

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTRAVERSITY.

The scandalous attack on the priest of Zamora, which I described in my last paper, is too largely characteristic of the temper of many Protestant agents in Roman Catholic countries...

Before commenting more fully, however, on this paper, I will make some remarks on some of the other papers and missions in Spanish America and in Spain. I see only one other paper regularly. This represents a heterodox, but devout and simple-minded body, not much inclined to vituperation...

Nor does the attack on the priest of Zamora illustrate the universal temper of Protestant agents in Iberian countries. On the contrary, one lady who has been employed in the large amount of genuine Christianity there, and only regrets that, in the want of a thorough-going system of popular education, this piety is somewhat too deeply intermingled with superstition...

On the other hand, there are some of these agents whose shallow impudence fairly takes away the breath. No doubt it is the privilege of an American woman to insult our sex almost at pleasure, thus avenging the immortal oppressions of her own; still there is a limit, even here. Age, and knowledge, and responsible position, have some claims to respect, even when they have the misfortune to be embodied in a masculine form...

Truly, the possibilities of human effrontery are not to be measured. You think you have reached the lowest deep, and behold, a lower deep opens before you. Who are the "doctors of divinity and learned professors" whom this precocious piece of youthful intelligence undertakes to instruct in the realities of things, and to turn back to the genuine Protestantism from which, according to her, they have strayed so perilously? They are men who, besides knowing more of the history and biographical exemplifications of Christianity in a day than she probably knows in a year, have most of them travelled again and again through Catholic and Protestant Europe, and had opportunities of observation and inquiry that reduce to insignificance her narrow circle of pharisaic self-sufficiency...

He had to undergo a good deal of nagging in his day from such as she became, while too strong a Protestant and Puritan even to remain an Episcopalian, he owned that he could not see why the Tridentine doctrine of Justification overturned the gospel, and, as he said, could not forget that the two alienated parties still worshipped the same God, acknowledged the same Saviour, endeavored, after their varying measure of intelligence, to realize the same gospel, and, as he and Cardinal Manning join in saying are by holy baptism included within the same Covenant of salvation...

Would such an exposition of overwhelming Protestant authority make any impression on this woman, and on such as she? E presume not. Secure in their self-sufficiency, in their indurate self conceit, they would smilingly face a quadruple synod of universal Presbyterianism, Anglicanism, Methodism and Lutheranism, and merely wonder inwardly when female consistency shall take the place of male half-heartedness, and treasonable susceptibility to such beguiling influences as facts and arguments. When, for instance, conclusive evidence was presented to the Boston school board that John Swinton, meaning no wrong, had nevertheless essentially misrepresented the history of Luther's theses, from unfamiliarity with theological conceptions and terms, a majority of the men on the board were obliged to yield, but the two female members stood firm, like two Pillars of Hercules...

It would be somewhat amusing to imagine an interview between this Protestant propagandist and Martin Luther. She might make out that all the Protestant theologians of today have fallen from the faith. Even Baxter was some four or five generations later than Luther. But there is no going back of Brother Martin. He is the authentic and authenticated Reformation. What consolation she would feel at being able to pour her sorrows into his sympathetic ear, over the unfaithfulness of his followers! At first he would listen approvingly, but presently he would begin to look puzzled, and before long would interrupt her with, "But, my sister, do you think I am an apostate from Protestantism?" "God forbid, honored sir; why do you accuse my disciples of unfaithfulness for saying now what I said all my life, namely, that the Papists, by driving us out, did not lose the authentic Creeds, the authentic sacraments, the authentic Christianity which they had before? Do you think I am Christ, that my coming should take away the virtue of that which had virtue before?" "But-but, sir, haven't you said that the Pope is anti-Christ, and the Mass idolatry?" "True, I have. But, as your own Doctor Schaff says, have not all reckoning of mortal matters" when I say two manifestly incompatible things, one acknowledging the Christianity of the Catholics and the other denying it, which affirmation is likely to represent my steady judgment?" "I suppose the former."

"Precisely. When I wanted to knock a man down, were he Pope or king of England, I took the first club that came to hand. Read my book against Henry VIII, and inquire whether I seriously meant the accusations I bring against him in it; whether, for instance, I really think that he murdered his youthful uncle, compared with my interest in abusing the Pope? If you want the authentic mind of Martin, you must not take Martin in a rage."

Such an interview, we might think, could it be brought about by any permitted use of white magic, would be effective. Not at all, probably. This good lady might reflect that Loyola had obtained the approbation of his great Institute six years before Luther died, and that probably Brother Martin, from 1540 to 1546, was a Jesuit in disguise. All you could say of such an hypothesis would be that it was a screaming absurdity, and how could these people live from day to day without some screaming absurdity to feed upon? I give warning, however, that I shall not suffer any one to use this new discovery of mine without paying me a heavy royalty upon it.

If it might be permitted to suggest any mitigation of judgment to this execrable Rhadamanthus in petticoats, I would suggest that there is at least one Brazilian living who has given such evidence of practical Christianity as she herself and a thousand like her are not likely ever to have the chance of giving. This is the Infanta Isabel, once heiress presumptive to the crown. When her father was visiting Europe, and had left his daughter regent, she took advantage of her plenary though delegated authority to push the arrears of slave emancipation, which had lingered in the Emperor's kindly but perhaps somewhat sluggish hand. She was warned that she was endangering her own succession to the crown, that the slave holders, who were mostly Conservatives, would join with the Radicals, at least by connivance, in overturning the monarchy. She insisted, however, that this work of

Christian righteousness and love must no longer be postponed, and that God in His wisdom would see to the consequences. Accordingly she carried the work through, and has taken with pious tranquility the resulting deposition and returnless banishment from her native country. That any achievement of her grandeur of soul will be accorded her by this American woman is, of course, not to be hoped, for she is guilty of worshipping the God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the use of the rites familiar to St. Bernard, to Las Casas and to St. Vincent de Paul. Moreover, which is even worse than this, she doubtless honors the Archbishop of Rio more than she honors the grandmaster of the Freemasons. However, I venture modestly to suggest her as a not unworthy candidate, when she shall have been gathered to her reward, for enrollment at least in the catalogue of the Blessed.

Charles C. Starbuck, Andover, Mass.

DISCONTENT.

What a mystery is that longing in every one's heart for something to make it happy! No matter what it possesses, it will not rest content with what it has, but looks out longingly at something else, not sure that even what it covets would satisfy its craving for felicity, but certain only that it is not at peace and that it desires to be so.

That restlessness is universal. It disturbs the rich, the mighty, the strong, the pious, just as it molests the poor, the lowly, the sick and the vicious. No one is perfectly contented. The wealthy merchant seeks new sources of revenue or envies the farmer in the quiet fields. The young woman compelled to stay at home sighs for a career that will make her conspicuous, while her sister, who is forced out into the world, welcomes a marriage in order to get back into the obscurity of domestic duties. The President has ascertained from experience that even his high office does not make him completely happy, but rather burdens him with unwanted cares, so that what he sought as the satisfying ambition of his life has practically multiplied his annoying responsibilities and so far as contentment is concerned, has turned to Dead Sea fruit in his grasp. Even the Pope under the Vicar of Christ, elevated above all other officials, the teacher of mankind, is not perfectly happy—in his heart, too, is that strange disquiet, that restless longing for something not yet possessed, that void that refuses to be filled.

Only God can satisfy that longing of the human heart. It seeks the happiness for which it was made and that consists in union with Him. That union may be commenced on earth, and so it is true that only the good are above all other mortals, for in peace and happiness in this world, for in peace and possession of grace, is the only genuine contentment here below; but that union will not be full and perfect until it is renewed in Heaven in the splendor of the Vision of Jehovah and in the plenitude of His love and possession. Until then we may strive as we will for this or for that good, we may aim at many possessions, we may long for unexperienced gratifications, but whoever we are, wherever we may be, whatever we may have, we shall not be free from that divine discontent. And, indeed, it is well for us that we should never be satisfied with the present, but always look forward to happiness with something not yet had, or at some day in the future. For if we were perfectly contented with our present, we should not labor to improve our condition nor make any advance in holiness. We should try to remain stationary and that would result in decadence.

Who seeks a friend without a fault remains without one.—Turkish saying. One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one. Only those who have had experience can tell the torture, corns, pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holroyd's Corn Cure. Zylol.—It would be a gross injustice to content that standard healing agent—DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are often times inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

Do you like to hear it? If not, take Scott's Emulsion. 'Twill fill out your sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, and thin hands. Why not have a plump figure? Don't let disease steal a march on you. The Proprietors of Parrole's are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parrole's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parrole's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic. You Must have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would BE WELL.

A CHILD'S SOUL.

One day a priest in Paris sat in his room composing a discourse destined perhaps to set the seal on his reputation as an orator. His attention was concentrated on his task. At that moment a little chimney sweeper, half singing, half shouting his refrain, passed by. His services were needed and he was called in. He climbed up with professional alacrity, sang some couplets while working, and reappeared sweating and grimy, beside the writer's desk.

"Mister, it's ten cents," said he. "Ten cents? Well, here they are," answered the priest, taking the coin from his purse. "Now were even." The boy went away, and the priest picked up his pen once more, but as he meditated as if an iron hand gripped his heart. Pangs of remorse seized him. "Even! I said we were even," he murmured to himself. "How could that be? Was that child a machine? Had he not an immortal soul, a soul for which Jesus shed His blood?"

At this reproach, the priest bounded, called after the boy, questioned him about God, and his mother, catechism and first Communion. But he knew nothing of catechism and first Communion. Yet the two seemed to feel a mutual attraction. The child fixed a long look of hopefulness on the priest's face. What was he going to do? What was going to happen?

This is what happened. The little sweep was instructed, and two months afterward, in a retired chapel, the priest, clad in feast day vestments, laid on the child's pure lips the Bread of the strong and happy. On that day they were even. The salary, the debt of affection, was paid in full. Later on, the child thus saved from danger might be seen mounting the altar in his turn, and blessing the Angel of his life. The two priests, one aged, the other young, realized that the gift of oneself is worth far more than the most brilliant oration, and that, in forming a child's career, in training him to a manly life, nothing equals the gift of God contained in the bestowal of wise affection. This story is in no way a fictitious one. It was narrated during the Eucharistic Congress of Rheims, by Monsignor Dulong de Rosnay, one of the two heroes.—Voice of the Precious Blood.

HOME.

Riches alone can never make a home. Affection and devotion give the power and the charm. A father's sacrifice and daily toil, a mother's watchful care are lasting memories. Kindly feelings, willingness to help, self-sacrifice, obedience, mutual respect, brighten the lowliest cot and give to it the name of home. There are learned the first lessons of good and evil. There are awakened the first ambitions, the resolve to lead a great and good life. There is rest after the day's toil. There are found amusements so innocent and delightful. No coarse or angry word should there be heard. A good home is a school and the best school to after life. There the first attempts are made to form and fashion the character. The child not only learns what is good and true and proper, but tries so to act. Honesty, work, self-respect and esteem for others are there instilled. A good home-training broadens the mind and imparts direction and strength. Home is something common and ordinary. Its brightness and happiness comes from the home spirit. This spirit is shown in the modest, gentle virtues, the fragrant flowers, the little acts of kindness and condescension, bearing imperfections with sweetness, modestly putting up with disagreeable behavior, and patience in little things. Hence this place is so different from the world, and the difference makes it home.

Delicate children! What a source of anxiety they are! The parents wish them hearty and strong, but they keep thin and pale. To all these delicate children Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites comes with the best of news. It brings rich blood, strong bones, healthy nerves, and sound digestion. It is growth and prosperity to them. No matter how delicate the child, it is readily taken.

These thoughts will prevent murmurs against Providence, discouragement and despair. All our tribulations are directly intended for our spiritual profit. Thus utilized, they are a precious benefit, better than riches, or health, or joys, or honors. They can be transformed by the alchemy of a religious motive into jewels to adorn the Crown of Life that is the promised reward of those who persevere in the practice of virtue to the very end. Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best.

SURPRISE SOAP. CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY. EASY QUICK WORK. SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE, PORTER & LAGER. These Brands are exclusively used in the House of Commons.

"Famous Active" Range FOR COAL OR WOOD. The McClary M'g. Co. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

OUR SILVER JUBILEE. Western Fair, London. SEPTEMBER 8th to 17th, 1908. Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, will be a visitor.

Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada. ESTABLISHED 1848. State University 1866. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1889.

Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best. The testimonials in behalf of parilla are written by those who want you to know what it has done for them.

Remember. Remember, man, thou art but dust. 'Ah! did we but remember. How dull were anger's poignant thrust. How short-lived its red ember! 'And unto dust thou shalt return.' 'Did we the words but cherish. No strife heart our pride would spare. No child of man would perish. —Ave M.

THE APOSTOLIC SPIRIT. Church Progress. The surest sign of a vigorous spiritual life is zeal for the Kingdom of God. The first office of the Church—the preaching of the good news—spreading abroad of the Gospel—self steadily "holds forth the Word of Life," inviting all the world to contemplate the mysteries of the Incarnation and Life and Passion and Glorification of Jesus Christ our Lord, and His messengers in His saints, so every individual Christian and every local Church should feel irresistibly impelled to make known the wonders of Divine Love. "The Spirit and the Bride Come, and he that heareth, let him say, Come (Apoc. xxii. 17)." who has no impulse to repeat this invitation to "Come and taste the Word of Life," cannot be filled with the Holy Spirit; who is the far from being a worthy member of the Church; and he must have shown his own ears to the tenderest solicitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The life of grace is a life of charity. The Holy Ghost, Who is its spirit, is charity. But charity, natural love, after pouring itself upon the Creator overflows upon the creation. The faithful Christian not only loves God in Christ, but the glorious fellowship of His members, but longs that all mankind should love Him. His not only accept of His truth, but longs that all humanity should be illumined by it. He not only nourishes himself with the Precious Body and Blood of Jesus in the sacraments, but longs that all other souls should be blessed. He not only rejoices in Unity, but longs to bring all the members of every name home to the City of God, the one Fold of the Shepherd. The Holy Church of Rome, the mistress of the Church, always been pre-eminently apostolic, not only in its origin, but in its life. She has always, when she has been free from civil despotism, been most in the vanguard of the evangelization of nations, heretics, Jews, Moslems, Pagans. The other Churches followed her example, so far as they have been faithfully united to the Holy Ghost by the Spirit of God. In our own day, the conversion of the North of Europe! In our own day, the conversion of the North of Europe! In our own day, the conversion of the North of Europe! In our own day, the conversion of the North of Europe!