

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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Feast of the Assumption.

"A NIGHT PRAYER."

Dark! Dark! Dark!
The sun is set; the day is dead;
Thy Feast has fled;
My eyes are wet with tears unshed;
I bow my head
Where the star-fringed shadows softly sway
I bend my knee,
And, like a homesick child, I pray,
Mary, to thee.

Dark! Dark! Dark!
And, all the day—since white-robed priest
In farthest East,
In dawn's first ray—began the Feast,
I—The least—
Thy least, and last and lowest child,
I called on thee; my words were wild;
Virgin! didst hear? my words were wild;
Didst think of me?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Alas! and no! the angels bright,
With wings as white
As a dream of snow in love and light,
Flashed on thy sight;
They shone like stars around thee! Queen!
I kneel afar
A shadow only dims the scene
Where shines a star!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
And all day long, beyond the sky,
Sweet, pure and high,
The angels' song sounds by
Triumphantly
And when such music filled thy ear,
Rose round thy throne,
How could I hope that thou wouldst hear
My far, faint moan?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
And all day long, where altars stand,
Or poor or grand,
A countless throng from every land,
With lifted hands
Winged hymns to thee from sorrow's vale
In glad acclaim
How couldst thou hear my lone lips wail
Thy sweet, pure name?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Alas! and no! Thou didst not hear
Nor bend thy ear,
To prayer of woe as mine so drear;
Hid me from hearing and from sight
This bright Feast-day;
Wilt hear me, Mother, if in thy night,
I kneel and pray?

Dark! Dark! Dark!
The sun is set; the day is dead;
Thy Feast has fled;
My eyes are wet with tears I shed;
I bow my head
Angels and altars hallel the Queen
All day; ah! he
To-night what thou hast ever been—
A mother to me!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
They queently crown in angels' sight
Is fair and bright;
Ah! lay it down; for, oh! to-night
Is jewelled light
Shines not as the tender love-light shines,
O Mary!
In the mother's eyes, whose pure heart shines
For poor, lost child!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Sceptre in hand, thou dost hold sway
Fore and aye
In lay and crown; fair Queen; pray
Lay it away.
Let thy sceptre wave in the realms above
Where angels tread;
But, Mother! fold in thine arms of love
Thy child afar!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
Mary! I call! Willst hear the prayer
My poor lips dare?
Ye! be to all a voice and fair,
Crown, sceptre, bear!
But look on me with a mother's eyes
From heaven's bliss;
And wail to me from the starry skies
A mother's kiss!

Dark! Dark! Dark!
The sun is set; the day is dead;
Her Feast has fled;
Can she forget the sweet blood shed,
The last words said
That evening—"Woman! behold thy Son!"
Oh! priceless right,
Of all His children, the last, least one
Is heard to-night.
—Father Ryan.

JESUITS AT OXFORD.

The New Catholic Hall at the Great University.

That a late fellow and tutor of St. John's College, Oxford, should now be the head of a Catholic hall in the university is a novelty which is only paralleled by the fact that the new head is a priest of the Society of Jesus. It would have seemed to myself in my undergraduate days—a little after the middle of the present century—that the "idea" of a Jesuit hall in the university would be the dream of a too sanguine visionary. Father Clark, S. J., the new head, with whom I have had the happiness of being acquainted, did not anticipate such a controversy arising to the long controversy about "Catholics going to Oxford." Cardinal Manning was always a good deal afraid of it; but the same Pope who made Dr. Newman a Cardinal has approved Dr. Newman's earnest wish that "Catholics might make the dry bones to live." The fact is, times are changed. There are already about sixty Catholics in a university which has of late years opened its portals to free thinkers. Almost every shade of opinion is represented at Oxford; and what is more to the point—there is now very little prejudice against the Catholic religion, though there is still a cramped notion of its philosophy. The question which comes to the front at the present moment is, "Will the resident Catholics help to interpret the monuments with which the once Catholic university is still filled? Will they make the dry bones to live in the sense of leading back Protestants to the faith, which alone reared the university?"

Every Oxford man knows that the great majority of Oxford colleges—we may instantly recall All Souls, Balliol, New, Magdalen, Merton, Corpus Christi—have the stamp of their origin upon them; while as to halls, St. Mary's, St. Alban's, St. Edmund's,

were products of the middle ages, and were reared centuries before the Reformation was thought of. More than this, every Oxford man knows—even the freshest undergraduate—must hear of it—that the charters of the old college all breathe the Catholic spirit, "Indulgences" being promised in many charters for those who pray for certain pious intentions; and Masses being ordered to be said in perpetuity for the benefactors of the ancient university. In addition to such testimony as to the past, there are numerous visible signs of the faith. The Benedictines have still the heraldic arms of their order carved at the foot of the staircase of Worcester College; the Cistercians have still their stone statue of St. Bernard sculptured over the gateway of St. John's College; the Augustinians have still their painting and memorial: "Collegium omnium animarum fidelium defamatorum de Oxon" is still the traditional title of St. Louis College; while of Corpus Christi College all the world knows that its founders selected its title "to the praise of the most holy Body of Christ, and the Blessed Virgin Mary."

So that there ought to be no great difficulty for the resident Catholics at Oxford in the helping to interpret Catholic evidence; in the pointing of the past as witnessing for the Church, and to the present as witnessing against heresy. But a strong point in favor is the great gain of the new Catholic hall to the university; is the fact that Oxford has now lost all the religious influence which at one time it exercised over the country. Even as to quite modern times—the last forty years—we may say that, whereas the Oxford of forty years ago helped to form religious ideas throughout the country, the Oxford of today only represents such ideas as are presumably religious or irreligious. This is partly due to the fact that mere laymen, and in two cases, reputed agnostics, are now the governing tutors and teachers, whereas formerly no man who was not a clergyman could hold the position of a teaching fellow. And, mark the consequences of this great change, there are now no "schools" of religious thought, because there are no "leaders" who are clergymen. Fifty years ago the names of Newman or Wilberforce, or Keble, as a little earlier, that of Wately, or Froude, or Thomas Arnold—meant a "school" of Anglican thought, which, if not strictly defined was understood to applaud some kind of creed. But now the university is Germanized. It is far more speculative than it is Anglican. So that the Jesuit house at Oxford will mean the restoration of religious teaching, in opposition to the new German speculation. This is surely a great gain. The mere existence of a Jesuit house in Oxford, apart from its power to spread Catholic orthodoxy, will be the re-assertion of Oxford's right to "lead" the country, in the sense of disciplined principles of religious thought.

At the present time it is true to-day that no one throughout all England cares a pin for the religious teaching of the university, as to High Churchism or Low Church, or Broad Churchism, because, the constitution of the university, being no longer Anglican, its "teaching" is of no interest—even at Oxford. It is for this reason that the arrival of the Jesuits at Oxford is a singularly opportune and full of promise. Say that about one-half of the Oxford undergraduates propose to "take holy orders." It is natural that they should wish to know something of theology. More than this, they must consider that the "science" of theology being by far the most important of the sciences, its chair ought to take precedence of all other chairs. They would not, indeed, consider that the study of theology ought to interfere with the pursuit of other studies; but they would contend that, without the knowledge of the highest truth, the knowledge of the lesser truths would be imperfect; not in regard to the particular compass of a particular rubric, but in regard to its relative place among all truths.

But now to speak particularly of the Ritualist "school" of clergy—and it is certain that whatever is left of dogmatic teaching is now championed chiefly by the Ritualists—what we may ask, will be their relation, academically, to the young aspirants to the Anglican Holy Orders? The Ritualists, academically, are in two difficulties: (1) they cannot teach undergraduates the science of theology; and, therefore, (2) they cannot teach undergraduates its doctrines. Every Catholic knows that Christian doctrines must depend for their orthodoxy upon authority; and that the true nature of authority must be accurately defined by the teachers, the masters, of theology. Here is where the Ritualists are hopelessly at sea; they cannot teach because they do not know. In my days as an undergraduate the question, "Where is authority?" was only answered by "In the teaching of the primitive Church." But this question which now baffles the Ritualists is, "Who is to interpret primitive teaching?" It is because there is no answer to this last question that Oxford has fallen back on free thinking; which is indeed the only logical attitude towards "Authority" individually interpreted. The Jesuits

come to the rescue at this crisis. Every undergraduate knows that the Jesuits are profoundly "educated" in every sense of the word. They are not only good scholars and well-read, but they have been trained through long years of mental discipline, so that their judicial and moral faculties are keen. It would be invidious to speak of their spiritual superiority; yet the whole world knows that their religious aspirations are wholly detached from worldly interests. Now this is a "type" which the younger students must look up to. Nor can it be doubted that moral up to the university of such a body of detached and learned religious men quicken all the best yearning of undergraduates.

THE MAGNETISM OF ROME

A Remarkable Article in a Protestant Paper.

We extract the following from a remarkable article which appeared some time ago in the *London Spectator*:
Mr. Bernard Holland, in his interesting article in the *National Review* on Cardinal Manning's conversion, invites attention to the special magnetism which the Roman Church has on some minds, and on such very different minds as Cardinal Newman's and Cardinal Manning's, both of whom began by regarding the attraction of Rome as something unholy, and both of whom ended by submitting to it, and submitting to it with a sort of ecstatic joy, with something like ecstasy. It is not easy to forget Manning's words a few months before his final conversion: "My whole reason seems filled with one outline. The faith of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation induces me into a belief of the indivisible unity and perpetual infallibility of the Body of Christ. Protestantism is not so much a rival system which I reject, but no system, a chaos, a wreck of fragments without idea, principle, or will. It is to me flesh, blood, unblessed, and the will of man. Anglicanism seems to me to be in essence the same, only elevated, constructed and adorned by intellect, social and political order and the fascinations of a national and domestic history. As a theology, still more as the Church or the Faith, it has so faded out of my mind that I cannot say I reject it, but I know it no more. I simply do not believe it; I can form no basis, outline, or defence for it." Nor can anybody who takes the least interest in Cardinal Newman's fascinating biography read, without being deeply moved to Mixed Congregationalism, in which, within a year or two after his conversion, he described the fascination exerted by the Church he had just joined upon his own heart: "Oh long sought after, tardily found, the desire of the eyes, the joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fullness after many foretastes, the home after many storms! Come to her, poor children, for she is it, and she alone, who can unfold to you the secret of your being and the meaning of your destiny."

Now there could not be minds more utterly different in type and inward method than Newman's and Manning's. We can all remember the celebrated letter, after they had both been many years in the Roman Church, that when he read his (Manning's) letter, he did not know whether he was standing "on his head or his heels." Newman's mind was profoundly introspective, Manning's, as Mr. Bernard Holland truly says, active and administrative. Except that both of them had restless minds, minds that were not easily satisfied with their own depth of belief, and that sought eagerly to make it deeper, firmer, and more absolute, there could hardly have been minds more different. Newman, even after he joined the Roman Church, went on exploring his own state of mind, and that of the friends whom he had left behind him. We think we may say that, instead of persisting in the rather scornful view of Anglicanism which he expressed after first leaving the English Church, he softened towards it, appreciated it better, found more that was a little strange and even startling to him in the Church of his adoption, and learned to enter more heartily into the minds of those who, like his friend, the late Dean of St. Paul's, felt no magnetism in the Church of Rome. Cardinal Manning, we imagine, never felt a trace of this kind of homesickness in his heart. He took to Rome as the duck which the hen has hatched takes to water, and signed no more for the scale it be set forth.

mid, domestic simplicities of Anglicanism than the duck signs for the shelter of the hen's wings. Yet both of these men had felt profoundly at one time the repellent aspects of the grandiose Roman Church, as well as her majesty, and both had found her magnetism overpower the temporary repulsion. Both had for many years stood shivering on the brink before the plunge, and both had made the plunge at last. Well may Mr. Bernard Holland call some able theologian to give a careful and separate attention to the secret of this strange magnetism, though in addressing his invitation specially to Dean Farrar and Archdeacon Sinclair we do not think he addresses himself to the men who are most likely to resolve his problem. Neither of them, so far as we can judge, has ever experienced a trace either of the yearning which Newman and Manning felt so deeply, or of the dread by which that yearning was preceded. We wish that Dean Church could have attacked the problem. He, indeed, might have solved it, for he had the high imaginative genius of a true historian, and Newman, at least, he understood as few other living men ever understood him.

We imagine that no one whose religious faith has been mainly formed in the Protestant mould, and who has experienced the special affinity of the individual mind for individual theological truths, ever feels very strongly the magnetism of Rome as Newman and Manning certainly felt it. It is the mind which with the profoundest belief in God and the most eager yearning for a revelation of God's true will and nature such as may be adequate to the satisfaction of that yearning, combines a deep sense of its own incapacity to discriminate, even with the aid of Scripture, between what is true and what is false in theological reasonings which asks for some visible, external clue by which it shall be guided through a labyrinth of bewildering ordinary eyes as that which covers the controversies of the churches. Newman's interesting little story, "Loss and Gain," describes most vividly the helplessness of mere reason by which a young man finds himself beset when he comes to ask, "What ought I to believe?" Charles Redding, the hero of his tale, has no doubt that he can believe anything he likes, and he is much easier to believe, but he finds it much easier to accept a faith on sufficient authority than to say what that authority should be. Newman started, indeed, from the deepest personal faith in God and in God's direct communion with the human soul, but when he went beyond this he always felt that with so great an object of worship as an infinite being it was almost impossible for a finite mind to grapple safely, unless it was aided by some guaranteed human authority to which for the correction and confirmation of its own instincts and impressions. This is the leading thought, we may say, of "Loss and Gain." Against all the reading of human ties and the loss of dear associations, there is this great gain to be set off in the mind of Newman's Catholic convert, that he finds much more perfect agreement among the authorities of his new Church as to what he ought to believe, than he had found in his old Church, and that that agreement rests on a chain of authoritative decisions which had been growing continuously in coherence and significance from the first century to the nineteenth, without any break so startling and revolutionary as that which took place for Anglicans at the Reformation. Nor was Cardinal Manning's "magnetic" attraction to the Roman Church founded on any widely different class of considerations. It was with him, we think, much less a trouble as to the source of dogmatic authority than a revolt against a hierarchy that was hardly in his mind an independent hierarchy at all, but rather an offshoot of the secular government, a revolt in favor of a Church that had always stood aloof from secular governments, and had assumed a spiritual authority over them, instead of accepting guidance from them. But both alike were attracted by the historic grandeur of the Roman Church, by the story of its great share in revolutionizing the policy of the Caesars, stemming the tide of barbarism, moulding the history of Europe, and surviving the wreck of earthly dynasties. Newman asked himself in the main, "Where am I to go to find assurance as to the true law of dogmatic development," Manning, in the main, "Where am I to go to find assurance that the episcopate stands high above the craft and meddling of ministers and kings?" But each alike was looking for an authority that could, if not reasonably, at least plausibly, arrogate to itself a lineage derived from the Church which the Apostles had governed, and to which the martyrs of centuries had belonged.

Oh! it irradiates all our days with lofty beauty, and it makes them all hallowed and divine, when we feel that not the apparent greatness, nor the prominence nor noise with which it is done, nor the eternal consequences which flow from it, but the motive from which it flows, determines the worth of our deed in God's eyes. Faithfulness is faithfulness, on whatsoever scale it be set forth.

BRIGHT OUTLOOK FOR UNION.

The *New York Sun's* London correspondent speaks for the first time in hopeful mood, about the prospect of reunion in the Irish Parliamentary ranks. He telegraphs the following important pronouncement submitted to the American public by Mr. John Dillon after consultation with his associates:
The National Convention, which is to meet at Dublin on Sept. 1, was summoned with a view of affording an opportunity, to all who desire to see unity restored among the Irish Nationalists, to come together and lay down a platform in support of which Irish Nationalists throughout the world might act together. With that object in view, the proposals for the convention were made so wide as to embrace all Irish Nationalists who desire to give a fair trial to the constitutional methods.

It is now manifest that, so far as Ireland and the Irishmen in Great Britain are concerned, the convention will be the most representative which has assembled since the split of 1891; and it will have, as compared with previous conventions, the advantage of the presence at its deliberations of many representative Irishmen from other parts of the world. Its decisions must, therefore, have great weight with the Irish race, and lasting influence on the future of the Irish movement.

The convention was not summoned in the interests of any section or of any individual, as is plainly shown by the rules which have been laid down for the admission of delegates under which every organized body of Irishmen who are sympathizers with the Home Rule movement have a right to be represented. Clergymen of all denominations and all representative Nationalists holding positions conferred by the votes of their fellow-citizens are entitled to attend. The Paronite party have also been invited to take part in making arrangements for the convention.

CLAIMS HE IS CURED.

August Caruso, of Chicago, Says he was Miraculously Cured of Consumption.

After being advised by several physicians to go either to Colorado or California in order to prolong his life, August Caruso, twenty-one years old, of 350 West Van Buren street, Chicago, has, according to a statement, been miraculously cured of consumption. For several months Caruso has been suffering from the "tight chest," which is one of the first symptoms of the disease. He tried several physicians, who advised him to leave the city. He was about to go, when his mother, who came over from Italy three years ago, begged him to go to some church and invoke the Blessed Virgin to intercede for him before it was too late. The old lady prevailed upon her son to accompany her to the church of Notre Dame in Sibley street. Together they went to the church and prayed fervently for the delicate man. For the first two days their prayers were apparently unheard, but Sunday Caruso got up feeling much better than when he had gone to bed the night before. He continued his prayer, going to the grotto in the church and kneeling before the image of the Blessed Virgin every evening, with his mother by his side.

Caruso has attended the church regularly at the same hour each day and has continued to improve. He made an offering of his gold watch, chain and a diamond ring. These he asked should be sold, and whatever they might bring was to be devoted to the preservation of the grotto and the image before which he had knelt.

When seen Saturday afternoon at his home Mr. Caruso said: "The doctors had given up all hope. So had I, but I was strengthened when my mother asked me to go to the church with her. Together we went there several times, when a change for the better came over me. I have since that time steadily improved, and now feel as well as I ever did. We had faith in the Blessed Virgin, and later developments tend to prove that our faith was not groundless. I was in miserable health, but will return to my work in a few days, a stronger and better man."

A BIT OF TRANSLATION.

The translators (we believe there were two of them) of the latest Encyclical, are to be congratulated on the excellence and faithfulness of their work. No one who has tried to put our Holy Father's Sallustian Latin into modern English, to give clear expression to his condensed style, and to reproduce the exact shade of thought which his original words convey, will deny them the warmest praise for their skillful accomplishment of the difficult task. But even Homer nods and the translators, though official, were not infallible. We beg to take serious exception to just three words of their translation. We have no fear of being considered hypercritical in thus picking out one minute phrase from the document, because in the first place there is not a single sentence in the Encyclical which is not important, and, in the second, this particular phrase was the only one upon which the non-Catholic press commented unfavorably.

When we read in the summary first furnished to the press that the Holy Father, in speaking of the Episcopal Order, not subject to and not obeying Peter, described it as "a lawless and disorderly crowd," we were disposed to believe that these words could hardly be an accurate translation of the Latin. The full official translation, however, did not vary from the summary, and we were obliged to wait for the original Latin to form a definite judgment. Now, what did His Holiness really say? His exact words are that the Bishops who refuse to submit to Peter sink into a "multitudo confusam ac perturbatam." We suggest that the English rendition of these words conveys an acerbity which they do not possess. In the first place, "crowd" with this particular context contains a suspicion of invective, which is not found in the word "multitudo," the literal translation of "multitudinem." But this is not what we principally find fault with. The most serious mistranslation is that which makes "confusam" mean "lawless." Bluntly, it means nothing of the kind. A "lawless" party is one not only destitute of, but opposed to, all law, and the Holy Father has not thus described the disobedient hierarchy. What he has said of it is that it is a multitude in that state of confusion which results from the want of an authoritative leader—in other words, "confusam" simply means confused. Nor is "disorderly" a happy rendering of "perturbatam," which conveys the idea of the excited state of a "confused multitude," and which might be adequately translated "perturbed" or "disturbed." Perhaps "a confused and disturbed multitude" is not so attractive to the ear as "a lawless and disorderly crowd," but it is certainly very much nearer to the Pope's expression, it forms a better psychological sequence with the first part of the sentence, and it contains none of the asperity which is found in the official translation, and which we may be quite certain was far from the heart of the Pope who wrote the touching plea for Reunion.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Prayer for the Reunion of Christendom.

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated February 21, and confirmed by His Holiness, Leo XIII., an Indulgence of 300 days was granted to all who devoutly say the prayers in honor of Our Lady, for the reunion of Christendom. This Indulgence may be gained once a day. The prayer is as follows:
"O Immaculate Virgin! Thou who, through a singular privilege of grace, wast preserved free from original sin, look down in pity on our dissenting brethren, who are still thy sons and call them back to the centre of unity. Though far away, they have retained for thee, O Mother! the most tender devotion. Do thou, in thy generosity, reward them for it by interceding for their conversion. Victorious over the infernal serpent from the first moment of thy existence, now that the necessity presses more urgently, renew thy ancient triumphs! If our unfortunate brethren remain at this moment cut off from the Common Father, it is the work of the enemy. Do thou unmask his snares, and terrify his legions, in order that those who are separated from us may see, at last, that the attainment of salvation is impossible outside of union with the successor of St. Peter."
"O thou who, in the fulness of thy gifts, didst glorify from the beginning the power of Him who wrought in thee such great and wonderful things, glorify now thy Son by calling back to the preservation of the universal shepherd, the straying sheep to His only fold, under the guidance of the universal shepherd, who holds His place on earth. And as it was thy glory, O Virgin, to have exterminated all errors from the world, so may it yet be thine to have extinguished schisms, and brought back peace to the universe."

Strive now so to live, that in the hour of thy death thou mayst rather rejoice than fear.—The Imitation.
How many thinking to live long, have been deceived and unexpectedly snatched away.—The Imitation.