

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

MARCH 14, 1896.

VOLUME XVIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1896.

NO. 909.

St. Joseph, Hall!
For the Catholic Record,
would that we could sing thy praise,
at guardian of the Holy Child,
th and heaven thy name is blest—
the spouse of Mary undefiled!

Chorus.
Joseph, hail! thy name is blest,
every age, in every clime,
sanded down to reverend,
heaven's decree, throughout all time.

Almoner of Heaven's high King,
children turn to their knees,
Joseph! throned with God on high,
with thy Jesus for us plead!

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.
St. Joseph, hail! etc.

Vision of St. Patrick.

The green sward is steeped in the moon's
mellow light,
Yet kneeling since Vespers doth Patrick
still pray:
For hundredfold prayer he breathes forth
each night,
And as often communes with his Maker by
day.

"Lock down on my labors, All-powerful One!
Bless thou the dear children I bring to Thy
fold;
Make them ever cling fast to the faith of Thy
Son.
And spurn with the tempter, his threats
and his gold."

Thus prayed our apostle, when forth on his
sight
Bursts a scene that with rapture his glow-
ing heart fills.
He sees the horizon all dazzlingly bright,
And fires lighted up on sweet Saul's ver-
dant hills.

With millions of praises he bows to the
ground—
For he knew by the lights that so brilliant
ly shone,
His Gaelic brethren would lumina the Gentiles
around,
And his teaching survive when the teacher
was gone.

He raises him up, and continues to pray,
Alas! the bright vision no longer is there;
The lights are extinguished and faded away,
And Patrick is buried in all but despair.
"Oh Lord! hear Thy suppliant; take not
away
The faith from Thy people so pious and
true;
Chastise them, but spare them this heavenly
ray.
And Mary, sweet Mother, my hope is in
you."

Thus fervently prayed he, with tear-stream-
ing eyes;
And lo! as again he looks round in his
grief,
An angel all beaming with light he descries.
Who tells him to fear, not for God sends re-
lief;
Then points to the hills that awhile were in
gloom,
And through the deep darkness there
glimmer a star,
And soon it grows larger and brighter—and
soon
It gloriously shines on the island fair.

The saint is enraptured, he pours forth his
soul
In praise to his Maker, with joy as before;
For through ages of darkness and sorrow may
roll
O'er Erin, her faith shall shine bright as of
yore;
Though the fierce storm of heresy vent all
its force,
Though tyrants wade deep in the blood of
her sons,
Yet ne'er can they parch up her faith's
gushing source,
Nor lessen the stream that unceasingly
runs.

No, Father Omnipotent! ne'er shall the race,
Whose Pagan sires no martyr blood can
accuse
At the throne of Thy justice, be lost to that
grace,
Which passion and pride may make others
abuse;
And though for a season oppression may
twine
Around them her impotent legal restraints,
The light of Thy justice shall one day over-
shine
The sea of Thy servant—the Island of
Saints.

THE SOUL OF SAINT PATRICK.
A Beautiful and Scholarly Sketch of
the Spiritual Side of Ireland's
Patron.
Catholic Union and Times.
The soul from Patrick's body torn-worn at
last departed,
God's angels all the night sang round it un-
ceasing.

Together they ascended to Jesus, the Son of
Mary.
—Hymn of Place.
Nothing so builds up the interior
man as coming in contact with
the soul of a saint. Men change through
the different ages. The manner of the
time of Saint Patrick would seem to us
as grotesque as his language would be
difficult. But souls are always much
the same, with capacity for love and
sorrow, for desires lofty as the heavens
and low as the nethermost earth.

Fortunately, something has re-
mained to us of Saint Patrick which
lays bare the working and inspiration
of his soul. Concerning the dates and
events of his life there has been much
dispute among the learned. But all
have agreed that the two curious docu-
ments called the *Confession* and the
Epistle of Coroticus are the genuine
productions. They resemble each
other too much not to be from the
same hand. Full of sympathy and as
poetic as they are mystical, the one in
its earnest humility and the other in
its still more earnest remonstrance
against wrong done to Christian souls,
they lay open to us the inmost heart
of the saint. We say "heart," because
it is not merely the workings of his
mind that are set down before us, but
the sincere affections of the soul. All
this is done with constant reference to
the religious ideas which impelled him
along the difficult way of life.

The thought which seems to have
impressed most deeply the soul of the
saint is that he has been guided by the
present life by the Spirit of God. He
comes back again and again on this
thought as did St. Paul. "It is not I,
but the Spirit of God that worketh in
me."
Thus he says of himself to Coroticus,
who was doing a great wrong to Chris-
tian converts?
Not for mine own delight; 'twas God that
stirred
That strong solicitude within my heart,
That of the hunters and the fishermen
Whom he aforetime for these latter days
Had pre-appointed, I should be one.
And he gives as the reason of writ-
ing his "Confession" that it is only a
fit return for the favors bestowed on
him by God.
And therefore
I will not hide, nor could I were it fit
To hide, such boons, such graces, as my
Lord
Has deigned me here in my captivity.

And this is my poor return; that having at-
tained
The touch and apprehension of my God,
I should with high exalted heart, in face
Of all that lives below all skies, confess
That other God nor was, nor is, nor shall be:
One God in Trinity of Holy name.

This thought over-rules him. Telling
of God's providence which has led
him step by step by his calling, he
lets drop precious details of his own
history. In this leading of Providence
he sees the clear reason and justifica-
tion of his desertion of his own race.
This he boldly brings up to Coroticus,
who seems to have been an only half-
Christianized knight inclined for his
own selfish purposes to leave his Chris-
tian brethren a prey to the Pagan
Picts and Scots:—

What! Was it then without God's promises
Or in the body only that I came
To Ireland? Who compelled me? Who me
bound?
In spirit that I should no more behold
Kindred or early friend? Whence come the
genae
Inspiring me with pity for the race
That were mine own captors? I was
born
Noble; my father a Deucroic;
That privilege of birth I have exchanged
(I blush not for it, and I grudge it not)
For benefit of others, bartered so
In Christ and given over to a race
Extern to mine, all for the glorious hope
Ineffable of that perennial life
Which is in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

He speaks of the sorrows of his early
captivity, after he was carried away
to Ireland as a slave, with patience
and thanksgiving; for by this way of
sorrows he has been led to his present
calling wherein he has been able to do
something for his Lord.

Before my happy humbling came,
I was as a stone that in deep mire
Lies on the highway; and He came, Who
can
And in His pity there did lift me up
And set me on the wall top.
Not, indeed, that I
Was worthy that my Lord His servant poor
Should so far favor, attend all the toils,
The hardships heavy, and the captive years
Borne 'mongst this people—should bestow
such grace
As till I came to Ireland I nor knew
Nor ever loved.

He looked back over the com-
monplace mending toil of those youthful
days, no longer with a sense of their
wretchedness, but with thankful heart
because of what God then wrought in
him.

Herding daily here,
And often in the day saying my prayers,
Daily then more and more did grow in me
The fear of God. And holy fear and faith
Increased in me, that in a single day
I've said as many as a hundred prayers,
And in the night scarce fewer; so that oft
In woods and on the mountain I've remained,
And risen to pray before daylight, through
snow,
Through frost, through rain, and yet I took
no ill.
Nor was there in me then slight glow as now,
For then the spirit of God within me burned.

It is touching to note the humility of
the saint who, at the very end of his
glorious career, counts himself as slow
in comparison with the devotion of the
days when he was a boy, a wretched
slave.—

For then the spirit of God within me burned.
The special call which came to him
from the Divine Voice, after he had
escaped from slavery and returned
once more to his family and the com-
forts of a Roman military post,
remembers not a little the voice which
came by day and night to Saint Paul—
"Come over to Macedonia and help us."
The calling of Saint Patrick has
been told a thousand times, but never
more impressively than in his own
simple words:

"I found myself at home
Amongst the Britons with my family,
Who all received me as they might a son,
And earnestly besought me that at length,
I never more would leave them. It was there
In a night vision I beheld a man
Coming as 'twere from Ireland. Victor he
Innumerable letters bore he; one
He gave to me to read. I read one line,
"The voices of the Irish," so it ran.
And while I read, methought I heard the cry
Of them that by the wood of Roeloch dwell,
Beside the Western ocean, saying thus,
"Come, holy youth, and walk amongst us,
Come!"

All with one voice. It touched me to the
heart,
And I could read no more and so awoke—
Thank God at last Who after many years,
Has given to them according to their cry!"

Whenever he speaks with authority,
it is always as one who has this author-
ity from the vocation God has given to
him. Thus he begins to Coroticus:
I, Patrick—, a sinner and unlearned,
Here in Hibernia constituted Bishop,
Believe most surely that it is from God
I hold commission to be that I am,
A proselyte and pilgrim, for His love,
Here amongst savage peoples. He Who
knows
All things, knows also it is He not so.
This special call seems to have been
borne in upon his soul by something of
that high divine action which was used
in the case of Saint Paul. "I will
in show unto him what great things he
must suffer for My name's sake." The
story of voices of the Irish calling to
him in his sleep is paralleled, in later
times, in the life of the great Apostle
of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier. In
his life we read that, whilst at the
University of Paris, dreaming of his
literary distinction to which his family
and his undoubted talent entitled him,
in sleep he bore with toil and suffering
an Indian upon his shoulders over rock
and torrent. As is probably the case
with all the supernatural vocations
which somehow transcend the ordinary
call to help in the saving of souls, a
special grace of God seems to have
wrought a peculiar union between the
destined apostle and his Master Christ
St. Patrick is everywhere conscious of
his grace; and he gives us details

from his own life as wonderful as those
we read in the writings of the most
mystical saints. It will be noticed, too,
that his uncertainty concerning the
definite manner of such wonderful
action of the divinity of his soul is
quite like that of St. Paul, when carried
to the third heaven, knew not
"whether he were in the body or out
of the body."

And, on another night, I know not,
God showed to me with me without,
One prayed with words exceeding exquisite
I could not understand, till at the close,
He spoke in this wise—"He who gave His
body
For these is He who speaks." I woke with
joy.
And once I saw him—praying as I were
Within me, I saw myself as though
Within myself, and ever, that is
Over the inner man, I heard Him pray
Strongly with urgent groans, myself the
bound
Amazed and wondering who should pray in
me.
Till at the very ending of His prayer,
Daily in a Bishop, I awoke and called
To memory what His apostle says:

"The Lord our Advocate doth plead for us."
This conscious indwelling of the
Master Christ in the depths of his soul
sustained him through many trials.
Doubtless the personal love of Jesus
Christ is necessary to the most ordi-
nary practice of the Christian faith.
The martyrs, as has often been said,
did not die for any ideal truth, but for
a Person in Whom they believed and
hoped and whom they loved more than
life itself.

In the career of Saint Patrick a pecu-
liarly bitter trial seems to have come
upon him concerning which he says:
Some certain of my seniors came
Against my will, hard episcopate,
I was as a stone that in deep mire
Lies on the highway; and He came, Who
can
And in His pity there did lift me up
And set me on the wall top.
Not, indeed, that I
Was worthy that my Lord His servant poor
Should so far favor, attend all the toils,
The hardships heavy, and the captive years
Borne 'mongst this people—should bestow
such grace
As till I came to Ireland I nor knew
Nor ever loved.

With the strange contrition which
great saints by reason of their com-
plicit light conceive concerning the
slight or few sins of their youth, Saint
Patrick goes on humbly to attribute
the sufferings of his slavery to this sin,
with a surprising burst of faith, he be-
holds the road from through chastise-
ment to his glorious calling:
I had not yet believed in the living God
I even yet my childhood; but remained in
death
And unbelief till now chastised I was
By hunger, nakedness, and bondage; to toll
I was in Ireland—for I came not here
Self-sent—until, I almost sank.
Yet these were rather boons to me, because,
So chastened by the Lord, I now am made
What once was far from me, that I should
know,
If, at that time, I yet had fifteen years.

It is probable that quite the same
"seniors" did not take quite the same
view of the matter. Even estimable men
may be lacking in the discretion of
spirits, which is, after all, a free gift
of the Holy Ghost; and they may un-
consciously be swayed by natural feel-
ings of jealousy, which prompt them to
exaggerate the least fault in men who
are most nearly faultless. St. Teresa
quaintly remarks that if the members
of your community once get the idea
you are a saint, they will expect such
great things from you that in the end
they will make you a martyr. But in
the midst of his trouble St. Patrick felt
again, and in a new manner, the abid-
ing presence of his master with him:

On that same day when these my elder ones
Rebuked me, in a vision of the night,
I saw a script against me, and no name
I saw—of God—For I came not here
Of honor written; and the while I heard
That voice within make answer, "We are
here."
Ill styled by men, stripped bare of dignity,
It was not "Thou art here ill-styled," it said,
But "We," as if the Speaker joined Him
Incorporately with me, and the voice
Were His Who once said, "Whose toucheth
thee
Toucheth us 'twere the apple of Mine eye."
This sense of his union with Christ in
working for the Irish people crops out
constantly:—

With fear and reverence
Faithful in heart and uncomplainingly
I serve this people, to whom the charity
Of Christ assigns me, for my rest of life,
If I be worthy; that, with humble heart,
And grateful lips, I teach it, in the faith
And measure of the Holy Trinity.

With the faith of the Holy Trinity
St. Patrick's mission began and ended;
and the same may be said of the faith-
ful people he left behind him.
A last thought, to show how his
spirit has remained among the Chris-
tians he formed, may be taken from
the *Confession*, in the midst of their
wretchedness and poverty and enforced
ignorance, the Irish people have be-
come known throughout the world for
the love and practice of purity. How
beautiful is the chaste generation in
glory! This, too, is the great ideal of
Saint Patrick for his people.

—Now the Irish who in former days
Hat but their idols and their rites unclean,
Nor aught knew of the Lord, have late be-
come
The Lord's own people. And the sons of
God
And daughters of their kings, now sons of
God
Are counted, and vowed handmaidens of
Christ.
And one blessed Scotch lady nobly born,
The most fair person whom myself baptized,
Came soon thereafter making her report
Of initiation by a messenger.
Sent her from God, with His almondi-ment,
That virgin she should live and nearer Him.
The violation of this high ideal by
Coroticus, who had exposed the Chris-

tian flock to the lawless violence of the
pagans, is the burden of St. Patrick's
complaint:—
Lord, ravening wolves have eaten up Thy
flock,
Which here in Ireland had such fair in-
crease,
Sons of the Scots and daughters of the kings,
Now holy monks and handmaidens of Christ,
So many, past my counting.

And he reproaches the faithless
chieftain:—
Then slayest and sellest into extern lands
Which know not God, my Christians, and
dost cast
Christ's baptized virgins into shame,
What hope canst thou, so acting, have in
God?
This was the last message of holy
love for God and man of him who de-
scribed himself humbly—
A proselyte and pilgrim for His love
Here amongst savage peoples.—Pflgrim.

IN THE SOCIAL CRISIS.
The Church Pre-Eminently Adapted to
Lead the Masses.
In an article published in *The Arena*,
for December, Prof. George D. Heron,
of Iowa College, discussing the ques-
tion, "The Opportunity of the Church
in the Present Social Crisis," says:
"Revolution of some sort is not far off.
The social change will bring forth
either the revolution of love or tragedy
and we of a leadership inspired by a
love of revolution. Either a religious
movement such as the prophets dimly
or never dreamed of, or blood such as
never flowed will remit the sins of the
existing order. For a religious re-
vival springing from some vast and
wondrous social love Christendom waits
in fear, anxiety and expectancy."
The professor, to use his own words,
is pessimistic with regard to the ability
of the Protestant Church to take the
role of leader in the religious revival
He is, in fact, convinced of its total
uselessness, for he says: "The
Church, as a whole, does not know
what Jesus taught, and as far as it
knows does not believe His teachings
practicable. Protestants are institu-
tionally building up a religion apart
from the actual facts and conditions of
society. Protestant Christianity is
practically a caste religion in spite of
its missions, its exceptional institu-
tional churches and its ludicrous will-
ingness to receive the poor."
Ignoring, as might be expected, the
fact that the Catholic Church might
possibly play a little significant part
in the social crisis, Mr. Heron is placed
in a very perplexing dilemma. His
own testimony of "the ludicrous will-
ingness of Protestantism to re-
ceive the poor," ought to be sufficiently
convincing; but an incident has
recently occurred which particularizes
and confirms this statement.

It was one of the greater feasts—
Easter, I believe,—when a man evi-
dently from the humbler walks of life,
stroled into one of the fashionable
Episcopal churches in New York city.
The eagle eye of the august usher was
upon him in a moment. "What
church are you looking for?" he
asked.
"For the Episcopal Church. I was
told that this is one."
"You have been misinformed, my
good man," replied the usher. "The
church you seek is several blocks
away." And the high-toned congre-
gation undoubtedly gave the gallant
exponent of their ideas a vote of
thanks for relieving them of so un-
pleasant a visitation. Had the same
poor man appeared in a Roman Catho-
lic church, would his presence have
created a surprise or a murmur of dis-
gust? We of the Faith, knowing the
history and teachings of our holy re-
ligion, can unhesitatingly answer no.
Our learned friend has only to open
his eyes and be enlightened; or, if he
will, let him search the pages of his
history and he will find the Roman Catho-
lic Church always at the Church of the
poor, faithful to the instructions of her
Divine Founder, who was born, Who
lived and died in poverty.

WHAT THE CHURCH HAS DONE FOR
SOCIETY.
With an experience covering a
period of nineteen centuries, during
which she has witnessed many a social
revolution, can it be said that she is
incapable of assuming a leadership to-
day? When calamities arose and the
wellsprings of the social system
were threatened with annihilation,
when situations confronted her in com-
parison to which the present crisis
sinks into insignificance, did she not
play a most prominent part and in a
most successful manner?

In the fourth century the barbaric
tribes swept over the civilized globe
making a chaos of the existing order.
The work of azeas was threatened with
destruction. It was at that time that
the Church of Rome stood as a bulwark
against the crushing tide of ignorance
and devastation. How did she do it?
By sending forth men in every direc-
tion who were impregnated with the
spirit of poverty, of self-sacrifice and
devotion to the cause of their Master.
Such men were Patrick in Ireland,
Columbanus in Gaul, Columba in Cale-
donia, Boniface in Germany, and Grill
in Switzerland. By their exertions
the savage hordes became civilized,
and the chaotic wilderness blossomed
into a fruitful fertility. Of the labors
of the monastic orders at this period,
Montelambert says: "It is neces-
sary at least to glance at the super-

human efforts made during these five
centuries to pacify, to discipline and
to purify the savage natives among
whom they labored and of whom
twenty barbarous tribes were success-
ively transformed into Christian
nations."
In the oft-quoted and misquoted Dark
Ages, it was in the sanctuary of the
Church and at the monastery gate that
the poor and oppressed found harbor
and relief.

When England was groaning under
the iron rod of oppression, it was
Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Can-
terbury, who in concert with the
barons obtained the celebrated Magna
Charta from King John—that docu-
ment which has since been regarded
as the *chef d'œuvre* of legislation regard-
ing personal rights and privileges.
And yet, forsooth, Prof. Heron,
tells us that at the time of
Luther, "Rome was building up a re-
ligion apart from the conditions ex-
isting." Did her teachings and prac-
tices suffer so great a change and de-
cline in a few hundred years? If so,
there must have been a steady retro-
gression until we find her today not
even capable of standing in the envi-
able position of Protestantism and tak-
ing her chances in facing and coping
with a social revival.

AN ALL-PERVADING CHARITY.
We know to the contrary that her
policy did not change, that she re-
mained true to the lessons she had re-
ceived from the God of charity. It
was this all-consuming love for her
fellow-men which brought to the gibbet
and to most cruel deaths thousands of
heroic priests and holy women in Eng-
land during the reigns of Henry VIII.
and his virgin daughter Elizabeth.
We are not ignorant of the hardships
endured by the priests in Ireland, hunted
down and proscribed, still ventur-
ing to succor the poor and unfortunate.
Might they not have sought an
easier mode of life, one fraught with
less danger and toil? Assuredly yes;
but they gave up all for the service of
their brethren.

Then, coming nearer to our own
times and our own native land, when
war and its attendant horrors was upon
us, how many incidents were there not
of unselfish devotion, self-sacrifice and
heroism, on the part of Catholic priests
and nuns, not only in the hospital, but
on the battlefield. Perhaps they
sought for glory or an immortal name?
If so, they justly earned it. But far
higher and above the natural order
was their motive. It was the same
which influenced the first followers of
Jesus—the love of their God, and the
love of their neighbors. Not many
years ago a fearful pestilence, the yellow
fever, visited our shores. From
every section noble men and women
voluntarily to nurse the stricken and
administer to their wants; but the
first in the field and the last to leave
were our priests and religious. Shall
mention be made of the sainted Father
Damian, who gave up his life to serve
the lowest and most loathsome type of
humanity, the lepers, ostracised from
society and living on Molokai a semi-
dead existence?

And yet, indeed, are told: "If
the religious leaders of our day would
be willing to suffer the loss of all things
that civilization through them might
be made righteous of God, they would
bring in a thousand years of peace."
THE CHURCH AND THE MASSES.
The incidents and examples quoted
more than sufficiently illustrate the
position of the Church in the past and
the present with regard to the masses.
At all times have they turned to her as
a child to its parent in suffering,
oppression or want; and, verily, she
has not given them a stone for bread.
The trend of the age, the continued
strife between labor and capital, seems
to argue a social conflict with which
socialism, for they are antagonistic to
the moral and social principles upon
which society is founded. Protestant-
ism finds itself in a position encum-
bered by the demands and interests of
mankind.

Catholicism stands alone, her doors
ever open, receiving equally the rich
and the poor. She alone has a com-
mon meeting-place, the altar-rail,
where, side by side, may kneel the
working man and the capitalist, the
negro and the mongolian. Her doc-
trine is clear and well defined as to
the mutual duties of capital and labor;
and she denounces the oppressor of to-
day as St. Ambrose centuries ago de-
nounced the great Theodosius.

Witness in conclusion the words of
our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., in
his encyclical on the Condition of
Labor, and let the world at large judge
whether there is not in the Catholic
Church a vitality which needs no re-
vival, which is constantly reviving
and receiving its life from intercom-
munion with her divine Head. This
living grace can and will meet the
social crisis; and in Peter's barque
society will weather the storm.

The encyclical, after touching upon
the condition of Labor, the right of
man to private property, his relations
to the State; his natural rights and
social duties, defining clearly the in-
consistency of the hostility of class
against class, says:
"There is nothing more powerful
than religion (of which the Church is
the interpreter and guardian) in draw-
ing rich and poor together, by remind-

ing each class of its duties to the other,
and especially of the duties of justice.
Thus religion teaches the laboring man
and the workman to carry out honestly
and well all equitable agreements freely
made; never to injure Capital, nor to
outrage the person of an employer,
never to employ violence in represent-
ing his cause, nor to engage in riot
and disorder; and to have nothing to
do with men of evil principles who
work upon the people with aerial prom-
ises, and raise foolish hopes which
usually end in disaster and repentance
when too late. Religion teaches the
rich man and the employer that their
work-people are not their slaves; that
they must respect in every man his
dignity as a man and as a Christian;
that labor is nothing to be ashamed of,
if we listen to right reason and to
Christian philosophy, but is an honor-
able employment, enabling a man to
sustain his life in an upright and
credible way; and that it is shameful
and inhuman to treat men like chattels
to make money by, or to look upon
them merely as so much muscle or
physical power. Thus, again, religion
teaches that, as among the work-
man's concerns are religion itself,
and things spiritual and mental, the
employer is bound to see that he has
time for duties of piety; that he be not
exposed to corrupting influences and
dangerous occasions; and that he be
not led away to neglect his home and
family or to squander his wages."
"Then, again, the employer must
never tax his work-people beyond their
strength nor employ them in
work unsuited to their age or sex.
His great and principle obligation is
to give to everyone that which is
just. Doubtless before we can decide
whether wages are adequate, many
things have to be considered; but
rich men and masters should remem-
ber this: that to exercise pressure
for the