

The Catholic Record.

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

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FATHER FABER ON PURGATORY.

By the doctrine of the communion of saints, and of the unity of Christ's mystical body, we have most intimate relations both of duty and affection with the Church Triumphant and Suffering; and Catholic devotion furnishes us with many appointed and approved ways of discharging these duties towards them. Of these I shall speak hereafter. For the present it is enough to say that God has given us such power over the dead that they seem, as I have said before, to depend almost more on earth than on Heaven; and surely that He has given us this power, and supernatural methods of exercising it, is not the least touching proof that His Blessed Majesty has contrived all things for love. Can we not conceive the joy of the Blessed in Heaven, looking down from the bosom of God and the calmness of their eternal repose upon this scene of dimness, disquietude, doubt, and fear, and rejoicing in the plenitude of their charity, in their vast power with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to obtain grace and blessing day and night for the poor dwellers upon earth? It does not distract them from God; it does not interfere with the Vision, or make it waver and grow misty; it does not trouble their glory or their peace. On the contrary, it is with them as with our guardian Angels; the affectionate ministries of their charity increase their own accidental glory. The same joy in its measure may be seen upon earth. If we are fully possessed with this Catholic devotion for the Holy Souls, we shall never be without the grateful consciousness of the immense powers which Jesus has given us on their behalf. We are never so like Him, or so nearly imitate His tender offices, as when we are devoutly exercising these powers. We are humbled excessively by becoming the benefactors of those beautiful souls who are so immeasurably our superiors, as Joseph was said to have learned humility by commanding Jesus. We love Jesus with a love beyond words, a love that almost makes us afraid, yet with what a delightful fear! Because in this devotion it is His hands we are moving, as we would move the unskilful hands of a child. Dearest Lord, that He should let us do these things! That He should let us do with His satisfactions what we will, and sprinkle His Precious Blood as if it were so much water from the nearest well! That we should limit the efficacy of His unbloody sacrifice, and name souls to Him, and expect Him to obey us, and that He should do so! Beautiful was the helplessness of His blessed infancy; beautiful is His helplessness in His most dear sacrament; beautiful is the helplessness in which for the love of us He most willingly to be with regard to His spouses in Purgatory, whose entrance into glory His Heart is so impatiently awaiting! Oh, what thoughts, what feelings, what love should be ours, as we, like choirs of terrestrial angels, gaze down on the wide, silent, sinless kingdom of suffering, and then with our own venturesome touch wave the sceptred hand of Jesus over its broad regions all richly dropping with the balsam of His saving Blood!

There have always been two views of Purgatory prevailing in the Church, not contradictory the one of the other, but rather expressive of the mind and devotion of those who have embraced them. One is the view met with in by far the greater number of the lives and revelations of Italian and Spanish saints, the works of the Germans of the Middle Ages, and the popular delineations of Purgatory in Belgium, Portugal, Brazil, Mexico and elsewhere. The other is the view which has been made popular by St. Francis of Sales, though he drew it originally from his favorite treatise on Purgatory by St. Catherine of Genoa, and it is also borne out by many of the revelations of Sister Francesca of Pampeluna, a Theresian nun, published with a long and able censura by Fra. Giuseppe Bonaventura Ponzio, a Dominican professor at Saragossa. And each of these two views, though neither denies the other, has its own peculiar spirit of devotion.

The first view is embodied in the terrifying sermons of Italian Quaresimali, and in those wayside pictures which so often provoke the fastidiousness of the English traveler. It loves to represent Purgatory simply as a hell which is not eternal. Violence, confusion, wailing, horror, preside over its descriptions. It dwells, and truly, on the terribleness of the pain of sense which the soul is mysteriously permitted to endure. The fire is the same fire as that of hell, created for the single and express purpose of giving torture. Our earthly fire is as painted fire compared to it. Besides this, there is a special and indefinite horror to the unbodied soul in becoming the prey of this material agony. The sense of imprisonment, close and intolerable, and the intense palpable darkness, are additional features in the horror of the scene, which prepare us for that sensible neighborhood to hell, which many saints have spoken of as belonging to Purgatory. Angels are represented as active executioners of God's awful justice. Some have even held that the demons were permitted to touch and harass the spouses of Christ in those ardent fires. Then to this terribleness

of the pain of sense is added the dreadfulness of the pain of loss. The beauty of God remains in itself the same immensely desirable object it ever was. But the soul is changed. All that in life and in the world of sense dulled its desires after God is gone from it, so that it seeks Him with an impetuosity which no imagination can at all conceive. The very burning excess of its love becomes the measure of its intolerable pain. And what love can do even on earth we may learn from examples of Father John Baptist Sanchez, who said he was sure he should die of misery, if any morning when he arose he should know that he was certain not to die that day. To these horrors we might add many more which depict Purgatory simply as a hell which is not eternal.

The spirit of this view is a holy fear of offending God, a desire for bodily austerities, a great value put upon indulgences, an extreme horror of sin, and an habitual trembling before the judgments of God. Those who have led lives of unusual penance, and severe orders in religion, have always been impregnated with this view; and it seems to have been borne out in its minutest details by the conclusions of scholastic theologians, as may be seen at once by referring to Bellarmine, who, in each section of his treatise on Purgatory, compares the revelations of the saints with the consequences of theology. It is remarkable also that when the Blessed Henry Suso, through increased familiarity and love of God, began to think comparatively lightly of the pains of Purgatory, our Lord warned him that this was very displeasing to Him. For what judgment can be light which God has prepared for sin? Many theologians have said, not only that the least pain of Purgatory was greater than the greatest pain of earth, but greater than all the pains of earth put together. This, then, is a true view of Purgatory, but not a complete one. Yet it is not one which we can safely call coarse or grotesque. It is the view of many saints and servants of God; and it is embodied in the popular celebrations of All Souls' Day in several Catholic countries.

The second view of Purgatory does not deny any of the features of the preceding view, but it almost puts them out of sight by the other considerations which it brings more prominently forward. It goes into Purgatory with its eyes fascinated and its spirits sweetly tranquilized by the face of Jesus, its first sight of the Sacred Humanity, at the Particular Judgment which it has undergone. That vision abides with it still and beautifies the uneven terrors of its prison, as if with perpetual silvery showers of moonlight which seem to fall from our Saviour's loving eyes. In the sea of fire it holds fast by that image. The moment that in His sight it perceives its own unworthiness for Heaven, it wings its voluntary flight to Purgatory, like a dove to her proper nest in the shadows of the forest. There need be no angels to convey it thither. It is its own free worship of the purity of God. This is beautifully expressed in a revelation of St. Gertrude, related by Blossius. The saint saw in spirit the soul of a religious who had passed her life in the exercise of the most lofty virtues. She was standing before our Lord clothed and adorned with charity; but she did not dare to lift her eyes to look at Him. She kept them cast down as if she was ashamed to stand in His presence, and showed by some gesture her desire to be far from Him. Gertrude marvelled at this, and ventured to question Him: "Most merciful God! why dost Thou not receive this soul into the arms of Thine infinite charity? And what are these strange gestures of diffidence which I behold in her?" Then our Lord lovingly stretched out His right arm, as if He would draw the soul nearer to Himself; but she, with profound humility and great modesty retired from Him. The saint, lost in still greater wonder, asked why she fled from the embraces of a Spouse so worthy to be loved; and the religious answered her "Because I am not yet perfectly cleansed from the stains which my sins have left behind them; and even if He were to grant me in this state a free entrance into Heaven, I would not accept it; for all splendid as I look in your eyes, I know that I am not yet a fit spouse for Your Lord."

In that moment the soul loves God most tenderly, and in return is most tenderly loved by Him. To the eyes of those who take this view, that soul seems most beautiful. How should a dear spouse of God be anything but beautiful? The soul is in union with true; but it is in unbroken union with God. "It has no remembrance," says St. Catherine of Genoa most positively, "no remembrance at all of its past sins, or of earth." Its sweet prison, its holy sepulchre, is in the adorable will of its heavenly Father, and there it abides the term of its purification with the most perfect contentment and the most unutterable love. As it is not teased by any vision of self or sin, so neither is it harassed by any atom of fear, or by a single doubt of its own imperturbable security. It is impeccable; and there was a time on earth when that gift alone seemed as if it would contain all heaven in itself. It cannot commit the slightest imperfection. It cannot have the least move-

ment of impatience. It can do nothing whatever which will in the least degree displease God. It loves God above everything, and it loves Him with a pure and disinterested love. It is constantly consoled by angels, and cannot but rejoice in the confirmed assurance of its own salvation. Nay, its very bitterest agonies are accompanied by a profound, unshaken peace, such as the language of this world has no words to tell. There are revelations, too, which tell of multitudes who are in no local prison, but abide their purification in the air, or by their graves, or near altars where the Blessed Sacrament is, or in the rooms of those who pray for them, or amid the scenes of their former vanity and frivolity. If silent suffering, sweetly, gracefully endured, is a thing so venerable on earth, what must this region of the Church be like? Compared with earth, its trials, doubts, exciting and depressing risks, how much more beautiful, how much more desirable, that still, calm, patient realm over which Mary is crowned as queen, and Michael is the perpetual ambassador of her mercy.

The spirit of this view is love, an extreme desire that God should not be offended, a yearning for the interests of Jesus. It takes its tone from the soul's first voluntary flight into that heritage of suffering. As it took God's part against it in that act, so it is throughout. This view of Purgatory turns on the worship of God's purity and sanctity. It looks at things from God's point of view, and merges its own interests in His. It is just the view we might expect to come from St. Francis of Sales, or the loving St. Catherine of Genoa. And it is the helplessness rather than the wretchedness of the souls detained which moves those who take this view of compassion and devotion; but it is God's glory and the interests of Jesus which influence them most of all.

WHY AM I A CATHOLIC.

Father Elliott to Those Not of Our Faith.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 5.—A course of lectures to non-Catholics delivered by Fr. Elliott, of the Paulists, has attracted considerable attention. Fr. Elliott's explanations of Catholic doctrine have given many Protestants a true idea of the Church. In his last lecture Fr. Elliott told why he is a Catholic. He said in part:

"The Catholic Church is an international association established by Christ. Its objects are to assemble all men of all nations into a brotherhood, so that they may thereby be an honor to their heavenly Father, be easily saved from sin and hell, and personally filled with the divine spirit. The Catholic or universal Church is thus God's society on earth, Christ's discipline and the holy spirit's household of faith and love. That Christ must have formed such an institution is antecedently probable. And, as a matter of fact, He did organize as well as teach, appointed officers as well as proclaimed salvation. And His apostles did likewise. So that Christianity is a Church, and always has been—Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church.

"But this is the outer side of Christ's religion. I am a Catholic for that reason, indeed, but mainly because the Church gives me God in my interior life. That is why men and women join the Church, or being bred in it, gladly stay—it gives them an overmastering consciousness of God, and makes God supreme in their lives. It gives us God as an inward light. The certain truth as a controlling force is the Catholic faith. The inner voice is strengthened by the returning echo of the outer teaching; or, rather, God's teaching to man is the harmony of external and internal revelation. The Church guarantees the validity of my inward convictions, excludes fanaticism, arouses sluggishness and is a criterion of the validity of my personal faith. Hence St. Paul calls it 'The Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth.' The unity of belief and the certainty of it is why I am a Catholic.

"Another reason is, because the Catholic Church conquers my rebellious passions. It is the world-renowned school of repentance. The Church humbles me in my best moments to the sovereign majesty of God. It was to her ministers of reconciliation that God our Lord first said: 'Whoever sins you forgive, they are forgiven them; whoever sins you shall retain, they are retained.' This has made the consciousness of sin perfect by necessitating confession: it has elevated the offices of friendship to the divine uses of a sacrament, and has given us a method and process for the externalizing of our inner sorrow for sin, thus developing it as a plant is developed by removal to the open sunlight. Confession of sin and absolution from its guilt is, practically, and for the most common run of humanity, a most conclusive argument for the Church's divine institution.

"The unity of Christ's faith in a divine brotherhood, universal and eternal and pre-eminent in the world; the plain outer process of pardon teaching the sincerity of the interior movements of the grace of contrition; the full satisfaction of the soul by entire union with God in the Real Presence—

these are the main reasons why I am a Catholic. Add the Communion of Saints, the doctrine and practice of prayers for the dead, the liberty and equality of the Church's people, the gentle sweetness of the Catholic devotional spirit, the spell of this beautiful religion in art and ceremony and poetry and music, the boundless charity of Catholic men and women in and out of communities, and add many other reasons, all converging to one, and the case is stated. The one great reason is, Catholicity gives me God in His own chosen way, and fullness and fruition."

THE PRIEST.

Ought to be the Last of His Race to be Forgotten of Men.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. Once a year a solemn Requiem Mass is celebrated in the Chicago cathedral for the repose of the souls of the dead priests of the diocese. The ceremony is rendered doubly solemn and impressive by the presence of the Archbishop and nearly all the local priests. This Mass was celebrated last week, and a notable feature of the exercises was the sermon delivered by Rev. John J. Code. We quote some of the striking passages:

"Men are God's instruments. So much of the work only that His endures; the rest, with the workman, disappears. Take the greatest historical fact in the world—Christ's Church, whose power and majesty and charm reach back to the days of Imperial Rome and which alone among the nations remained organically intact amid the social and political revolutions of two thousand years. Popes, Bishops and priests whose number is legion held aloft down the centuries the light that is still the life of the world. With a few exceptions the whole vast army of sainted names is forgotten, and God, who worked through them, alone remains.

"What shall I cry? said the Prophet Isaiah. 'All flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of the field.'"

"Our position, our eloquence, our fame, our comforts, all are but a vesture; they shall grow old as a garment, but Thou, O God! art the self-same and Thy years shall not fail. Vanity of vanities! What are men from Archbishop to acolyte but the grass of the field, which to day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven? God alone is great, God alone endures.

VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE
"What is life? Viewed apart from God, it is but a fitful fire upon the hearth. At first a spark, then a flame flaring up around the fagots—emblem of boyhood; then reddening into coals, with intense glow of heat—emblem of manhood. Then comes a whiteness, the heat lessens, the flickering shadows die along the wall, the household hovers over expiring embers—only ashes remain.

"What is life? Tell us, O thou unnumbered host of mitred prelates and white-robed priests whose lives were sacrificial fires that illumined and warmed this earth—but who now are forgotten—who are only ashes.

"If the tomb is the horizon of life, stupid were your sacrifices, vain your zeal, unrequited your labors.

"All nature protests against such a theory. The very stars which led the 'ships of Tarshish' across the Mediterranean are still reflected in those ancient waters and their armor is still as bright as when in Israel's ancient battle Dabbara sang how 'the stars in their courses fought against Sisara.' Is man then alone mortal in the midst of seemingly immortal elements? Across the buried centuries from an opened tomb comes the answer: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he who believes in Me, even though he be dead, shall live.'

"God speaks for His saints, and life becomes real and solemn. The grave is not its goal. Death is but the swinging door between time and eternity. Time is a workshop in God's universe, eternally the reward everlasting of the toilers.

"The philosophy of life is all found in the service of these saintly toilers, whose simple lives were part and parcel of God's eternal law:

"Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid, 'Here is my talent in a napkin laid.'"

"We are not born for ourselves, but for our kind, our neighbor, our country, our God. Not to be known, but rather to know God is our destined way; not to be loved, but rather to love; not to be ministered unto, but to minister to; then to die, be forgotten of men in time, be remembered of God in eternity.

TENDER TIES OF PRIEST AND PEOPLE.
"But the priest surely ought to be the last of his race to be forgotten of men. Through his blessed office men are born and bred heirs of Heaven. Priest and people are bound together by the tenderest memories. It was he who inspired us with our first conscious love of Jesus in the banquet of First Communion. It was he who joined the lovers' hands and hearts and steadied and sustained them in the joys and sorrows of many years. His sweet voice stirred the sinner to sorrow and brought solace to the bereaved. Who does not remember that his absolution, his anointing, his whispered message, his last blessing in the death-chamber,

his hopeful prayers at the covered grave dismissed to the bosom of eternal rest the dearest and sweetest of those we have known on earth? Of him truly might it be said, 'The eyes of all hope in thee. Thou openest thy hand and fillest every living creature with thy blessings.'

MEMORY'S TRIBUTE OF PRAYER.

"It is a sad reflection that when those hands of power and blessing in their turn have become powerless in death, few are found so filial as to pay their memory the tribute of a prayer.

"The great Italian bard, journeying through the realms of shade and meeting the instructor of his youth, cried out:

"O never from the memory of my heart
Your dear paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, are yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized."

"To become your father the priest has turned aside from the sweet joys of home, wife and children and consecrated to you the flower of his days, his talents, his labors, his life. If you forget him there are no loved ones to plead for him before Heaven.

"Time wraps all the faults of the dead in ceremonies of charity, saving us only the vision of their virtues. Nature's constant effort is to clothe the repulsive with a raiment of beauty. Break Winter's scarce laid away ere she spins a web of green over every barren waste, embosses the ruined wall with ivy and covers every wreck with a veil of vines. So with memory. She is quick to weave a mantle of virtues to hide from view the stern and sober fact that the priest is human; like his flock must tread the prison of purgation, and therefore stands in need of prayer. The priest is not merely a disciple, but a representative of Christ, a leader of the flock, and his strictest stewardship still leaves unfinished the work of his Divine Master.

THE TRAGEDY OF DEATH.

"His death, like every other, is a sentence pronounced against a sinner. Whither shall I flee to escape this penalty? I ascend the steps of the temple and lo! the dead are there. The heads that towered like Carmel lie low as the clouds of the valley, the voices that uttered wisdom are mute, the instruments of power, of love, of blessing have become as fallen columns. Surely an enemy hath done this! Thou mighty Death! what name have dared thou hast done. Whom all the world has flattered thou hast cast out and despised. Thou hast gathered into one heap the power, genius, valor, beauty and sweetness of this world beside the pride, passion, cruelty and ambition of men, and over all has hewn this narrow epitaph, 'Here lies the remains.'"

"Vanity of vanities! Ye pomp and unprofitable splendor of this world—penny prizes for which the madding crowd strive, starve and sin—I scorn ye! Enough for me when laid upon the bier—be it surrounded by the noble and great or shrouded by the midnight gloom, alone and deserted—enough for me if there be deeds of simple lowliness upon which the eye of God may gaze and a memory embalmed in prayer.

SALUTE THE RISEN DEAD.

"Caesar, who are about to die salute thee," was the gladiator's cry, standing in the arena face to face with death. To day the living who are about to die take heart at the memory of those other living whom we call the dead.

"Not they, but rather we who yet remain behind are really dead. Their paternal images appear above the arena of death, not wrapped in gloom, but transfigured with celestial light, and lifting up our fainting hearts and voices we hail them: 'Fathers, we who are about to die salute you.' 'The eternal years of God are thine.' 'Man stricken to earth shall rise again.' Sweet as the songs that soothe our pain is the recollection of these lowly lives whose glorious destiny fills with sudden flood of splendor the dreary path we here are treading.

"Infinite release—Infinite peace be thine!
Unfading fidelity and hope be ours!"

"Now we know that 'we have not here a lasting city, but look for one that is to come.'"

SECRET SOCIETIES.

The dangers that beset the prophet are proverbial; but our favorite prophecy, that Protestantism will survive in Freemasonry, seems already come true. Those of our priests who have had experience in missionary work among non-Catholics agree that while Protestantism is disintegrating and falling away, Masonry still stands as a solid wall. Father Patrick Brannan, an efficient missionary of the diocese of Dallas, gives this testimony in the Missionary:

The great Gibraltar which stands in the path of missions to non-Catholics is secret societies. The whole country, so far as my knowledge goes, is honeycombed with them. They are stepping stones to social, commercial, and political preferment; and militate, more than anything else or all other things put together, against the propagation of Catholic truth in this country. Such, at least, is my firm opinion. The members say they know there is nothing said or done against any Church or creed in their organizations; hence a spirit inimical to the Church is engendered, and they resent what they denounce as a groundless attack upon their societies. Sometimes our own Catholic people are members of these societies, and it is with great difficulty that they can be induced to abandon them, not to speak of Protestants.

The obvious moral is that Catholic societies, with all the good qualities of Masonry and none of its bad ones, are becoming more and more necessary. Such societies already exist in abundance, and it is for the interest of both clergy and laity to encourage them by any means possible.—Ave Maria.

THE TRUTH COMING OUT.

From the Catholic Champion (High Church Episcopal Organ).

The vicious lives of most of the so-called reformers, the grasping covetousness of the Church's goods, the ruthless pillaging of her most sacred shrines under the specious guise of a hatred of idolatry, the spectacle of men and women vowed to God in holy chastity living together before the wondering world under the pretext of being man and wife and the hardly less scandalous act of a great Archbishop, no less a man than the Protestant "Martyr" Crammer, keeping his "wife" hidden away in the Low Countries while he was enjoying the rights and emoluments of a position for the holding of which chastity was a *sine qua non*—these and thousand other things of a similar character have made the "Reformation" a stench in the nostrils of Christendom.

The one great distinguishing characteristic of the whole thing, movement and movers, seems to be a lack of any principle whatever. Lethargous thieves, they broke into and defiled the houses of God and pillaged and ravished the spouses of Christ. Unprincipled and unscrupulous political intriguers were given the supreme rule of the Church of England, and a lay Papacy, acting nominally for the Crown, set about the task of destroying the Catholic religion, for which Christ died.

AT THE TOMB OF AN AMERICAN SAINT.

The belief of the faithful in the sanctity and miraculous power of the holy Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia, whose process of canonization is now before the regular authorities in Rome, is shown by the crowds daily to be seen around the Bishop's tomb in the basement chapel of old St. Peter's Church in his episcopal city.

It is said by those familiar with the progress of the investigations that the Holy Father is following the numerous and minute details of the Bishop's process with the most watchful interest. Should the promoters of the sainted man's cause be successful in establishing the many indisputable proofs required by the Church before even the first hour of sainthood, the declaration of Venerable, can be pronounced, the Holy Father will be greatly pleased. The elevation of Bishop Neumann to the veneration of the faithful would give him a double pleasure. It is many years since a Bishop has been canonized, and as yet the North American Continent is without a canonized saint. Pope Leo would delight to crown his love for American by raising to the altars the first of her proven saints, and also to present to the Church at large, before the close of his pontificate, another canonized Bishop as a model for the episcopacy of the Church.

A writer in the Boston Sunday Herald thus describes the scenes around Bishop Neumann's tomb:

"There is no other scene in this diocese like that presented by the pilgrimage of Catholics to this tomb. They arrive at daybreak, when the doors of the chapel are first opened, and at night, when soft lights glow around the tomb, they will still be seen thronging thither. They are of all ages and conditions of life—the maimed hobbling along on crutches, or with their arms in slings; the blind, led by their friends; men and women crippled with age or rheumatism, suffering unable to walk, who are slowly carried along; victims of every variety of accident; the deformed, and many others, men, women and children, who suffer from no visible affliction, but whose troubles may not, therefore, be less. Down the narrow, railed staircase and through the aisles they go, and press toward the gates of the sanctuary, which are always open.

"It is a picture of childlike simplicity and faith quite strange in this work-a-day time and country.—Boston Pilot.

APOLOGIES.

The Duke of Argyll recently said: "Even in the House of Lords I have noticed for many years that the Bishops themselves never employ theological argument on any subject without making some apology for doing so, as if they felt it to some extent out of place." This is precisely the most striking characteristic of the sects; they do not believe in themselves. "Theological argument" is no longer employed, because even the heterogeneous writings that formerly passed for theology among sectarians are now openly scoffed at.—Ave Maria.

It is very important to hold always to the same resolution until you have entirely corrected the fault which you intend to combat, or have acquired the virtue in which you wish to be strengthened.