

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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The Dead Singer.

"She is dead," he said; "she is buried for the grave. There are lilies upon her breast; her mother has kissed her clay-cold lips, and folded her hands to rest. Her blue eyes show through the waxen lids; they have hidden her hair a gold brown; her grave is dug, and it's a heap of earth is waiting to press her down."

"She is dead!" they say to the people, her people for whom she sang; whose hearts she touched with sorrow and love, like a harp with life chords strong; and the people hear—out behind their tears, they smile as though they heard. Another voice, like a mystery, proclaim another word.

"She is dead!" it says to their hearts; true Singers never die; Their life is a voice of higher things, unseen to the common eye. The truths and beauties are clear to them; God's right and the human wrong. The heroes who died unknown and the weak who are chained and scourged by the strong. And the people smile at the death-word, for the mystic voice is clear: "The Singer who lives—always alive; we harken and always hear!"

And they raise her body with tender hands and lay her down to rest; they laid her in state on the morning ship, the lily maid, Elaine; and they sailed to that isle across the sea, where the people wait on the shore. To lift her in silence with heads all bare to her home forevermore; oh, a grave among her own; Is warmer and dearer than living on in the stranger lands alone.

No need of a tomb for the singer! Her fair hair is pillow now. Is the sacred clay of her country, and the sky above her brow. Is the same that smiled and wept on her youth, and the great around is deep. With the clinging leaves of the shamrock that covers her peaceful sleep.

Undreaming there she will rest and wait, in the Till she hears men's hearts, like the seeds in the spring all stirring to be awake. Till she feels the mingling of souls that strain till the hands around them break; And then, I think, her dead lips will smile and her eyes be open to see. When the cry goes out to the nations that the Singer's land is free.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE POPE AND ENGLAND.

Leo XIII. Will Never Give up Hope of Reunion.

The Holy Father has expressed to several persons his satisfaction at the abundant information he has received from different sources touching the reception given to his Encyclical *Satis Cognitum* writes Fra Teofilo in the *Liverpool Catholic Times*. He wanted to know the impressions of all capable minds from Cardinal Vaughan to Lord Halifax. For a moment Leo XIII. feared that this document would impede the movement in the Anglican Church in favor of a rapprochement, particularly after Gladstone's very prudent letter. Lord Halifax, the Abbe Duchesne, the Abbe Portal and Rev. Messrs. Lacy and Puller wished that Rome should not tackle the capital question of the Pope before assuming a sympathetic attitude in regard to Anglican orders. A decision of the Holy See, even unfavorable, would, according to them, bring men together by a serious, moderate and charitable discussion. To listen to them, it was necessary, before touching the primacy of Peter, to gain time, exchanging ideas and opinions around the pivotal point of the negotiations. In diplomacy they call this process the policy of delay. When the parties are animated with peaceful intentions this protraction may have good results, but when it is a question of doctrine, science and general discipline, it is advantageous to transport this profane method to the ecclesiastical ground? The Abbe Duchesne's opponents have even reproached that learned abbe with his impatience, his hurry, his concessions. It is he who wanted to persuade the Pope that it would be possible to reach a compromise as to the validity of Anglican orders. It was, thanks to his memorandum, called for by Leo XIII., that the Vatican instructed a commission of theologians, charged with giving its vote on the question. It was also by his advice that the Abbe Portal and Messrs. Puller and Lacey came to Rome in the spring, in order to submit unpublished documents to the commission, and to raise the Roman temperature in support of a favorable decree. The kind envoys were graciously received with that practiced manner of receiving which Rome displays towards well-intentioned men, supporters of interests affecting the prestige of the central government of the Church. The political Cardinals and prelates received them with alacrity. The theologians were more reserved; they said, not without reason, that Rome could never cut this knot in a sympathetic manner. In the matter of sacraments, and particularly of ordinations, absolute certainty is needed. And how to discover this evidence in a question so complicated, full of doubts and apprehensions even when one brings to this inquiry a mind the most disposed to concessions and conciliating promises. The doctors seem to have triumphed. When the personal votes of each of the theologians of the Pontifical commission were communicated to the Holy See it was evident that the Holy See could never gratify indiscreet wishes. Here again the opponents of Abbe Duchesne and Abbe Portal had free scope. The hottest spoke of putting the *Revue Anglo Romaine* on the Index, as certain articles in it had made the most painful impression in Rome. The distinction given by Cardinal Abbe Duchesne increased the theologian's revulsion. For three

weeks there was an atmosphere full of fears, passions and antipathies in the congregations. Without the weighty mind of the Holy Father one might perhaps have seen a combative decree issued; but Leo XIII., with that serene patience which he brings to the study of every question, placed the discussion on a plane above excitement and personal conflict. As an answer was needed to the document from the Phanar of Constantinople on the primacy of Peter, he published his encyclical *Satis Cognitum*, which, with infinite tact, shifted the ground of the discussion, or rather placed before minds the kernel of the question.

ROME WILL KEEP SILENT.

on the validity of Anglican orders, for, despite the theological pushing of the canonists, Leo XIII. will publish nothing which could hurt the touchy susceptibilities of Anglicans. For—let us not forget it—the Holy Father holds to this union of the churches as the crowning idea of his pontificate and an historical idea which will mark his place in the course of events. With quiet and firm perseverance he devotes almost all his evenings to meditations relating to this great expectation. Like all syncretical minds, enamored of good and of action, Leo XIII. has the passion of unity; for unity is the marvellous spring of all great things done in the world. It is the instrument envied by all who wish to make a glorious mark in history. How much more powerful is not this sentiment in a Pope whose solicitude for union corresponds with a divine ideal of an ever living mission! The desire of negotiations with the Anglican Church was born on the very day when Leo XIII. wished to realize his views on the separated communities of the East; but the way of broaching the subject appeared to him for a time obscure. A personal incident led to it. One day, two years ago, the Abbe Portal returning from London, where he had been in close communication with the heads of the movement, expressed a wish to see the Holy Father. Cardinal Rampolla made him aware that he would be favorably received. The Abbe Portal saw the Holy Father, who wished to know everything—the state of minds, the current of opinion, the motives of hope and the reasons for fear.

Papal jurisdiction, infallibility processes and methods of discussion—everything was touched upon in the memorable conversation. At the same time Leo XIII. sought information in England. The heads of the Catholic Church in England made known to him the

OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

—the difficulties, if not impossibilities. Leo XIII. had his mind made up. That very year appeared the encyclical *Proclama*, which was like the first stroke of the bell for the negotiations in favor of unity. Concealed and executed as if that mastery document was to take within its purview all the separated churches, the encyclical was actually destined for England, for Leo XIII. never believed in the possibility of moving Lutheranism and Calvinism, from which the evangelical spirit seems more and more withdrawn. As to the Eastern Church, Leo XIII. has already been drawn into a torrent of preoccupations on the morrow of the conferences of the Eastern patriarchs at the Vatican, under the presidency of the Pope.

It would then be a great mistake to think that the encyclical *Satis Cognitum* marks a time of stoppage like a halt. Leo XIII. will never give up his hope. This document is only a stroke of the oar given to the boat to avoid the rock of Anglican orders, upon which it was on the point of upsetting.

PARTING OF THE WAYS.

The Little Chapel in Which Cardinal Manning Performed His Last Act of Worship as a Protestant.

Just at the top of Palace street, Pimlico, and facing the Royal Stables at Buckingham Gate, is to be seen an Anglican church (St. Peter's) of an old-fashioned pattern. Beside it stands a curious survival—a little country villa which is found at Richmond or Putney—which was left behind, or forgotten, and has determined not to budge in spite of the changes about it. It stands at a right angle to the street, and the space in front was clearly a garden, and it has on its face a table, with an inscription and date just over the attenuated porch. The church has the sort of poorish, "tradesman like" cut that was in favor at the beginning of the century, suggesting a conventicle with an angular and three large arch windows. This is the "chapel of ease" to the fashionable St. Peter's in Eaton Square. Entering, we find the old regulation dispensation—a great broad and ugly gallery running round—after the favorite Wren pattern. The sanctuary as it may be termed, is a square recess sunk in the wall, richly decorated with ornaments. At one side is a little pulpit raised high in the air, and with but little accommodation for the preacher, particularly if he were tall and of bulky proportions. Now all these elements offer nothing out of the common course; and yet it is impossi-

ble to pass this rather "humdrum" and conventicle looking building without recalling a highly dramatic scene that took place here one day. And in that scene two dramatic figures took part.

Two spare, intellectual looking men entered this church one Sunday night fifty years ago. It was an early service, and the place had in those days a "Tractarian" as it was called, reputation. One was a politician of much brilliancy, the other an archdeacon. Both had spare, rather ascetical lineaments, and both were taking part in the acute religious controversies then going on—Gorham decisions, and the rest. Both were much agitated by them and much shaken. But the politician hesitated much, and could not make up his mind. The archdeacon had all but resolved. However, either they came that morning, and one recalled the scene long after.

"Shall I tell you," said Cardinal Manning a few years before his death, "where I performed my last act of worship in the Church of England? It was in that little chapel off the Buckingham Palace road. I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone. Just before the Communion service commenced I said to him, 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up, and laying my hand on Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, said 'Come.' It was the parting of the ways. Mr. Gladstone remained, and I went my way"—a strange moment!

THE IRISH RACE CONVENTION.

The Dublin newspapers contain long reports of the Irish race convention held in that city. The following letters from His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto and Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York, will be perused with much interest. The letter of His Grace was presented by Rev. Francis Ryan, rector of St. Michael's cathedral, Toronto, and is as follows:

"My dear Father Ryan: As it is quite out of my power to assist at the great Irish Convention to be held in Dublin in the beginning of September I hereby depute you to attend there as my representative. You know my views on this convention—its necessity and its purpose. Those views were substantially expressed in my letter on the subject addressed to the Hon. Edward Blake in October last. It was felt then, as it is now, in order to obtain Home Rule, or any other measure of justice, from the Imperial Parliament that the Irish National representatives should close their broken ranks, and re-establish amongst them unity of aim and action.

The convention was suggested as a means of effecting this desirable and necessary union. The earnestness and alacrity with which this idea was taken up by the Irish people at home and abroad proved that some such convention was felt to be a necessary means of restoring unity to the Irish Parliamentary representatives, and that it was expected to be also an efficacious method of perpetuating that unity. The convention is now a great and memorable fact. May the kind Providence of God direct and control its deliberations, and may this assembly of Irishmen be the starting point of a general patriotic movement that will find its issue in complete success for the cause of Home Rule and in a glorious victory for the just liberties and rights of a sorely-trying and long-suffering people.

Believe me to be, my dear Father Ryan,
Yours very truly,
John Walsh,
Archbishop of Toronto.
Toronto, August 13, 1896.

Next came a solemn warning from Dr. Addis Emmet, of New York, chairman of the Irish National Federation of America. Wrote Dr. Emmet:

"One great object of the convention is to enable every one to throw aside past differences, all of which have had, to a great extent, no better foundation than misunderstanding. If it be true, as is held, that all, regardless of other differences, hold in common a desire to advance the interest of Ireland, then all can meet in this convention without the slightest loss of self respect. Support comes from the Irish people, and not in the interest of a single individual. It is therefore equally incumbent that he should honestly cooperate and contribute his best efforts to formulate some plan of organization and policy for the future which will remove the condition from which he has suffered, and to which all may in common subscribe. But, rest assured, that the man who will not accept such an invitation is no friend to Ireland, and looks only to his own personal ends; his occupation would be gone if the Irish people were again united. Let him bear in mind that by his neglect of duty at this crisis he will place himself beyond the pale of sympathy when called upon on some future day to receive the verdict which will be passed inevitably upon him by the Irish people at large—an unenviable distinction will rest upon him.

"The time has passed for all sentimentality, as it has seldom happened in the history of Ireland that a more important crisis than the present has presented itself. Home Rule cannot be gained at present without a united

people to make the demand, and without Ireland can have no future. While it is perfectly natural, and even essential, that individual differences of opinion should exist as to the proper mode of accomplishing any public movement, yet, as soon as a course had been determined upon by a fair vote of the majority, the limit of individual opposition has been reached. Unless this principle be fully acknowledged and a loyal co-operation be rendered afterwards to the will of the majority, political success must fail in any movement. If an organization cannot divest itself of such a stumbling block it should cease to exist. In truth, it must be stated that the impression exists with us that the present condition of affairs in Ireland is to be traced directly to repudiation, or want of the majority by limited number, as the vital importance of political success in accepting without question the will of the majority.

"Unless the people of Ireland are blind from partisan zeal, and the leaders are indifferent as to the future welfare of the country, all must now realize that the only remedy rests in throwing aside all past differences of opinion when faults have existed on all sides, and the nearest approach to unity of the people must be brought about at whatever individual cost.

"If this end be not accomplished at the coming convention as the result of general co-operation by compromise and by individual sacrifice for the common good, then may God help Ireland. The end of all aid and sympathy from abroad will have been reached, and the universal verdict will be that the Irish people are no longer worthy of name or country. The Irish race will pass away to other lands, to be absorbed by every nation of the globe, and in a limited time the traditions, history and language of the dear old land will have disappeared, and be as much some thing of the past as those of the ancient Greeks and Romans."

GLORIES OF THE CHURCH

From an address delivered before a convocation of young men's societies in Dumfries, in Scotland, by Mr. P. L. Beszley, we make these extracts showing the part the Church has had in the civilization of the world.

"The spirit that is aroused in favor of virtue and moral purity by a sound Press is a surer obstacle to the progress of immorality than any artificial regulations. In awaking this spirit and keeping it alive the Catholic Press should play an important part. Again its value as an instrument for the defense of religion cannot, I think, be easily over-estimated. You know how the Catholic Church is assailed. You know how the old fables are made fresh for the credulous by new variations of how we are told that Protestantism spells prosperity and Catholicity decay; that we are narrow-minded persecutors whenever we possess the opportunity; that we are not in touch with science and art, and so on and so on. These fables have long been stale and statements of the fabulists exploded. They will henceforward cause less and less annoyance; but a glorious work remains for the Catholic Press to accomplish; and that is, as a guide for the polity of the future, to familiarize men's minds with the monuments in the civilization of the past which we owe to the Catholic Church. Of course, I wish to guard against any unfair estimate. I know that there is a grandeur which is natural to the human soul and which found its expression even in pagan productions—in the cleverness of the Socratic dialogue, in the logic of Aristotle, in the dramas of Aeschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, in the comedies of Aristophanes, and in the marvellous sculptures and figures of Phidias and Praxiteles. But when you have made allowance for all this, what a noble vista is presented by the triumphs of Catholic thought and Catholic action! They taunt us with being obscurantists from the beginning and opponents of the Press. I go back to the origin of that beneficent art, and I find that, whether abroad or at home, the first hands that manipulated the primitive types were the hands of Catholic men—in Germany, Gutenberg and Faust, Anton Colberger and Johann Melzel, in England our own Caxton who set up his little presses in the almshouse of Westminster Abbey.

I do not deny to the Protestantism and to the other "isms" of the past or the present day these possessions of many treasures and trophies of greatness which will always remain precious to the world. Yet I venture to say that, however so-called we might be deprived of them. But what, think you, would the world do if it were at once deprived of all the Catholic Church has done for it? Then there would be no mere partial eclipse, we should have darkness visible, and the journalist who looked to literature for light and guidance would find himself groping about in helpless despair. He would miss the foundation-stone and the arches in every structure—would miss in early romance the legend of the Niebelungen Treasures and the Holy Grail, and in minstrelsy

the blithe songs of the Troubadours and the Minnesingers.

These magnificent nurseries of learning, the universities of Europe, would practically be non-existent. Robbed of the works of its great fathers and founders, such as St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Suarez, Christian philosophy would be orphaned indeed. How poor would mankind be without the divine halo emanating from those venerable sanctuaries of painting and sculpture, Rome and Florence, into which the convert Winklemann conducts us with reverence and incomparable ability? Where would be the elements of musical progress without that which a German historian of the art calls its "Mittelpunkt"—its centre-point—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—where without the results of the formative skill of Gregory the Great, Palestrina, and Orlando di Lasso? And passing by other spheres of public utility, such as oratory, diplomacy, and statesmanship which offer scope for the criticism of the press, what, I ask, would that favorite field of the pressman, the literature of epic, poetry and the drama, be without the names and the labors of Shakespeare—for I hold that Shakespeare was a Catholic—Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Metastasio, Alfieri; the five most celebrated Spanish dramatists, all of whom became monks, De Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Telez and Salis; the Portuguese de Camoens; Racine, Corneille, and Moliere; Chaucer, the father of English poetry; and so many other brilliant luminaries in the literary firmament.

If the Church with its past were completely blotted out, what would be the condition of England? Its most venerated institutions, its purest and most popular glories, are, says Montalembert, "connected with Catholicity. The jury, the Parliament, the universities, date from the time when England was the docile daughter of the Holy See. It was Catholic barons who wrested the Great Charter from King John; it was Irish Catholics who constituted the principal force of the English armies in the Peninsula and the Crimea. With the exception of Queen Elizabeth, the only sovereign whose memory has been preserved by the people are the Catholic Kings Alfred, Edward the Confessor, Richard Cour de Lion, Edward III, and Henry V. The cathedrales, the churches, the castles, all these ecclesiastical and feudal buildings of which England was so proud before our day, and which she guards and restores with such pious care, are exclusively the work of Catholic generations. The fervid devotion of modern Catholics finds the heavy possession of the English saints—from St. Wilfred and St. Boniface to St. Thomas of Canterbury. All this is the patrimony, the treasure of the English Catholic and Catholics everywhere."

It is largely the province of the Catholic journalist to familiarize men's minds with the source of such treasures as these, and to show how closely Catholic thought is interwoven with the life, not of one race—Celt or Saxon, Dane or Norman—but of all races and nations throughout Christendom, and to unite the links of the present and the past.

As a necessary condition of its perpetuity, the Church, with astonishing flexibility, adapts itself to the institutions, manners and ideas of every age and every country—to every movement that is not incompatible to Christian faith and virtue; and in discharging the responsible duties of his calling the Catholic journalist who is true to its principles and traditions can therefore look to the coming time without fear, and deal with the questions of the hour in a spirit of confidence, whether on the one hand the extension of popular rights affords a cheering prospect, or, on the other, to use the language of Cardinal Manning, "materialists and doctrinaires, sceptics and Positivists, and the schoolmen of profit and loss, taro and tret, with their ignoble and joyous science, have dwarfed statesmen into politicians." With so many fragments sects parting into minute fragments and dissipating the heritage of Christian civilization, I fear we must expect that as time elapses the work of the Catholic journalist in combating sheer unbelief will become more and more exacting; but everything tends to prove that as an auxiliary of the clergy his hands will be greatly strengthened and his influence will increase.

In my concluding words I would plead for him with both priests and laymen. Be kindly and helpful to him, and above all give him that boon which he prizes so highly, and with which he is a mere piece of paper to effective mechanism—give him ample liberty. In his charming comedy, *Die Journalisten*, Gustav Freitag represents the pressman as he usually is, free and careless in many things, but passionately devoted to the cause in the promotion of which he is engaged. If the Catholic journalist have his freedom, together with your earnest sympathy, and you may rely upon his zeal and the issue of his struggles; or, as Milton says, "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falshood grapple; who ever

knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

TORTURE IN ENGLISH PRISONS.

The accounts which have reached us during the past few weeks of the condition of the released Irish prisoners are truly horrifying. And these accounts are fully borne out by the condition in which Dr. Gallagher appeared to be when he reached New York last week, and in which he has since remained. He has now no longer any motive to feign madness, and we do not understand it to be suggested by anyone that he was feigning madness. His actions showed clearly and beyond a shadow of question that he was suffering from acute dementia. Whitehead, the prisoner who remained in Ireland, is in no better mental condition. He disappeared from the house to which he had been taken in the county Kerry, some two weeks ago, and turned up towards the end of last week in the city of Cork in a most pitiable condition, still haunted by the deadly terror that some one was after him to take him back to prison. In the case of John Daly it is said that the mind is not permanently affected, but physically he is an utter wreck, and he has been taken to Paris by his brother to be treated by a specialist there.

In passing judgment on the treatment which has brought about such results as these it is wholly unnecessary to discuss the question as to whether these men were or were not guilty of the offenses charged against them. If they were guilty ten times over, that could form no justification whatever for the horrible brutality with which they were treated. It is now admitted that for some considerable time after these men began to show symptoms of insanity they were subjected to the most cruel punishments on the theory that they were shamming madness. It is now certain that the madness was only too real, and it is nothing short of appalling to think of these poor demented creatures being savagely punished because they were visited with the most terrible affliction known to humanity.

We boast that we have done away with physical torture. But we slowly torture a prisoner into madness, and to increase the severity of the punishment in proportion as the terrible mental affliction gains more complete possession of him, is surely no less wicked than to torture the body. The treatment of these men is an eternal disgrace to England, and a foul blot upon the boasted civilization of this nineteenth century. — Chicago New World.

FATHER O'LEARY'S SPEECH.

A Dublin paper at hand gives fuller particulars of the recent Irish convocation and the speeches thereof. We subjoin the abstract of one address in particular:

Then we had what was undoubtedly the speech of the day, from Father O'Leary of Castleyons, a little man with spectacles, a brogue, small, round, good-natured face, and an eye lighted up with Irish humor, which kept constantly bubbling up while he continued talking. What, he asked, was majority rule? Was it obeying the majority merely, and only when the majority was right, and refusing to obey it when it was wrong? But see, said Father O'Leary, where that brings you; "imagine a man in the minority believing the majority to be right." There was laughter at this, and the speaker followed up his point by saying that it was impossible for a man in the minority to believe the majority was right, because then he would not be in the minority; and that the essence of majority rule was simply this, that the man in the minority is bound to obey the majority even when he knows and is convinced that the majority is flatly wrong. He then went on to say that this convention was the supreme court of the Irish race. But how were its decrees to be enforced? Here Father O'Leary announced that he was going to make a practical suggestion. At the first blush, the suggestion does look funny, for it was nothing less than that if America and Australia would send plenty of money to the majority—that is, to Mr. Dillon's party—the minority would soon disappear into thin air. The true secret of unity, said the good Father, is to be found in the great question of pay, and if you, gentlemen from abroad (addressing the foreign delegates), slightly increase the money you are not to give an inch, and the men who control the majority will soon see the strayed sheep coming back. This, Father O'Leary went on, is a poor country. We have been robbed by England, as Mr. Sexton has shown. We didn't know that till the other day, but we were right well that we hadn't a farthing in our pockets. The worthy P. O. of Castleyons wound up the speech of the day by looking in the direction of the Americans and Australians and telling them to "get the money."

Acts of resignation are the acts of love dearest and most pleasing to the Heart of Jesus.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.