

A REMARKABLE SERMON

BY ARCHBISHOP CLEARY, IN ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.

WHAT THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION TEACHES—PAGAN SYMBOLS IN CEMETERIES—NOT TO PERMIT URNS TO SERVE AS MONUMENTS—RESPECT IN THE HOME OF RESURRECTION TO LIFE ETERNAL.

At High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, on Sunday, November 19, the Archbishop preached on the sacredness due to Christian cemeteries and the shocking outrage committed the previous Sunday morning by the medical students of Queen's.

The Archbishop took for his text Genesis 17th chapter and 23rd verse and 50th chapter, 23rd verse. He said that act of the patriarch Jacob calling to him on his deathbed his son Joseph and requiring him to swear to bury him in Egypt, but to take him to Hebron in the land of Canaan, and there to bury him beside his wife, Rachel, and his fathers, Abraham and Isaac, the act also of Joseph in making his brothers swear to him at the hour of his death that they will carry his bones out of Egypt to the land of Canaan, to be buried with his fathers, are expressions of a sentiment embodied in our human constitution, a craving of nature for possession in death with those whose we lived in life. It has existed among all nations from the beginning, even among those who had fallen away from the true religion proclaimed by God to the first parents in Paradise, and had practically forgotten the doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh. But this sentiment and practice has been intensified and strengthened by Christianity.

It is sanctified by grace and faith, and the solid hope of our rising together from the sequel of death on the day of general resurrection to everlasting glory. The Christian religion teaches that the death of the just is not, properly speaking, death. It is not the extinction of life for the soul, the nobler substance in man's composition, and the seat and active principle of life, survives the dissolution of the bond between the flesh and the spirit, and so long as man's soul lives, the man is not dead. The apostles of Jesus Christ and His Catholic Church in all ages speak of death as a sleep, a more temporary subsidence of life in the body until the trumpet of the archangel shall awaken us and call us forth from the grave for instantaneous union of the body with the soul—the same body with the same soul that vivified and quickened it into activity in the first moment of our existence—the necessity to share its destiny for all eternity in immortal bliss or never-ending misery according to the good or evil works that had been done in the flesh. Hence the church treats her children at death, and after death, with the tenderest regard and reverence for their bodies, remembering that they had been throughout our earthly career the living temples of the Holy Ghost, and were, at the approach of death, sanctified anew by her and consecrated with the holy sacrament of the extreme unction, and made still more sacred by intimate contact with the flesh of the Son of God, through the adorable sacrament. Thus purified and spiritually embalmed she lays our frail bodies gently down to sleep in company with the just, in the hope of our happy meeting with one another and our mutual congratulations.

ON THE LAST DAY. She watches over us and never ceases announcing every hour of the day the praerogative of faith and affection even as a loving mother watches and prays beside the cradle of her sleeping babe, trusting in God that her child will awaken in health and freshness of life. She never prays at the altar or in the divine office appointed for her clergy to be recited seven times every day, without pouring forth her whole spirit in supplication before the throne of mercy. "May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen." She prescribes in like manner for the laity never to forget their departed brethren, and in the prayer of thanksgiving after meals she embodies the same supplication for God's mercy upon the souls departed. Her main thought throughout is that what we call death is but a temporary sleep, to be terminated by the archangel's summons to resurrection. Hence she calls the place of Catholic burial a cemetery. It is a Greek word signifying dormitory or sleeping chamber. Hence, also, she set her face from the first day of her existence against the pagan practice of cremation, which we see the pagans of the present day striving to introduce among the sects outside the pale of the church. It is doubtless through ignorance that some of our Christian people in this country erect monuments to their deceased friends, in the form of columns surmounted by an urn. The urn is a purely pagan symbol representing the vessel containing the ashes that remain after cremation of the bodies of the dead. It is a public defiance of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead through the power of the cross of Christ and His victory over sin and death and hell by His death on the cross. It was to be seen too frequently in our Catholic cemeteries when I came to Kingston fifteen years ago. I bade the priests not to permit it any more. It is rarely seen now; but there are nevertheless two or three of these pagan monuments in St. Mary's cemetery in this city. I wish the urn to be removed and the cross substituted for it.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH is displayed in the solemn rites and ceremonies with which she consecrates the cemetery. In the centre of the area she plants the Cross of Christ, the symbol of faith and hope in the future resurrection of the silent sleepers. On the arms of the cross she fixes lighting candles expressive of the illumination of faith in the midst of the darkness of death. With

and by God's power and by means of the medicines that God has created out of the earth. With what dignity should he not comport himself, and with what reverence and holy fear ought he not enter into the house of the sick and cherish the thought that he is the agent of the Most High. Religion should possess his soul and guide his mind and his hand in the treatment of sick and suffering humanity. You have heard the warning given in this passage to all of us in the hour of sickness: "My son, in thy sickness pray to the Lord and He shall heal thee. Turn away from sin and order thy hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all offence." This is the first duty of

THE SICK CHRISTIAN, after which he is to seek the physician's aid, that the cure, which he asks God to perform, may be legitimately effected through the agency of the physician, His appointed minister. "Then," says the scripture that is, after the sick man has purified his soul by prayer and penance and the sacrifice of the altar, "then give place to the physician, for the Lord created him; and they (the physicians) shall beseech the Lord, that He would prosper what they give for ease and remedy." Here is a grand lesson to all physicians. They are required, not only to be mindful that they are the ministers of God to the sick person, but that all healing is from God, and all the honor of successful duty belongs to God, and it is their duty to beseech the Lord in humble and assiduous prayer to prosper their work for ease and remedy of their patients. Consider therefore what sort of man a physician should be, what should be his character and qualifications, and what kind of training he should receive throughout his college course to fit him for this high and sacred office. The most prominent among the characteristics of the physician, as defined by the Holy Ghost, is that he be a religious-minded, God-fearing man, who will approach the bedside of his suffering patient with reverence, truly conscious that he has to deal with the most wonderful of the Creator's works, the exquisite organization of the human body, and that it is only by God's power and special help he can expect to repair the injuries done to the divine handiwork by the ravages of disease. His grace summarized

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A PHYSICIAN. First, a religious man in spirit, fearing God and holding his patients in religious regard and reverence as the Creator's noblest handiwork, whose reparation after injury or sickness is committed to his care and prayerful attentions; secondly, he should be a just and honorable man before society, always watchful, lest through his ignorance or neglect of the study of his professional science he may err in his judgment and apply the wrong method of treatment that may prove fatal to the patient whom he has undertaken to cure and also watchful to keep in strictest confidence, as required by justice and honor, the secrets of the sick-room and of the families whose inner life is revealed to him in his professional intercourse with them; and thirdly, he should be a man of tender sympathy with all human sufferers, particularly his own patients, manifesting in all his movements and words and actions, in his manner of approaching the bedside of the sick, in his touch and speech and the tone of his voice and kindness of look, how fully he sympathizes with the sufferers, and how earnestly he desires to effect their cure.

The archbishop dwelt at much length on these attributes of the medical profession, and concluded by expressing a hope that the medical students in this city would receive a careful training in these virtuous habits, to fit them for the sacred and honorable profession they aspire to.—Report of Kingston Whig.

On the face of every person who faithfully serves God, there is a look of peace. Trouble's come to ail, but trouble's borne for God's sake and with God's help, leave no bitterness in the heart and no fierceness in the eye. The peace of Christ, that surpasses understanding, abides with His elect.

A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT between two men or women generally develops the fact that one or both are troubled by sickness of some kind. One man is all right except his rheumatism, another has a "slight touch" of dyspepsia, another has bilious headaches, and another is too nervous to sleep well. What's to be done about it? The situation is serious. Little things have a way of getting big. Big diseases are bad things. Sleeplessness brings irritable nerves, loss of flesh, loss of appetite. Sleepless people soon get their bodies into such a condition that disease germs find it easy to lodge there and propagate. People die from the aggravation of an aggregation of little things. The more promptly a disease or disorder is met the more quickly it is cured. Most all sickness starts in the stomach, liver or lungs. Rheumatism, scrofula, eczema, consumption, come about because insufficient, impure or impoverished blood is present. The diseased blood finds the weakest spot in the body and a local symptom appears. If the impurity is supplanted with good, rich, red, healthy corpuscles, the disease will have nothing to feed on. If the proper cleansing medicine is sent to the seat of the trouble, it will force out the germs and repair the damage done. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a cleansing, purifying medicine, a blood purifier, a nerve strengthener. It is an efficient tonic, aids digestion, creates healthy appetite and healthy flesh. It does not make people "fat." It makes them strong. It makes useful flesh—solid muscle. It will cure any sickness that has its source in the digestive organs, or through them in the blood.

STAGE CARICATURES.

IRISHMEN MISREPRESENTED IN SONG AND DRAMA.

HOW TO SUPPRESS EXHIBITIONS INSULTING TO THE RACE.

The Celt is undoubtedly a creature of impressionable temperament, whose feelings are as susceptible of great depression as they are of great exaltation. He is happy and easily pleased, as the world knows him, and the world likes him for it, but as a rule it never knows anything of the great fits of heart-sickness to which he is so often subject. His sorrow makes him secretive, and it is only in the bosom of his own family that he lays his heart's wounds bare. The street and the workshop know him only as a happy-go-lucky fellow and a good companion, and with the desire of being known as such he is often apt to allow himself to lend a hand in caricaturing his own countrymen and women. More than that, his desire to be pleased often induces him to spend his ready cash in places where foul abuses of himself and his alleged peculiarities are the chief drawing card. The variety stage is the arena in which those disgusting caricatures choose to parade themselves and their blatant attempt at wit and humor for his edification and enjoyment. Seated with his family in the stalls of a third-rate variety house, the Irishman allows himself to be drawn into playing the "great gullible" for once in his life at least.

CELTIC GOOD NATURE CARRIED TOO FAR. There he will sit for hours and see and hear his nationality reviled by those ignorant, loud-mouthed imposters who have no more appreciation of the subtle wit and humor which they purpose to display than a Sandwich Islander. The idiotic capers and unintelligent utterances of one of these supposed drunken imposters, so long as they are done at a distance, are sufficient to excite his risibilities to an almost apoplectic pitch, whilst he would be mortified beyond measure were his attention called to one of his unfortunate countrymen in a far less lamentable condition in the public street, and he would probably be much tempted to kick the offender into some quiet retreat, with an admonition to stay there until he was recovered from a state which brought disgrace upon his country.

Why a clever, respectable Irishman will allow himself to be so insulted by those people and the managers who employ them is almost inexplicable. Where he draws the distinguishing line between the reality which excites his wrath and the imposition which arouses his mirth it is hard to imagine.

SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE ON DECENCY. Nor is the Irishman alone chosen as the finest exhibition of drunken filiosity by those people. The Irish woman is as often presented to admiring audiences in this interesting state. In addition to this detestable feature of such performances he finds himself treated to the execution—in a cracked soprano or beer-mellowed bass key—of a ballad which, to a jingling and supposedly Irish sounding accompaniment, extols the beauties of the light at McGinnis' last party, or the exploits of Doody's goat, wife or bulldog—it does not matter which, so long as his name is Dooley. When will Irish men and women cease purchasing and performing at their own homes such productions as "Oh! Mrs. O'Flaherty, what did ye mane by that?" "Trow him down, McLoskey?" "What Did Dugan Do to Him?" and other gems of that ilk?

I should imagine an Irishman would have greater discriminating powers than such silliness would lead one to suppose him possessed of. Those disgusting stage performances should be more to him than a means of passing a few hours in enjoyment, and he should be inclined to think for a moment how those exhibitions impress themselves upon Americans and others around him. So long as they see him patronizing such productions and laughing at and enjoying such drunken capers, they may be very well excused for imagining that some kinship at least exists between them and what he does or would wish to do. While he lends his support to their maintenance, what wonder is it that the children cry out, "Hallo, Irish?" when they see a drunkard rolling along the street of an American city.

A STREET INCIDENT. I was one evening passing through a prominent street in Philadelphia when I noticed a half dozen little boys at play. Two or three of them had enrolled themselves as officers in the peace-preserving interests of their little community. Against an adjacent awning pole, in drunken distimulation, leaned a little colored fellow, as black as the ace of spades, and it was the duty of those tiny officers to sully forth and arrest this disgraceful member of their settlement. Imagine my surprise when, all unconscious of their youthful satire, these watchful guardians pounced upon the young offender with a joint exclamation of "Here, Irish, you've got to come with us." And those young officers looked as Irish as any son of Kerry might, but the incident only went to show how their young ideas trended. They had probably seen some Irish artist—God save the mark—depict such a case the last time they were at the theatre with their father and mother. The color of the offender did not make the slightest particle of difference when drunkenness was in question. In order to be a good, realistic, arrest-deserving "drunk" he must perform as an Irishman. Surely no enjoyment at all is better than that which leaves such impressions as these. Twenty years from now those same youths, if their young impressions grow with them, remembering what they saw and heard in these days, will not exactly hanker after or take pride in disclosing the fact that they are sons of Irishmen and women. And, as I said before, no one is as much to blame as Irishmen themselves for such a state of things.

EASY AND EFFECTIVE REMEDY. If Irishmen were to band themselves together in small numbers and scatter themselves over such theatres and give those performers to understand by vehement but orderly disapproval that their

GENEROUSLY GIVEN THE POOR.

San Elizario, Tex., June 19, 1914. Two years ago you were kind enough to send me some of your Koenig's Nerve Tonic, which I gave to three poor girls who were suffering from falling sickness, and they got well after using your excellent remedy. My thanks are ever to you, and your charity will be your crown, for your remedy so generously given to the poor, and so excellent, cannot but be an eternal reward. REV. E. V. LEBRETON.

Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Worcester, Mass., September 9, 191. We are happy to state that the boy on whom Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was used has entirely recovered from St. Vitus' Dance, and has been working for some time with his father. SISTERS OF MERCY.

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The number opens with one of the best critical articles that Professor Mivart, one of the leading specialists in science to-day, has yet given to the public. Under the apparently paradoxical caption, "The Evolution of Evolution," he makes a most caustic criticism of the Darwinian hobby and its correlative theories, and shows how transformation, as they have taught it, has been inconsistent with itself at the various stages of its development as well as with the true principles of science. Under the title, "Rome and its Recent Ruins," the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., draws a vivid picture of the moral as well as the material havoc wrought during the past quarter of a century by the worthies of the Porta Pia and their successors, the plunderers not only of the Church, but of the people of Italy. Then we have the fourth and last of Richard R. Elliott's able analysis of Pilling's "Indian Bibliographies," which an additional and a sad interest is lent by the announcement, at the close of this most useful compiler's death, at a comparatively early age. What Pope Leo XIII. has done to promote historical research by throwing open the treasures of the Vatican Library and some of the consequent work done there, is told by Rev. E. South, C.S.C. A truly wonderful display of erudition, made in the most pleasing style by Prof. Charles G. Herbermann, Ph.D., LL.D., is contained in his treatment of "Education in Ancient Greece." All that is worth knowing of the private and public life of one of the greatest laymen who served the Church, and served her well, in the early part of this century, Count Joseph de Maistre, is told by T. J. L. Teeling. An exhaustive treatment of the history and status of the trouble over "The School Question in Manitoba" is told by the man most competent to deal with it, John S. Ewart, Q.C., who, though a Protestant, has faithfully served as counsel to the Catholics in their effort to have their just claim established. No more lucid statement of "The Outlook for Ireland" has appeared anywhere than is here given by Bryan J. Clinche. The "Scientific Chronicle," by Rev. Thomas J. A. Freeman, S.J., is a second and concluding article on precious stones, gems and jewels, which is as bright and lustreous as the subject he is treating. And, in conclusion, the book notices deal with really valuable works whose importance is clearly established in the judicious as well as judicial appreciation of them given here.

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exhibitions were distasteful to them, they would soon find that there is no one more alive to the interest of his patrons than the manager of such places, and that those gentlemen would soon be forced to cast their roles in respectful lines or not at all, and foul-mouthedness and drunkenness would soon fail to be associated with sons of the Emerald Isle. Until such a thing is done these people will continue to portray those isolated cases, which are only thinly scattered over the alleys and miserable courts of the United States, and impose them on the public as vivid realities sketched from amongst the sons of a noble race.—THOMAS D. BOLGER, in Philadelphia Catholic Times.

The religion of Christ is joy-giving. All who embrace it and make it a part of their life have the principle of joy implanted within them. Jesus said of His teachings and their results: "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Sin is the fruitful source of sorrow and condemnation. To be freed from it through the forgiving love of Christ is to be filled with all joy and peace.

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