

PARKMAN'S JESUIT MISSIONS.

"MEANWHILE (1637) from Old France to New came succors and reinforcements to the missions of the forest. More Jesuits crossed the sea to urge on the work of conversion. *These* were no stern exiles, seeking on barbarous shores an asylum for a persecuted faith. Rank, wealth, power and royalty itself smiled on their enterprise and bade them God-speed. Yet, withal, *a fervor more intense, a self-abnegation more complete, self-devotion more constant and enduring* will scarcely find its record on the page of human history.

"Holy Mother Church, linked in sordid wedlock to governments and thrones, numbered among her servants a host of the worldly and the proud, whose service of God, was but the service of themselves—and many too who in the sophistry of the human heart thought themselves true soldiers of Heaven, whilst earthly pride, interest and passion were the life springs of their zeal. This mighty Church of Rome in her imposing march along the road of history, heralded as infallible and divine, astounds the gazing world with prodigies of contradiction: now the protector of the oppressed, now the right arm of tyrants; now breathing charity and love, now dark with the passions of Hell; now beaming with celestial truth now masked with hypocrisy and lies; now a virgin now a harlot; an imperial queen, and a tinselled actress. Clearly she is of earth not of heaven; and her transcendently dramatic life is a type of the good and ill, the baseness and nobleness, the foulness and purity, the love and hate, the pride, passion, truth, falsehood, fierceness and tenderness, that battle in the restless heart of man."—Chap. VIII, p. 83.

This is vivid word-painting, but perverted *truth*. Our Protestant historian is evidently a master in the art of drawing—a limner of no mean capacity. But are his pictures true to life? Because the Catholic Church in her battling with the world has at times become begrimed with the powder and dust and blood of the battle, she is of *earth* not of *heaven*. He beholds not the warrior nor the hero, for the grim of war. The Apollo Belvedere is not the work of Apelles, because soiled with the dust of the ruin. The nugget is not gold, because enveloped with dross. How superficial is all this. Because Holy Church has had at times venal men amongst her servants, she is not *holy* Church. And yet there was a Judas amongst the twelve. Our Protestant historian forgets his Scripture; though professing to take

his faith from "the bible, the whole bible, and nothing but the bible," he is still ignorant of the bible. The divine Teacher has long ago taught him, that if in the Church there be tares among the wheat, "*An enemy hath done this.*" Upwards of eighteen hundred years ago he thus taught his disciples. The kingdom of heaven (*i. e.* the Church of God) is likened to a man that sowed good seed in his field, but while men were asleep his enemy came and oversowed cockle amongst the wheat, and went his way. And when the blade was sprung up and brought forth fruit, then appeared also the cockle. And the servants of the good man of the house coming to him said "Sir; didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it cockle? And he said to them: *An enemy hath done this.* And the servants said to him wilt thou that we go and gather it up? And he said no; lest perhaps gathering up the cockle you root up the wheat also together with it." Does not all this—from the divine Teacher himself—sufficiently explain the presence of "hypocrisy and lies" with "celestial truth?" of the "harlot" with the "virgin?" of the "tinselled actress" with the "imperial queen?" "*An enemy hath done this.*" Surely the acts of an enemy never yet invalidated the acts of "the goodman of the house!" Where then in all this is the proof that "this mighty Church of Rome" is "of earth not of heaven?" If the wheat field was still a "wheat field, though oversowed with cockle"—what prevents the Church of Rome from being of *heaven*, even though her life be "a type of the good and ill, the baseness and nobleness, the foulness and purity, &c., that battle in the restless heart of man?" Our Protestant historian, beautiful word-painter though he be, is as ignorant as the servants of the goodman of the house when coming to him they said "Sir; didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it cockle?" And he is as ignorant as these same servants when he expects the Church to purge herself violently of this cockle. "And the servants said to him wilt thou that we go and gather it up? And he said no; lest perhaps gathering up the cockle you root up the wheat also together with it." The just must