

THE NAME "PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL"

The Canadian Church expresses itself as pleased with at least one good effect which it foresees as a consequence of the revolt in the United States against the name "Protestant Episcopal," which was assumed by the Anglican Church in the States soon after that country had become politically independent.

Altogether, the revolt against the name in the United States does not appear to have been so great as was supposed, as the vote taken in the Episcopal Convention when the change of name was proposed was decisive against change in the ratio of about 7 to 2.

The American Episcopal Church has thus once more declared by positive act that it is undoubtedly a Protestant Church in the sense in which its forefathers took the name Protestant, which is to say that its reason for existence is to protest against the Catholic Church.

It was not, as a Montreal clergyman recently asserted in a sermon on the name Protestant, because Protestantism "witnesses to the truth" that this name was originally adopted, but because it protested against the teachings of the Church.

It is inferred that the House of Commons will take amendments, never-repressed confidence that will not be altogether regarded to them.

The so-called "Irish Church" may or may not adopt this title which was adopted deliberately in the United States at the beginning of the last century, but its present name is an incongruity and absurdity. It never had any better claim thereto than that it was forced by iniquitous and persecuting laws upon an unwilling people as a dominant alien organization which they should maintain by their taxes; but it has not now even this claim to be the "Church of Ireland."

It is neither established by law, nor is it the Church of the Irish people. It is no longer sustained by the bayonets of the soldiery and the batons of the police, and the sooner its authorities change its name to something which will tell a true story, the more will they become respected for sincerity and love of truth.

We may add here that recently, Lord Rosebery speaking in the House of Lords defined Protestantism as "a popular protest against certain obnoxious doctrines of the Church of Rome."

Historically speaking it cannot be said that this definition is very accurate. The Lutheran minority at the 2nd Diet of Spire held in 1529 protested against the toleration of Catholics which was maintained by the majority. It had been decreed by the edict of Worms that the newly arisen sect of Lutherans should not put obstacles in the way of the celebration of Mass, or of hearing Mass, and the Diet maintained this act of justice. The minority which protested, therefore, went further than a mere protest which would not imply persecuting measures. It was an intolerant protest; and it was recently pointed out by the Rev. Osborne G. Troop of Montreal in a sermon preached by him in defence of the designation "Protestant," that etymologically Protestantism means the attestation of the truth.

He inferred that Protestant is a name of honor which must be taken in a positive sense as a testimony to the truth, and not in a negative sense. The name is negative in its origin, and in the sense in which it is and has been accepted by Protestants themselves to the present day, and no merely fanciful exegesis of preachers can attach to it any other than a negative signification, and as such it is an incongruity to

apply it to a society which has a serious claim to be the Church of Christ.

PROTESTANT FAITH AND MISSIONARY EFFORTS.

Under the title "Making Infidels," Brann's Iconoclast for July, published in Chicago, diagnoses cleverly and correctly the cause on account of which the Protestant ministers of the United States are so earnestly bent upon urging the Government to push the war on the Philippine Islands to the bitter end.

But he adds: "The thing is no longer a mystery. From reading the Baptist Standard, The Interior, the Christian Advocate, and other so-called religious organs, I learn that while it is monstrous for a thug to murder a man in a brawl, it is a holy thing to kill our brothers—by wholesale. I am informed by these oracles of God that weak people like the Boers and Filipinos strike for liberty and independence, they forfeit their right to exist, and it is God's will for Christian nations to slaughter them in cold blood, and take forcible possession of their country, tear their beautiful flag from the sky, and trample it and their bleeding hearts in the dust."

He goes on to say that these ministers make of God a tyrant, "a miscreant edify of the dark ages, a cruel creation of ignorance and superstition. Every man in whose heart glows a spark of humanity will be either driven to infidelity by such doctrine, or into open rebellion against such a God.

"Why do a majority of the Protestant clergy favor the imperial regime? For the simple reason that they foolishly and wickedly imagine that it means greater fields for Protestant missions. Professor Schurman, of Cornell, McKinley's chairman of the first Philippine commission, was imbued with the same idiotic idea. In his lecture on the Philippine Islands, Schurman admits that 90 per cent of the civilized inhabitants—about 6,000,000—are Catholics." He adds that "nearly all can read and write, and that many are highly educated." Yet he urges Protestant Churches to rush missionaries to the islands, and take advantage of demoralized conditions to convert—not the negroes and savage subjects of the Sultan of Sulu—but intelligent Catholics whose ancestors were building colleges and universities before Yale and Harvard were founded. Others of the same ilk look upon Porto Rico and Cuba as inviting fields for such work, and many missionaries have been dispatched thither.

"If these deluded, over-zealous people desire to make infidels and agnostics of the intelligent Catholics of Cuba and the Philippines, they may succeed beyond their fondest dreams. But if they hope to convert them to Protestantism, they are doomed to disappointment and ignominious failure."

This is strong language, but we know it to be truthful. The Spanish war itself was urged by the ministers because it gave a reasonable hope that Spain, a Catholic nation, would be humbled. There was no concealment of the motive, and when this purpose was accomplished, all their energies were directed, not toward the conversion of that portion of the population of the Philippines who are still uncivilized Pagans and Mahometans, but of those who are Catholics and are both civilized and educated.

Mr. Windle, the Iconoclast's editor, next maintains that:

"It is almost, if not quite impossible, for an intelligent Catholic to become a good Protestant. The reason is plain. If he cannot believe in the root and stock of the tree, how can he believe in the branches?"

"If he cannot believe that the oldest Church in the world is the true Church how can he accept the later inventions of Luther, Calvin, Wesley, or Dowie, as the Church of God?"

"When convinced that the authority vested in the oldest Church is not binding, how can he submit to the decrees of a Conference, Council, and Conclave of warring Protestantism?"

"Once convinced that the rules of faith laid down by the Councils of his Church are erroneous, and the Pope's interpretation of Scripture false, how are you to make him accept the interpretation or abide by the rules of faith and practice laid down by Tom, Dick, or Harry?"

"Impossible. The upright, honest, educated Catholic must either remain true to his faith or become an agnostic. For him, there is no refuge in Protestantism, no middle ground between Catholicism and infidelity. Therefore the inevitable effect of Protestant missions in the Philippines will be to make agnostics and infidels of a people who now believe in God and His Christ."

We must say we cannot see how the missionary societies are to escape the force of Mr. Windle's pointed logic.

Leo XIII. was of noble family. His successor, Pius X, is of humble origin. Thus the democracy of heaven calls to the Chair of Peter virtue and talent from the palace to the cot.—Union and Times.

AN INTERESTING FIND.

The following communication appeared in the Orillia Packet of July 10th. It speaks of the finding of one of the medals struck by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1572 to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve, when the French king or rather the king's mother, Catharine de Medici, ordered the killing of the French Huguenots who had been in arms against the king, and who still threatened rebellion against his authority.

This was, of course, one of the most unjustifiable deeds recorded in history, and the medal was struck by Pope Gregory because it had been represented to him by the French court that the Huguenots were defeated in battle in an attempt to murder, or at least to throne the king.

The Pope had no share in the awful massacre, but condemned it vehemently when the truth was made known to him. However, while the report of the King or that issued in the King's name, was the only account of the transaction which was known to Pope Gregory, the time for the issuing of the annual commemorative medal of the Pope's reign arrived, and the medal was struck as recording the principal event of Church history which had occurred during the year.

The medal was by no means an approval of the act of the French royal family, but a record of a fact, the only knowledge of which had reached the Pope from those who had perpetrated the deed. The medal was issued, therefore, merely as a commemoration of the delivery of the French King from the supposed machinations of his enemies. It must be stated, however, that the number killed has been very greatly exaggerated by many writers.

We have no doubt that the medal found in Orillia is authentic, as it is well known that such a medal was issued. Mr. Osborne's letter will read with much interest:—

Called back 331 years. Editor of the Packet: Sir,—The Treasurer of Penetanguishene, Mr. Carmichael, has kindly handed me for examination a medal loaned him for a few days by Mr. G. W. Powley, a former well-known townsman of Orillia, and which proves to be one of Orillia, and which proves to be a most remarkable one of the French mis- sions, indirectly, and in the hands of the Hurons of two hundred and fifty years ago, and of a great historical event as well. The medal in question was struck by Pope Gregory XIII. in commemoration of the famous St. Bartholomew massacre on the 24th of August, 1572, which was also the first year of his pontificate. The obverse contains an image of the Pope in the centre, with an inscription above in Latin, viz.: GREGORIVS XIII. PONT. MAX. A. N. I., in Roman characters, the V. occupying the place of the more modern U, while beneath the image are two initials F. and P. The reverse has an angel with a sword in the right hand and an uplifted cross in the left, sending the latter to a number of people being slain, some with poniards in their hands, and some with spears, and that appears to be an image of the Virgin in flowing robes, with upraised arms, standing over the dead and dying. Above and around the margin is the legend VNONOTORVM, STRAGES, 1572. A free translation of the two inscriptions is as follows:—"Gregory XIII., Supreme Pontiff, in the 1st year of his reign, and The Slaughterer of the Huguenots, 1572." The medal is of bronze, one and one-quarter inches in diameter, and about the thickness of an ordinary penny, and is well preserved, considering its age (three hundred and thirty-one years) and its most unobscured place of deposit for the last two hundred and fifty years, since the last remnant of the French Huron missions was dispersed in 1651, while it has been brought here earlier, possibly, by one of Champlain's party in his first expedition in 1615, only forty-three years after its promulgation, or two hundred and eighty-eight years ago. This very interesting relic was found by Mr. Powley on an Orillia, formerly owned by him in Orillia, on the old portage road, below the surface, having been thrown up by a work- ing, while digging a trench for some lilac shrubs—a location entirely conformable with its history and its mysterious billet in this romantic spot. Here was the former well known Indian trail most likely followed by Champlain or by the missionaries in their arduous labors in passing from station to station, and is a further confirmation of the fact that Orillia occupies a very important site in the plan of Jesuit missions. While this strange medal commemorates an event which has long since passed into history, its discovery in this once remote corner of Nouvelle France gives rise to some very interesting speculations and reflections. Evidences of its genuineness scarcely admit of a doubt, and the manner of its transportation to this then obscure portion of the Canadian wilderness, by pioneer French missionaries and explorers, amounts almost to an absolute certainty. Assuming, then, that these premises are correct, it may have been a treasured memento, and its loss deeply mourned. It may have been lost by the brave and noble Brebrouet or his fellow-martyr Lallouant, or perhaps by the ill-fated Chabonnet, who was murdered by a renegade Huron and his body thrown to a watery grave in the Wye. It may have been worn by one of the faithful Dons, who with- out hope of earthly recompense followed the fortunes of the Jesuits through good and ill, or by Ragenau,

who witnessed the last expiring throes of the Mission. It may have been dropped by Jolies, who with mutilated fingers ended his career in a martyr's death at Oneida among the Iroquois. It may have been carried by Brissoni, who was born in Italy, and who brought it from the cradle of its manufacture. How many of the present generation of the world's civilization of to-day have looked upon one of these original tokens, is an interesting query to propound. This is probably the only one to be found outside the British Museum, or on the American continent.

Mr. Powley showed it to several friends in his travels, some of whom thought it was a medal commemorating some event. To Mr. Carmichael belongs the credit of suggesting that the date of the medal was about the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre, which, on reference, proved to be correct. Its estimated value is \$200, although money could not be had for the present owner to part with it, while fac-similes may be purchased for \$5 or \$10 from the relic manufacturers. Orillians no doubt little thought they were daily treading about such valuable relics or so much wealth.

Yours, etc., A. C. OSBORNE, Penetanguishene, June 30th, 1903.

A STORY OF THE NEW POPE.

Rev. Father S. N. Odono, rector of the Italian colony in St. Paul, relates some interesting stories about Pope Pius X., whom he saw about fifteen years ago in the city of Brescia in Lombardy, northern Italy. The Pope, then Bishop of Mantova—the English of which is Mantua—was a guest at the monastery of St. Pietro in Oliveto, the occasion being the coronation of the Blessed Virgin, the Madonna delle Grazie. There were great ceremonies in the city at the time, and in the afternoon Bishop Sarto visited the monastery. Father Odono happened to be there, his grand uncle, Father Felix (or, as the Italians say, Padre Felice), who is still living in Venice at the age of eighty-two, and now first counsellor of the provincial of the Carmelites, being then the provincial and prominent in the Order, having several times held that office. Bishop Sarto, upon the presentation of Father Odono, greeted him heartily, and said: "I know your uncle well; we are great friends." And so on, for every one in the monastery during his brief visit, he had a pleasant word.

"The accounts appearing in the papers of the pleasure the Pope takes in speaking personally to his guests in audience," said Father Odono, "are certainly characteristic." Later while still at the monastery, just as the group entered a long corridor leading to the assembly room, the Bishop turned to one of the students and said in an undertone: "Your sub-prior seems to be a very severe man." "Oh, no, he is not so severe at all," the student replied, fearful of committing himself. But the keen eye of Sarto had read the sub-prior at a glance.

When they had reached the assembly hall, the prior motioned the Bishop to take the chair of state reserved for such distinguished visitors. But Bishop Sarto sat in a common chair with the others. The story which was published in the dailies about the Pope refusing to be carried in the Sedia Gestatoria, preferring to walk, is very likely true, said Father Odono. "It sounds like him. He is the most democratic of popes. In Italy a Bishop goes to the altar and nearly always attended by at least a secretary. But not so Bishop Sarto. He would go alone, and often would be seen hurrying along the street, quick and business-like, quite American."

"He is a very handsome man, possessing a great deal of magnetism, a charming personality, with all the kind word for every creature. I remember one student of the Carmelites who was sent to Mantova to enlist in the army, according to the law which obliges every able-bodied young man in Italy to serve. Fra Gerardo was his name, and he was a Venetian, as Sarto is. When he arrived in Mantova he called upon the bishop, and he was tendered a welcome that he will remember as long as he lives. He was given the freedom of the bishop's house, and entertained as heartily as if he were a prince."

The Pope is especially friendly to the Carmelites, in whom he has always taken a deep interest. Before he became patriarch of Venice, whenever he would visit that city, he would stop at the Carmelites house, which he seemed to regard as a second home. And even afterwards, when he was Cardinal and Patriarch, he would often stay there over night when leaving or coming into the city, the Carmelites home in Venice being only a block from the railway station.

NEARNESS OF DEATH.

When we walk near powerful machinery we know that one single mis-step, and those mighty engines will tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So when we are thundering across the land in a railroad car and there is nothing but an inch of iron flange to hold us from eternity, so when we are in a ship and there is nothing between us and eternity, we imagine then, that that we see how near we are to the precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land, the partition that divides us from eternity is something less than the oak plank, or half an inch of iron flange. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold that beating powers in their place are often no thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition ruptured, it would be the same to us as if a cannon ball struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he would to widen the space, no man can, at any time, go farther from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

THE MOST VENERABLE CHURCH.

Buffalo Commercial. The Popes, the "fathers of the faithful," come and go. The "successor of St. Peter," and the "servant of the servants of God," may fill the chair and wear the fisherman's ring a few months, or for a generation. He may be proud or humble, persuasive or arrogant, a man of sweet or acrid temper, of broad or narrow views. He is a man liable in all he does or says, to human weaknesses, save only, it is asserted, when he speaks on matters of doctrine as the mouthpiece of the Church. He lives to-day and to-morrow is gone, even as the good and wise Pope Leo has lived and died in our day. But the Church remains.

Men of all creeds and no creeds are impressed by the venerableness of the Church of Rome—by its striking, historic continuity—and no writer, whether of that communion or another, has expressed this feeling more beautifully than Macaulay, in his essay on Von Ranke's "History of the Popes." "There is not," said Lord Macaulay, "and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church."

"The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the supreme pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin, the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable." The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. . . . Nor do we see any sign to indicate that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She sees the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments, that now exist in the world; and we have no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set his foot in Britain—before the Frank passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence flourished at Antioch when idols were still worshipped in the temple of the Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

This is one of Macaulay's famous word-pictures. It illuminates the aspect of the Church which naturally comes into the foreground in a juncture like that existing in the Vatican to-day. Since those words were written the Pope has been stripped of his temporal powers and sovereignties and is now only the spiritual head of the ancient Church. Yet his dignity and influence as a spiritual and moral force in the world are far that, more than for any other reason, greater to-day than ever before.

SORROW FOR SIN.

IT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF CONFESSION.

Persons who are over-solicitous about an exact enumeration of all their sins are not always as careful about the more important and the essential elements of the Sacrament of Penance, namely, true contrition, with a firm purpose of amendment. There are some persons altogether ignorant of the true nature of repentance. They imagine nothing more is necessary than merely to come to priest and listen to his advice, or to say they are sorry and recite the stereotyped formula of contrition, and they do not at all realize that absolute and forgiveness of sin are just as impossible without a complete conversion of the heart, a thorough renovation of the interior, as baptism is without water or consecration without bread and wine.

Other Catholics there are who, though well acquainted in theory with the necessity and nature of interior contrition, and though perhaps very diligent in finding out and cataloging their smallest peccadilloes, are nevertheless unreflective, so heedless, so negligent from temporariness of age, or routine, that a confessor is sometimes doubtful as to their sincerity. Finally, a third and larger class of doubtful penitents consists of all those who are, or have been, the slaves of sin. They are held down in the bondage of some bad habit, some evil association or some external allurements to sin. Their will is so fascinated, or so weakened, so fettered as to be at its moorings, that some simpler evidence than the naked fact of confession is necessary to make sure that it has lifted anchor and braced itself against the current with an efficacious and steadfast purpose.

A LETTER OF ST. FRANCIS.

The town of Spoleto has lately recovered possession of an autograph letter of St. Francis, which had always been numbered among its treasures. Up to 1860 this autograph was preserved in the Convent of the Minor Conventuals of Spoleto. At that time the convent being suppressed, the letter in question seems to have passed into the hands of the municipality. In any event it was lost sight of until 1895, when it was found in the possession of a priest of Spoleto. Through the medium of a friend it was presented to the Holy Father. Finally, at the supplications of Monsignor Seraphini, Archbishop of Spoleto, the Holy Father restored the autograph to the town of Spoleto, where it has lately been placed in the Cathedral. The autograph in question consists of a letter of St. Francis to Brother Leo, and measures about five fingers by two and a half, and is one of a few very rare autographs in existence of the Seraphic Father.—Catholic Columbian.

IN THE SHADOW OF NOTRE DAME.

Nearly three hundred years before Columbus set foot on American soil, it began to smile down in splendid pride upon the then innocent waters of the Seine that flowed on either side and all around it, like a great natural moat placed there in the green valley to protect God's house from its enemies. Standing in the shadow of the statue of Charlemagne in the square before the great west front of Notre Dame, one doesn't have to be possessed of such vivid imagination to be able to transport one's self back to the early part of the thirteenth century, and join the motley crowd of simple, worshipping souls that surged about the superb train of St. Louis, which followed his august majesty through the great west portal deep into the dim, rose-lighted and myriad pillared interior to hear Solemn High Mass celebrated by Renaud de Corbell, Bishop of Paris, in thanksgiving for the holy monarch's return from Palestine, whither he had gone in religious crusade against the infidels and the spell of Islam that another fifty years and sit in silent worship under the spell of the chanting voice of Hieracellus, patriarch of Jerusalem, who officiated at the altar a year before Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Brittany, son of Henry II of England, was buried at its foot. Then we may go on and on around the cycles of time, finding always the history of France, which has ever been pivoted upon extravagant ceremonies revolving about this gray-white temple of God. As La Cite, the island in the Seine that was the first stronghold of the Roman conquerors of Gaul, is the center and beginning of France, so this Church, in the center of La Cite, may be called the pivot point of French history; for this proud old edifice, so many centuries old, rests upon foundation stones of other churches old as religion itself, religion that until such recent years has always been the central principle of human life.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Feast of the Assumption.

The feast of our Blessed Lady's Assumption into heaven, which occurs Aug. 15, is one of peculiar loveliness. Our thoughts are drawn with delight to the picture the Church presents of our Immaculate Lady, earth's fairest flower, the stainless Mother of our Lord, entering the courts of heaven to take her rightful place there as the queen of angels and of men. It should be our constant prayer that we may become more and more like to her in holiness and fervent love on earth; and that we may be speedily received, after death, into the heavenly courts, to rejoice forever with her in the presence of our Lord.—Sacred Heart Review.

In The Vatican Gardens.

The Pope worn by his efforts of Wednesday, when he received pilgrims and gave audience to a score or more high Church dignitaries, awoke Thursday morning suffering from a headache. He said that a walk in the fresh air would do him good, so after celebrating Mass the Pontiff went into the Vatican gardens, insisting upon going alone without guards.

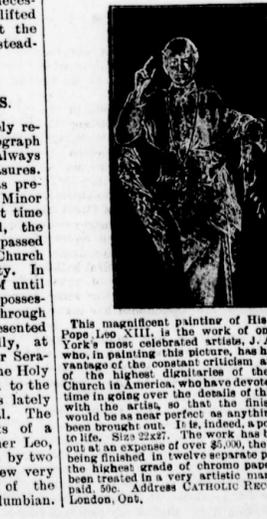
The gardens, many acres in extent, are bisected by scores of leafy walks and tree-covered drives. The men at work among the flowers and the ground velvet lawns nearly fell to the ground in their surprise upon meeting a solitary man whom they only knew was the Pope by the white robes he wore. Falling upon their knees, the gardeners kissed the Pontifical ring, timidly raising their eyes to the Pontiff's smiling face. Under the trees, standing within a halo of sunlight, Pope Pius smiled each one, laying his hand tenderly upon the head of these the least of his flock.

The Month of Mary's Heart.

August is justly called by some a second month of Mary on account of the solemnity of her Assumption which is to all other feasts in her honor like a crowning festival. Catholic piety has consecrated this month to her most pure heart. That heart was the most innocent, most sorrowful, most joyful, most loving of all the hearts of God's creatures. It is now the refuge of sinners, the comfort of the afflicted, and the model of the virtues of the virgin heart of Christ's dear mother.

False humility is worse than pride.—St. Augustine.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF POPE LEO XIII.



This magnificent painting of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. is the work of one of New York's most celebrated artists, J. A. Mohr. In painting this picture, he had the advantage of the constant criticism and advice of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America, who have devoted unusual time in going over the details of this painting with the artist, so that the finished work would be as near perfect as anything that has been brought out. It is, indeed, a portrait true to life. \$125.00. The artist has been out at an expense of over \$5,000. The lithograph is finished in twelve separate printings on the highest grade of chromo paper, and has been treated in a very artistic manner. Price paid, 50c. Address CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.