

# 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 CHURCH SUFFERING."

It is instructive to all who are members of the Catholic Church to recall at this season of the year the love and devotion of past ages for the dead. They, as we, believed that the tomb did not consign our departed to oblivion or sever the bonds of charity which bind them to us. The land beyond the grave, wherein every trace of sin is washed from human souls, was to them an ever present reality, and thither they went in spirit and spoke to its inmates in the words of prayer that alone can give them help and consolation.

This truth appeals so convincingly to human reason that it is passing strange there are many who regard it as a mere myth and superstitious fable. If it is true, as St. John says, that nothing defiled can enter into the presence of God, who may have the certainty of being rated in the vestiture of a perfect innocence? If it be true that the just man falls seven times a day, who may cherish the hope that the hour of death will find him with soul unstained by even the slightest fault: and yet shall we say that a soul tarnished by a venial transgression only will be awarded the same punishment as the soul that goes before the Throne laden with every species of crime? Will the father who did his duty to wife and children, who trod life-long the pathway of honor and rectitude, receive the same sentence as the father who proved recreant to his marriage vows and violated every law framed by God for the sanctity and preservation of the family? Will they both stand on equal terms before the Judgment seat? To both Heaven's gates are barred, and must eternal doom be their portion? Human reason revolts against such a conclusion, and the Catholic Church, guided by the Holy Spirit, declares that for souls who die in the state of grace and because of some indebtedness to the justice of God are excluded from heaven, there is a place of temporary punishment called Purgatory. There, in that region of measureless pain, they await the happy moment when they shall gaze on the unveiled beauty and majesty of God. They cannot shorten the time of imprisonment, for the night when no man can work has come upon them. Separated from us by death they have not ceased to be members of the Church: they are still bound to us by the mystic bond of the Communion of Saints. How consoling is this doctrine, and what a contrast does it present to the cold and cheerless belief of those who say that when the heart goes still in death we have nothing to do with the living. The human heart desires more than this, and the Church that has a remedy for every sorrow, and that satisfies every aspiration of the intellect and longing of the heart, tells us that it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins.

### PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

Prayer for the dead is as old as Christianity itself. We hear sometimes that it is due to the mercenary tactics of the priesthood, but any man who has a bowing acquaintance with the records of the past will leave that absurd and oft-refuted accusation to the ignorant and bigoted ranter. Miles, the Protestant Oxford editor of the works of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, acknowledged the fact, as Digby tells us, in the following words: "It is most true that the prayer and offering for the dead prevailed in the Church from the time of the apostles."

An unequivocal authority, the Anglican Bishop Forbes, exhorts Protestants not to reject the ancient practice of praying and making oblations for the dead, received throughout the Universal Church of Christ almost from the very time of the apostles.

The writings of the Fathers abound in allusions to this doctrine. Most of our readers have read those celebrated words of St. Augustine in reference to his deceased mother: "She did not," he says, "command us to provide ornaments for her dead body, an especial monument, an ancestral tomb; but she only desired that she might be had in memory at thy altar, O God, whence she knew that Holy Victim was dis-

pensed, by means of which the handwriting that was against us has been destroyed." Calvin styled prayer for the dead an invention of Satan; but a mere assertion supported by nothing better than unreasoning hatred for things Catholic and a shameless contempt for historical truth will not commend itself to impartial individuals. Long before he and his progeny came to destroy, men and women were unflinching in their devotion to the dead; chapels were erected in the fields of battle, where prayer, as Digby says, "should be constantly offered up for the souls of the slain." King Henry V. founded perpetually one day every week a dirge with nine lessons and a Mass to be celebrated in Westminster Abbey for the soul of King Richard II. Our Holy Church, whilst laying down her belief in Purgatory, exhorts us also to be mindful of our fathers and brethren and of the faithful who are departed out of this world and to pray the Lord to absolve them, to remit their sins and to make them worthy to partake of eternal felicity with the just. And in obeying her we not only help those who are trembling under the rod of God's justice, but we help ourselves—we get nearer to the invisible world—we begin to examine the things that pass by the light of the tomb.

### NO. 5 JOHN STREET

Which everybody is reading just now, is not a novel—just a sketch of the neglected poor as they really are in the lowest slums of London. It is a vivid picture—a grim, unlovely one if you will, but whose central figure is truth—of the throbbing tide of human existence, destined, as the author himself says, "to live its life from day to day, with no yesterdays and no tomorrows."

The subject is handled with all the skill of a clever writer, who, with masterly touch, changes the scene in alternate chapters, carrying his readers with him to the brilliant, as well as the dark side of life—and here he has portrayed in startling characters wealth, luxury, and thoughtless selfishness, with such verity, that, in his kaleidoscopic handling of the matter, the author reaches the desired climax—"the monstrous heresy of self-worship—self absorption." The reader turns from the artificial which is here defined so sharply, that, as he closes its pages, he would fain echo the deep monotone which runs throughout the whole book—there is rotteness at the whole core of society, and it cannot be cured until men and women begin, not to think, but "to care."

The book, from start to finish, is a protest against superfluous luxury—the refinement of modern selfishness pandering to the god "I am"—as contrasted with abject misery and neglect. Though poverty is shown up in all its bleak, stern reality, there is nothing in Mr. Whiting's narrative that is revolting. It is not a portrayal of vice, but a picture of misery. He talks at nobody, but lets the daily lives of the people he paints so realistically tell their own pathetic story. In a word, he throws wide the door of that dark world, unlocking it with the great open sesame—knowledge of the human heart.

In the pages of this fascinating book Mr. Whiting holds up to our view no impossible characters—he portrays men and women whom we may meet with any time. Passing along the aristocratic quarter of any great city can we not picture behind those rich curtains, screening the deep bay window, the bondair of the "lady" whose surroundings "Tilda" so graphically described to "Low Covey"—"Looking glasses all over the shop, some of 'em couple o' yards long. And there she was a sittin' in front o' one on 'em in a sort of top coat o' solid silk, with a bloomin' servant girl a brushin' her 'air for 'er an' talkin' French."

In the character, life and surroundings of Sydney Ridler, the young demizem of the West End, we see every invention of modern art and luxury, crystallized to cater to creature comforts—the quintessence of thoughtless extravagance. The boy is no overwrought portrait, but just one of many hundreds, among the sons of modern millionaires, to whom the "ideal self of each for all" is as a dead letter. And why? Inevitable ignorance again, or, as the author himself puts it, "Isreal does

not know, my people do not consider." Ridley senior is an outcry against trusts, amalgamations, consolidation, illustrated in the death of "Nance," the poor little factory back-victim of the grinding system. "Ah the pity of things marred, blossoms trampled by the hooves of swine, girlhood cheated of its day!" It is the same old, old story, with perhaps the stronger rays of the modern flash-light thrown on its pages. Still, it is but an echo of that battlecry of redress for suffering humanity, with which, in days gone by, Dickens electrified all London. We still hear those pungent words wrung from a noble heart, aching for the wrong done to little children. "Dead, your Majesty, dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, right Reverends and wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts, and dying thus around us every hour."

It is that same insistent note which comes to us now from No. 5 John Street—the wall of the Innocents, "make a row about the young 'uns," says "Tilda" to the Princess. "Them's your chance." The pleading, strident tones go straight to the core, striking a co-resonant chord—heart to heart: with "her" who, "smiling no longer, but with a sigh, and a slow, penetrating look, straight into the eyes of Tilda, shakes hands with the 'Coster gal' and resumes his tour of the hall."

The story is full of striking incidents, and, withal, written in clear and forcible language. Flashes of humor, dramatic situations, and the dark cloud of tragedy, are made to pass before the reader in all their variety of light and shadow. Throughout, you pay tribute to a masterpiece, hot from the pen of one who writes because he has something to say, and he has told it in his own way. It is a book which, after reading, you are fain to turn back and re-read, so deep an impression have its pages made upon you. With the author you, too, as you sum up your "merites," are prompted to ask yourself, "Why are you here?"

### AN ELOQUENT PLEA

For More Widespread Devotion to the Holy Eucharist—Archbishop Ryan's Address to the Priests' Eucharistic League.

At the third convention of the Priests' Eucharistic League recently in Philadelphia, and attended by the Apostolic Delegate and many prominent ecclesiastics from all parts of the country, the sermon at the Pontifical High Mass was delivered by Archbishop Ryan. It was an able and eloquent exposition of the motives of the organization which has for its aim the promotion of the interests of the Blessed Sacrament and was in full as follows:

"I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled." (Luke xii, 49.)

Your Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Venerable Fathers of the Episcopate and Clergy of the Eucharistic League:

In the names of my clergy and people and in my own name I beg to welcome you to this city and Cathedral for the purpose of holding our third Eucharistic Convention. How truly impressive and suggestive is this scene! Around the Tabernacle, the throne of the King, you are grouped: you, the leaders of His spiritual army, come from various parts of His dominions to vow anew your love and loyalty, and to go forth to fresh conquests. Or to use the figure of our Divine Lord in my text, you come to the very furnace of His heart of burning love to receive from it into your own hearts that fire "which many waters cannot quench and floods cannot drown" in order to inflame the world. What can I say to you this morning, my brothers, that you do not know or which this occasion has not already suggested? But there is a power greater, higher, deeper, more enduring than knowledge. It is love. I cry out with the author of the "Imitation." "My God and my All! Enough is given to him that understands, and to him that loves it is delightful to repeat it often." So it should be delightful to consider again and again the motives which should influence us to keep alive and to intensify the fire of our love for our God, and to spread it in the hearts of His people.

These motives may be classified under two heads: First, a sense of gratitude to God for all His favor to us, and second, a penitential desire, as a consequence of the first, of reparation for our personal ingratitude and that of the world.

To some minds it may perhaps appear as an objection to the doctrine of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, that this favor is too much to be expected, and this humiliation too deep to be endured by Incarnate Deity. But, my brothers, how shall we limit His love for us? In a few moments

you shall hear chanted in the Nicene Creed, "Incarnatus Est." "Homo factus Est." "Crucifixus Est." It was too much that He should leave the glory which He had before the world was made, when He thought it not robbery to be equal to God and therefore was God, and became a man: too much when He was mocked and scourged and spat upon and crucified. Too much! Yes, too much for the intensity of human love, but not too much for Thee, Thou bleeding lover of Calvary. And not only has He come to our hearts as to the hearts of His faithful children, but He has singled us out as His priest, the custodian of His sacramental presence, the beings that have the power and the right to call Him down from heaven to be united to His creatures on earth. After the "Incarnatus est" and "Homo factus est" and "Crucifixus est," come as the complement of His love the still more marvellous words which not only declare a fact, but make it, "Hoc est corpus Meum." It is as if we were whispered as too sacred and too awful to be pronounced aloud! To you, the priest, He says, "I will not call you servant, but friend. In the early morning of your life day I called you from my servants and said to your young heart, 'Come, come from the world and its loves and ambitions and enter into the silence of my sanctuary, for you shall become a priest forever and shall offer the sacrifice of my body and blood for the living and the dead.' And when even after that call you proved at times unfaithful and deeply wounded me—for you had the power to do it, for you were of my household and did eat sweet breads with me, I forgave you, restored you, blessed you, loved you! What could I have done for you that I have not done?"

O my brothers, the soul subduing "reproaches" which are chanted in Good Friday's office during the veneration of the Cross can be multiplied and intensified when Christ addresses not His people, but His priests; not His servants, but His friends! A sense of gratitude, mingling with a sense of remorse, ought to arouse within the soul a burning desire to do all in our power to do something in our day to express both. Penitential love leads to reparation. In the heart of the priest it should lead to reparation for his personal sins and for those of the world which insults and wounds His Lord and lover. If, since we entered the Divine ministry, we have but once grievously offended God, though He has forgiven us, we should never forgive ourselves, but ever burn to wipe out by our acts the record of our sin. Think you that the prodigal son at the banquet given by his father because of his return rejoiced as the others did and thought only of his present happiness? No, my brothers, I have always imagined him sad at heart amidst the revelry, and when his father expostulated with him and said, "Why art thou pale and sorrowful? Have I wounded thee by word or deed?" "No, father," he would answer, "but I am sad because you did not wound me as I deserved, or rather because you did wound me to the heart's core by your forgiving love. I wept when you put the best garments upon me and the ring on my finger and the shoes on my feet, and my heart was breaking when you proclaimed that there should be a banquet because I, your son, was lost and was found: was dead and was come to life again!" O, father, how I burn to make reparation and show you I am not wholly dead to gratitude for such tender mercy. A thousand times more intense should be the feelings of the penitent priest. There are two kinds of love of God—the love that is never disloyal, the love of the Blessed Virgin and of the obedient angels, of St. Joseph, St. John and those who never sinned grievously. It is the highest and holiest. But there is another love, deep, intense, penitential—the love of Peter and Magdalen and Augustine—a love that burns to repair the past, a love that has achieved such wondrous things for God. O, my brothers, it is a consolation that this, at least, is left possible for us, and we should make it a living power in our souls and acts. But the true priest will not only seek to make reparation for his own sins, but will be moved to console the heart of Jesus Christ for the sorrow produced by the sins of his fellow-men.

Recall, my dear brothers, the agony in the Garden of Gethsemani. Amidst the darkness and unpeppable desolation of that scene, when the Lord's soul was sorrowful even unto death, and He asked that if possible that chalice of suffering should pass from Him, the Evangelist says that an angel came to comfort Him. What comfort could an angel give to the Lord of the angels? I have sometimes thought that perhaps this angel whispered to the sacred humanity of our Lord: "O Son of Man, though men will betray and deny and crucify Thee and the world prove ungrateful after all shall be consummated, yet behold that multitude which no man can number, that vast procession of apostles, martyrs, confessors, virgins and devoted lovers of Thee and Thy doctrines: behold the innumerable priests that shall stand at Thy altars and offer sacrifices of reparation to Thy now breaking Heart. O Son of Man, be comforted and en-

sure!" O, my brothers, to be one of these and to offer that sacrifice but once were worth the soul's highest aspiration and the soul's supremest effort. And you, my brothers, and I are amongst these. Thanks be to our God! Let us then unite in acts of reparation to our Lord for all the indignities offered to Him, especially in the sacrament of His love, the Holy Eucharist.

What are the means we should adopt to attain this end? We must begin with ourselves, and therefore have I dared to be so personal to day. "Qui non ardet non incendit." He who does not burn cannot set on fire. If there be no fire of Divine love and penitential sorrow in our own hearts, how can we communicate it to others? Our Eucharistic society of priests was founded and is admirably calculated to kindle this fire. Let us, then, be exact observers of the ordinances of our society, and let us, during the sessions of this convention, devise means of adaptation of the rules to the particular conditions of this country. So shall we increase in that personal love of our Lord which is, I believe, the only hope for that religious union of all denominations in the true fold of Christ's Church.

When we seek for union of discordant elements of any kind, we first look for the principles, if any, which are common to all the elements. Now, if we examine impartially we shall find that admiration and love for the character and person of Jesus Christ is the only one thing common to all. "Whom do men say that the Son of Man is?" asked Jesus of His apostles. They replied: "Some John the Baptist, others Elias or Jeremias or one of the prophets." Observe you, they differed as to whom to compare Him, but they all agreed that He was great and holy by comparing Him to these saints and prophets. So it is that all who bear the Christian name, and not only these, but the Mahometans themselves and now the Reformed Jews, honor that name which is above all names. It is wonderful what an amount of intense personal love for Jesus Christ is found outside the body of the Church. It is the point on which we agree. I believe His own prophetic words, "And if I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all things to Myself." Let us be filled with this personal love for our Lord, and we shall find avenues to the hearts of the children of men. Let us be gentle in our controversies, and remember that men are not opposed to the Catholic Church, but to something which they mistake for it. Let us, in the spirit of our dear Lord, be patient in explaining the doctrines of faith, and let us speak of that which they have in common with us, a love for His sacred person and character. A priest with the love of God in his heart has the attraction of the priesthood of Jesus Christ and wins pure souls of other folds and effects more than cold logic can to unite the world under His one banner. O, my brothers, think of these things, and act out your thoughts and sublime mission. And do Thou, O Eternal and Most Sacred God, send down wisdom that steth by Thy throne, to illumine the intellects and warm the hearts of Thy priests who go into council to day, that they may devise means to enkindle in the hearts of Thy faithful the fire Thou hast cast upon this earth. Amen.

### AN ANGLICAN HISTORIAN ON THE JESUITS IN CANADA.

"There is no darker page in the history of the nations of Europe than that which relates their oppression of the aboriginal inhabitants of countries which they have colonized. The tide of native life has been beaten back in well nigh every quarter into which the stream of her population has poured itself; and the swarthy savages of the West, of the East, of the South, have alike withered, or are withering away at the approach of the White Man. The treatment of the Indian tribes of North America by the English settlers upon their lands, presents no exception to this humiliating story.

And turning to the annals of the New England Colonies, we have found that, with one distinguished exception, they present not any more cheering testimony. The solitary exception, indeed, of Elliot's example, who throughout a period of more than fifty years, labored to bring the light of truth and peace to those who were living in the darkness of savage ignorance, and thereby won for himself the honored title of "Apostle of the Indians," is one to which I have already borne willing and grateful testimony.

Others there were, also—to their honor be it freely acknowledged—who before, and during Elliot's ministry, evinced in their constant efforts to preach the Gospel of Christ to the Indians of the North and of the West, a zeal and courage and devotion which have never been surpassed. They were not, indeed, of our country, or of our communion. Nay, more; they belonged to an order of men, in whom neither the Church nor State of England can place any trust, nor with whom they can hold any fellowship. Notwithstanding these facts, it is impossible to deny to the French Jesuit missionaries in Canada, throughout the whole of the

seventeenth century, the exercise of an ardent, steadfast, self-denying faith. I have already noticed their first introduction into that country, under the celebrated French Governor, Champlain, and the briefest glance at their proceedings afterwards overwhelms the mind with awe and wonder. Theirs were the churches and colleges and hospitals of Quebec; theirs the glory of penetrating the pathless forest, of traversing lake and river, of enduring hunger and cold and nakedness, of braving even death itself in its most frightful form, if only they might bring the children of the howling wilderness to the knowledge and service of Christ Jesus. From the waters of Nazara to Lake Superior; among the Huron tribes, the Mohawks, the Ojibwas, the Wyandots, the Senakas, and the Algonquins of Lake Nipissing; to the South and South-East, as far as the river Kennebec, and thence to the mouth of the Penobscot; again, to the far West, through Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois, even to the valley and down the river of the Mississippi, at every season, and in every place, the unwearied French missionary was seen, winning his way to the red man's home. Sometimes lost amidst the trackless snow or forests—at other times, hurried in his light canoe down some fearful rapid,—he perished, and was never heard of more. Of some, the tidings came home to their brethren, that they had met with death more terrible even than this; having been tortured by every art of savage cruelty; compelled to run the gauntlet through lines of murderers; or burnt, or scalped, or starved, or mutilated in every limb with axe and tomahawk; yet none quailed or faltered. New men instantly pressed on, with bold and cheerful heart, to fill up the places of the fallen. And, again, the intrepid soldiers of the Cross went forward. Achievements and sufferings such as these, make up, for the most part, the history of the Jesuit missionaries of Canada, whilst that country was under the dominion of the French. And as we read the pages which record them and mark the steadfastness of that faith which animated the hearts of Goupil and Juges and Lallemand and Brebeuf and Daniel in their martyrdom, or the strength of that heroic perseverance which sustained Alonzo and Dablon and Marquette in their perilous wanderings, we feel that we should violate the truth, and stifle those purest emotions of the heart in which truth rejoices, did we either altogether withhold, or only with niggard and reluctant spirit acknowledge the praise which is their due." (History of the Church of England in the Colonies, by Rev. James S. M. Anderson, M. A., Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, etc.)

### BACK TO THE FOLD.

A Former Belgian Prior of the Carmelites Returns to the Church.

Nearly a year ago the prior of the Discaled Carmelites, at Chevremont, retired from his convent on one or other frivolous pretext, and shortly afterwards laid aside the religious habit. The event naturally caused much distress to his brethren and was the occasion of no small scandal to Catholics generally. Glad of an opportunity to attack the Church the anti-religious press indulged in its customary diatribes against monastic institutions, and loudly applauded the spirit of independence shown by the unhappy priest, whom they congratulated on his release from the yoke of Rome. For a while the ex-religious received many attentions from the Liberal and Socialist organs, and under the patronage of these enemies of the Church he started a lecturing campaign against the Catholics and Catholicism. At one time it was said that he had gone over to the Protestants, but it seems there was no truth in the report. A conference to be delivered by him at the "Populaire," the Socialist headquarters at Liege, was lately announced. The lecture will not, however, be given. The prayers offered for his conversion have been heard. Pere Salle has seen the error of his ways, and, deeply regretting his relapse, has gone to the convent of his order at Paris, to seek readmission. In a letter addressed to the press he expresses his keen sorrow for the scandal he has given, unreservedly retracts whatever he may have said or written contrary to the teaching of the Church, and earnestly requests prayers that he may persevere in his present resolutions. As usual in cases of this kind, the anti-religious prints that made so much noise about the misguided priest's apostasy are careful not to breathe a word about his conversion.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

### Degeneracy of American Christianity.

From the Providence Visitor. The Dreyfus "sermons" have been followed by a crop of Dawey "sermons." There is no surer sign of the degeneracy of American Christianity than the present tendency on the part of preachers to turn their churches into lecture rooms and donate the time that ought to be given to the preaching of the Gospel to hero-worship or the discussion of political themes.