

## Sacred Images as Aids to Worship.

Preaching on the occasion of the blessing of a painting of the Crucifixion in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Chester, Pa., the Rev. D. I. McDermott, rector of St. Mary's, Philadelphia, said in part:

For centuries our separated brethren taught that God's law forbade us to make images; that reverence shown to them is idolatry. In conformity with their belief they rigorously excluded from their own places of worship every religious emblem, statue and painting; they did not tolerate even the cross, either in the interior or on the exterior of their churches or on the monuments in their cemeteries. While loudly professing their faith in the saving efficacy of the Sacrifice of the Cross, they regarded the material cross as an idol, and some did not hesitate to call it "the sign of the beast." They excluded from their churches everything which appeals to the mind and heart of man through the medium of the eye; they stripped them of everything in the nature of symbol and ornament until they left their churches as bare and gloomy as sepulchres.

Their detestation of image worship as they called it, carried them at times to the greatest extremes. Not content with the influence which their teaching and example might have upon Catholics, they invaded our churches, destroyed paintings and statues, some going so far during the reign of the iconoclasts as to destroy crucifixes by burying their axes in the very face of the images of Jesus Christ. While this frenzy has happily passed away, nevertheless it is not fifty years ago since a pious lady, an Episcopalian in a neighboring town, felt justified in shattering with a hammer a marble cross which surmounted a tombstone erected in her churchyard to the memory of a co-religionist, and there are to-day very good people outside the Church who regard it as inconsistent with their religion to enter a room where there is a crucifix.

It was after contemplating the sad havoc such doctrine had made of Christian art that Bob Ingersoll said: "The Bible was the death of art!" He should have said the Bible as interpreted by Protestants.

In support of their teaching our separated brethren quoted the commandment: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing, nor the image of anything that is in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth: Thou shalt not adore them nor serve them."

In interpreting the commandment against making images, we Catholics agree with Protestants in two particulars. We agree with them, first, that it is forbidden to make any image of the Deity for any purpose whatsoever; for the simple reason that God being incorporeal, invisible, infinite, incomprehensible cannot be described to us under any form or figure; that it is impossible for pencil of painter or chisel of sculptor to produce any representation of the Deity. There are, however, aspects or attributes of God which may be presented to us under sensible forms; for Christ Himself, for example, presents the First Person of the Trinity to us under the form of a father and the Third Person under the form of a dove. And, again, we agree with Protestants that it is forbidden to make images in order to adore and serve them.

Having conceded this much to our separated brethren, we must part company with them, differ from them in their interpretation of the first commandment of God. We contend that the very fact that it is forbidden to make images for a specific purpose implies that it is lawful to make them for other purposes; we contend that a prohibited abuse necessarily implies a lawful use; that images like anything else may be put to a good or a bad purpose. Take, for example, a ring—an engagement or a marriage ring. In itself it is neither good nor bad, but becomes either good or bad according to the use to which it is devoted. When a true lover or faithful husband places a ring on the finger of a virtuous woman, that ring becomes to the sweetheart or the wife the pledge of a fidelity as endless as a circle, and of an affection as pure and precious as gold. When, however, a man shamelessly acknowledges his sinful attachment for a woman by placing a ring on the finger of a mistress or an adulteress, he debases the symbol of pure love by making it the badge of a wicked passion; he debases the pledge of fidelity by making it a bond of in-

iquity. Just, then, as a law forbidding a licentious man to give a ring to a wanton woman would only prove that a virtuous man may give a ring to a pure woman, so does the command against worshipping images as idols only prove that they may be revered as memorials of Christ and His saints.

As to the correctness of the Catholic view on this point, we do not depend upon mere speculation, mere reasoning alone; we have the explicit testimony of the Bible itself. After the law which non-Catholics claim forbade the making of images had been promulgated God Himself commanded Moses to make images, saying: "Thou shalt make two cherubim of beaten gold. . . . Let them cover both sides of the propitiatory, spreading their wings and covering the oracle." (Exodus xxv, 18-20). Then, again, we learn from the Book of Numbers (ch. xxi, 8) that God commanded Moses to make a brazen serpent and set it up for a sign that those who were bitten by the fiery serpents might escape death by looking at it.

As one part of Scripture cannot contradict another, it follows from these two direct commands of God that it was not only lawful to make images, that they may be employed in the worship of God, but that their use is most salutary to the people. In St. John's Gospel Christ says: "As Moses lifted up the Serpent in the desert; so must the Son of Man be lifted up." The brazen serpent was a figure of Christ. As the Jews through the medium of the brazen serpent looked forward to Christ as their Redeemer, so we through graven and painted images of Jesus look back to Christ who was crucified for us nineteen hundred years ago; as the Jews by looking upon the brazen serpent were saved from the temporal death, the punishment inflicted on their disobedience, so we by looking on representations of the Redeemer escape that eternal death which our sins deserve. From Christ's allusion to the brazen serpent we rightly conclude that it is just as lawful for us to make use of images to keep before our minds the fact that the Redeemer has come as it was for the Jews to make use of the brazen serpent to keep before their minds the fact that He was to come, was promised.

It is, then, clearly a mistake to interpret the Bible as condemning the making of images of Christ and His saints for a good purpose. Mistakes, however, like misfortunes, never come alone. As one affliction treads on the heels of another, so one error involves another, perhaps many others. The mistake that God had absolutely forbidden the making of images necessarily led to the belief that images could not possibly help men to serve God; that images must of necessity divert men from the worship of God to the worship of idols; in a word, it led to the belief that men could not be moved to worship God through the medium of the eye, but only through the medium of the ear; that of all the organs of our body the tongue and the ear alone could be employed in the worship of God. Hence it was said that the highest conception of worship outside the Catholic Church was "that of a man talking to men, of men listening to a man."

This conception of worship is founded on the false notion that there is no language but that of the tongue. The old adage says: "Acts speak louder than words." We may learn as much through the eye as through the ear, we may be moved as much by what we see as by what we hear, a ceremony may make as deep an impression upon us as a speech, we can express as much by a sign as by a word. What speech, what proclamation, for example, could as forcibly impress upon us the fact that Spain's rule over Cuba had ceased and that that of the United States had begun as the hauling down of the Spanish flag over the island and the running up over the island of the Stars and Stripes?

What words, for example, could pay such reverence to the Sacred Scripture when the Gospel is read as the rising to their feet of the whole congregation, thus welcoming and honoring entrance among them of a Divine Teacher? What words could instruct us how to treat the Gospel as do the crosses which priest and people make on their lips, their foreheads, their breasts, in order to show how pure should be the lips which proclaim the Gospel, how enlightened the mind should be to understand it, how clean the heart should be to treasure up its lessons.

## Practical Talks To Young Men.

Of all the contemptible youths with whom a father's patience and a mother's aching heart have to cope, perhaps the meanest sneak is the coward who sponges on the family for luxuries when he is not even paying his board at home.

This is not a total abstinence lecture, as regards liquor drinking, or cigarette smoking, or the display of many clothes; though the law forbids the sale of the former two to boys and a fondness for the latter usually tells against a young man with sensible men. These are largely matters of taste, and when a youth reaches manhood's years he can do about as he pleases so long as he is willing to pay for his vices. But what shall we say of the specimen who, at the age when a boy ought to be forming habits for life, idles away his time in bar-rooms and pool-parlors instead of looking for chances to earn something out of school hours, and asks his father (or, by no means seldom, his mother on the quiet) for cigarette money or theatre fares instead of turning to and giving a lift on the price of his winter clothes?

The father who is well enough off not to miss the money which his son spends foolishly may well consider how far he can prudently give free rein to the extravagances of a boy who has got some day to be a man.

To the father who finds it hard to make both ends meet by the strictest economy such extravagances are doubly a grievance; it drags him down and it injures the boy.

Success in life comes pretty near being, after all the art of keeping expenses within the income. That is what has got to be done sooner or his preparation for life without his preparation for life without making a systematic effort to acquire that prime accomplishment might as well quit right where he is. The sooner a boy begins to live within his means the better. Some fathers give a stated allowance. Others dole out small amounts at a time. Most boys will find it a good thing if they can obtain the allowance as a stated stipend. Then a well-kept account book will tell just where the money is going to and habits can be conformed to the means.

It ought not to be necessary to argue that a boy whose family is supporting him during the school period has no moral right to draw on the home purse for expenses which are not necessary. His mother is going without some innocent comfort every time he takes a drink, and his sister is denying herself some advantage every time he opens a pack of cigarettes or takes down a billiard cue. One father once said to his boy, "I don't forbid you to drink or smoke, but don't you expect me to pay for it."

Nobody who knows human nature will worry about the boy who works overtime in order to earn money for vices. Hard work and vices don't thrive in the same soil. The boy who is considerate enough of his parents to seek extra employment in order to relieve their burdens will turn at least part of his money in at home, and the rest will go into a good book rather than a drink, into lessons in a specialty rather than cigarettes. Do it. You will be happier, for you will be making your kin proud and glad instead of ashamed and miserable.

Besides, look into the future. Merely from a selfish point of view it is necessary for you to save, save, save, if you are to have anything; if you are to draw any prizes. You must save money so as not to be tied down when some good opportunity comes requiring a little outlay. You must save time so as to get in among the hustlers who never lose a minute. You must save your strength of mind and body for the race, which to-day more than ever in the history of the world is the strongest, the clearest head and the most fit.

More than all these, you must save your name. Do you suppose the man of whom your prospective employer inquires regarding you will fall to state that you are a dude or a loafer, if you are? He wouldn't be much of an endorsement if he had the reputation of writing "O. K." on every name that was shoved under his nose. The writer of these Talks once had to visit the Federal Building on business connected with a United States prisoner. One of the exhibits was a letter of commendation from a well known Boston clergyman. "Don't be astonished," remarked one of the deputies. "Dr. Blank's letters of recommendation figure in about five cases a year. Business men know this, and Dr.

Blank's signature on a letter of introduction of somebody he doesn't know to somebody he has never met is about as effective as a Masonic signal meaning "Don't you believe it." In order that the commendation upon which you seek employment shall be of any value the statement contained in it must come from a man who doesn't live favorably "to oblige." Your virtues must be real. The treasurer of the gingham trust can't employ a superintendent who hires shipping clerks that take on smoke-and-drink boys to stencil addresses; treasurer of a trust is too good a job to throw away like that.

The corner stone of the success you expect to build is the name of being a steady boy who works overtime and has no vices. A boy with that reputation is not a boy. He is a man.—Republic.

## RANDOM NOTES.

**A NEW UNIVERSITY.**—A new Catholic University has been opened at Munster, in Germany.

**TWO HEROES.**—Two Sisters of Charity left Buffalo lately to make the heroic self-sacrifice of caring for lepers on the Isle of Wight Chapel, off the Louisiana Coast, Gulf of Mexico. They are Sisters Jerome and Edith.

**STUDENTS IN ROME.**—The Cardinal Vicar of Rome has issued an order directing that students of sacred theology in Rome shall no longer live in private houses, but shall join some of the existing colleges. A Dutch college has recently been opened.

**THE CHURCH IN CHINA.**—An organ for the use of the Catholic Church in Pekin is the first instrument of its kind to be taken into the kingdom of the Celestials. Until now the Chinese Government has prohibited the use of such instruments in Catholic churches.

**A CONGRESS OF Catholic Democracy** was recently held at Mone, Belgium. There were 752 delegates bearing signatures of 160,000 workmen.

**CATHOLICITY IN LONDON.**—The growth of the Catholic Church in London, England, is shown by the constant extension of buildings, and the erection and restoration of churches, schools, etc., in and around the metropolis.

**FIRST ORDAINED.**—The first American ordained a priest in the Philippines is a Jesuit, Rev. William H. Stanton, of Missouri. Father Stanton was ordained in Manila by Bishop M. Garcia y Alcocer, of Cebu, who at the time was acting for the Archbishop of Manila. Father Stanton celebrated his first Mass on the feast of the Assumption.

**CENSUS OF HUNGARY.**—The organ of "the Catholic people's party" in Hungary gives the following interesting figures from the official census of 1900. Whole population in 1900: 19,254,559; Catholics, 11,774,056 (Latin Catholics, 9,919,918; Uniate Greek Catholics, 1,854,143); the Catholics form 65.5 per cent. of the whole population, an increase of 10.3 per cent. during the ten years from 1890-1900. Schismatic Greeks, 2,815,713; Calvinists, 2,441,142; other Protestants (Augsburg Confession), 1,288,942; Jews, 851,378; Unitarians (Socinians), 68,565; of no religion, 14,760.

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## In the Days of Old.

I.  
A frown was on the brow of Charles the Lord Mayor of the Palace of Childe and General of the Frankish army. The rumor that the Saracens were preparing to cross the Pyrenees had reached him and he quickly saw the importance of opposing their progress.

"They must be checked, either in the narrow passes of the mountains or on the plains below; if not they will overrun all Europe," he murmured half aloud, "but that shall not be, I will gather my forces from every corner of the kingdom and conquer them. We are not so easily conquered as they think, these infidels," and the great general strode angrily along on his way to the palace.

In fact, so absorbed was he in his thoughts, that as he entered the royal gateway he failed to perceive a little figure coming to meet him.

It was not until the sweet voice of his motherless daughter, Clotilde, sounded in his ears that he aroused himself from his reverie.

"Oh, my father, thou art troubled, what has displeased thee so much that thou findest it hard to smile at thy little maid?" said the child.

"Why, Clotilde, I am smiling at thee."

"Yes, but thou wert not, when first I came. Please tell me what is wrong, dearest father."

"Well my little one, I was wondering if thou wouldst mind if thy father had to leave thee to go and fight the Saracens?"

"Why thou hast never left me for more than a day and if thou must go away to the South, I will go with thee."

"Go with me, it is impossible, child, thou couldst not go with the soldiers."

"Aye, my father, I could, I would die if thou didst leave me in the palace. Why, Pepin is but a little older than I am, and thou art going to take him, I know."

"Yes, but Pepin is far stronger than thou art, my maiden."

"But I am not going to fight, I am only going to take care of you in case those wicked men hurt you. Duen could come too, we could easily travel with the leech, and I am sure I would be of use. Father, thou must take me."

There are few people who would dare to say "must" to this grave stern man but he idolized this little daughter in whom he saw, as in a mirror, the image of her mother. It was impossible to deny her request more especially as the separation would be so painful to him as it would be to her. Besides, if left at the palace who would watch over her? Of course her nurse, Duen, was faithfulness itself, but she could not follow her and watch over her intercourse with the people of the court. He had been very careful with his little Clotilde, and was he sure she would not suffer in his absence? No, that he could not answer. But on the other hand, if he took her with him, would she be compelled to endure bodily discomfort? No, he thought not. Articles for her convenience could be taken, as she had suggested, by the leech, and at least he would be near her and would be able to watch over her. So thought the Lord Mayor as he walked through the garden with his daughter. The possibility of his defeat never for an instant entered his mind. At last he broke the silence, saying: "Well, Clotilde, I have decided, and it is in thy favor. We must go. I think it will be wise to take thee with me, but speak to no one of our plans, for remember I have heard nothing definite. The scouts will not return until this night, at the very earliest, and we may not have to leave the palace at all, but now Clotilde, go to Duen, thy father has business with the king."

II.  
"What sound is that we hear?" said one member of the palace guard to the other as they met on the walls over which they were keeping watch. "It is the howling of the dog belonging to Clotilde, the fair daughter of our General. Since the maiden left with her father weeks ago, he has seemed to miss her more every day, and now the brute refuses to eat. All last night he kept up that howling noise, giving us scarcely an interval of quiet. I hope it broods no harm. Aye, I hope not," and they passed on.

And Clotilde where was she? On a small hillock overlooking the plains of Tours stood the maiden watching with straining eyes the battle going on below her. For six days she had gazed on this most awful scene, and this was the seventh, and still infidel and Christian

closed in mortal combat. But now, at last, the Franks were gaining. It seemed to Clotilde as if she dared not breathe, so intense was the strain; she forgot that she had come without a guard, forgot that she had not waited for Duen and that her faithful nurse must be looking for her. She thought only of her father, who was slowly but surely leading his men to victory. But she herself was not unwatched, a lynx-eyed Saracen in the reserve ranks had seen the white figure so clearly outlined against the dark foliage, and into his suspicious mind had come the thought that this must be the goddess of his enemies and that it was she who was giving them the victory. "But the all-powerful Mahomet will give me strength to overcome her whatever she may be," he whispered to himself.

Quick to act upon his thoughts, he retired to the rear of the field, mounted his high-spirited charger and turning its head to the outskirts of the enemy's camp, he urged it into a gallop.

And as he rode, he matured his plans. He could easily reach the low underbrush, which grew in an irregular line from the plain to the summit of the hillock, without being detected. It would then be but the work of a minute to climb to the spot where he would find the mysterious being, and if Mahomet favored him he hoped she would still be unattended, and that he would be able to overcome her. If he attracted no attention he might escape; but if he saw that it would be impossible, it would be but the work of a second to plunge his dagger into his own heart.

By this time he had reached the point where he must dismount, and, imploring the help of Mahomet, he left his well trained steed and began crawling through the underbrush. Noiselessly he made his way until he suddenly found himself directly behind the object of his quest, but he quickly saw it was not an aerial spirit, with which he had to deal, but a Frankish maiden; and, if he could judge by her dress, one of royal blood. This must be the daughter of the great general—the rumor that he had brought her with him had reached the Saracen camp. He would go away and not molest her; it would do his cause little good to hurt a fragile maiden, and he turned to descend.

But at that moment a cry arose from the Franks—a cry of victory. "It is in my power to take revenge on their general," thought the Saracen, his passionate nature now thoroughly aroused by the exciting shouts, and he faced again towards the child.

For an instant Charles the victorious, turned his eyes in the direction of the hillock, and his daughter seeing him, seized her mantle and waved it aloft; and then the general turned again to his soldiers. But what is that? Above the roar of the battle came a shrill terrified cry, such as no soldier would utter. Why was it Charles Martel started so violently? Was it not to his excited imagination that it sounded like his little daughter's cry of "father?" He turned again but the hillock was hidden from his sight by the men who surrounded him on every side. Ah! it was well he did not see it for on that hillock confusion reigned supreme!

As Clotilde was so eagerly watching her father she felt herself suddenly seized from behind and looking up she saw the dark face of a Moor bending over her. For an instant the child was too frightened to move but, as the glittering dagger flashed before her eyes, she uttered the piercing shriek that had reached even to her father—and then the spirit of Clotilde went forth to meet its Maker. The Moor's stroke had been a true one. His revenge was accomplished.

III.  
The Battle of Tours had been won, the Cross had triumphed over the Crescent, the Saracens had been driven back over the Pyrenees and Charles, known as Charles Martel, was the hero of his people; for it was to him they owed this victory. But to the great general himself, it mattered not that he had won the battle,—it mattered not that his people worshipped him,—it mattered only that the one thing most dear to him was not by his side to share in his rejoicings. He cared not for the honor shown him on every side, for the heart of Charles Martel was buried with his daughter. It had been pierced by the same weapon which had left the body of Clotilde cold and still beneath a tall poplar tree upon the plains of Tours.—T. W. O.

"If there is childhood," "which I hope distinct, clear by the rude memory of Charles is one memory wish to have on my mind is the memory at the Priory town."

We were sitting in the room of the P. where we often went or appointed by accident was by accident—clinging over the one of the six weeks after picture of a queen in a French v. specially held this as a beginning conversation in Christmas, its vances. The S. mark in passing possible brogue ther was he morally of whom, at the admire, being spoke of Kipling was always emanation of that p. ing such a cha typify the Irish "The Christm when to my del "was erected e tar-boys under lay-brother; the derstand, a Fr. together with t was also a lay-sacristan. Poor how well I re was whose arti a larger and be the stable of B. customary before was who prevail riors to obtain some other plac figures of the p. tivity tableau, a life size, clothes garments (or w was), and looki at a little dista readily deceived flesh-and-blood a fixed rigidity of was delighted w first year they were particularly. One stalwart sh one knee and w with a hood over his arms a littl ing to the new-l the lay-brother was "the Prince He was our part of course the be figures representi gin, the Holy C were not w appeal, not only to our religious were besides the herds at least a To accommodate see that the stal large, and so it years as an alt construct it, and vivid memory of portant incident curred in connecte me remember it a

"You see, about had sprung up in these periodic ma rebellion against fighting spirit of mant for years, the old country t tion (which is no all); but once sweeps over the supreme disgust fore people begin ing. pike-heads, a the moon." At a young man see men dream dream "Well, so it was young man of n This old spirit ha and I was caught ment in my nativ as the straw is su dy. Of course it over again. There most vehement in 'Saxon,' the most ganizing the loca the most severe o spirited slaves' w wise enough to clear of the ente spracy against I. He was the v. l group of revolution though young, was portance, partly b