

## EVANGELICALISM IN NEW YORK.

THE inferiority of the average minister is accounted for in *The Sun* by the fact that young Presbyterians of "culture" prefer to go into other professions; and so the ranks of the ministry are filled by persons who are a great trial to cultured congregations; and consequently, in spite of the numerous ministers waiting for calls, the most influential and critical churches are forced to import ministers. Irish Presbyterians have even been brought from their native haunts and set to preach in the "best" churches at large salaries. Is it, strange, then, that the native-born minister is forced into bigamy and other unpleasant things, of which we read in the papers? He marries with a view to a snug parsonage and a wealthy church—for the Presbyterians are wealthy, if not quite so high-toned as their Episcopalian brethren—and, after all, he is compelled to waste his sweetness. He is not among the few called. He feels that he has been defrauded, and, although he does not care particularly about the Chinese, he resolves that the Irish and Scotch Presbyterians "must go"; but they are woefully tenacious, and so the average minister at last settles down into obscurity and that crushed state in which he is "ni femme, ni homme, pasteur," as a French writer wittily characterises his Parisian brethren, the French Calvinists. The effect of all the efforts of Protestantism in New York is thus shown by the *New York Sun*—

"Infidelity, skepticism, and polite indifference spreading yearly among the rich and educated; a bitter atheism hardly less prevalent among the poor. Populous districts within the sound of the Murray Hill church-bells as utterly sunk in heathenism and godlessness as Dahomey. On all sides a fierce greed for the good things of this world—as fierce as in Avenue A, where it is called Communism, as in Wall street, where it is called speculation. Capital and labor everywhere at swords' points. Manufactories of criminals in full blast day and night on almost every street corner and in almost every block, protected or winked at by the sworn guardians of society. Over 65,000 arrests in the city last year, 5,691 of them for crimes of violence! An inordinate luxury surrounded by an abyss of sordid want, disease, and slow starvation!

"In view of this lamentable showing, is it not high time for preachers and laymen alike to ask themselves whether there is not something radically wrong in the existing, conventional method of religious effort? Here is an enormous yearly expenditure of force and money, and this is what there is to show for it after two centuries and a half of preaching and praying in New York city. What is the explanation?"

The explanation is easy. Protestantism has no divine life, and all its pretences end, like all pretence, in nothing.—*Catholic Review*.

## A VISIT TO LEO XIII.

("Viator" in the *Georgetown College Journal*.)

I WAS told that Rome now-a-days is not what it was, and I had missed everything in not seeing it when Pope Pius IX. was in the plenitude of his power. The Pope now never appears in public. Leo XIII. has never been seen by the public, and the magnificent display of former days is no more. The great feasts come and go almost without notice. The royal troops have replaced the Papal army, and swarm the streets at all times; and it is the King who has now substituted the Pope—it is the affairs of state that claim precedence to the duties of religion.

Towards the close of my visit I had the happiness of securing an audience with the Holy Father. Monsignor Macht, the Pope's master of ceremonies, who has all to do in the matter of audiences, kindly granted me the desired permission, and I found myself by no means the only one who on that occasion troubled him with the request. Next day I repaired to the Vatican, and the Swiss Guard, attired in their brilliant uniforms, and stationed at intervals, showed me the way. Ascending the beautiful stairways for a few flights, I came upon a large court yard, which being traversed, I was ushered from one apartment to another until I found myself in a beautiful room, with a floor of marble, and walls adorned with the most exquisite tapestry. Here, on benches extending the entire circuit of the room, were ranged a large number of people of all classes and descriptions. Bishops and priests were there from all parts of the world.—nuns of different orders, ladies and gentlemen of the fashionable world, and children brought thither to begin the battle of life with the blessing of the Holy Father—all held in their hands, the beads, medals, or other pious objects they had brought for the Pope to bless. As I sat awaiting the entrance of the Holy Father, I gazed from the window upon the quaint old city stretched almost beneath me. The curious lights and shadows and marked appearance of the Roman houses, all bristling in the setting sun, together with the presence of those about me, thoroughly impressed me with the novelty of my position. Here was I, a stranger, born and bred upon a spot that was a howling wilderness when this old city was crumbling into decay—coming from an atmosphere of energy and progress to one that had long since lost all claim to the same—attracted thither apparently to ruminate over the futility of all great enterprises and to study the future that awaits my own country in common with all others; and yet, withal, eager to bend in absolute submission before an unseen power that still centres amid those ruins, whose sway is as wide as Christendom, yet needs no force to sustain it; is ever increasing, without an arm being raised in its behalf, and is wielded by a feeble old man who is virtually a prisoner in his own house without the means to protect his own life. Certainly the situation was well calculated to impress one with the utter impotence of human power and the pervading presence of the divine in the guidance of the world.

We waited nearly an hour for the Pope, delayed, I was told, by the untimely visit of a foreign ambassador, who of course was entitled

to a private audience. Finally, the young officer who guarded the entrance got into position, so to speak, and the Pope entered, attended by a Cardinal and Monsignor Machi. His Holiness was clothed entirely in white, with a little white skull-cap on his head. He is of medium height, but very thin and aged looking, and with snow-white hair; of a very benevolent expression of countenance, he smiles continually, and one feels instinctively drawn towards him after once encountering his benign gaze. He walked from one to the other, all kneeling the while, and the Master of Ceremonies would tell him each one's name and country, adding, perhaps, a few words such as they had desired him to say to the Pope. He spoke in French or Italian according to circumstances, and generally ended by laying his hand on the head of the person addressed. In some cases the scene was affecting in the extreme. By my side knelt three Bishops from some persecuted land, the name of which I failed to catch, who wept like children and showered his hand with kisses as the Holy Father counselled them to perseverance, &c., and gave them his special blessing for all the fold under their care. Having completed the round, the Holy Father walked to the centre of the room and gave his blessing, after which he passed into an adjoining apartment where another throng awaited him and a similar scene took place, while we retired by a side-door and descended to the Piazza. Once more and for the last time I entered St. Peter's, and a feeling of desolation came over me as I bade good bye to the grand old Cathedral. The sun had set, and the silence of death was upon it, and beneath the solemn pall of the darkness seemed buried all my chances of ever kneeling on that holy spot again. All was sadness and gloom save where the mellow rays of the countless lamps that lighted the way to the tomb of St. Peter spread a halo beneath the great dome, and steadily fought with the shadows. And so will they burn though I see them not, till the faith which they image shall conquer, dispersing for ever the shadows of sin and error; and so shall the recollection of their cheering rays in that moment of regret remain to me an ever-living light, a hope which, however deferred, may, in some long years to come, be at length realised, when again I may worship in that holy temple. That night I left Rome and sped away to Florence.

## AN "IRISH CATHOLIC CHURCH."

(From the *Oregon Catholic Sentinel*.)

THE question naturally forces itself upon every reflecting mind: Who are these men who thus set themselves up as so many Apostles of a new Christian theory? And the answer thereto is best given in the roll-call of their names: McNamara, Quinn, Wood, and Broderick—all "bad eggs," broken and addled. Men who having broken their vows of chastity have become unclean beasts; men who preached a temperance they never practised; men who gave themselves not to poverty and prayer, but rather to the pride of life and the acquisition of wealth; men who sought after the treasures and pleasures of this world rather than those heavenly treasures promised to the faithful steward in the Gospel.

And these are the holy rascals who are heralded forth to the world as worthy to establish an "American Independent Church"—a Church whose "independence" will be marked by its being entirely independent of Almighty God. He will have no share in this soul-snaring scheme of Satan. His shepherds are not the "soiled doves" of the sanctuary, nor is their prominence purchased at the expense of their purity. His Church needs neither European nor American cognomen whereby to distinguish it from the pigmy parasites of Protestantism which surround it, and whose followers ape a Christianity they do not believe in, and recite creeds to which they give no credence. In such a chaos of unbelief these fallen "Fathers" will find their legitimate sphere. They will find wives to wed them, they will be flattered and fawned upon by the Beecheristic Bibliocists, whose love for them will be measured by their hatred of the true Church of Christ.

The names of McNamara and Quinn are familiar to every newspaper reader as the ranting pair who for many years have striven to establish what they called an "Irish Catholic Church" in New York. The first-named fallen priest disgraced himself years ago, as we have already published in these columns, and the latter is a more recent pervert through his own libidinous excesses and love for liquor.

A Catholic colony among the Zulus is projected, it appears. The account states that Fr. O'Haire, a Catholic priest who has been twenty<sup>9</sup> years a missionary in South Africa, is now in England with a view of establishing an Irish colony in the north of the Transvaal, for the purposes of a Catholic mission. He takes out with him on his return a considerable number of tradesmen and twenty or thirty families, in order to establish a white colony. Father O'Haire describes the Zulus as standing in physical and intellectual capacity supreme among the savages of the earth, and believes that they may be highly civilised.

A peculiar correspondence has just been published at Bristol. A lady, Mrs Edwards, has been refused communion by the vicar of Cheddar on the ground that she had married the brother of her deceased husband. The Bishop of Bath and Wells, was appealed to, but he supported the vicar. Ultimately Mr John Edwards, the lady's husband, appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and his reply (*London Telegraph*) seems the strangest of all. He is quoted as follows: "In similar circumstances my advice has been that persons so circumstanced desiring to communicate should go to some church where their history is not known." Mr Edwards, in a further letter, says this advice is somewhat startling, as it recommends persons so situated to obtain the benefit of the Church sacrament, if not by false pretences, at any rate by a concealment of the truth."

M. Gambetta says that France is "now able to defend herself single-handed if attacked. She, therefore, was in no way alarmed at the increase in the German army, which had, indeed, been long expected."