

## HON. BOURKE COCKRAN.

## Influence of the Catholic Church on the World's Progress.

It must be a subject of intense gratification to his eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and to the Bishops and Clergy of the neighboring Republic, to acknowledge the powerful aid found in Mr. Bourke Cockran's splendid talent for the dispelling of prejudice against the institutions and teachings of the Catholic Church. It has too often happened that men of acknowledged merit and superior talent allowed themselves to be lured away from Catholic guidance and direction, and to have prostituted the heaven-born gifts of Oratory, to the passions of the hour or the applause of an unthinking, sinful world. Men nurtured in the Sanctuary and endowed gratuitously with the Church's most ample, richest and most varied stores of learning, there were who proved traitors to their Alma Mater, and, blinded with pride or the lust of worldly praise or of worldly wealth, arrayed themselves on the side of her most bitter enemies, and became monsters of ingratitude, while acting the part of apostles of unbelief. Among such we may class Renan, Lamennais, and the scoffer of all sacred science, the impious upstart Voltaire. To a sincere Catholic, whether of the lay or clerical order, it is always exceedingly gratifying to witness the spectacle of superior talent and true genius on the part of laymen given up unreservedly to the defence of Catholic doctrine and the glorification of heavenly truths, as exemplified in the lives and sacrifices of the Church's children in every age. At the Catholic Congress held three years ago in Baltimore, Archbishop Ireland appealed to all laymen of means and talent to stand forward and take prominent part in the mighty strife of Christian truth and anti-Catholic Unbelief. Several distinguished laymen in the United States have responded to the Archbishop's fervid appeal. There is no reason why members of the laity in Canada should not assert themselves, as valiant auxiliaries to the Priests and Prelates who are in the vanguard. Our Catholic Colleges are not wanting, where every opportunity is given for native talent to grow in knowledge and power, and where principles are laid down and accomplishments of historical and classic lore imparted in degree sufficient to place our young men on a level with those who are the acknowledged champions of truth in the neighboring Republic.

Mr. Bourke Cockran's lecture on "Church and State" was delivered last month, under the auspices of the United Catholic Literary Association, at the Academy of Music in the city of Baltimore. Not having room in our limited space for the lecture in its entirety, we will transcribe but a few of its most remarkable passages:

## THE MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Her mission began when, strangely enough, the conditions of men touched their condition to-day, but at opposite extremes. In the first century, all over the Roman Empire, men were on an equal plane, but it was an equality of degradation and servility. The sound and healthy institutions of this age are those which tend towards the recognition of the equality of man, but it is an equality of progress and of liberty—a general recognition of the fundamental features of free institutions and of free government.

The policy of the Cæsars was to reduce all mankind to one common level. They did not elevate the plebeian; they degraded the patrician. The policy of the Christian Church has been to degrade no man, but to elevate all men; and where progress has been achieved by the human race you will find that the light of civiliza-

tion has been kindled by Catholic hands and that the message of enlightenment has been preached from Catholic pulpits.

When the barbarian hordes swept over the Roman Empire—when the monuments of ancient civilization were trampled under foot—when the light of the ancient learning was extinguished in the rude shocks of war, the darkness of ignorance settled down over the world. The rule of force was the only rule respected by the savage and barbarous tribes who had divided amongst themselves the territory of the empire. War, perpetual war—war between countries and feuds among nobles—kept the human family in a condition of incessant strife. No law was effective except the law of force; that which the sword had won, the sword was compelled to defend. Violence bred violence. Each act of cruelty bred fresh cruelties. Inflamed by avarice or by vengeance, the victors doomed the vanquished to slaughter. No condition or age or sex was sufficient to stay the hand of vengeance. Victory in the field was followed by massacre and destruction. The thirst for vengeance was slaked in blood.

## BRIGHTEST HOPE OF HISTORY.

But there was one spot in which neither the writ of the king, nor the retainer of the noble, nor the *posse* of the sheriff, nor any power known to man, could penetrate, and that was the sanctuary, inside of which the humblest fugitive was certain of protection and shelter against the most powerful pursuer. The pages of history are filled with the record of ecclesiastical achievements. The history of the Church describes many imposing scenes, where Pontiffs, arrayed in all the pomp of the highest office in Christendom, blessed Christian armies departing to battle, and welcomed back with hymns of praise and with triumphant procession, the warriors who had repelled the tide of infidel invasion, which threatened to submerge Christian civilization throughout the world. But I believe the brightest page in the history of the Church, is that which tells us how Gregory of Tours refused to surrender to Chilperic, the son, who had sought refuge in the sanctuary, and though the king threatened to ravage the lands of the Church, and did ravage them, and though the bishop and his priests could read their offices at night by the light of the burning buildings and hay-stacks which had been fired by the order of the monarch, yet the fugitive remained secure in the presence of the Holy Sacrament, guarded by the humanity and piety of the Christian prelate.

## MISSION OF ST. PATRICK.

I do not know of any other instance in history in which the influence of the Church, through prosperity, through misery and through renewed hope, has been so fully illustrated. For fourteen centuries the influence of the Catholic Church upon the Irish race has continued unbroken. During that long stretch of time what events have transpired, what vicissitudes in human affairs have occurred.

The mission of St. Patrick was in active operation, when, on the field of Taalbec the God of armies yielding to the prayer of Clotilde, restored victory to the wavering hosts of Clovis and brought about the conversion of the Frankish nation to the Christian Church. That mission was a century old when Mohanmet perned the Koran, when Mecca rejected him and Medina accepted him. It was three hundred years old when Pepin beat back the Lombards from the gates of Rome and established the independence of the Republic of God. It was venerable with a history of a thousand years when the Janissaries entered Constantinople and the Church of St. Sophia became the chief temple of the Moslem faith.

Although this mission was begun during a period of rapine and violence and war, St. Patrick did not land on Irish soil bearing the sword which thirsted for human blood, he bore the cross which typifies the sacrifice of immeasurable love, and by which the human race was redeemed. He did not land clothed in the panoply of war—he landed clad in the vestments of a Christian priest. His mission was not to found a new dynasty amid scenes of blood, burning villages and wasted fields—he founded schools for the propagation of learning, and churches from whose pulpits the Christian doctrine of peace and good will could be preached unto man. He did not establish fortresses or castles, whose frowning battlements spoke of war and violence, but he kindled the light of Christian faith upon the Irish hills. That faith has been borne by Irishmen across the seas to every quarter of the globe, and it has proved one of the chief influences in the evangelization of the human race throughout the Christian world.

From that day in the fifth century, when in the midst of toil and confusion all over the world, St. Patrick began his peaceful mission on Irish soil, the Irish people have never wavered in their loyalty to the Catholic Church. In other countries the Catholic Church has been the Church sustained by the power and interest of the State. In Ireland it has withstood the hostility of the powerful and the contempt of the rich. Any person who has ever witnessed the stately ceremony with which the Church celebrates her rites in Catholic countries can readily understand the influence she must exercise over the minds of men in those favored regions. Who that has ever bowed his head under the mighty dome of Peter, or bent his knee under the stately roof of Notre Dame, who has inhaled the incense burned before marble altars, whose eyes have been dazzled by the glare of innumerable candelabra, who has beheld on the stained glass of ancient cathedrals the figures of cherubim and seraphim and of patriarchs, moved almost to life as the light of the sun streamed through the windows, while the promises of God, intoned in stately chant, swept through aisle and transept and sanctuary, reaching the ears of the listener on hymns of heavenly strains—who that has seen and heard all these can wonder that the Catholic Church should exercise a controlling influence over the minds of all who were reared under the influence of her stately ceremonies. But the Irish people remained faithful to their Church without any of these outward ceremonies or splendors to maintain their zeal or stimulate their fervor.

We are proud, and justly proud, of our republican system of government. But the oldest republican on the face of the earth is the Catholic Church herself. Every feature of our constitution which we hold dear, which we deem valuable to the protection of the life and property of the citizen, has been preached from her pulpits and inculcated and illustrated in our government. During the darkest period of tyranny and oppression, she braved the power of the great in defence of the lowly. Her mission was not to the great ones of this earth but to the poor and the afflicted.

## MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

We boast in this country that all men are equal at the ballot box. For 1900 years she has held all men equal at the Communion rail. We boast that all men are equal before the law; she has held that for 1900 years, all men are equal in the sight of God. She asks no support from the State; her mission is to support the State. She is now, as she always has been, the light of progress, the temple of learning and of liberty, the bulwark of order. She is ever ready to do those things for the race which the State

itself cannot do, and leave to the State those duties which the State is able to perform.

She has no sacrament to offer the greatest, that she could deny the humblest. She can bring to the couch of the king no consolation that she cannot bring to the bedside of the humblest sufferer. She has no prayer to utter over the tomb of the monarch that she will not say at the grave of the pauper. The State can construct an hospital, furnishing to the sick and suffering everything that surgery or science can suggest for their relief, but the Church alone can soothe the anguish of pain by the consoling influences of religion. She can make men patient under difficulties, so that they may wait for the relief which the spread of enlightenment will surely bring to them. She can make duty to the State, part of a man's duty to God, she can make loyalty to the laws a feature of loyalty to the Church, so that he who is a good Catholic, must necessarily be a good citizen.

## A Good Little Mother.

The best of harders' sheep dogs are worth two hundred dollars or even more. One herder whom we met at Cold Spring Ranch, says a correspondent of a western paper showed us a very pretty one that he said he would not sell for five hundred dollars. She had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild, vast mountains this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were exclaiming the assistant herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two maledogs, both larger than the mother, were standing about with their hands in their breeches, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find the sheep; Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant herder that her foot was sore, that she had been at work hard all day, was nearly worn out, and must feed her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called and told to hunt the lost sheep, while her master pointed to a forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed very loath to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low-spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted wearily off to the forest. I said:

"That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back," the herder said. "She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora had found the strays. While we were speaking the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them. She had been out all night, and while her hungry babies were tugging away fell fast asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I was concerned, "there was not a dry eye in the house."

How often that scene comes back to me—the vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature with the sore foot, and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild canons all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep.—*Philadelphia Standard*.

"A wolf in sheep's clothing"—the substitute offered by the "cutter" as being just as good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you don't want to be bitten, insist upon having Ayer's Sarsaparilla, even if it is a little dearer. Depend on it, it will be cheaper for you in the end.

## For Severe Colds.

GENTLEMEN—I had a severe cold, for which I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take.

J. FAYNER, Huntsville, Ont.