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A Priest to Protestant Ministers.

FATHER T. F. BUTLER'S INVITED ADDRESS AT ELLSWORTH, ME.

We (Catholic *Record*) take from the Ellsworth *American* of the 3rd inst., the full text of the address which the Rev. T. F. Butler, of Ellsworth. Me., delivered by invitation before the Minister's Meeting held on the 23rd ult. in that town:

I confess I scarcely know what to write in this paper; for I feel that your views and mine do not move in the same groove. We start differently. Our means for progress in our journey are not at all the same. Our ideals resemble each other only in part. In a word, though our aspirations may be the same in general, they are not the same in particular. How easy, then, it would be for me to touch a theme that would find no sympathy among you! How very easy for me to write what might offend you, though my desire would be the contrary.

But, at all events, I must be frank. Without that quality there would be no meaning in our conference.

HOW TO FILL THE CHURCHES.

The purpose of these meetings, if I am not mistaken, is to devise some means by which, working in harmony, the clergy of this town might fill their churches with devout followers, and also control all efforts for good now undertaken by societies that are secular.

If the first of these objects be attained, the accomplishment of the second would depend in a large measure on the character of the minister.

To fill the church, however, and to keep it full is a matter that regards the very nature of the religion professed there. It must not only be definite and appeal convincingly to the mind, but it must hold the conscience. A system of religion that is vague in any important matter, which does not claim to be the only true religion, which has not a satisfactory answer to every doubt that may arise, which does not rest each and all its claims on proof, crnnot long hold the masses.

Evidently, if it wish the people to assemble on Sunday for Divine worship, one of its claims will be the right to exact such attendance, and especially on that day; for it is well known that Sunday is not the Sabbath.

The right to exact supposes the power of imposing penalty in case of wilful neglect to obey.

THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

Once that matter is settled, we have to consider the relative positions of the pastor and his people in the economy of the Church. To my mind these are prefigured in the ceremony of the feeding of the multitude mentioned in the gospel. Our Lord wishes to feed all that are gathered around Him. He tells His Apostles to cause the others to be seated. Then He blesses their store, the few loaves and fishes, and bids them to distribute the same to the seated multitude. The office of the Lord is to bless, that of the minister to distribute or give, that of the congregation to be seated and receive. In other words, the position of the pastor is that of master, in the sense of teacher, that of the flock is the position of pupil. These positions should not be reversed. If they are allowed to be reversed, then the masters, who are many, will do as they please, will come to the church when it suits their convenience or whim, and will dictate the character of the teaching to be given. It will be impossible to please all. If "one cannot serve two masters," how can he serve one hundred? The pastor in such a case must be exceptionally able to preserve harmony for a long period. He can never get beyond simple harmony.

WHO ARE THE STAY-AT-HOMES, AND WHY?

These things being considered, let us now become practical and view the situation as it stands right here in Ellsworth. If the view does not please we have to be honest and ask: How about my religion? How about myself?

The situation, in a few words, is this: There are over five thousand souls in the town. The number of persons who attend divine service on Sunday, together with those who are legitimately excused, might safely be put at, say, one thousand. I think that number is sufficiently high. And this is not in the middle of Africa, but in the civilized State of Maine, within an hour's journey almost of cultured Bar Harbor. Where are the four thousand? Who are they? I think you will admit with me that this is a matter worthy of the consideration of a body like this.

As to who they are I will first answer by stating who they are not. They are certainly not Catholics, and never were such. The Catholics attend Divine service almost to a man, and so do their children. We have a full congregation on every Sunday, no matter what the state of the weather may be. The Methodist church, I am told, is also well attended. So we may conclude that the large number of stay-aways are not Methodists. My people number about four hundred, all told. Let us suppose that the Methodist flock is about the same in number. In that case the greater part of the one thousand church-goers is already accounted for. The four thousand of the go-as-you-please party is to be sought, then, outside of these two bodies. They are all of the division known as Protestant.

All of you will at once cry out, perhaps, "They are not of us! They have no connection with us!" Perhaps not; but they are the children and the grandchildren of those who built and maintained your churches. They are the children of those who formed the town. Naturally they should be yours if you could have held them. But you have not; therefore they are not yours. Aside from that consideration, however, many of them must be actually yours — otherwise we would not have four thousand. Another consideration which strikes me is this: The Catholic church and the Methodist church are composed of the poor. We have not a rich man in our midst. *Ergo* — the *elite*, the wealth, and the culture of the town are to be sought among those who go to church when and as they please, or who do not go at all.

THE FACTORS IN THE PROBLEM.

Such is the situation. Is it a pleasing one? Where is the fault? for there must be fault somewhere. The three factors in the problem are the people, the religion and the pastor.

Now my theory is that if everything was as it should be in regard to religion and the pastor there certainly would not be such a lapse from duty on the part of the people. Our province, then, is to look to the religion and the pastor. That, I take it, is the heart of the subject. For as the veins and arteries indicate the condition of the heart, so the masses in their way indicate the quality of their sources of religious life. What then about our religion? What about ourselves?

THE RELIGION.

From the evident circumstances of our case it may be neither prudent nor desirable that we each and all discuss the religions and characters of the various members comprising this body. No; save a few remarks in a general way, each must make this part of the examination for himself. I, as the writer of this short and imperfect article, presume to answer in a general way for my own religion.

The system of religion which by God's grace I hold is exact and emphatic. 'Tis vague in no important point. 'Tis the uncompromising enemy of doubt; for it has a solid reason for every article of faith, and this reason rests on proof. Hence 'tis dogmatic. A system which is not dogmatic is merely a set of theories or opinions. Such we might term a system of philosophy, if you will, but not properly a religion. For it is the property of philosophy that it yield to new light; while religion, if it be of God, never loses a particle of truth once held. New light in religion means more light. Development is not change. As ages advance these particles of truth are crystallized.

Further, our religion is direct and clear. It teaches that "he who believes not shall be damned;" that "without faith 'tis impossible to please God;" but that "faith without good works is dead."

As to the preacher in the Catholic Church, "he speaks as one having authority;" for he holds the post and acts by the virtue of the One who so spoke orginally. He is there for the needs, but not at the beck of the people. Our Church knows that its members are convinced. Hence she does not simply ask, she commands her children to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays. She, and she alone, brushes away the old law of "keeping the Sabbath holy;" and says: "I command, by virtue of the authority which I have received from God, that you keep the Sunday holy. If not, you are guilty of sin." The result is before you. All her children, partically all, obey.

Now how is it with your religions, gentlemen? Is your religion definite? Could you tell me from end to end of the chapter precisely what you believe? Would that be in all points exactly what the whole body of your Church holds as its faith? Have you no doubt? When doubt comes, is your system of religion such that it always furnishes a satisfactory answer? Are all these answers accompanied by proof? If each and every one of these questions does not find in you a favorable answer, then the religion in question cannot hold you; *a fortiori*, it cannot hold the people.

A protestant minister whom I once met on the train between here and Bangor favored me with a chat on religious matters. I asked him in the course of our conversation. "What do you believe?" His answer was, "I believe in agreeing to disagree." That I might not misunderstand his answer he explaind that he was in favor of allowing divergence of opinion among the members provided the congregation could be preserved, or rather for the sake of holding the congregation together. Now I claim that a man holding such a view on so important a matter was not qualified to preach a definite religion. And yet he preached in several churches in this town. A man who is not convinced, profoundly convinced, that his religion is true, cannot be a man of faith. A man who is not certain his religion is the only true religon cannot be a man of zeal. Without true faith, without zeal, his place is not in the pulpit. (Fancy St. Paul in that role.) "His voice is but as tingling brass and sounding cymbals." The man who says, "Away with creeds," simply says, "Away with all religious belief; for a creed is simply the expression of religious belief.

THE PASTOR

If you will permit me now, I would say a word about the position of the Protestant minister as pastor; for on that hangs the question whether one is a leader or not, whatever his title may be.

Ordinarily the minister is placed on trial for a few weeks. Then, if it please the society, he is engaged at a stated salary for a certain term. He knows, as everybody knows, that his position rests on the pleasure of those employing him. He also knows that there is a widespread disinclination to listen to what are called the disagreeable things of religion. If he be over-zealous, if he be strong in reproof, he is reminded that these are disputed questions and should be left to private judgment. He speaks to empty pews. He is told to take his pay and go.

Herein rests the strength of the Methodist Church in the matter of discipline. I am not speaking of doctrine. The society does not choose the minister, nor can they pack him off. That, I understand, is the function of a higher recognized authority.

Gentlemen, you can never be leaders while you are so dependent, while you are so bound at the outset unless you are eminent for eloquence, or for sanctity, or for learning, or for the power of moving the heart.

Whether you may be so blessed or not, does not become me to judge. I am in no sense your judge; nor do I presume to so act as if I were constituted such. I simply point out to you a fact patent to all. Your churches are being deserted, and for a part of the year are entirely closed. Your people would naturally be composed of the wealthiest and most cultured people of the town. It cannot then be a question of lack of means. What is the cause? If you are the pastors it is your duty to find it out. If you care for my answer to the question, I can give it in a few words, but I feel you will not believe me.

Your religion does not hold the people. Therefore it does not satisfy them. My religion does hold my people and draws others. Therefore it has in it what the people need. It satisfies.

Reflect, and draw your own conclusions.

Is Oratory a Lost Art?

A tendency has been noticed on the part of some editorial writers to aver that oratory as an art is a lost one, and even so brilliant an example of rhetorical grace as Chauncey M. Depew declared only a few days ago that in the future the only oratory which will charm or convince will be that spoken over the coffee and cigars at public repasts. It is undoubtedly true that rhetorical flourish and elocutionary elegance are no longer practiced by the great lawyers. At the bar, oratory as it was formerly understood is, if not a lost art, an abandoned practice. In the early days of the American bar it was the custom of the great lawyers to put even more polish into their speeches than research and argument. William Pinkney, who was the ideal orator before the Supreme Court in his day, would now be heard, it is probable, with indifference. It was his custom to elaborate his addresses with the patient drudgery with which Thomas Gray perfected his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Sometimes the mere rhetorical polish of his arguments cost him more labor than his legal researches did. He would frequently spend a day upon a paragraph and would turn and re-turn a sentence until its melody and rhythm were pleasing to his ear. He dressed himself, too, when he was to speak before the Supreme Court, as a gallant would array himself when going to meet his sweetheart or a courtier to acknowledge his king. His speeches were regarded as marvelous illustrations of rhetorical skill, and his fame as a legal orator was surpassed by that of no practitioner of his time at the American bar. William Wirt was another of the polished orators, and in his day he was esteemed the equal of Webster, greater than Clay, at least in legal argument, and the teachers throughout the land quoted his speeches to their pupils as models of rhetoric. There were others, too, whose fame as orators was in their time such as must have have given them exquisite joy, but whose names, if mentioned here, would be like that of a stranger. In recent times all this has been changed. The greatest orators at the American bar are not orators at all as the word was formerly understood. Probably no man stands higher in the estimation of lawyers and judges than Joseph H. Choate, of New York, a near relative of that man of genius and fire and extraordinary individuality who was once esteemed perhaps the most brilliant of forensic orators, Rufus Choate. The Choate of to-day, whose name is as well known to the profession as was that of his uncle, has every requisite for the perfect orator. He has a handsome presence and a singularly attractive voice; he possesses wit and a sense of humor, and is moreover a man of great learning. Yet his addresses to courts and juries are as the conversation of one man of intellect to another. He does not despise wit nor discard humor, but no quotations from the classics are heard in his addresses, and he talks with the simplicity of a child, at least so far as the lucidity and directness of his speech are concerned. Yet juries listen to him with as much fascination as any jury ever heard William Pinkney, and, when he rises to address a bench of judges, the learned men pay him the choicest tribute, for they listen with that close attention, which is the highest compliment to what he has to say. But if the greater lawyers have discarded what was deemed to be true oratory in times past, in other professions the power of oratory to sway and convince is limited only by the number of those who have the gift of oratory and have had the patience to develop it. A striking illustration of this occurred at the meeting of the New England Society in New York City some years ago. A young man known only as an editor, and not widely in that capacity beyond his native State, was invited to deliver the principal address at this dinner. When he was placed in the seat of honor something like amazement was expressed that a person of such boyish appearance should have been selected as the chief orator of the occasion. Famous men had been invited to accept this honor in times past. Edward Everett delivered one of his most impassioned orations at that table. Daniel Webster once raised these New Englanders who were celebrating their ancestry at a New York table to an exalted state of enthusiasm by his eloquence. Rufus Choate had displayed his pyrotechnic splendors of oratory there. William M. Evarts, William H. Seward, Joseph H. Choate, Chauncey M. Depew and many others whose fame as orators was great had delighted these gatherings, but here was a youngster from Georgia of whom many had never heard and upon whose shoulders was placed the responsibility of maintaining the reputation of this society as the friend of the greatest orators. When the young man had finished his address, however, there was still amazement, but it was due to another reason. The company marveled at this new revelation of what oratory might be made in this day of practical things. Young Grady swept the throng, as the expression is, fairly off its feet, and he might well have said with Byron that he awoke in the morning and found himself famous. His speech and the enthusiasm which it caused, as well as some of the after effects, were refutation of the assertion that oratory has had its day. — *E. Jay Edwards, in The Chautauquan for January.*

Is Emperor William Insane?

(Toronto Week.)

One would give something to know, if only as a matter of curiosity, whether and to what extent the Emperor of Germany is really responsible for the extraordinary utterances attributed to him. It seems from the rational point of view almost incredible that one endowed with so much good sense and right feeling as the Emperor has displayed on some occasions could, for instance, insult a body of citizen soldiers, recruited from the people of one of the most intelligent nations in Christendom, with such a harangue as the following:

"Recruits, you have, in the presence of the consecrated servants of God and before the altar, sworn fealty to me. You have, my children, sworn fealty to me, which means you have given yourselves to me, body and soul. There exists for you only one enemy, and that is my enemy. With the present Socialist agitation it may possibly happen that I may have to order you, which God forbid, to shoot down your own relatives, your brothers, and even your parents, but if I do so you must obey without a murmur."

When these words were going the rounds a few weeks ago we hesitated to comment on them, deeming it incredible that they could have been spoken by any European monarch of sound mind at this stage of the world's enlightenment. And yet it now seems that the official organ of the Government half admitted their accuracy as thus reported by the *Nesser Zeitung*. When the brutal Legree, as depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," hissed out from between his clenched teeth, to his writhing victim, "Are you not mine, body and soul?" it was a stroke of true genius in the author to represent the half-dead slave as catching inspiration from the words and crying out in a tone of triumph, "Not my soul, that can never be yours." And yet, so far as appears, these free (?) men of Germany were compelled to listen without murmur or remonstrance, to this monstrous declaration. The Emperor has of late been credited with various sayings and doings which, if the reports are true, would go far to indicate that the possession of authority so vast as really belongs to him by virtue of his hereditary position is proving too much for his mental balance. Some of these reports have been denied, but if all were really reliable, the most extraordinary of the things alleged in them is insignificant beside the words above quoted, which we seem compelled to believe were actually spoken, inconceivable though they are. If the words were really uttered as a warning to the Socialists, they were singularly ill chosen, for unless German human nature differs very materially from human nature elsewhere it is difficult to imagine anything better adapted to give an impetus to the socialistic movement than such an outrageous assumption of arbitrary power.

Only One Place for Him.

Prominent Politician — I have done a good many favors for you, and now I'd like you to put a friend of mine on your paper.

Great Editor — Would he do for a reporter?

"No, he hasen't any legs."

"Um — might make an exchange editor perhaps?"

"He couldn't read the newspapers. He's blind."

"Poor fellow! Can he hear?"

"No, deaf as a post. He is a fine writer, though, and he has a lively imagination."

"Good! I will appoint him London correspondent."—[Street & Smith's Good News.

Irish Riots.

(New York World.)

To the great majority of the American people a political riot is a thing utterly unknown, and the attempt to settle a political question by the use of brickbats or blackthorns is beyond their comprehension. The younger generation of Americans reading the reports of the frequent collisions between the Parnellites and the anti-Parnellites in Ireland may be excused for thinking that such excesses represent an incredible state of savagery in the community in which they occur. But it would be a great mistake to disparage the political standing or intelligence of the Irish on this account. The mob has always until very recent times been recognized in English politics as hazing is recognized in our colleges as an exhibition of fine manly spirit, an excess to be deprecated in public but to be secretly tolerated. The older generation of Americans remember distinctly the period when in every large city of this country the riot was a regular feature of election day. It has happily disappeared, thanks chiefly to the establishment of a uniformed police and to the disappearance of the volunteer fire company. But there are many who contend that those were the golden days of American political purity and patriotism, and it would be evidently unkind to judge the overzealous Irish more harshly than we judge ourselves.

Authoritative Information.

"Bronson is very ill. He's got to have his teeth extracted."

"What are you talking about? Bronson's teeth are all false."

"I know. He swallowed 'em."—[Brooklyn Life.

"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in a railway office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant. "What is it?" asked the reporter, eagerly, whipping out his note book. "That paint you are leaning against." That railway man is in the hospital and that reporter is in gaol.

The Calendar.

JANUARY.

DATE.	FEAST.
15 Frid.,	S. Paul, First Hermit, C.
16 Sat.,	S. Marcellus I., P. M.
17 Sun.,	The Holy Name of Jesus.
18 Mon.,	Chair of St. Peter, at Rome.
19 Tues.,	S. Canute, K. M.
20 Wed.,	SS. Fabian and Sebastian, M. M.
21 Thur.,	S. Agnes, V. M.

S. Veronica of Milan.

Veronica's parents were peasants of a village near Milan. From her childhood she toiled hard in house and the field, and accomplished cheerfully every menial task. Gradually the desire for perfection grew within her; she became deaf to the jokes and songs of her companions, and sometimes, when reaping and hoeing, would hide her face and weep. Knowing no letters she began to be anxious about her learning, and rose secretly at night to teach herself to read. Our Lady told her that other things were necesary, but not this. After three years' patient waiting, she was received as a lay-sister in the Convent of S. Martha at Milan. The Community was extremely poor, and Veronica's duty was to beg through the city for their daily food. Three years after receiving the habit, she was afflicted with secret but constant bodily pains, yet never would consent to be relieved of any of her labours, or to omit one of her prayers. By exact obedience she became a living copy of the Rule and obeyed with a smile the least hint of her Superior. She sought to the last the most hard and humbling occupations, and in their performance enjoyed some of the highest favours ever granted to Saint. She died in 1497, on the day she had foretold, after a six months' illness, aged fifty-two years, and in the thirtieth of her religious profession.

Constant Diligence.

When Veronica was urged in sickness to accept some exemption from her labours, her one answer was, "I must work while I can, while I have time." Dare we, then, waste ours?

"How much is time worth? — as much as God is worth. For God is the reward of time well spent."— *S. Bernardine.*

Our Lady showed Veronica three mystical letters which would teach her more than books. The first singnified purity of intention; the second, abhorrence of murmuring or criticism; the third, daily meditation on the Passion. By the first, she learnt to begin her daily duties for no human motive, but for God alone. By the second, to carry out what she had thus begun by attending to her own affairs, never judging her neighbour, but praying for those who manifestly erred. By the third, she was enabled to forget her own pains and sorrows in those of her Lord, and to weep hourly but silently over the memory of His wrongs. She had constant ecstasies, and saw in successive visions the whole life of Jesus, and many other mysteries. Yet, by a special grace, neither her raptures, nor her tears ever interrupted her labours, which ended only with death.

"In diligence not slothful in spirit fervent, serving the Lord."—Rom. xii. 11.