

A MANLY TRIBUTE.

A Protestant Minister Praises the Work of the Catholic Church.

Below the reader will find a sermon delivered recently to a numerous audience by Rev. G. A. Carstenson, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Indianapolis, Ind.

The text. "Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth; a stranger and not thine own lips."—Proverbs, xxvii., 2.

"It seems to be an accepted canon of courtesy among Protestant denominations to minimize their differences, to speak no evil one of another, and to cover with a very ample mantle of charity their sins, negligences and ignorances. Against the Roman Catholic church, however, they all make common cause as against a heretic foe, and papal anathemas of heresies and schisms are met with a fusillade of invectives and abuse which do no credit to the heads or hearts of those who indulge in this sort of warfare. I verily believe that, if I were to denounce Pope Leo as the Man of Sin or Antichrist and the Roman Church as the Scarlet Woman of the Apocalypse; if I were to hold up her clergy as drunkards and libertines, her Nuns and Sisters of Charity as women whose very presence is pollution to a community; if I were to declare that her churches were arsenals where traitors to our country were storing arms and ammunition, just as it has been gravely told me that this very St. Paul's church was during the civil war a depository for the arms of the Sons of Liberty and the Knights of the Golden Circle, when in fact the corner stone of this edifice was not laid until fully a year after the surrender of Gen. Lee; if I should say that her monasteries were sinks of iniquity and dens of corruption; if I were to do all this I should be considered by some to be rendering my Master a better service than by according honor where honor is due, and thus forgetting the record of faith, love, and good works which the annals of the Church furnish. I am quite prepared for the criticism, engendered of bigotry and ignorance, that no better things are to be expected from a minister of that Church which is separated from Rome by nothing firmer than a paper wall, and it is by no means impossible that I shall be suspected, as other clergymen have been, of being a Jesuit in disguise and in the hire of the Pope to lure unsuspecting men and women into the trap which Rome is ready to spring upon the unwary.

"The Roman Church is the home of the workman. Go and attend any of their services, let it be even St. Patrick's on Fifth avenue in the centre of the wealth of New York, and you will see kneeling side by side the millionaire and the washer woman, the occupant of the palace and the denizen of the tenement—all bowing humbly before the humble maker of them all, not once or twice, but four or five times a Sunday large congregations go in and out of her courts, congregations made up of the sons and daughters of toil, with their careworn faces and their coarse garments kneeling side by side with those attired in silks and velvets, and the rich and poor meeting together because the Lord is the maker of them all. Unreflecting Protestants say that Romanism is made up principally of just such people, and they flippantly tell us that the incense which steals from the censor is a good neutralizer of the aroma of garlic and onions which fills the Roman sanctuary. I grant you that many of the poor, whom we do not receive in our drawing rooms are welcome in Roman Catholic churches. But where are the Protestant poor? The confession may humiliate us, but let us acknowledge the fact. Have shut them out of our churches, that are open only for a few

hours one day in the week. Their place is not there and they know it. As pertinent to this point read these figures, which do not lie. In 1830 there was in New York city one church for every 1,858 Protestant inhabitants; in 1880, one church for every 1,458. In Chicago in 1851 there was one church for every 774 people. In 1886, one church for every 3,251 of its people. The Protestant poor have no room in the church and they are not found there.

"An enterprising reporter of the metropolitan journal once donned the garb of a workman and went from one to another of the most prominent churches of Brooklyn, pre-eminently the city of churches. In some of them he was treated with absolute rudeness; in others with cold politeness. In only two was he received with a cordial politeness. But in every one of the thirty-six his presence was noted with surprise. There are 200,000 more inhabitants below Fourteenth street in the city of New York to-day than there were ten years ago, but the number of Protestant churches in that district are decreased by thirty. These figures will tell solemn truths, and the facts are very stubborn. "Statistics show that in Protestant England 6 per cent of the births are illegitimate; in Protestant Scotland, 9 per cent; in Roman Catholic Ireland but 3 per cent, and the most of these in Protestant districts. Where does there exist the greatest degree of morality? When we cry out against the Roman priesthood, let us think of the sins and inconsistencies among our own clergy."

The speaker directed two of the choir boys to pass down the aisles bearing large reproductions of two cartoons which recently appeared in the local A. P. A. paper, entitled "The Mother Superior" and "The Superior Mother." The former was a nun at her devotions in her cell, kneeling before the crucifix; the latter was a matronly-looking woman in her cosy home, a babe upon her breast and an elder child leaning upon her shoulder.

Here the words and manner of the speaker became very impressive and could not fail to carry conviction to all present of his earnest contempt for men who would stoop to such methods. Said he; "The animus of this picture is only too evident." "I have one belief in the 'superior mother,' but I also believe in the 'mother superior,' because I believe the world would be poorer without such women as St. Catherine, St. Elizabeth and St. Margaret. But any poor, blundering shot like this only reacts from the object of attack to him who tries to wield the boomerang. Say what we may, the Sisters of Charity and mothers superior are devoted Christian women, who lead holy, consecrated and useful lives. But even if they are heathen and superstitious, it is a brutal instinct which leads any man to ridicule any human creature in the attitude of prayer." "This is the spirit of the society, the American Protective Association, whose membership I do not know, as they take pains to carefully conceal it, and try to make the world believe that these Roman Christians are more dangerous to the community than those for whom we have our prisons and reformatories.

Another number of this same paper published recently what purported to be a papal encyclical, but the phraseology was so awkward that even an ordinarily intelligent Protestant could detect the intelligent evidences of forgery. The Independent and the Christian Union, two leading Protestant papers, exposed the fraud, but if any retraction has been made by the editor of the Loyal American it has escaped my observation. In any event, the publication was a mark of dense stupidity or gross unfairness on the editor's part. The papers mentioned are to be honored for their fairness and jus-

tice in denouncing such culpable methods; but I have wondered why most Protestant editors have held their peace. Can it be that their silence means approval. Why does not the Protestant pulpit speak out more plainly for fair play even towards an adversary? Suppose a society of Roman Catholics should conspire to disqualify Protestants from holding public office; should circulate slanders, disseminate libels about Protestant Christians, ministers and laymen, men and women, what a cry of just and indignant protest would go up from evangelical pulpits. It is possible that in the eyes of the Protestant ministry the end justifies the means?

I firmly believe that there are Protestants who would rather see the city flooded with reeking dens of the vilest iniquity than witness the work done by the Little Sisters of the Poor; I believe there are Protestants who would rather see the city given up to the rankest corruption than to hear of these daughters of the Divine Love performing daily deeds of charity. Can any one tell me that the grand men who minister to the Roman Catholic congregations in this city are the foul personages depicted by this underhand and backbiting society of cowards, or that they are endeavoring to sap the foundations of society? Never! They are noble minds, pure hearts and great souls, incapable of such deeds, and even a suspicion of them.

Charges and invectives like those of the A. P. A. are no new thing for the Roman Church. She has borne them for centuries. The Roman Catholic church, exalted and triumphant will live and bless the world in spite of these cowardly enemies and assassins, on and every disseminating the Gospel of Jesus Christ. These harmless little pellets omitted with venomous purpose, will fall back flattened and harmless as homoeopathic pills against the rocks of Gibraltar, and the Roman Catholic church will go on praying for those who despitely abuse and persecute her and will firmly establish her claim to the blessing of Him who said the Church should be blessed, when all things would be said against it, for His sake. "He that despiseth you, despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." Let these men have a care lest a curse not of Rome, but of an offended God come upon them. Know-nothingism was trampled down in its own infancy, and in its insipidity, and these men who are the most radical of extremists, are traitors to their country. They are un-American. Destruction will surely come to all who set themselves against God's messengers.

There lived in ancient days in the Orient, according to tradition, a rich man who had three sons, to the youngest of whom he gave a precious talismanic ring. The two sons, stung by jealousy, had made each for himself the exact counter part of that given the youngest brother. They could not be told apart. The father died and a dispute arose as to whom belonged the genuine ring. A wise man was consulted and said the one of the three who would live a pure undefiled life for one year owned the talisman. All of us can be pure and true, and when we do attain that, there will be no need of reviling and slandering our neighbors and fellow-beings; no more need of hard invectives hurled against those pure and defenseless women, or foul charges against the anointed of the Lord.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes: "I have used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

The Loudest Noise Ever Heard.

No thunder from the skies was ever accompanied with a roar of such vehemence as that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java, at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, August 27, 1883. As that dreadful Sunday night wore on the noise increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the outbreak was preparing for a majestic culmination.

The people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets. Finally at 10 o'clock on Monday morning a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This supreme effort it was which raised the mightiest noise ever heard on the globe. Batavia is ninety-five miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away, reports were heard on that Sunday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make a search, they presently returned, as nothing could be found in want of succor.

The reports were sounds which came all the way from Krakatoa. At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find out what was the matter. The sounds had travelled from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles. But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise that ever was heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. This seems almost incredible, but it is certainly true. In the Victoria plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by noises like heavy cannonading. It was some time afterward before they learned that their tranquility had been disturbed by the grand events at Krakatoa, 1,700 miles away.

How the King was Tricked.

One day, when Francis I. was in his chapel attending mass with pick of his noblemen, a well dressed peacock, went and stood behind the Cardinal of Lorraine and abstracted his purse, but unable to do this without the King's perceiving it, he put up his finger to intimate that the latter should keep silence. The King took it for a practical joke and said never a word. But after the services he asked the Cardinal what he had done with his purse. The prelate, not being able to find it, was very much annoyed, and took the King to task, who greatly enjoyed the fun, and at length ordered the purse to be restored to the Cardinal. The thief did not, however, come forward, and the King discovered too late that he had been tricked.—*Journal de Louvain.*

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1893.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts., in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE MEDICINE FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."