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EDITORIAL NOTES.

DURING the past two weeks circumstances obliged us to consecrate our first page to lengthy articles; and, indeed, we never were so often informed of the delight that many of our readers took in these short paragraphs or editorial notes. We, therefore, come back to them with greater pleasure, since we have learned, by such a number of appreciative remarks, that they are relished by our readers.

THE Cathedral of Mexico has been so damaged by earthquakes that it has to be closed for repairs. After all we are fortunate in Canada; "free from the pestilence that infects and the earthquake that convulses less favored regions." Still some Canadians do not seem to properly appreciate their country. Very unpatriotic and unobservant the men who cannot see that we live in the freest of all lands—not one excepted—and in the safest and happiest country in the world.

RECENTLY a very historical and well-known personage died, in the person of Mr. Renandean d'Arc, a descendant in direct line of Pierre d'Arc, brother of the famous Joan d'Arc. He was known to all British tourists who travelled to Paris by way of Newhaven and Dieppe. He had been for years station master at Rouen. It was, indeed, a suitable town for a relative of the Maid of Orleans to live in; around and about him were scenes constantly suggestive of historic memories that naturally were dear to the old man.

OUR attitude upon the school question seems to have met with general approval, not only in Montreal, but throughout the whole Province. By the correspondence of last week and that of this week, which we publish, it will be seen that this matter affects more sections of the country than one. The fact is that the whole system is radically bad, and that the only cure lies in a complete and entire change, legislative, administrative and executive. The evils and abuses are so numerous that it would require a column to enumerate them; and they produce pernicious results in the country districts as well as in the large city. There has been too much of what is called in England "a one man power," a solitary orb, with a few satellites may fill a space on the night sky, but it does not represent the constellated canopy above us. Not only in the method of distributing the tax funds are there wrongs done; but in the very legislation that constitutes the educational officials, in the appointment of inspectors, in the reports made and accepted, in the treatment of teachers, both here and throughout the Province, and especially in the dangerous yet silent power that is driving our children out of our schools, and daily sending them to non-Catholic institutions. Ah! there is a better account to be rendered some day, not only to the

public, but especially to God. As a Catholic journal we cannot, we dare not, accept the responsibility of silence; if no person else sees the danger we are in duty bound to point it out; if some are careless of the religious future of the young generation, we are not. This is merely a key-note—we have the gamut before us.

"WHOM the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." Poor Zola, having attempted to scale the heights of fame by his abominable diatribes entitled "Lourdes," has succeeded in becoming ignominiously notorious—and nothing more. Several times has he tried to enter the circle of the French Academy; once he received as many as fourteen votes. His last effort proved a miserable failure, for he did not get even one vote; so, if we may paraphrase Piron in a premature epitaph:

"C'est Zola, qui ne put rien,
Pas même académicien."

But worse still, his recent unpatriotic conduct in Rome has called down upon his head the enmity of all France; his spurious popularity has forever vanished, and he has the honor of being the most despised and best hated man in his native land to-day. Such the punishment that has overtaken him, even in the hour of his impious success. On the walls of his future are written, in legible characters, the condemnation of Baltazar. Even France, irreligious as its great men may be, considers there is a limit beyond which audacity becomes crime and impurity treason.

LAST WEEK we referred to Rev. Father Doyle's address before the Union Theological Seminary, one of the most prominent Protestant establishments of higher education in America. In speaking of his lecture to a New York reporter, the eloquent Paulist said:

"I was particularly glad to have the opportunity to address the students of the Union Theological Seminary, because I believe that Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen should come together on common ground whenever it is possible. Intolerance, I think, springs from the fact that we don't know each other well enough. Ignorance of each other's teachings and want of appreciation of each other's motives have generated religious misunderstandings and antipathies."

To this he added:

"And if I have contributed one mite to the better understanding between Catholics and Protestants, to the closing of the breach which has unfortunately existed between the adherents of the two faiths, I shall feel as amply repaid as I now feel grateful and encouraged."

It appears that the almost forgotten Mr. Chiniquy is abroad dragging his coat in the mire and defying any one to step upon it. In other words he is "looking for fight." It might be a sign of bravery or of moral courage to pick up the gauntlet cast down by some valliant knight; but it would be an evidence of great folly and small spirit to seriously consider the roaring challenge of an un-

tamed animal. Intellectually speaking this little seeker after notoriety cannot be considered otherwise; his writings savor more of the degrading spirit that lowers man than of the refining influence that elevates him; while his ignorance of the very Church that he claimed to know so much about—as displayed in recent remarks of his—places him beyond the pale of all rational argument. However, we can defy him to what should be easier for him than the upholding of his unfortunate cause; we challenge him, or any body else, to point out one grand idea, one noble sentiment, one elevating thought in any or all of his writings since the day he was forced to abandon the Catholic Church. There is a fair test of the man's worth. Show us one sentence that he has pronounced or written that can be considered a quotation, or that is calculated to live even for an hour after it is penned or spoken. The most remarkable passages that might be cited would so grate on the moral sentiments of Protestant and Catholic alike that they could not be transmitted from mother to child leaving aside, then, all question of religion, from a mere human, a mere literary, a mere scientific point of view, point us out one single expression of his that is charged with the virtuous magnetism which attract men to higher realms. We leave this standard to our readers; by it they can measure the mental calibre of the man.

THE Rev. John MacLaughlin's famous work, "Is one Religion as Good as Another" has now reached its 40th thousand edition. This is something wonderful considering it is not a very large volume and is sold in stiff paper cover at six pence and in cloth at one shilling and six pence. It has the approval of His Holiness and of Cardinals Manning, Newman, Moran, and Gibbons, as well as the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Kingdom, the Colonies and the United States. The American Catholic Quarterly Review says:

"This unpretentious and modest, but able little book, is emphatically a 'Tract for the Times.' Its plan is highly judicious, and its arguments are plain, direct and solid."

The Catholic Times says of it:

"We find chapter succeeding chapter, as link follows link in a chain of thought, starting from the basis of carefully stated premises, and ending in the full expression of an indisputable conclusion."

In fact so universal is the Catholic press in its recommendations of this work that we would like to see it in all our families.

We have been asked the meaning of the three Masses on Christmas day. This is a custom that dates back to early ages. In ancient times Mass was often said twice and three times on solemn feasts. The Pope said two Masses on SS. Peter and Paul's day, one in the Vatican and the other in the Basilica of St. Paul. At Easter two Masses were

also said; one at midnight of the Resurrection, the other at the usual hour in the morning. On Holy Thursday three Masses were said; one for the reconciling of penitents, one for the consecration of oils and one for the feast itself. Up to the time of Charlemagne two Masses were said in Gaul at Christmas; after his time a third was added. Under St. Gregory the Great (590-604), the practice was held in Rome; so it is older than the sixth century. At Rome, after the Diocletian persecution, a noble lady, Apollonia, built a church for the body of her friend, St. Anastasia, who had been martyred. This was the "Statio ad S. Anastasiam," and her feast being on the 25th December, the difficulty of keeping her "station," without robbing the great feast of its two Masses, was solved by interposing a Mass between the two for the birth of Christ. Thus there was one at midnight, the hour of Our Lord's birth; one at sunrise (*in aurora*), and one in the morning. Thus originated the pious custom.

THE funeral of our late Premier promises to be one of the grandest, if not the very grandest, ever seen in Canada. This coming home of the illustrious dead, across the Atlantic, on a man-of-war; the pageant from Windsor to London; the funeral from London to Portsmouth; the ocean voyage from England to Canada; and finally the magnificence of the obsequies about to take place at Halifax, have no parallel in history—except, perhaps, the transferring of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France and the extraordinary national ceremonies amidst which the casket was conveyed to the Invalides. Twenty odd years ago another Canadian statesman died in London and his body was taken home, when Montreal was the scene of a most exceptional and magnificent display of National grief—the great departed was Sir George E. Cartier. This second trans-Atlantic funeral of a Canadian statesman is still more imposing in the tragic and exceptional circumstances that surround it.

ELSEWHERE we publish an account of the somewhat unexpected death of the venerable Monsignor Rooney, V.G., and pastor of St. Mary's Church, Toronto. The universally beloved and holy priest was in his seventy-second year. For almost half a century he had labored in the two-fold cause of Faith and Education, and no truer and nobler priest ever performed the sacred duties of his ministry in Canada. Hundreds of our readers will read with deep regret the news of his death, and the account of his useful and holy life which we publish will be of interest not only to all who were acquainted with him personally, but even to thousands who only knew of him, of his countless charities, his great heart, and his saintly life. With deep sorrow we record the death of Mgr. Rooney, and from the depths of our soul we join the Church in the solemn prayer that he may enjoy the reward of "the good and faithful servant."