in all the world could be found equal to that supreme test of personal heroism, and that man was a Roman Catholic priest. And what was his reward? Hear what Thomas G. Sherman, a good Protestant, says in the *New York Post*: "Before the missionaries gained control of the Islands leprosy was unknown. But with the introduction of strange races, leprosy established itself and rapidly increased. An entire Island was properly devoted to the lepers. No Protestant missionary would venture among them. For this I do not blame them, as, no doubt, I should not have had the courage to go myself. But a noble Catholic priest consecrated his life to the service of the lepers, lived among them, baptized them, educated them, and brought some light and happiness into their wretched lives. Stung by the contrast of his example, the one remaining missionary, a recognized and paid agent of the American board, spread broadcast the vilest slanders against Father Damien."

So it appears that the world is blessed with two Slatterys.

The Mummies.

The *Christian Advocate*, of New York, prefers Roman Catholicism to the mock pseudo Catholicism of the extreme Ritualist. Our contemporary shows excellent judgment. The first is simon-pure, founded on the rock; the latter is a sham. A fair imitation of the genuine—still a counterfeit. The Ritualists abroad have taken to approach the altar rail of our churches and there receive Holy Communion. At Ober Ammergau the good old priest of the parish was actually imposed upon by a Ritualist parson whom he permitted to say Mass. Now, priests have their papers scrutinized very carefully, and are looked upon as dreadfully suspicious if everything is not exactly correct. An instance is given in this connection of one who represented himself to a priest in a small German town as "an English Catholic priest," asking leave to say Mass. Being told it would be inconvenient for him to find a server he unconsciously disclosed his real character by calmly remarking: "Oh, it does not signify, I assure you, my wife can answer my Mass." In this way he unfortunately let the cat out of the bag. It need hardly be added that he was not suffered to go through the Mass in masquerade at that church.—Pittsburg Catholic.

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