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PURITAN BIGOTRY.

The Puritans denounced Christmas as a heathen and Popish feast and did not observe it. During the Commonwealth they carried their objections to such force and forbade the celebration of Christmas. In 1644 Parliament ordered December 18th to be strictly kept as a solemn fast and that all people should pass the day in humbly bemoaning the great national sin which they and their ancestors had hitherto committed on that day by eating boar's head, drinking ale flavored with roasted apples, devouring plum pudding and in romping under the mistletoe. For 12 years this order remained in force.

Municipal authorities also sought to reduce Christmas day to the level of other days. We are told that "Upon Wednesday, Dec. 22, 1647, the cryer of Canterbury, by the appointment of Master Major, openly proclaimed that Christmas day and all other superstitious festivals should be put down and that a market should be kept upon a Christmas day."

For attending service in the cathedral on that day many people were mobbed. The inhabitants divided themselves into two parties—the Christians and the anti-Christians—and they came to blows.

On December 24, 1652, an order in council was issued proclaiming "that no observation should be had of the five and twentieth day of December commonly called Christmas day, nor any solemnity used or exercised in the churches upon that day in respect thereof."

This was simply a re-proclamation of an edict of 1647, abolishing Christmas, Easter, Whit Sunday and all other holy days. Soldiers were sent to the houses of all suspected persons to search in the ovens and larders and carry away for their own consumption all seasonable dainties found therein. People who ate mince pies and decorated their houses were declared unworthy of sitting in Parliament.

But the restoration of King Charles was also the restoration of King Christmas, who has ever since reigned undisturbed. But the Puritans' hatred of Christmas lingered long among Nonconformists.

It has now disappeared and services are held in all places of worship on Christmas day, while the rest is celebrated equally by all sects.

Daniel Dougherty, the silver-tongued orator, in one of his great orations, once said: "Aye, proclaim it to the four winds of heaven, sound it to the remotest corner of earth, shape it in epigram, emblazon it in song, engrave it on monuments, and blazon it everywhere—a moak first inspired Columbus with hope; Catholic sovereigns sent the first ship across the trackless main; the Catholic Columbus, with his Catholic crew, discovered the continent. A Catholic gave it the name of America; the new-found land was dedicated to the patronage of the Blessed Mother; the first strain of song heard along the western wave, was the hymn to the Holy Virgin; the earliest worship of the true God was the holy sacrifice of the mass; the first standard planted was the standard of the cross; the first, the only martyr, that ever here upon the soil of New York rose from the fires of martyrdom to heaven, was a Catholic; the first institution of learning and the first institution of charity was Catholic. Catholic Maryland also established religious liberty; Catholic France allied with an army in revolutionary struggle, and Catholic power was the first to acknowledge the independence of the United States."

"I will not dwell," said the Rev. Dr. O'Hare recently, "on the reasons why Catholics wish for education in spirit and supplemented by religion. It is enough to know that we mean that such shall be our education. I will not tell you that the most judicious minds in the world, and those most zealous for the future of the race and Republic, say that we are right. It is enough for you and for me to know that the Catholic Church has decided that its children shall be educated in a religious atmosphere, and that the Catholic Church in America on this question has nailed its colors to the mast! It therefore means to win what justice and experience demand, and win it surely shall, even though its struggle may be prolonged and arduous."

THE TWO BROTHERS.

(By Orestes A. Brownson.)
Controversial Dialogue Between
Presbyterian and His Catholic
Brother. Leading Up to
Former's Conversion.

CHAPTER XI.

Protestant leaders, apparently regard themselves at liberty to make use of any means for the Church's overthrow which promises to be successful, and have no scruple in resorting to artifices which would shock the morality of an ordinary heathen. The Catholic writer who should give a faithful account of their nefarious conduct in their war on the Church would find it harder to sustain himself with his friends than against his enemies, and he would hardly fail to be condemned by his own communion as a calumniator. Their conduct is so foreign to all the habits and conceptions of a simple-minded, honest Catholic that one needs to have been a Protestant a great part of his life to be able to conceive it possible for beings having the human form, and pretending to some respect for religion and morals to be guilty of so wide a departure from all that is true, just and honorable. Hence the great tenderness and forbearance with which Catholics usually treat Protestants and the undeserved credit they are accustomed to give them for a partial degree, at least, of fairness and candor.

At first view one is at a loss to account for the sudden rise and rapid spread of the Protestant rebellion in the sixteenth century. Knowing by infallible faith that the church is of God, the immaculate spouse of the Lamb, and that she has truth, wisdom, justice, sanctity, reason, evidence on her side, the Catholic is astonished at so singular a phenomenon, but as he penetrates deeper into that mystery of iniquity, and becomes familiar with the character of the rebel chiefs, and the means they adopted, his astonishment ceases, and his wonder is, not that the success was so great, but that it was not greater—that the revolt was so soon arrested and confined within limits that it has not as yet been able to overleap. He sees nothing marvelous in the success of these rebel chiefs but he is struck with the manifest interposition of divine providence to confound their language, to divide their counsels, to defeat their plans to arrest their progress, to protect his Church, to show his unflinching love for her, and to augment her power and glory. Protestantism, as related to Europe, is actually confined within narrower limits than it was fifty years after the death of Luther, while the Church has gone on enlarging her borders, and never at any former period was the number of the faithful as great as it is now.

They who attack existing institutions, especially if those institutions are wise and salutary, may always count on the admiration and applause of all the poodles. Fixed and authoritative institutions are offensive to the natural man. They are a restraint and no man, save so far as assisted and subdued by grace, loves restraint, and there is no one that has not a natural repugnance to whatever curbs his lawless desires and licentious passions, or interposes an obstacle to his living as he lists.

In every large community, because in every natural man, there is always a predisposition, more or less manifest, to rebel against the existing order, and to welcome and adhere to those who are prepared to war against it, especially to credit whatever may be advanced to its prejudice. They who attack the existing order, appeal to this predisposition, and have the appearance of attacking tyranny and oppression, and of being champions of freedom and justice. This fact renders them respectable, almost sacred, in the eyes of the multitude. Their position, moreover, permits them to assume a bold and daring tone, to make broad and sweeping assertions, and to forego clear and exact statements, and close and rigid logic. They can disclaim, denounce, be impassioned, and affect all the eloquence of virtuous indignation. The eloquence of denunciation is the easiest thing in the world to command; for it appeals directly to those elements of our nature which lie nearest the surface and which are the most easily moved, and which men prefer it and excel in it.

But he who defends authority labors always under a disadvantage. He has an unpopular cause. To the superficial—and they are always the great majority—he is the advocate of tyranny, the enemy of liberty, warning against the best interest and true dignity and glory of his race. He can appeal to no popular passion, use no burning words, and pour forth no strains of indignant eloquence. He cannot speak to the multitude. He must speak to sober sense, to prudent judgment, and aim to convince the reason, instead of moving the sensibility, or inflaming the passions. His words, to all but the few are cold as spiritless, tame and commonplace. For the foaming tankard or sparkling goblet, with which the popular deceiver regales his auditors, he has only simple water from the spring. He must be subdued in his tone, measured in his speech, exact in his statements, rigid in his reasoning, and few only will listen to him, and fewer still can appreciate him. He who for years has been on the side opposed to authority and by his bold and daring declamation roused up a whole ocean of popular passion, and at every word brought an echo from the universal heart of humanity, no sooner finds himself on the other side, than all his marvelous eloquence is lost, and he is pronounced by the very public which had hailed him as a second Cicero or Demosthenes, cold and weak, a Samson shorn of his locks, and grinding in the mill of the Philistines. No matter how true and just his thought, how deep and searching his wit, how wise and per-

dent his counsel, how lucid and exact his statements, how clean and cogent his reasoning, he can excite no passion, move no sensibility, and bring no popular echo. The spell is broken; his magic is over, and his power to charm is gone for ever. He is no Indian hound, fearing not to attack the lion, and the poodles see nothing in him to admire.

Then, again, the poodles regard the lion attacked as the lion vanquished. They hold objections boldly and confidently made to be true, till it is proven to be false. In this fact, in the tendency of the great majority to regard every objection made to existing authority as well founded till the contrary is shown, lies the secret of the Protestant reformation. To this the reformers owed their brilliant success. They well understood that their objections to the Church would be credited by multitudes till refuted. It was a matter of little importance so far as their success was concerned, whether their objections were true or false. What they wanted was simply objections easily made, but not easily refuted—susceptible of being proposed in a popular answer, not susceptible of a popular answer. Such objections they employed their wit in inventing, and their skill and activity in circulating. A lie, happily, conceived, adroitly told, and well stuck to, was in their case hardly, if at all, inferior to the truth; and it must be conceded that they had a marvelous facility in inventing lies, and in adhering to them when they had once told them. Whoever coolly examines their objections to the Church will readily perceive that they are all framed with respect, not to truth, but to the difficulty of refutation, and on the principle that a lie is as good as the truth till it is contradicted. Gloriously did they chuckle, we may fancy, when the "father of lies" helped them to a popular objection, to which no popular answer could be returned. Boldly, or with brazen impudence they threw it out before them, and on its errand of mischief, and when, in process of time, came lumbering after it. The objection was made in a few words, on a loose sheet, and wafted by the wind of controversy through every land, town and hamlet, to every door, and became universally known, the answer followed in a ponderous quarto or folio, all bristling with scholastic formulas and scholastic distinctions, formidable even to the professional reader. Its circulation was necessarily limited; few only heard of it, fewer read it, and still fewer were able to appreciate it. The authors of the objection safely ignored it, or, if they could not, they misrepresented it, denied its conclusiveness, and even made it the occasion of a new triumph with their followers. Or, when they could neither conceal the fact of the answer nor its conclusiveness, they could still count on all the poodles, who insist that there must have been something in the objection, or else it would not have required so elaborate and so learned refutation. The lion had been attacked—and that was something.

"Where there is much smoke, there is some fire," says the popular proverb. Surely there must be something wrong in the church, or so much would not, and could not, be said against her. Whether, therefore, the objections actually urged be precisely true or not, it is evident the church is not unobjectionable, and if not unobjectionable, we are justified in rejecting her. So reason the poodles—forgetting that our blessed Lord himself was everywhere spoken against, was called a glutton, and a drunkard, the friend of publicans and sinners, a blasphemer, a seditious fellow, a fool, said to be possessed of the devil, and finally crucified between two thieves as a malefactor. There was smoke enough—was there also some fire? Here was objections enough raised, charges enough preferred—was there also some truth in them? Where is the blasphemous wretch that dare think it? If they called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more then of his household? If so they have accused the Lord himself, how much more his church? To one competent to reason on the subject, the grave character and multiplicity of the objection alleged against the church are an evidence that she is God's church.

"Will you tell me what books I may read to become acquainted with the Catholic faith?" said the other day, an intelligent Protestant to the writer. "I am wholly ignorant of the Catholic Church, but I hear everywhere so much said against it that I cannot help thinking there must be something good in it, and that possibly it is the true church." This lady, brought up a rigid Calvinist, through God's grace, had learned to reason far more justly than she had been taught by her Protestant masters, and if true to the grace she has received, will ere long be admitted into the "Communion of Saints." But she is not one of the poodles, and their successor prefer the admiration of these to the approbation of the sober and prudent grey hounds. The policy of the reformers was indicated by Luther, when he took the discussion of theological questions out of the school and from the tribunal of professional theologians, and brought it before the unprofessional public. I picked up the other day, in a steamboat, a flaming quack advertisement. It appeared that the advertiser had, as he alleged discovered an entirely new medical system, which placed all the regular quack doctors in the wrong. He had challenged the regular practitioners to a discussion of the merits of their respective systems. The challenge had been accepted, but on condition that the discussion should be before a jury of medical men. The advertiser scorned this condition. It proved that the "regular doctors" had no confidence in their own system; for if otherwise, they would not shrink from public discussion. It was an insult to the public, and he would not submit to it. He was ready and anxious to discuss the question; but he would discuss his counsel, how lucid and exact his statements, how clean and cogent his reasoning, he can excite no passion, move no sensibility, and bring no popular echo. The spell is broken; his magic is over, and his power to charm is gone for ever. He is no Indian hound, fearing not to attack the lion, and the poodles see nothing in him to admire.

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MISSION TO NON CATHOLICS.

Father Doherty and Conway Make Converts at Minneapolis.

Seventy-five converts to Catholicity were made during a recent mission given at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Minneapolis, Minn., by the Paulist Fathers F. B. Doherty and B. L. Conway. The Church was taxed to its limit every evening, and though seats were placed in the sanctuary, hundreds had to be turned away. The record of the mission is best told in the following figures: Three hundred and fifty thousand pages of missionary literature were distributed, 1,600 confessions were heard, 316 questions were publicly answered, private classes were held daily at 3, 4:30 and 7 and 8 p. m.; 70 per cent of the attendance was non-Catholic.

The pastor, Rev. J. J. Keene, will continue the good work by holding Sunday evening classes and organizing an inquiry class.

CATHOLICITY IN ENGLAND.

This year's Catholic Directory for England shows that there are 41 Catholic peers, of whom the Earl of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, and Lord Brampton, formerly Sir Henry Hawkins, are perhaps the best known. There are 51 Catholic baronets; four English and 73 Irish Catholics M. P.'s. In the army there are 41 chaplains, of whom 9 are now in South Africa.

ONE OF WOMAN'S WAYS.

She Hates to Pay Out Bills That Are Clean and Crisp.

"Most women hate to spend new money," says an observant salesman. "I haven't the faintest idea why this should be so, but I've noticed it often right here in the store."
"A woman will make a purchase and pull out her purse to pay the bill, but if she happens to have to part with a clean, crisp note in making up the amount she looks greatly annoyed. I've seen women with fat wads of bright brand new bills flustered when they came to pay for purchases because they hadn't sufficient old money to meet the charges. They would dig out the contents of their purses and stow the crisp notes to one side, and if they couldn't scrape up the sum in a few cases I've known them to go out without buying."

"Others will give utterance to little feminine exclamations of dismay and will hastily pay for the articles selected in the new money. Then they will march off with quite a show of indignation, just as if they had been inveigled into spending the money."

"I know one man who always takes his salary home in beautiful, clean certificates. He has caught on to this peculiarity of the sex, and he says it saves him all kinds of money."—Philadelphia Record.

Chinese Homesty.

As for the honesty of these people, I appeal to every English merchant or banker from Peking to Hongkong to answer if he ever heard of a dishonest Chinese merchant or banker. So far from that, not only has every English bank two Chinese men to receive and hand out money, but every bank in Japan has the same. The English will tell you, half in jest, that the Japanese is an oriental Yankee and does not trust his own people, and they will tell you, half in earnest, that the English bankers employ Chinese to handle their money because they never make mistakes.

These people of China have never had anything like a bankrupt law. If a man cannot pay his debts or some one does not secretly come forward and pay them at the end of each year, he has "lost his face," and so he dies by his own hand. Yet, with all their pitiful poverty, they have no such words as "hard times," for everything must be settled up at the end of the year. There can be no extension of time. Confucius forbade it.—Joaquin Miller in North American Review.

Champagne and Cancer.

There is a remarkable coincidence between the spread of cancer and the largely increased daily consumption of effervescent wines and waters among the wealthy classes. Prior to the sixties champagne as a drink was, even in higher circles, partaken of but occasionally, nor were aerated waters consumed in anything like the quantity now with the frequency that they now are. These beverages, and indeed all effervescent drinks, owe their sparkle to the carbonic acid gas which they contain. My contention is that the upper classes by their habit of constantly imbibing effervescent beverages, which are solutions of carbonic acid of greater or less strength, so prepare their mucous tissues as to make them a favoring host to the cancerous fungus, if fungus it be.—London Medical Times.

Leather Eating Ants.

It is said that in Rhodesia white ants destroy boots and articles of clothing left on tables or hanging on nails. The following is from a letter received recently from South Africa: "On awaking in the morning you are astonished to see a cone shaped object on the brick floor a short distance from your bed with two holes at the top. On closer examination you discover that the holes have just the size and shape of the inside of your boots, which you incautiously left on the floor the night before. They have given form and proportion to an ant heap, and nothing is left of them except the nails, eyelets and maybe part of the heels."

The Three Meal Habit.

Our three meal habit is a fearful tax on our working capacity. It troubles the temptation to overeating. Our champions stagger under the weight of a physiological handicap. One-half the functional energy of the system is diverted by the exigencies of digestion. No other hygienic mistake has done so much to make us a generation of dyspeptics as the custom of after dinner work. Its victims, moreover, incur the risk of contracting that form of moral dyspepsia called pessimism. It tends to rob the working day of its reward.—Dr. F. L. Oswald in Success.

Her Sorrow.

She—Harry, you said something last evening that made me feel so bad.
He—What was it, dearest?
She—You said I was one of the sweetest girls in all the world.
He—And aren't you, darling?
She—You said "one of the sweetest." Oh, Harry, to think I should live to know that I have to share your love with another.

An Old Hand.

"What was the first thing your husband said when you got started on your wedding journey?"
"Excuse me while I go forward and have a smoke." You know it was the third time for him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Experienced.

He—Your friend, Miss Dashway, has quite a military air about her.
She—No wonder. She has participated in no fewer than seventeen engagements.—Chicago News.

The best part of the Kimberley diamond field covers nine acres only.