

WHY METHODISM FAILS.

Father Young States a Few Plain Facts.

Under the heading "How Can Methodism Succeed in New York?" Rev. Alfred Young, C. S. P., has the following interesting article in the Catholic Review:

In a late number of the Christian Advocate Rev. James M. King, D. D., puts the above question and acknowledges that Methodism is not now having in New York the success desired, especially in the lower portions of the city, where "in common with all Protestantism it is suffering a diminution of strength."

The reverend writer is a Methodist minister of some reputation, and prominent as the active secretary of an anti-Catholic league. Some of his suggestions toward the betterment of the failing fortunes of Methodism are timely; but others strike us as being somewhat singular, and as involving dangerous departures from time-honored constitutions and methods of his denomination.

He has evidently reflected with feelings of regret that the marked result of the itinerant system, allowing as it does such a short time limit to the preachers, is to reduce them to a class of clerical hired laborers, few of whom ever get the chance of distinguishing themselves, or to find any encouragement to rise above the ordinary rank and file of what some one has designated as the "good enough preacher for Frogtown."

Dr. King calls for a settled clergy, who shall be practically irremovable "pastors" so long as they shall prove themselves to be successful in their work. He unexpectedly gives expression to a reason for thus influencing the personal power and influence of religious teachers which would lead to disastrous results, we think, for Methodism.

"We live in times when men and movements rally around individual leadership, and when men (the leaders) no longer consent to be parts of a machine, but use and control machinery for producing results. Aggressive Christianity is essentially republican, and exalts responsible individual sovereignty."

Doesn't Dr. King see that that is rank Popery? Surely he will wish to withdraw or amend such a proposition. If his doctrine were accepted it would evidently

INTRODUCE INTO METHODISM the whole parochial, episcopal and horrible thing!—Papal system of the Roman Catholic Church. "Exalt responsible individual sovereignty!" There you are. P. Ryan on the sluce with a Papal principle like that, and the flood of Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism would soon overwhelm the Church of John Wesley.

Perhaps Dr. King has just begun to discover that it is to this principle of the one man power (whether he recognizes or not) the fact that our Lord made it the basis of the unity of His Church) that is mainly due the phenomenal success of Catholicity. But when he writes further on in his article, that "Methodists should not be afraid to learn of other denominations whose successful work gives proof of the favor of God," it is plain he can not be thinking of the Catholic Church or of her successful work; for if one may judge another by his words and actions, Dr. King can only honestly attribute the influence and success of Roman Catholicism to the favor of the devil. No doubt he is honest. The secretaryship of the American Protestant League does not likely yield him a very lucrative salary; and he is not the clever man he is generally reported to be if he dreams that such an office will ever aid him much in exalting his own responsible individual sovereignty over the anti-Catholic and un-American A. P. L.'s and A. P. A.'s who are nothing better than a base lot of open and secret blotters banded together to defraud their fellow citizens of their civil and religious rights. At least the attainment of such a sovereignty would do small credit to him either as a true American or as a man of honor. But if he is not thinking of the success of the Catholic "denomination" of what one is he thinking of? The successful work of any other of the Protestant denominations is not much for the Methodists to be jealous of.

DIVISION AND DISUNION is going on among them all. Where there is no unity there cannot be any worthy or lasting success. We mistake. Protestantism has achieved the most phenomenal success the world has ever witnessed. It has succeeded in rendering itself into countless fragmentary sects which by no possible power of man can ever be put together again.

It is evident that Methodism, as also the other denominations of Protestantism, is not only suffering from a notable diminution of strength among that class of people over whom it formerly exercised the greatest influence of all, but, as we gather from other sources and from Dr. King's article, the Protestant ministry fails any longer to offer an attractive career to young men of more than mediocre mental calibre. Even of those they cannot get enough to fill their pulpits. If they could they would not be forced to leave so many thousands of their poor in pocket and religiously impoverished sheep exposed in the densely populated portions of cities to the ravages of Popish and other wolves.

We admire Dr. King for his earnest, plain speaking. He boldly reminds the wealthy Methodists who have moved themselves up town into the gilt-edged and plate glass districts and built unto themselves elegant and cosy

church buildings for convenient worship, that as they take the "L" to "go down town to do secular business and to serve their personal interests, there is nothing to hinder them from going down town on Sundays, as well, in order to do business for God and the Church." Nothing, indeed, if they loved God and their Church and the souls of their brethren as much as they love the making of money, and were consequently ready to make this needed self-sacrifice of personal ease in order to secure to their neglected brethren the requisite religious opportunities to remain members or to be in some way associated with the Methodist Church.

We would like to see such an attempt made, and, of course, Rev. Dr. King would be the first to resign from the pastorate of

HIS PRESENT WEALTHY UP-TOWN CHURCH

and offer himself to be the pastor of just such a missionary down-town church for the gathering in of some of their lost and scattered flocks. The man who proposes a good thing is just the one who ought to offer to assume the "responsible individual sovereignty" in the business. We venture to say that his time would be much better employed in thus saving some of his own scattered brethren than it is now being secreted in his down town office to an anti-Catholic league seeking how he may the more effectively persecute us Catholics, whose priests, any way, are not the hirings of the gospel he so forcibly describes; but are true shepherds "who care for their sheep," if there be any such shepherds in Christendom, and do not run away when they see the wolf of poverty coming.

Dr. King concludes his several suggestions toward making Methodism a success in New York city by a proposal which strikes us as decidedly Quixotic. He says:

"Let the churches be opened day and evening, where weary souls issuing from contracted and comfortless and crowded abodes that cannot be styled homes may find at any time a quiet retreat, a 'city of refuge,' for an hour of religious seclusion and meditation. I am thoroughly convinced that the enormous outlay of money in church buildings to be used only a few hours in the week, and then closed and bolted like tombs for the rest of the time, while interest accumulates and wastes, is an excessive investment of the Lord's treasure. Let God's hospitals always be opened for sick and wounded souls, and make it easy for them to find a friend who will point them to the great Physician, without their being required to consult time tables to find out when the gospel train will move or office hours when the Physician may be consulted."

"We have to deal in this city of polyglot populations with people who come from lands where many of the churches never close; let us take advantage of this power of education, and meet their needs, and thus win them."

Here is food for reflection. Think of the tenement house poor and hard working laborers, whether Methodists or not, taking it into their heads to go

INTO ANY PROTESTANT CHURCH, if the doors were left open to them, for the purpose of spending an hour in religious seclusion and meditation! Does Dr. King really think they would do so? Does he mean to insinuate that there is anything in a Methodist church building calculated to specially inspire religious thought or awaken religious emotion? If they be opened what is there in them to draw weary souls nearer to God? If he thinks so he is plainly tainted with Roman Catholic ideas. One understands why Catholic churches are always open, and why weary souls, rich or poor, are always to be found there spending many hours in religious seclusion and meditation. Our always open churches exert a power of religious education beyond anything that even Dr. King dreams of. In these true sanctuaries of faith and devotion the Lord is indeed "in His holy temple," the Lord of the gospel of glad tidings, the Physician who can bring health to sick and wounded souls and peace to the agitated Catholic church doors are soon worn away when there is the divine presence of Jesus Christ within their consecrated walls?

If Dr. King would like to see the churches built by Methodists become equally attractive let him bid us take charge of them and enthrone therein the same presence of Him who is "always with us, who always has been and always will be, even unto the consummation of the world." Then they will have that within them acting like a divine lodestone upon sick and wounded souls, from which they cannot keep away. Conversely,

ROB US OF OUR CHURCHES as the English Protestants did, throw down the altars of sacrifice, and drive out the divine presence of Jesus Christ. What then would our now consecrated temples have left to draw the multitude within their doors except as idle and often irrelevant sightseers? he may open all the Protestant churches in the city, or in the world for that matter; they will only prove to be so many open tombs instead of being, as they very truly call them now, "closed and bolted ones."

If we have devoted so much space to criticize what Dr. King has written, not for us, but only for his own edification, it is because there is such an admirable tone of earnest conviction in his article, and so much evidence of an honest desire to stir up a thorough-going, self-sacrificing religious spirit among his tepid and

worldly-minded brethren. This is what claims our admiration, and we feel like pitying the waste of so much earnest and doubtless prayerful effort. What we know of him chiefly is that he has been posing for some years as a fiery Methodist Saul, breathing out threatenings against all who invoke the name of Jesus Christ as Roman Catholics under the same old false accusation that we are Caesar's enemies, and as secretary of the American Protective League urging Caesar to bind us hand and foot and otherwise cripple our progress.

Let him give over all this blind, wrong directed zeal, and listen to the heavenly voice saying to him—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

OLD WORLD BIGOTS.

Places Where Catholics and Irishmen are Hated.

Now that public opinion in this country is waking up to the fact that there is such an organization as the A. P. A. in existence in several of the western states, the object of which is the revival of the flame of bigotry as in the old Know-Nothing days, a few brief remarks about European bigotry and bigotry may not be considered uninteresting. One of the very few places on the other side of the Atlantic where bigotry is, as the reporters would say, conspicuous by its absence, is that portion of Ireland which is south of the Boyne and west of the Shannon. In certain parts of Ulster, however, and more particularly in Belfast and Derry, religious intolerance on the part of the ascendancy settlers is still as rampant as ever.

The Catholic Church is hated and detested as much by the stiff-necked and stily scallywags of Sandy Row as she was by Cromwell and his gang of cutting Puritans. During my short stay in Belfast I was amazed to discover how much the religion of this body or of that entered into even the most trivial affairs of life. As I was promenading one day in the vicinity of the new public library with a Belfast Nationalist, I invited him to a hostelry hard by where we could have some refreshments. "I cannot go with you there," he said, "that is a Protestant inn; but I can take you to a Catholic one a little farther on."

"What?" said I, half surprised, "and so you label your hotels with the brands of the various Christian churches. We never think of doing that down South." "We have got to do it here in every walk of life," he replied, "or we would starve. Protestants or Presbyterians would NEVER PATRONIZE A CATHOLIC in business. A Catholic inn keeper or merchant must depend upon Catholics for support; otherwise he would be compelled to close up his establishment."

Is not this a sorry kind of society in which a man's religion, and its influence on his feet and clothes and shoes on his feet and drink, are so woven and jumbled together that a good Protestant would scorn to quaff Catholic wine or array his limbs in a Catholic suit of tweed, and vice versa? And yet Christians of all communions profess the most implicit and explicit belief in the mutual charity and toleration preached from the mount by the Saviour of mankind!

England is no longer as bigoted or as anti-Catholic a nation as she used to be. The great masses of her people no longer look on the Pope as a kind of vestible to hell. The last strong abolition of feeling against Rome took place in the early 50's when the various members of the British and Irish hierarchy were forbidden by the Ecclesiastical Titles Act to assume the names of prelates of sees already under the spiritual jurisdiction of Anglican or Protestant ecclesiastics. Scarcely had this Act received the royal signature when the patriotic Dr. MacRae, the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," as O'Connell christened him, issued a pastoral defying the new law, and boldly signing himself as ever "John, Archbishop of Tuam." This attitude on the part of

THE BRAVE IRISH PRELATE killed the Act, which has since then remained a dead letter on the British statute book. Cardinals Wiseman and Manning, who were in succession the Archbishops of Westminster, as well as Cardinal Newman and Father Faber, had much to do with the pruning down of Anglo-Saxon religious prejudices. Still quite recently English bigotry showed that it had yet a dying kick in it when the parsons and evangelists of Cockneydom bitterly assailed Lord Mayor Knill, whose unforgivable crime in their eyes is the appalling fact he is a member of the Catholic Church.

Anti-Catholic bigotry reigned paramount throughout almost the entire of France from the year 1873, when Leon Gambetta in a moment of folly uttered a phrase which became a popular watchword, to the effect of clericalism—*viva l'ennemi*! down to a few years ago, when the adhesion of Leo XIII. and the late Cardinal Lavergier to the republican form of Government drew the teeth from the jaws of many of the howling, free-thinking bigots of that country. I happened to reside in Paris during the height of the anti-clerical and anti-Catholic catynism. The illustrated journals used to contain shocking cartoons of the Pope and various Bishops and priests. Francisque Sarcey, the eminent dramatic critic, was the leading priest killer in the pages of the daily press. The *Journal Amusant* once depicted the literary swashbuckler sitting down to his daily meal of a Jesuit who lay

on a plate before him and was operated upon by the knife and fork of the gluttonous scribe! Priests and seminarians wearing the ecclesiastical costume were insulted in the public streets. No Catholic clergyman could with safety penetrate

INTO THE REVOLUTIONARY QUARTERS of Belleville and Montmartre. A young Irishman, who was just then studying for the priesthood, happened to meet an aggressive anti-clerical rowdy in the latter district one summer evening in 1879. The rowdy jeered at his hat and robe and dealt him a blow on the cheek. Cool as a cucumber the Irishman turned his other cheek to his assailant, who repeating the blow, after which the student remarked: "Christ said that when a follower of His is smitten on one cheek he should turn the other; but he laid down no rule for what was to follow!" So rushing on the Montmartre bully with the full force of his herculean frame the Irishman rained on the fellow's head a veritable shower of fistfuls, and laid him sprawling on the pavement.

I could never logically understand the intolerant antipathy of the average French freethinker to Catholics and Catholicity. Conceiving one day a leading article writer on the staff of an anti-clerical organ, I asked him why he was such a bigot. "Catholics who have the courage to proclaim their faith in public exercise the same extraordinary effect on your nerves," I said, "as a red rag does on those of a bull. While you prefer freedom of thought for yourself, why are you so inconsistently selfish as to forbid a similar luxury to others?" The fellow could not reply to my argument. He confessed he never regarded the subject in that light before, and his pen subsequently lost much of its old anti-Catholic violence.

In Brussels during my stay in that city I discovered the existence of a strong anti-Catholic element, particularly

AMONG THE STUDENTS

who frequented the lectures of the National University. This establishment, which is supported—strange to say—by the State funds, is a nursery of agnosticism, which goes under the convenient name of liberalism, and which may mean anything or nothing. The students receive no religious instruction whatsoever. Their studies are confined to lay subjects entirely. Still the fashion of the day among these young men, or rather the spirit of the university teaching itself, is implicitly antagonistic to all revealed religions—with the result that revealed in the alumni are infidels. To counteract in certain sense the deplorable influence of this misnamed liberal university on the juvenile mind, the Bishops and priests of Belgium are encouraging the youth of the country to pass through their educational curriculum within the precincts of the Catholic university of Louvain, a very old and learned institution, the fame of which is world-wide. Still it must be confessed that the *libres penseurs* of the young generation of Leopold's kingdom are unfortunately increasing in numbers.

In Italy, where once the Catholic Church flourished in all its grandeur and glory, the chief towns and cities are in the hands of the anti-clericals. The National Parliament of Rome is composed exclusively of these bigoted firebrands, most of them Freemasons, while the Government, of course, is but the mirror of the Legislature in all its anti-Catholic prejudices. Crispini, the late premier, was a bitter and unrelenting foe of everything and everybody Catholic. "I hate such despicable superstitious folk," was his arrogant remark on one occasion, "and I mean to crush them out of political existence forever!" There is a very respectable

MINORITY OF MILITANT CATHOLICS

in Italy; but they are not to be found now in the political arena owing to the instructions from the Pope, who will not permit Italian Catholics to take any part in sending members to Parliament which His Holiness looks on in the light of an usurping and illegitimate body. All the supporters of the monarchy and all the republicans in that southern peninsula are avowed enemies of the Church.

As for the A. P. A., an organization which one of your contemporaries recently called—and deservedly so—"a society of arrant political asses," as its initials indicate, it is bound to reach the end of its rotten tether full soon, unless I am much mistaken in the spirit of religious toleration that pervades the American people. The old world may in certain countries cling to the foul and fetid bigotries of the past; but the portion of this broad continent over which float the stars and stripes will have none of them. The conspirators who hide in dark places, plotting and planning against the welfare of inoffensive citizens—that herd of unclean animals wallowing in the mire and mud of calumny and misrepresentation—those uncleanly mouth-pieces of cunning cant and hollow hypocrisy—those reptiles that are coiling themselves around the body politic and are seeking to plunge their poisoned fangs into the constitution of the United States—should be chased from the land just as the money changers of old were chased from the temple.

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AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

His Friends Had Given up Hope of His Recovery—Mr. George Rose of Redburn, Ontario, relates the story of his suffering and his release—Feels as well as he did at forty.

From the Daily Ontario, Belleville. Four miles west of Belleville, in the county of Prince Edward, on the southern shore of the beautiful and picturesque Bay of Quinte, is situated the village of Redburn, a charming place of about four hundred population, composed quite largely of retired farmers. In the late years the picturesque location of the village has given it some prominence as a summer resort, where may be enjoyed the cool, health giving breezes of the bay. But even when the epidemic of la grippe swept over Canada, Redburn was not spared a visit. Among those attacked was Mr. George Rose, a life-long resident of the village who had already reached the allotted span of life. Mr. Rose had enjoyed remarkable health until he was taken down with an attack of la grippe, when grave fears were entertained for his recovery. In a few months he recovered sufficiently to again move, but not with his wonted vigor. Mr. Rose had scarcely regained his health when he was seized with another attack of the disease, worse than the first. This had a telling effect upon him and his family feared consumption would be the result. However, all this Mr. Rose's condition grew worse; and in March of this year he was down with la grippe, like hisself, had given up hope of his recovery. During the last month the general talk of the village and the surrounding country has been the remarkable cure of Mr. Rose by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The case was so sensational that a reporter of the *Ontario*, personally acquainted with Mr. Rose, determined to get up and learn the facts of the case from his own lips. Mr. Rose was found a picture of health and his entire willingness to tell his story for the benefit of others. He attempted to get up and did not feel better, he said, "I had three attacks of la grippe for saving my life. I had three attacks of la grippe, the first in March of this year. At that time I was so weak in flesh and strength, I could hardly do a thing. I had no appetite, I could not sleep because my legs and feet were so hotly swollen and cramped that my wife would have to rub them before I could get into bed. I was so weak that I could not refrain from screaming, and I would tumble about in bed and walk in my nightgown. I tried to get up and I was so full from dizziness, I took medicine from the doctor, but it did not help me, and I was so unable to my misery. I did not think I could live a few months when one day I read in the paper of the cure of a man whose symptoms were like mine. I must say I did not have much faith in the remedy, but felt as though it were a last chance. I went first for a box, and by the time it was half gone I found that I was getting better, and in other respects I could notice an improvement. I continued to take the pills, and in a few days there was a still further improvement. I continued the use of the pills, found that the cramps and pains which had formerly made my life miserable had disappeared, the swelling left my legs, the dizziness disappeared and I felt better than I had in four years. I know how it felt about the change because I was taking nothing else. I had taken in all seven boxes, and I feel as good now as I did at forty years of age. Last winter I was so bad that I could not do my own work, and now I can do a good day's work. My friends congratulate me on my recovery, and I don't hesitate to tell them that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many others hereabouts have found similar benefit. Last spring my wife and I advised her parents who were very uneasy about her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result is that she is now the picture of health. You may say that I would not be without Pink Pills in any house, and I firmly believe they will do all that is claimed for them if they are given as directed. In fact it appeared that Mr. Rose would not say so much for Pink Pills, and the reporter drove away he again remarked, 'Do not forget to say that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.' In conversation with several residents of the village the statements made by Mr. Rose were fully corroborated.

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Sadler's Dominion Catholic Speller, complete. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part I. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part II. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part III. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part IV. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part V. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part VI. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part VII. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part VIII. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part IX. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part X. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XI. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XII. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XIII. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XIV. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XV. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XVI. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XVII. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XVIII. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XIX. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XX. Sadler's Dominion Catholic Reader, Part XXI. 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