

# The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. VI.—NO. 13.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## Month's Mind for the Late Archbp. of Kingston.

Sermon by Rev. Father Ryan of Toronto.

On Thursday last a solemn requiem Mass of Month's Mind was celebrated in the cathedral, Kingston, for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop. The Right Rev. Administrator Monsignor Farrelly was celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Fathers Norville and O'Brien as deacon and sub-deacon. Their Lordships Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough, Bishop O'Connor of London and Bishop MacDonnell of Alexandria were present in the sanctuary, with all the priests of the archdiocese of Kingston. Rev. Father Ryan of St. Michael's Cathedral represented His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and preached the sermon of the occasion. A crowded congregation of devout and attentive worshippers showed that the people of Kingston will not soon forget their distinguished and lamented prelate. At the end of the solemn High Mass Father Ryan ascended the pulpit and taking his text from Ecclesiasticus, ch. 11:—"Behold the great priest who in his life pleased God and was found just"—said in part:

Right Reverend, Very Reverend, Reverend Fathers and Dearly Beloved Brethren—I considered it a very special honor, indeed, to be asked by the venerable and venerated Administrator of this archdiocese to speak at the Month's Mind service of the late illustrious Archbishop of Kingston. But I fully realized when accepting the invitation that my task would be no means easy. Archbishop Cleary's panegyric had been preached, and preached as only the learned and eloquent Bishop of Rochester could preach it at the solemn funeral service. That noble and truthful tribute found a fervent response in the hearts of all who heard it—the many distinguished prelates and priests who came from afar to honor the illustrious dead and of the vast congregation of priests and people of this great archdiocese who mourned the loss of a beloved father in God. The press of the country, too, united in generous sympathy, and so eloquently and truthfully said, it is difficult to know what can be said now. And yet it seems there is something that has not been said, something that should be said, something that most fittingly may be said from a scholar, a great scholar, a great philosopher, a great theologian, a great churchman and over a great statesman—a statesman, not of mere politics or parties, but of the eternal principles of liberty, justice and right. All this having been said, and so eloquently and truthfully said, it is difficult to know what can be said now. And yet it seems there is something that has not been said, something that should be said, something that most fittingly may be said from a Christian pupil, or at a Christian priest, the son of a man of God and a man of God above and before all a great priest. A great scholar, writer, philosopher, theologian, churchman, statesman, is great before me; a great priest must be great before God. And an excellent authority has said: "No alone is truly great who is great before God." This is the only greatness in the life and character of the late Archbishop of Kingston I would ask you to consider to-day. It is the greatness that was best for him to have, and best for us to emulate. I will not attempt an oratorical oratorical exhortation. I will simply suggest some thoughts in keeping with the occasion and useful for pious and practical reflection.

A priest is a sacrificial and sacramental man, a man of God and a man of God. A Bishop is a perfect priest. The episcopate is the plenitude of the priesthood. A priest has the power of orders, power over the real Body of Christ by which he is essentially a sacrificial man; power to offer the Eucharistic sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ. A Bishop has the power of jurisdiction, power over the mystical Body of Christ, the Church, power over the souls of the Church's children. These powers are truly divine, truly God made and made for the man of God and the man of the people. But it is not of these priestly powers proper I wish now to speak. It is true indeed, that the possession of such powers make the man of God and the man of God, and that is only and altogether God's. And that is only and altogether God's. But there is another power that exalts over the divine power of the priest, and that is the power of prayer. Archbishop Cleary was a man of God, a great man before God, because he was a man of prayer and profound simple piety. Prayer is an elevation of the soul to God. It is a profound personal acknowledgment of one's total dependence on God. Hence humility is the soul of prayer, and humility is the Christian's, the rational creature's declaration of dependence. There is the humility of nature, the humility of grace and the humility of glory. The first attributes all natural gifts to God, the second attributes all supernatural graces

to God, the third gives to God alone all praise and glory. It is written and it is God's standard of greatness. "The greater that art the more hast thou grace before God, for great is the power of God and He is honored by the humble." (Eccl. 3: 20.) The truly humble man is greater than his own powers and such was Archbishop Cleary. One of the most difficult things in all his preaching and pastoral teaching is the continued insistence on this great fundamental truth of man's entire, complete and perpetual dependence upon God. He hated heresy of any kind, error more than he ever hated the great heresy of the day, the denial of God's supreme dominion over man. "Glory to man the highest, for man is the measure of things," sings the poet of agnosticism, "Glory to God for the highest, for God is the measure and maker and master of men and things, said the humble prayerful Catholic prelate. His arguments, philosophical and theological, against the naturalism of the day were conclusive and convincing. But his best argument was himself; his own beautiful life of most profound prayer and tender piety. He tells us in one of his learned and luminous pastorals of his visit to Rome "to see Peter," in his lawful successor, as he records in the Eternal City the plenitude of the priesthood, his episcopal consecration, and his apostolic commission from the Vicar of Christ. But he loves to linger on his visit to the shrine of our Lady of Good Counsel, who he reverently commended himself and the flock entrusted to his care, and the protection of the Blessed Mother of God. His profound and extensive theological, scriptural and patristic knowledge taught him all the marvelous beauty and wondrous power of the great priestly prayer, the prayer of the Church. But his heart went out to the great popular prayer, the "officio" of the people, the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary. One of the greatest theologians and most voluminous writers of the Catholic Church, the illustrious Jesuit, Father Suarez, said on his death-bed that he would gladly give all his learning for the merit of one Fiat Mary. And when the great Archbishop of Kingston came to die he asked for his blessing, and he died as he lived—the man of God and the man of the people. Some who knew him not considered Dr. Cleary an autocrat, and spoke of him as "the proud prelate of Kingston," but he was ever ready to cure the people of every other domination and coerce the people of his own. Nothing could be more opposed to the truth. James Vincent Cleary was a born democrat. He was essentially a man of the people. In his own words, "The rights of the people, His heart's only desire was to stay with his people and fight their battles for liberty, justice and right. He emphatically says in one of his learned pastorals, "The humble sphere of parochial administration on the southern coast of Holy Ireland was ours; and to live and work for our beloved flock in that dear home of our childhood, ministering in the church of our baptism, and serving at the altar where at different periods our people had knelt to receive the chalice of confirmation, our first eucharistic communion and the sacred union of the priesthood, was the blessed occupation of our days, the summary of our history. We cherished no other hope but to complete our appointed work in that corner of our Lord's vineyard, and in the end deliver our soul in peace to God and our body to the resting place where our dear parents sleep in the hope of resurrection. We know well that the heart of the Master, and the love and loyalty He exacted in those who would feed His lambs and His sheep. The Master Himself was the model: He was the Pastor bonus, the good Pastor, not so much the gifted, or the eloquent, or the prudent Pastor. But emphatically the good Pastor, the Shepherd who know His sheep and whose sheep know Him. The Shepherd who sheeps out of His great love for whom would lay down His life for His sheep. Everyone knew that the Archbishop of Kingston was absolutely fearless, but everyone did not know why, some said he was fearless because he was just, and his will was always in the law of God. Others again said his faith and fortitude made him fearless. Both reasons were right, but incomplete. Archbishop Cleary was fearless because he loved his flock, and because he was ready to give not only his learning and labor, but his life for the lambs of his flock. He fought for his children's rights not only with the fortitude and fearlessness of a father, but with the reckless self-sacrifice of a mother's love. He seemed sometimes to have heard only the first part of the Master's commission: "Feed my lambs." "Whatever you do to the least of my little ones," His glory was to be the shepherd of the lambs; the defender of the rights of God's little ones. And his greatest greatness, if we may so speak, was his greatness amongst the children, when for their sake he became a child. Magnus Dominus et laudabilis nimis. The Lord is great and greatly to be praised." "Yes," says St. Bernard, "but parvulus Dominus et laudabilis nimis; the Lord is little and therefore still more to be praised." Dr. Cleary was great in the halls of science and learning; great amongst the greatest of men. When after three

days' defence of all theology against all comers in the Catholic University of Dublin, he took his Doctor's degree, one of his own; for the anonymous essay, Father O'Reilly, said Dr. Cleary was one of the most gifted, learned and brilliant men he ever met, and another of his examiners, the Venerable Dr. Whitehead, said that James Vincent Cleary honored the Doctorate more than the Doctorate honored him. Great amongst the greatest was he then; but greatest when he made himself little with the little ones of Christ. He has left many noble monuments of his unselfish and indefatigable zeal; this noble and beautiful cathedral, the many splendid churches all over the diocese, the hospitals and houses for the aged and the orphan. These and such as these are visible to all. The magnificent spiritual temple he built up, the glorious priesthood of this great archdiocese is still more noble monument to his memory. But the monument I think he would prize most is the monument of some religious instruction and knowledge has catechetical teaching raised in the minds and hearts of the children he confirmed. He was great as a philosopher, theologian, pulpit orator; but he was greatest and best as a catechetical teacher. His life is a lesson to all priests and people; and priests may hope to emulate his great natural gifts and his varied and vast erudition, but all may strive to imitate him as a fearless defender of the children's rights and a model catechetical teacher. His life is a lesson to all priests and people; and we learn the lesson of his life of prayer. Let us learn to pray like him; let us continue to pray for him; that we may hope to pray with him in the eternal glory of glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost forever!

## Edward Blake on Armed Resistance.

The following important speech was made at the St. Patrick's Day banquet in London by Hon. Edward Blake, who was the speaker of the evening after Mr. John Dillon: "The Hon. E. Blake, M.P., said—I will stand but for a brief space between you and the toast of the evening. For alas, sir, this is not that toast. It is the tragedy of Ireland that our thoughts must turn to, much more to memories rather than to hopes; to the echoes of the past rather than to visions of the future; to the confederacies and battles of one hundred years ago rather than to the event, still undetermined, of the constitutional campaign of this generation. Sir, do not misunderstand me. I am not at all averse to the use of the right of armed resistance. Long ago, in my native Parliament, I stated what seems the true British doctrine, and expressed what I repeat to-night, my amazement that, this day of England's freedom, we should have forgotten that in the very cornerstone of the liberties they prize (applause). They forgot that the right of resistance was exemplified in the obtaining of the Bill of Rights and the Bill of Rights, the fundamental instrument itself. They forgot that the pious and immortal memory of William III is the memory of an intruder, placed upon the throne through the people's resistance to their King. That Charles II and his brother, the Boy of Bedlam, the triumph of the insurgents over the monarch. They forgot that the glorious revolution was the consecration of that sacred right of which the present settlement of the British Crown is the visible embodiment. They forgot that they remember these things. Let them remember that our wrongs are more ancient and more deep, our claims infinitely higher nature and degree, than any domestic grievances they had to grapple with. And let them remember that wrong and oppression are still more galling to the sufferers, and more unjustifiable in the actors, when maintained by a modern democracy than they were when committed by an arbitrary King. But we too have gathered to remember. Let us remember that for the English, at any rate, it is true—God grant they may soon choose to prove it true for us as well—that constitutional agitation and Parliamentary contests are now adequate for the slow redress of grievances and the gradual establishment of rights (applause). Let us remember that whilst there must always be deep legal guilt there is also sometimes grave moral guilt in armed resistance. For the moral justification of two conditions are essential. First, for the remedy of wrongs, however vital, long endured, and urgently opposed, all peaceful means must have been exhausted, so that no room remains for redress within the constitution. Next, there must appear some chance of substantial gain to the cause through this last dreadful resort. Sir, neither of these conditions now as yet obtains; and therefore, while I heartily join in the celebration of the sad freedom of the past, it is my duty to maintain here our solemn obligation, in spite of heavy discouragements, to persevere further in the course of constitutional agitation, and in the effort thus to achieve the best of all ends, the freedom of Ireland and the reconciliation of the kingdoms. Spite of all discouragement much has been at hand. Half the population of the two islands has agreed to Home Rule for Ireland. Some politicians, whom one might not dignify with the name of statesmen, may have some wire-pullers may intrigue; no man, in some quarters, sink into apathy. But I

choose to retain the belief that the great mass of Irish voters who adopted the High Policy of Home Rule for Ireland, one of justice, equity and right, adhere to it still. And I am sure that we hold still a vantage ground, from which, unless we are dislodged by events beyond our control, it would be supremely folly to retreat (applause). The question is whether we shall give those who, before God and in the face of the civilized world, pledged themselves to this high policy good reason to withdraw from their honorable obligation. I say emphatically no. There are but two ways in which they may obtain an honorable discharge. One is by our abandonment of that insistent determination, urgent demand, and resolute attitude which are essential to the maintenance, and still more to the restoration of National rights. The other is by our withdrawal from the solemn undertaking on which the policy was adopted, namely, that Ireland would accept, as the basis of a permanent settlement and the ground-work of a lasting reconciliation, the measure of constitutional freedom contained in the Gladstone Bill. Sir, it is our business to-day to give no ground for either allegation. We must, on the one hand, be as urgent, as resolute, as insistent as the conditions allow for the National demand. We must, on the other hand, honestly maintain the basis of settlement that demand appearing in the Gladstone Bill. Thus shall we retain, at any rate, a just title to expect the continued support of British adherents to the High Policy. And, sir, we must, whatever our hopes or fears as to the continuance of that support, resolutely maintain our independence of all British parties; and at the same time acknowledge our powers as a Parliamentary force, both by increasing the pledged Home Rule representation in Britain, and by bringing British parties as near as may be to an equality of strength. But, sir, after all, there is something more and more vital still that we must do in the same direction. We must re-organise the National forces; we must harmonise the National councils. And here we may draw a lesson from '98. Let me quote a passage from Myles Byrne (applause). "The good effects," he says, "of the United Irish system in the commencement were seen and felt through the counties of Wexford, Carlow, and Wicklow, which were the parts of the country I knew best. It gave the first alarm to the Government; they suspected a rising, and they began to begin on finding (finding what?)—and fighting that disputes and fighting at public fairs and other places of public meeting had completely ceased. The magistrates soon perceived this change, as they were informed by the great warrants to settle disputes" (applause). Well, sir, I am told, and I believe, that the Irish people are now more disposed to union; that they have taken to heart the beneficial results of division; that they wish to forget the bitter seven years' struggle and to join hands in the struggle for a brighter future. But in the Parliamentary army which they have sent to the front, there are still disputes and fighting at the great fairs of Wicklow and at other meetings; there is still a desire to find rather cause for division than ground for union. So long as these divisions in the Irish ranks continue, as you have heard in the letter from Mr. Gladstone, and I think we all agree, no progress can be made, and I say that if it last much longer all hope of progress in this phase of the movement must be abandoned (hear, hear). I have no authority to speak for a single Irishman beyond the seas, but yet I know I express the sentiment of the great bulk of the Irish in the colonies and many Irish Americans elsewhere as to the conduct of the movement. They desire that this factious and fatuous fighting and disputing shall end at once, and that the National ranks shall once more be closed, for so, and so only, may we hope to convert into a reality the glorious sentiment of "Ireland a Nation" (loud cheers).

## Was Newman Tory and Radical.

His constant condemnation of the Whigs is very amusing, and his occasional declarations that he was at once a Tory and a Radical, are interesting. Contemporary Literature; Mail and Empire, March 19.

The above sentence appears in the course of a charming article on Cardinal Newman, suggested by a republication of the letters he wrote as an Anglican.

Assuming the truth of the remark, it will not be without interest to enquire into some of the reasons why Newman, one of the chiefs of the century, and, indeed, of all time, was a mixture of such opposites as Toryism and Radicalism. What can there be in common between the two systems, whether considered in themselves, or in the state of mind they produce or spring from.

A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand, we know, and at once a Tory and a Radical seems to point to such a state. Yet Newman, for almost seventy years, exhibited this condition of mind, and, nevertheless, whether you say in spite of it, or as some would think, in consequence of it, at all events, did wield an influence which grew constantly to the last; and which, even now that he is gone, has lost none of the sway it exercised over minds of the highest character during his life time.

There must, then, be some connection between Toryism and Radicalism, if not in the things themselves, at least in the lines of thought and conduct they inspire. If so it is worth while to make the experiment of finding out what it consists in.

I think there is, and that by the nature of the case; and will try to bring out my reasons by a familiar illustration.

It is of the essence of all finite things that they are limited all round, some in one way and some in another. A stick, for instance, which has one end must have two. You can't have the first without the second. One extremity may be pointed and sharp, the other smooth and rounded, and this will make the difference between a scratch and a bruise to any one coming in severe contact with it. Both scratch and bruise are, however, the action of the same piece of timber.

Now, to my apprehension, Toryism and Radicalism in the case of an honest man are but the two ends of the same thought and sentiment, directed towards objects of an opposite nature. For the sentiment of respect for what is good, and the will to labor for its conservation, is only the upper side of the hatred of evil, with a will to fight it to the death.

This is Newman's own teaching in the famous passage where he says: Before we learn to love we must learn to hate; meaning, of course, that we must learn to hate heartily whatever is deserving of hatred, and so prepare the ground of our spirit for the better seed.

The same truth is admitted in the common remark about splendid criminals: Oh! if that man, with his clear mind and fervent will, were a Christian, what a saint he would make! We feel that the same qualities which wrongly applied lead to the gallows, are fit, under right direction, to make the perfect man; and this belief includes who the acknowledgment that the perfect man shows as much tenderness for the good as ferocity towards evil (or what he believes to be evil), and is therefore, in this mixed world of ours, alternately a Tory and a Radical, with respect to the objects of his mind.

For there is no inconsistency, but rather the most rigid unity, in giving everything, even life itself, for the preservation of the right, and, at the same time, leaving no energy unemployed to tear up what is wrong, root and branch. The force and thoroughness with which each of the tasks is accomplished belong to the nature of the man—greater in some, less in others—but do not affect the unity of sentiment and principle, which necessitates the opposite manifestations, according as the end is to fight for the good or against the bad; that is to be a Tory on the right hand and a Radical on the left at one and the same time.

That this is the key to a right understanding of the great Cardinal's character, and the direction of his mind, in spite of many outward changes and seemings—I think must be obvious to everyone.

Of course we are not using the words Tory or Radical in their popular political meaning. There is no good and a bad in both, and with the bad side of either we have nothing to do in forming an estimate of a man who could say of himself, and be believed, that he could not ever enter into that state of mind which meditates his. Newman might be, often was mistaken, but a conscious falsehood he never uttered. Hence when he speaks of Toryism or Radicalism he must be understood from his own standpoint. And that was never political at all, at least directly. His object was very different, though in the manner of contending for it he had to use such

## Arguments and sustain such attitudes as look like those of the politician, and be called by those names.

"His life" to use the fine words of Hutton, "carved out of one block of spiritual substance," was an unbroken energy on behalf of truth and goodness. To secure the first that he might be able to grow into the second was the sole aim of his existence. Now who doesn't know what mountains of the rubbish of falsehood and untruth must be laboriously shoveled away before over the foundations of the temple of holiness can be laid? Yet the two words, namely, of preparation and of building, though springing from the same motive, will be done in such different ways that they easily receive opposite names. Thoroughness is requisite in both, but in the one it is called Radicalism, and Toryism in the other. For as Radicalism is the genius of destruction, so Toryism is the genius of conservation, and, in this sense, every truly religious man is under the necessity of being both by turns, according to the words of the commission to Jerome—to rot up and pull down, to build and to plant.

This, then, is, I think, the philosophical meaning of Newman's being called, and calling himself, by the very opposite names. But there is also an historical reason for it, as he was and brought up in what? Manly, not only an abridgment of the faith. From a boy he was both too clever and too modest to accept what he calls the stupid idea, that everyone is competent to make his own way; or, in other words, should have neglected to incorporate in an institution fitted on the one side to sustain it, and on the other to make it known, without error, to the world.

The necessity of such institution was his first principle, and hence when he found the Establishment claiming to be what it was, so reasonable and religious to expect, he did not begin by rejecting it and setting up his own opinions; he had too much good sense for that, adopt the ablest and best way. For many a competence to make his own religion. In thus commencing by submission to authority, though he was wrong as to the fact of what that authority was, yet he was right in principle, and in his own sphere followed the ablest way. For many a professing to be in all attempts at government, to begin, not by a speculation or theory of your own, but by the facts provisionally before you. The traditions, institutions, genius and tendencies of the people to be ruled prescribe the constitution in its entirety.

What is good in them must be respected and strengthened, and change for its own sake, always avoided. The present must be made to grow bodily out of the past, and be of one substance with it, if you would avoid the horrors of revolution. You may trim the tree indeed, and make it more symmetrical or more to your own taste, but never injure the trunk. It must be left to its own laws of growth. So far forth as this is Toryism! Newman had to be a Tory at first, as the history of that time shows. And moreover as tending to Catholicity and finally embracing and resting on it, he had always the duty of respecting authority, of keeping the hand of the direction of keeping the hand of that authority simply within the bounds prescribed for it, and hence again he was called by some a radical, a minimizer. All the appellations have some truth in them, and his full character can be rightly appreciated only by those who are large-minded enough to know and keep before their sight in estimating him, the prodigious obstacles and their character which he had to contend with, and the fiery energy of purpose he brought into his fighting. Before this knowledge the term "Tory Whig and Radical will drop out of sight, hidden in a mighty admiration of the great religious athlete.

## Death of Mrs. O'Donnell.

The funeral obsequies of Mrs. O'Donnell took place on Friday 25th inst., in St. Mary's Church, of which the deceased was ever a faithful and esteemed parishioner. The bereaved sons of the beloved dead were present, as also was a large number of friends of the deceased, who had endeavored herself to everyone by her life of motherly kindness and Christian virtue. The Requiem High Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Jeffcott, of Oshawa. Rev. Wm. McCann, of St. Mary's, was deacon of the Mass and Mr. Thomas O'Donnell assisted as sub-deacon. The latter, who is studying for the holy priesthood in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, is a son of the deceased, and it will not be long before he shall have the sublime privilege of saying the Holy Mass for her soul's eternal repose. Rev. Father Finnigan was master of ceremonies. In the Sanctuary were Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, Rev. Father Olms and Rev. Father Dollard. Rev. Fathers Jeffcott, Wm. McCann and Dollard accompanied the remains to St. Michael's cemetery. May her soul rest in peace.

## Waftes of Palms.

Hail to the mighty King  
Who rules the earth and sky,  
Let your hosannas ring,  
The Monarch passes by!

"Where be your Lord and King,  
There comes not troop nor train,  
Nor distant seen his lacoon's sheen,  
To dash like sun-kissed rain?"

"Here sways the rabble's mass,  
And thoughtfully and slow,  
So yonder Galilean pass—  
Do this your monarch's show?"

Our King is not of Earth,  
He needs not guarding spears;  
Thee we proclaim a awful Name,  
His edict sways the spheres.

Out-numbering the sands  
That whirl o'er Edom's waste,  
Along His path sorghum heads  
In dreary array are placed.

Earth's canopy of war  
Is broken down by this,  
One whispered word from that meek  
Lord,

Their flaming swords are His!  
Lord! as Thou goest in  
To meet the Cross's shame,  
With homage low to Thee we bow  
And bless Thy saving Name.

Thou comest not with pomp  
And hid'st Thy glory's blaze,  
But when that peals the judgment  
trump,

Who then shall bear Thy gaze?  
—J. DOLLARD (SLAVNA-MON)