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SPEECH OF THE REV. MR. O'BRIEN, BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY OF LIMERICK.

This Society having determined to present an Address to the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, met on Sunday, the 21st ult., in the school of the Christian Brothers.—The room was crowded, and amongst the guests was the Rev. Father Ignatius, whose zeal for the conversion of England to the Faith is so well known throughout the Catholic world. The Address having been presented, the Rev. Mr. O'Brien replied as follows:—

My dear Father O'Farrell and brothers, our dear friend Father Ignatius has said to-night that our people have gone forth to the ends of the earth carrying the cross in their hands, and far better, carrying it in their heart. They are particularly destined instruments of Providence for the dissemination of His truth, and are fighting the battles to which He grants victories by declaring that He is always with the faithful and the true. If we have been crushed, it is like the crushing of the flower; its odor is most beautiful when the burthen is greatest that crushes it.— From our poverty have arisen noble churches which are the pride of Catholics all over the world—the beacons that lead along the wanderers of many lands to the sanctuaries where the heart finds repose. We have been poor, but our poverty has been our safeguard. It has been our safeguard, because, as we have so often said, together the cross has been always borne by the best friends of Jesus, and the mark of His predilection thus stamped on the destiny of our country is the best security that what Father Ignatius asks to-night will be carried into effect by our united efforts—that we shall fight one battle more with England, and shall conquer. It must be admitted, as Father Ignatius has informed you, that men are very forgetful. (Hear.) When they go into a foreign land they hear strange maxims; they are constantly viewing strange examples. The maiden is not so modest; the man has not the integrity; the rich have none of the pity; the poor none of the gratitude they had seen at home. In the midst of a people from whom all principle seems to have fled—in whom the life of all blessed direction seems to have been consumed—it is not wonderful that, sometimes neglecting the Cross and the Sacraments, no longer instructed by the truths of the altar, they become like to those with whom they associate, and the misfortune of those exiles is that they forget the practices of their country. This is certainly true; and it is to meet this great evil that Young Men's Societies may be said to have been directed or instituted. Organisation is almost—speaking naturally, but, to a great extent, supernaturally—our only hope; and, as Father Ignatius says, with God Almighty in the midst of united numbers, there can be nothing to fear—organisation which keeps public opinion in favor of virtue, still, as ever, leading our people to the same haunts to which from infancy they had been accustomed—organisation which brings them together in a few moments in millions, teaching them their power, reminding them, too, of their pledges, and making them Irish in spite of English or American influence—(loud cheers)—organisation, which gives strength to the weak when oppression, perhaps, is striking them heavy blows, and pressing them down with heavy distress—organisation, which guides the doubtful, and saves them from falling into the precipice which designs have dug in their way—organisation, which gives an assurance to every man associated in the brotherhood that hundreds and thousands of hearts will hinge around his own, and separate him from those partisans with whom he knows he might not be blessed—organisation that would bind men together with faith, one with the other, and thus make firm the strength which once united the members of the Catholic Church, until its power would diffuse itself around the ends of the earth, like the city on the mountain that could not be hid—that would clasp to its embrace the scattered, wandering millions who, for many a long year, have writhed in the holds of materialism, and also forfeited God for gold and their passions, denied the eternal truth of which Peter was the representative when God said—"On this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against her." (Tremendous applause.) Our dear spiritual director said our objects are not only similar to those of dear Father Ignatius, but they are identical. We seek first of all self-sanctification. As you know, we seek after self-sanctification—the sanctification of all the world, wherever there is a human being, no matter what his color, or education, or history—wherever the likeness of God is imprinted on a human soul, there is the object of our charity, and our mission will not be done until we have conquered them.— There are 2,000 associated in Limerick; there are 3,000 to 4,000 associated in Manchester; 700 or 800 in Leeds; 1,000 in Bradford; 700 at York;

hundreds at Staleybridge; 400 or 500 at Oldham; 300 in the small place of Bacup; there are hundreds in other places, and in the blood-stained streets of Stockport they are gathering up to thousands still.— (Cheers.) Their great object is to carry truth and the grace of God into the heart of every man that has gainsaid morality by his deeds or gainsaid Catholicity by his falsehood, and the Young Men's Societies of England and Ireland to-night have one heart and one soul with Jesus Christ in the midst of them. (Prolonged applause.) I am sure, then, this being your object, that the visit of dear Father Ignatius is to-night most acceptable, and he will be fully honored by every effort you can make side by side with him. (Cheers.) It is a noble object indeed; and well has he commenced by insisting on self-sanctification as the preparation for the battle-field. The Young Men's Society have commenced with the rule that God's way is the only true way, and that they who do not follow it are fools who pawn their souls for their bodies, and lose both. (Cheers.) You have commenced well with that rule. Monthly confessions here, and eight times a year at confession in England, is a part of your progress. With that association counselling as a parent, and gaining abroad in strength you may have to walk rough roads and fight hard battles. But when God is with you, who can be against you? Not only have you carried success before you, but, as Father Ignatius says, I believe you will succeed in England, for I believe we have not been insensible to the great calamity England, as a nation, has been suffering for her desertion from the Faith. I judge her at a greater distance than philosophy may seem to allow itself for the object of its disposition; but I have been now some months in England. I have tested and tried its affections; I have endeavored to find out the lights and shades of its character; and believe me when I tell you that under the coat of the English exterior there is often and often a large, strong heart that, however it may have been filled with the follies of ancestors that have plunged it into an abyss where now it is working in darkness, that there are many thousands and millions of men in England that, if Father Ignatius's spirit animated them, would go to the farthest end of India, to the top of the Himalayas, and down to the depths of Africa to fight the battles of the Cross with a power that nothing could resist. (Great cheering.) The great error and misfortune of England is not malice, but ignorance. They know nothing of Catholicity except from sources where truth has been poisoned by misrepresentation. From infancy to maturity—from maturity to old age—they walk along, looking on every side for something to satisfy the heart's yearnings—grasping at every shadow—following every infatuation—led away by every doubt by which their education has been drugged, and thus they are as now we see them, not only hating the faith they knew—not only not examining it, but it is a thing they turn from with abhorrence. Hence it is, as a consequence under a mistaken course, that we see those variations which produce those ebullitions from time to time that are the disgrace of the country—the disgrace even of human nature. (Cheers.) But let us have the Young Men's Societies in England. The English read no books. Two great ideas are theirs—the comfort of their homes and consistency. Truth, which is consistency under another name, and comfort. These are about the two leading ideas of the English character. Where they see the Catholics of England consistent—where they see a thing of which they don't approve—they see a contradiction to one of their favorite ideas. When they see them bad, undisciplined, unpunctual, not refined, or careless in their manners or habits—when they see them drunk—when they hear them quarrel—all the virtues by which home is brightened—and all the charity and faith by which the Christian is invigorated—all are forgotten, and they see but one thing—that whoever professes to be a Catholic is a drunkard, is fond of quarrelling, is not punctual, is not cleanly—see nothing worthy of their idea of a Christian. They say that is Catholicity. They read this not in our books, but in our actions; and hence if we would show them the Church—if we would show them the beauty of God's house—if we would unfold the door of the Spouse of Jesus and her transcendent excellence, we should exhibit how much they are in need of our forgiveness and our prayers. If we acted thus, the conversion of England, as Father Ignatius says, would be reduced from centuries to years, and from years to months, and from many months to a few months; for if you give us the millions of Ireland and England united in the practice of virtue—if, indeed, we would show England the spring of vitality by which the millions here are invigorated, then, I say, the whole power of heresy will be broken down, and then you will, as Father Ignatius said, make the conquest of England. Let me, then, suggest from this moment—and as I see a reporter or two here, it will

be known through the length and breadth of all England and Ireland—that ours being religious societies, this will give them a direction—the whole of them an universality of direction—will give them the direction Father Ignatius desires they should have, which is this, that we should say three Hail Marys daily for the conversion of England. Brothers, our monthly confession and Communion should be the first of the graces to which we should attain; but what Father Ignatius recommends will not lessen our own merit. On the contrary, it will enable us better to approach our monthly Communion. Prayers should be offered for the conquest of falsehood in whatever shape it presents itself—armed with whatever weapons—until God will give you the helmet and the victory which Father Ignatius has promised. (Loud cheers.) In coming here with Father Butler—and when I heard Father Ignatius came to Limerick, and also of his coming here, I said, "how beautiful a Providence this is. Here He brings Father Ignatius to do the right thing at the right time—to give a new strength, a new impulse to those who are walking in that path which he seems already to have blessed." I believe that from his connection with England, from the respect there paid to his name, from the zeal that has marked his whole career in this great cause, his exertions will be blessed with a success like to that which has hitherto marked his efforts, and that what we have only commenced to-night is soon, with the power and goodness of God, to comprehend within its embrace the millions of the three kingdoms. It is a sad thing to find so many forgetful of their duty in the sister kingdom; but I think on reflection it will not seem so wonderful when our poor people go in hundreds and thousands among many millions of strange people, not knowing where to direct their footsteps. They hesitate and look around. They ask themselves where the church is, and betimes, if they know where the church is, they are ashamed to go there. They think they would be remarked.— They think their bearing and character would be objects of criticism. They don't know the Priest; in fact they are strangers, and they sit down and wait for a better day. Next week comes, and they are listening to everything around them, to everything infidel and immoral. Two, four, five, six weeks pass. The young girl in that time is frequently a very different being from what she was. The young men have not the truth they had at home—perhaps they have been taught to ridicule all they once revered—almost to deny everything to which they once were devoted. This is the story of almost every week—the story of almost every day. The Young Men's Societies, we hope, will meet that evil; we hope that the brothers in the various parts of large cities will watch every new comer, whether from France, Scotland, or Germany—will watch every Catholic that makes his appearance in the locality where they dwell. The wardens or canvassers will immediately come to him and tell him that there are thousands of men whose hearts sympathise with him—that thousands of hands shall be extended to welcome him—that all kindly regards will gather around him, and bring him at once to the spiritual director, and put him into the condition of living in the communion with which he had been acquainted, place him beyond the reach of the enemies of his soul, instead of being exposed for two, three, four, five, or six weeks to the inroads of dangerous principles that would decoy him on by degrees to those snares that arose from the spiritual void that met him at every step—that he shall be placed at his father's board with full and plenty before him, under the bright lamp of the Blessed Virgin, who is the guardian of the guilds of the Young Men's Society; and instead of having 100,000 before this day twelve months, we shall have 1,000,000 to destroy the designs of our enemies. ("Hear, hear," and loud cheers.) I now leave you for the present. You promised to pray for me. I promise never to forget you. (Cheers.) You commenced with thirty men. Of that thirty men there was not one—perhaps there was one—who did not earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. I see some of them here to-night.— It is delightful to me to see them. Let me once again thank you. I must suspend my reply to your address until I have more time. It is against all my principles to receive addresses. The only address I ever received in Limerick was brought into the room without my knowledge, and read by a Parish Priest without my permission. The addresses I received in England were got up in the same way. I know of this address being got up, and I came here to receive it. The reason why I did so is simply this—that having come to my native city on a mission of charity, I thought I would be paying you a bad compliment if I did not receive it. This is the reason I accepted the address you have presented me, and for which I now return my most heartfelt thanks. Of this you may rest assured, that the recollections, the hopes, the memories of my life are all about the fields

that surround Limerick—along its streets—in its churches. It was in Limerick I first learned to love the people, and, perhaps, I was almost led by the love of the people to the love of God, which, I hope will increase, and which I feel up to the present has been too feeble. With Limerick there are the brightest associations—everything to be remembered—new hopes—new faces, with many things it is pleasant to be hoped for. All the past is consecrated; Limerick gives it a great blessing; and there is a future—a glorious future—which Limerick, I hope, will light up. By your example is likely to be influenced many, many places that will bow beneath in admiration. If you be determined in your efforts—if you be worthy of your career—if you acquire some of the merits which, in this organisation, are at your command, twelve months cannot pass by until the grey-haired heads of families and numberless youth will bless you—will hush your name as Emanuel—as God with them—because you will be the representatives of His glorious mission, by which error is to be destroyed, and the broken bound up once more. (Great cheers.)

Prayers have been said for the conversion of England, Doctor O'Brien, Father Ignatius, and the other Clergymen, retired amid loud applause, and the meeting separated.

ANGLICANISM.

(From the Catholic Standard.)

In the evening organ of the Low Church or Dissenting party in the Church by Law Established in this country, we have lately read an article which indicates pretty plainly the rapid progress of the decline and fall of Anglicanism. Our evangelical namesake declares that the Protestant Establishment is beset on either side by Dissent and Catholicity within and without its pale, and that it must make up its mind soon which party to side with, and become really Papal or really Protestant. In these words we see a frank admission that Anglicanism is a *caput mortuum*, and that its own adherents believe it impracticable any longer to keep the incoherent mass together. The days of the Church by Law Established are numbered, if we may confide in the assertions of the evangelical *Standard*, and the time is come for putting in opposition the only two religious denominations that have any strength—namely, the Church of Christ and the multitudinous tribe of Protestant unbelief commonly called Dissent.

We are not inclined to dispute our cotemporary's view of the case. On the contrary, we have felt ever since the decision in the Gorham case, that Church-of-Englandism must appear to every reflecting mind a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; and that all the efforts of the Tractarian party to uphold as a Church that palpably human institution must prove abortive. The High Church section of the Establishment must speedily make up their minds either to join the Catholic Church or form a body of schismatic Separatists from the Royal institution beneath whose shade they have heretofore eaten their bread in confident security. The Low Churchmen or Dissenters have resolved upon driving them out, and levelling the slimy barriers that now form a line or demarcation between Archbishop Sumner and Mr. Binney. In 1689 there were prelates and parsons who labored hard so to alter the Anglican Liturgy as to enable the Scotch Presbyters and the English Dissenting Ministers to enter the ample fold of the State Church, and occupy stalls in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's; and we believe we do not do violence to historical truth when we assert that the *temporalities* and not the *faith* opposed an effective obstacle to the completion of Stillingslet's and Burnet's pet scheme. The Anglicans apprehended the ruin of their rich preserves by an influx of greedy Scotchmen and hungry Dissenters, and they closed the gates by leaving the Liturgy, which they denounced, in the same state that they received it from Latimer and Cranmer. And so have matters gone on until now, when, owing to the spread of latitudinarian principles in England, the Lowchurchmen feel that it is in their power to remodel the Book of Common Prayer according to their own fanatical fancies.

With this view a Society has been formed, as the evening organ of this party informs us, for the sole purpose of procuring a "revision of the Liturgy." Their programme is, it must be confessed, sufficiently broad and bold. Like the Chartists, these Evangelical Reformers of the "Reformed Church" have their nine points.

First.—The word "Priest" is to be mercilessly expunged wherever it appears in the Anglican Liturgy. Here we must admit the common sense of the new reformers, for anything more out of place in a Protestant Prayer Book than the word "Priest" can hardly be imagined. As Protestantism repudiates the doctrine of eucharistic sacrifice, it has no business with altars or priests. The "table" and the "minister" are certainly more appropriate terms.