

The Laymen In The Church.

(By the Rev. William Barry, D.D.)

Eighty years ago Lamennais fixed a name, at once striking and accurate, upon the religious disease of the century. He called it "indifferentism." Other men have invented other names for it—Positivism, Agnosticism, Secularism. They all tell the same tale and agree in a witness which we cannot reject. The Ages of Faith have long come to an end. I am not sure but Von Hartmann is well warranted in calling the last "the most irreligious century that mankind has ever seen." At all events, we can point to no large area of civilization in which there are multitudes living without God in the world. Not merely is it that Revelation has been assailed on all sides, but millions have lost the very idea of a Day of Judgment and a life to come; their whole reasoning and practice take for granted the Epicurean maxim, "Live to-day; there is no to-morrow." Religion was once a great public authority known to all, which could not be overlooked or put away; it had the support of the law, and made its power felt; nor would anyone have dreamt of calling it a matter for the private conscience alone. But now, as regards all except the clergy, it is something which stands at a distance from their daily business; they may take it or leave it, and coercion is a thing of the past. And owing to these and other circumstances, which effect everyone, religion tends to become a cloistered art—a profession of which the sphere is the Church, the school, the convent, but which has little or no direct bearing on the world at large.

When the layman has done with school or college, too frequently he has done with religion. He passes into a society as unlike that of which his teachers have spoken to him, as if it were on a different planet. If he continues to be devout, still his duties appear to be fulfilled when he has received the sacraments and made certain contributions to his pastor. What public duties, besides these, did he ever learn in his young days? The conception of a social Christianity, here and now to be realized—who has taught him that? The parish—what is it but a name, identical with the four walls of the building within which he hears his Sunday Mass or receives his Easter Communion? The Church itself, in our modern condition of life, is not visible, but invisible. Outside and all round about is the great world, and its atmosphere, I repeat, is Indifferentism.

The consequences of all this should be clearly understood. Christians, by their baptism and by the vow they have taken at Confirmation, are soldiers of Christ, apostles to those that do not believe, and citizens of the Gospel Kingdom. All alike, men and women, they have rights within the Church, and therefore duties to themselves, to one another, to strangers. But how few, in comparison, escape the taint of secular indifference, once they become their own masters! A very great number lapse, the moment their schooling is finished, into pure and perfect irreligion. Young men, as we all confess, go out from our hands only, for the most part, to fall into this gulf and there lose themselves among the heathen. A certain number come back after years; many never darken the Church doors again. In the more leisured class considerations of honor, and a training which lasts over this perilous interval, protect our youths from the same utter abandonment of their good practices. Yet even they find it difficult, and some among them would say impossible, to do much in the way of Catholic effort. Neither have they, as yet, the sense ingrained and insistent, of duties to be undertaken during their spare hours, which has created in England or America that immense network of non-Catholic voluntary associations, so distinguished for their encouragement of the higher life and their attempts towards social amelioration. It is well known, and is as lamentable as it is certain, that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and kindred organizations are much undermanned. I say that, considering the

number of young lay Catholics, the percentage engaged in all these enterprises cannot be judged satisfactory. Those who carry them on show an admirable zeal, nor do they shrink from the sacrifice of their time, their means, their personal service. What a small company they are, nevertheless, when all told, will be evident to anyone who follows up the record of their achievements from year to year. The question is, how can their numbers be increased?

I venture to throw out the following suggestions, which, perhaps if cross-examined and thoroughly sifted in debate may contribute towards the solution of this most difficult problem. I say, then, that we must begin at the beginning. And what is the beginning? It is to recognize frankly that in the Catholic Church there is, and ought to be, a Lay Apostolate. It is not enough to say one's prayers, receive the sacraments, and help to support one's pastor. These are all necessary; but these are not sufficient. When the Church has raised to her altars devout laymen, it is remarkable that the most illustrious among them have held public offices, and did large social service in their day and generation. The heroic leaders of the past were such as St. Edward, St. Henry, St. Louis, Sir Thomas Moore. And others held in grateful remembrance, examples to us all, were such as O'Connell, Montalembert, Ozanam, Frederick Lucas, Windthorst—names eminent in politics which were not partisan, but liberating and humanitarian, or in the crusade of pity and of rescue inspired by the deepest principles of our religion.

Again, I might quote the living statesmen, journalists, teachers of science, and lights in literature, who keep the Catholic Church to the front in these days, and who, in more than one country, have done notable deeds against the tyranny of persecuting governments, or, as in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria, have stretched out their hands to lift up the submerged and give them a fresh chance in the struggle towards civilization. From instances like these, which might be multiplied, it is clear that laymen may exert a most just and beneficial influence all round them as Catholic apostles. Again, in the sphere of controversy or apologetics, I need only mention Joseph de Maistre and Dr. William George Ward. The principle, then, is beyond dispute; examples are abundant; yet I will ask whether in our schools and colleges we make mention of these things, and how far we do what in us lies to kindle an enthusiasm which, by-and-by, shall find scope and utterance in societies adapted to its working?

Ought we not to acknowledge that the social instinct requires to be developed at an early age among Catholics more than is not done? My experience where that instinct is perhaps most lively—among those outside the Church—convince me that it is the very young who are the hope of such movements, and who can most easily be brought into them. I would have this work of teaching the social Christian creed begun at school. In our higher colleges, with their evenings of leisure and endless opportunities, nothing would be more feasible; and to spread among all their classes the characteristic works of our Society would be a simple means of planting those ideas in youthful minds. But even in elementary schools there are signs that social teaching has admittedly a claim on our recognition. And by social teaching I mean the concrete Christian virtues, as applied to the society in which we live and of which we are members. When, then, I hear of temperance pledges given to children, of penny banks, and practical lessons in cleanliness, order, and decency, I perceive that the lay teachers in our schools are being led, under the direction of the clergy, to fulfil an Apostolate which is certainly theirs. An excellent beginning, wherever it has been made, for the school that deals only in book-learning does not live up to half its mission!

The next step is by far the most difficult. How shall these children be taken forward so as to join the ranks of social effort on leaving school? It is, as we all know, impossible for the clergy to keep a direct hold upon most of them; and the whole machinery of public Christian law which might avail has been long swept away in modern countries. Nothing is left but voluntary effort. Yet I would submit that the mistake hitherto made in our education has been to put off social training till this very time, or to overlook it altogether. Unless it begins earlier the mind has taken a fatal policy of indifference, and little can be attempted. If a lad has strong con-

victions (and he may have—that is my point) on the subject of temperance before he leaves school, it should be comparatively easy to draft him into the League of the Cross; or at any rate, he would join some association where help to this and similar virtues might be held out to him. I cannot hide my conviction, however, that for the whole range of our elementary schools and the classes with which they deal, temperance is literally the one vital question—"stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae." In our modern English world, the practical Christianity of our people depends on this, whether they let themselves down to be serfs and slaves of the public house, or whether they keep away from it. The greatest hindrance to Mass and the sacraments producing their divine effect is the habit of drunkenness—the continual indulgence in unthrift, selfishness and disorder which this habit carries with it. And every association that encourages sobriety is a branch of the Lay Apostolate. Temperance is a commendable name for the blameless Christian life, as it bears on our combat against the social evil in all its forms. To this we should bend our utmost efforts, and in doing so we shall find ourselves taking up all manner of admirable works which enter into the plan of a true Christian restoration. But here, evidently, it is laymen who can strike the boldest strokes. They should take over the youths that are leaving school, persuade them to enter the brotherhoods of social service, and follow after them until they do enter them. It is a missionary calling, on which a thousand troubles attend; but I see none more imperative or more fruitful. Laymen must bring laymen into it, and those who cannot undertake the duty in person ought to help by supporting Catholic literature on these and kindred subjects. Something they are bound to do, else how are they spreading the religion they hold in trust? But from everyone who has leisure or can make it; from everyone who admits that temperance and irreligion are crying evils; from everyone who in a higher station can influence those under his charge, personal service is demanded. There neither is nor can be such a thing as mere private, self-regarding Catholicism. The clergy, indeed, must answer for their flocks; but we are all bound to one another, and not one of us stands alone.

FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS

Last Sunday morning a beautiful and touching event was celebrated in the chapel of St. Vincent's Infant Asylum on Edward street, Buffalo. The occasion which brought Bishop Colton there then, as well as representatives from the various female religious houses in Buffalo, was to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Sister Mary Philippa's entrance into the community of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg.

The beautifully decorated chapel was crowded to the door—the sisters on one side and the innocent little children, whom Sister Philippa has served and nurtured with all a mother's care, on the other. The Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated by the Right Reverend Bishop who, at its close, spoke most feelingly from out the depths of a tender heart, on the glad significance of the occasion, and offered heartiest felicitations to the golden-year bride of Christ upon the glad event.

In the afternoon a tender address of congratulation was presented to the jubilarian by the children of the home; and this address, which welled up from their young, innocent hearts, was all the more touching because of its simple, artless phrase. Nor was it the least of Sister Philippa's joy on the occasion to be honored by the presence of the Reverend Mother Margaret—general superioress of all the Sisters of Charity in the United States—who added her felicitations to those of all the assembled Sisters.

Fifty years a Sister of Charity! Verily, they are golden years, and not for kingdoms would she have one of them blotted out. Fifty years a spiritual daughter of that Apostle of Charity, Vincent de Paul, laboring the while with hand, heart and brain to feed and clothe and educate the helpless little ones so dear to the Heart of Christ. Fifty years of self-renunciation, rising at four in the morning and leading a life of toil for heaven and humanity, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Oh, what a glorious crown shall be Sister Philippa's when death shall come to her as a liberating angel, and she shall appear before the rewarding Master with her hands teeming with the good works of her charitable life—Catholic Union and Times.

THE DRUG HABIT.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

We have temperance societies, and lecturers, and workers by the score; but if things go on as they appear to have commenced, especially in large cities, and above all in the upper circles, they who have the interests of society and of their fellow-men at heart will soon have to start a crusade against the drug habit. For generations whiskey and beer have been the curses of society; now morphine and cocaine are rising up as the succeeding terrors of the human race. We have before us a lengthy statement, consisting of interviews with prominent New York physicians, in which the whole gradation of the habit—from the first dose to the door of the lunatic asylum—is followed. It would neither serve any purpose nor interest our readers to reproduce the lengthy statement; but from the introduction thereto sufficient can be gleaned to give an idea of the fearful plague that has thus developed in society. And it must be remembered that in the vast majority of cases the victims of morphine or of cocaine are women. Amongst men they are the brain-workers, the writers who are most likely to fall into the habit. We all know about De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." They seemed fantastic, mad, dreamy, crazy, but they were only real and true descriptions of his own experiences. Here is a statement from the opening of the article in question:—

"Talks with some of the leading physicians and druggists of New York indicate that the drug habit, which of late has been causing a good deal of discussion on both sides of the Atlantic, has attained a tremendous growth in this city.

"Exact statistics are hard to get at. But specialists who are constantly coming into contact with persons addicted to the excessive use of morphine, cocaine and other drugs agree that the demand for these drugs has doubled in less than five years. No part of the city, they add, is free from their use. Moreover, they say that the drug habit is quite as firmly established among women as among men—perhaps even more so.

"The attention of a physician in the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital was directed one day last week to a paragraph in a London paper which stated that a prisoner, who was arrested in an inebriate's home on a charge of forgery, confessed to having reached the pitch of taking 120 grains of cocaine a day. The statement did not seem to surprise the physician. When asked if it was possible to take so great a quantity of the drug, he replied:

"Yes, that is entirely possible. Many persons who are going about attending to ordinary vocations have reached the point of taking forty-five grains a day. After they pass that mark, though, the descent to an insane asylum is usually rapid."

All that we need to know, and we glean it sufficiently from the foregoing, is the fact that there lurks in society to-day an enemy more dangerous even than liquor. There is an advantage (if we can call it an advantage) about drink, a man or a woman cannot abuse it without the fact becoming public property. But a person may go on for a very long time living in a state of mental aberration, through the influence of these awful drugs, and yet go about apparently sane and capable of taking good care of themselves. In the case of drugs, however, the collapse comes quicker than in that of drink. It comes on like the night in Egypt—no twilight and no warning, darkness suddenly rushes over the soul and all is over in a twinkling. From drink a person can be reformed; from the drugs it is almost impossible to reclaim him. The drunkard goes into the delirium-tremens and has to be guarded; the drug-eater is in a perpetual delirium which grows gradually more pronounced, until a certain stage is reached, and then without a word or moment of warning the fatal plunge is taken. The end is a suicide's grave or the lunatic asylum. Nothing surer. There is some chance of awakening the moral sense of the drunkard, even at the grave, and of having him die at least, repentant. Not so the opium—or morphine—or cocaine eater. The victim of the drug habit has no moral power left, no recuperative strength. His whole soul is bound up in the visions of false delight procurable only by the drug. Its absence is hell; and he fears no hell beyond the grave, and he cares for no heaven in after life, as long as he

has the momentary enjoyment of the fell drug. And what we say of men is ten times as applicable to women; for women are weaker, more nervous, more high-strung, more sensitive and more easily made the victims of the cursed thing. It is, therefore, an enemy that is not yet upon us, but which is prowling about our gates and against which it behooves us to be on our guard.

ON CELIBACY.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

There is no question upon which the discipline of the Catholic Church is more criticized than that of the celibacy of the clergy. Yet, it seems to us, that there is no subject upon which the arguments favorably to the regulations of the Church, concerning her ministers, are more clear and logical. The celibacy of the clergy is not only backed up by tradition dating to the first days of Christianity, but it is even abundantly supported by the experience of the centuries. There can be no comparison between the work for religion done by the unmarried clergyman and that done by the one who is encumbered with a wife and family. In the next place there is that division of interests which the married clergyman must experience and which naturally draws him to his own family affairs and away from those of his parish or mission. Then comes the all important matter of sacrifice. A priest takes that awful and irrevocable step the day that he resolves to abandon home, friends and all the ties of earth to consecrate his life to the work of God and the salvation of souls. It is a tremendous sacrifice; but once it is made he turns forever his back upon all earthly ambitions and turns his face towards the goal of his future days. On the other hand, the young man who enters the ministry with a two-fold abject—that of preaching the Gospel and that of making a home for himself—does not undergo the ordeal of sacrifice. It is the selection of a profession; nothing more. He has a choice between medicine, law, theology, engineering or any other like means of livelihood. In none of them has he to abandon the ties of home, of family, the ambitions of domestic life, the human affections that lead to matrimony, the pleasures of parenthood, or any of the enjoyments that make life on earth a career to be desired and cherished. In a word, there is no sacrifice.

We are told, however, that no place in the Bible we are able to find anything concerning celibacy. The writings of St. Paul are the choice works of Holy Writ in all Protestant sects. And yet the epistles of St. Paul fairly bristle with advice concerning celibacy. To use just one quotation, take St. Paul's words (vv. 32, 33.) "He that is without a wife, is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife, is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided." The Catholic Church knows full well that better work can be done for God's people by a celibate clergy than by a married clergy. The married minister must needs divide his flock and family. He is hampered in his ministry by many household cares; he must provide for his wife and children, look after the education of his boys and girls, and settle them in life. So evident is this, especially when a married minister is living in a poor country district, or goes abroad on foreign missions, that some Protestants have advocated celibacy in such cases. One eminent Protestant has said:—

"I do not care about men settled in big cities, like Calcutta or Peking, with beautiful homes and comfortable salaries from America or England. But I've met some zealous men returning from a hard mission, with a pale-faced wife and sickly children, who, instead of helping him, were only a burden on his ministry."

In a word, if we leave out the purely material considerations, (and they are irrefutable, we have still the higher level of the great sacrifice demanded of those who are called upon to follow the Savior and to perform His work on earth. Is not the command a formal one) to leave all home, wife, friends, goods, to take up the cross and to follow Him? He does not want part, but the whole of man's time and work and life, when man is "called," when he receives the sublime vocation of the ministry. At all events, the successes of the two systems have been tested in the crucible of time, and the testimony in favor of celibacy is so overwhelming that no person can now seriously advance the comparison between the two states for clergymen.

With Our Subscribers.

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Yours truly,

A."

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With best wishes for the success of our "True Witness," I am,

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Sincerely yours, 7

F. L. D.

UNDER SEVEN POPES

A Western secular paper tells of an aged priest in Omaha, who has lived under seven Popes. The name of this venerable clergyman is Father William Kelly—an Irishman by birth. He was born under Pope Pius VII. When he was five years old, Pope Leo XII. came to the throne. After a reign of six years this Pontiff died, and was succeeded by Pope Pius VIII. His reign only lasted two years. The next Pope was Gregory XVI., who sat on the throne until 1844. Then came Pius IX. In 1878 Pope Leo XIII. succeeded Pius IX., and now we have Pius X.—in the year 1903. In some notes concerning the life of Father Kelly we find the following. In 1855 he came to America, and was ordained at Omaha, and took charge of the first Catholic Church there.

The Church was a poor little wooden structure, about forty feet long by twenty-five wide, and stood on the present site of the Burlington freight depot in Eighth street. The whole population of Omaha was then but 1,800 souls, and the congregation was necessarily small and far from rich, but Father Kelly labored hopefully, untiringly and with a contagious enthusiasm and energy to build up the little congregation. So successful were his labors that he was at length sent into the then Western wilderness to build up new outposts for the use of the Christian army.

When the first train into Cheyenne pushed its way over the Union Pacific, just completed, Father Kelly was one of its passengers, and a short time later, in 1868, he had built the first Catholic Church in that wicked little town. In the fall of 1869 Father Kelly accompanied Bishop Gorman to Rome, where he attended the great Vatican Council, the last general Catholic convention that was held. Returning, he was assigned to work in Lincoln in 1871, remaining there for four years, when he was called back to Omaha, where he has been stationed ever since.

For several years past Father Kelly has been retired from the regular duties of the priesthood, owing to the weight of years and physical infirmities, and leads a quiet and secluded life in the parish house. He is not too old or too weak, however, to take a warm interest in the affairs of the Church and to lend a helping and sympathetic hand in works of charity and well-doing.

Although it seem a wonderful thing to say that a priest had lived under seven Popes, especially when we consider that Pius IX. reigned thirty-four years and Leo XIII. twenty-five, still Father Kelly is only 85 years of age, having been born in 1818. This gives us an idea of what a long span a century of life must be.

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CHAPTER XLII

"What a shocking pipe is!" exclaimed always reminded when dampers of a piano.

"Precisely, indeed," with a smile like death indeed. Tell know of this?" he said boy. "Speak low and well at magistrate turned the lad. "He the lady is talking to

"I beg your pardon, cess, turning quickly "It was not I," said cer; "it was Mrs. Cre. Hardress looked at h saw her holding two small basket of conf oranges, while she g the ladies. Hardress form this piece of gal sensation of gloomy r with a feeling of bitter his unhappy parent, as to have known that sl the cord upon his

When it was done, his seat, but the serv gone and the door wa stole from the apart hall, once more resumed ascending the small flight leading to the chamber tioned, he was once m point of freedom.

But the grasp of an vidence was laid upon the middle of this char countered the bride al "Hardress," said sh leaving us for the night "I am," he murmure voice, and passed on.

"Stay, Hardress!" said ing her hand upon his something to say, which know immediately."

This last interruption the confusion of the bri sudden faintness fell on frame, his brain grew senses swam, and he ree intoxicated into a vaca "Well, Anne," said he everything—my life its think it worth your whi dt."

"I owe it to my own even to yours, Hardress, "to tell you that I hav all."

"Discovered all!" ech res, springing to his feet "Yes—all. A generous ous to you and me alik on the whole history of of suffering, and has left to regret, but that Har not have thought it wor to make Anne a partner fidence. But that I hav likewise, and have only that I regret my own c much as I once was y yours. I must have ad pain which—Hark!"

"What do you hear?" res, crouching fearfully.

"There is a tumult in th room. Good Heaven, de hearts! What is that no The door of the room open, and a female figur with hair disordered, and spread with an action o and avoidance.

"Hardress, my child!" "Well, mother?"

"Hardress, my child!" "Mother, I am here! L Speak to me! Do not stare on your son in t way! Oh, mother, speak, will break my heart!"

"Fly—fly—my child. Not No! The doors are defen is a soldier set on every You are trapped and caught shall we do? The window this way—come—quick, qu

She drew him passively into her own sleeping-cham lay immediately adjoining. Anne had made one movem the attitude of sudden fear der to which this strange had given rise, Mrs. Cre appeared in the chamber, r her look and action the sried and disordered energy "Go to your room!" she dressing the bride, "Go q your room; stop not to me—"

"Dear aunt!" "Away, I say! you will frantic, girl! My reason is stretched to its full tensio single touch may rend it.