

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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Hearts Must Bleed Ere They Can Die.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERVEY BY BISHOP J. L. SPALDING.

When weary day sinks into restful night,
O bliss, to dream, to swoon, and to die,
To fall asleep in God, as wanes the light!

Would I might fade like hues of evening sky
When weary day sinks into restful night,
O bliss, to dream, to swoon, and to die,
To fall asleep in God, as wanes the light!

Would I, like a fair star, might pass away,
With brightness unobscured, to other spheres,
And, calm and painless, end my little day,
Dropping through azure heaven's boundless mere!

Would I might perish like the flower's breath,
Which from the fragrant petals softly steals,
And on the quiet air is borne to death,
Whence incense rising while the organ peals!

Would I might vanish like the morning dew,
Which, through the dewy grass, the gleaming plain,
Sucked up by God into the infinite blue,
With all my hopes and all my little gain!

Would I might float away like viewless snow,
Which makes escape from viols' trembling strings,
And, from its narrow prison scarcely flown,
In the Creator's breast in music sings!

Thou shalt not fade like hues of evening sky!
Nor like a star to rest shalt calmly sink;
Not like a flower's petals shalt thou die;
No morning ray thy life, like dew, shall drink.

Yet shalt thou pass nor leave a trace behind;
But many sorrows first thy soul shall try;
To other things remorseless death is kind,
But human hearts must bleed ere they can die.

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banks of the Danube, to deliver, as he told the world, in the name of the Roman Emperor, Nero, the City of Rome, no longer mistress of the world, from another barbarian whose father had come into Italy in the army of the Huns. From this barbarian, Odoacer, whose rule poor Italy had become very miserable, Theodoric would recover the fair country, garrison it with his own brave troops, and rule it as faithful servant of the Roman Monarch, at Constantinople. So the Pope was between two barbarian Arians; for the whole Gothic tribe, to which Theodoric gave a third part of the Italian fields, planting his soldiers as colonists here and there among them, had embraced the Arian heresy, and could not know and reverence the Pope as the Vicar of the Son of God.

Still Theodoric did in some sense deliver Italy. He became its King, really its Emperor, the Barbarian Theodoric instead of the Barbarian Odoacer; but he ruled well and according to the old laws of Rome, and he was fair to all his subjects, so far as he could be, Italian or Gothic, Catholic or Arian; and he was guided by the counsel of the Popes, of whom six reigned in his lifetime, and all were saints, and by the wisdom of one who has not the name of martyr, but who was the Thomas More of the old time; high in favor with his King as he was; and when that King turned upon him, as Henry turned upon More, because of his loyalty to the truth and the Pope, writing in his prison at Pavia, while he waited for his death, a book in which he strengthened himself and others against misfortune. Both books live to-day; the "Consolations of Philosophy" by the saintly Boethius from the dungeon of Pavia before he was beaten to death with clubs, after his head had been bound with cords till his eyes started from their sockets, and the Blessed Thomas More's "Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation" from the dungeon of Tower Hill, before his head fell upon the scaffold after long suffering in his prison; both works of Christian and saintly genius.

Theodor's goodness was not lasting; it is hard even for the best to have full power to do as they will and still retain their own minds. He was not satisfied with the flattering love which his people gave him; he began to oppress and levy unjust taxes, guided by Gothic advisers, who took the place of his Catholic counsellors: he suspected that his subjects thought more of the Catholic Emperor at Constantinople than of the Arian King at Rome, and he began to persecute, pulling down churches and denying the fullness of liberty to the Catholic faith. It was not hard to find excuses, and chief among them was the complaint that the young Emperor Justin was compelling the Arians to give back to the Catholics the churches which they had taken from them. "If Justin gave the churches to the Catholics, I will give them," he said, "to the Arians."

Still he could not altogether forget that he came into Italy as the Lieutenant of the Emperor, and he called Pope John to his place at Ravenna, and compelled him with five other Bishops and four Senators to go on an embassy to Constantinople. The Pope gave no unwilling consent to this matter; whatever the advice he might give the Emperor, it seemed that trouble must come. How could he persuade him, as Theodoric wished, to give Catholic Churches into Arian hands? How could he bring persecution on his flock in Italy, and use the Catholic churches there, by advising the Emperor not to grant Theodoric's demands?

When the news came of how Pope John was received at Constantinople, Theodoric could scarcely have been well pleased. They were Catholics in Constantinople then, in 525, and they knew who came to them when the Pope came. Twelve miles beyond the walls of the city of Constantinople the whole people went forth with cross and taper and banner and song. Our Lord's representative rode into that Catholic city with more triumph than on Palm Sunday He had Himself ridden into Jerusalem. The Catholic Emperor Justin, higher in dignity, more generous in heart, than the Arian King of Italy, bowed down prostrate before the Vicar of Christ, and the whole city kept festival for days because St. Peter was in his heart.

We learn from the Breviary that at that entry he was honored with the gift of miracles, and that, as he passed through the "Golden Gate" of the city he restored sight to a blind man. The very animals, as we read so often in the lives of great saints, knew Him and showed Him honor, for the horse upon which he rode, lent to him by reason of its gentle temper, as he went on his way to the East, after having carried him with all docility, refused on its return to its owner to be ridden by other rider.

What was the advice given by the Pope to Justin we do not know. Certain it was that the result of this grand embassy, during which Boethius and others had been put to death, did not soothe Theodoric; no sooner had the ship sailed into the Port of Ravenna, than Pope John with the four Senators, his companions, was taken not to the Palace, but to a most noisome dungeon in the town.

At no time of the world's history, and at no spot of the world's surface, have prisons been built for comfort, and we shall be right in thinking of the dungeon at Ravenna as amongst the most wretched of them all.

For a long time now Ravenna, not Rome, had been the real Capital. It was a strange place—another Venice—provided by the Emperor Augustus, unknown, for the days when Emperors should be weak and barbaric, and invasions many—an old Grecian colony founded far up the Adriatic sea, some six miles below the most southern of the seven mouths of the river Po. Augustus marked the spot; it was surrounded for miles by a morass that could not be passed; from the land side an Emperor might live at ease and leave it to swamp and bog around him to keep off myriads of foes. His city could not be carried by assault, nor could he be starved out so long as ships could bring him corn up the Adriatic. About three miles, then, from the old Greek town, he made an harbor which would hold between two and three hundred of the then ships of war and commerce; he cut a canal from the Po, made the river flow as a moat round his new town, and divide his streets into little islands, Venice like, by numberless canals. Between the old town and this new harbor there soon stretched three miles of connecting houses, and in the weakness of the days when savage hordes came down upon Italy, the feeble Emperors or Kings or Viceroys slept here secure.

The air, as in other places of the kind, was pure; the city itself was pleasant; but there were two great complaints; they had "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink"; and there was no getting to sleep at night for the incessant croaking of frogs. Miles upon miles of frogs in miles upon miles of swamp would make horse music from the land, and the Roman poets tell of the hoarseness of the Adriatic by sea.

The deep cell of a dungeon in such a place could have nothing but misery, starvation, and distress of mind. St. John I. died in a few days, having reigned on so rude a throne between two and three years only.

And the life of St. John is but one specimen of the sort of life led by the Popes of those earlier times, who are supposed by Englishmen, even still, to have been thinking of nothing but establishing the powers of Rome's See and Rome's Bishop, over the Sees and the Bishops of the world. Truly the ambition of Pope John, as to earthly things, in his dungeon at Ravenna must have been for a crust of bread, a draught of pure water, and a few moments of quiet rest.—St. Andrew's Magazine, for June.

MONK AND FRIAR.

Origin and Signification of the Names—The Orders of the Church.

A monk is one who has consecrated himself to God, by the three solemn vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, in an order or congregation approved of by the Church. He lives in a monastery, or in a separate cell or hut, observes the rule and wears the habit peculiar to his institute.

If we take the derivation of the word—the Greek *Monachos*, solitary—we are apt to conclude that it was or is only applied to one who retires into a desert, there to live apart from the rest of mankind, away from all intercourse with the world and occupying himself exclusively with his own salvation. True, the word "monk" was applied to such solitaries, who, however, were properly known as hermits; but as at no period of their history did these hermits constitute the only form of monastic life, the word "monk" was from the first a generic term, and included three classes of religious. This distinction is closely defined in Guizot's "European Civilization" (vol. II. lecture 14).

The three classes were the Ascetics or ascetics, who lived, indeed, in monasteries, but were confined to separate cells or little huts, as are the Camaldolese of the present day in Italy. They did not segregate, in the first instance, from civil society; they did not retire into deserts; they only obliged themselves to fasting, silence and to all sorts of austerities, more especially to celibacy.

Soon afterwards others retired from the world, went to live far from their fellow men, absolutely alone, amidst the woods and deserts, in the depths of the Thebaid, and were known as hermits. This was the second form of monastic life. After some time, from causes which have left no traces behind them, yielding perhaps to the powerful attraction of some more celebrated hermit, like St. Anthony, for instance, they collected together, built huts side by side, performed their religious exercises together, and began to form a regular community. It was at this period, as it would seem according to Guizot, that they first received the name of monks.

By and by they made a further step. They collected into one edifice, under one roof. The association was more closely knit, the common life more complete—they were in a monastery and were called "cenobites" (Greek, *kinos*, common, *bios*, life). This was the third form of the monastic institution, its definite form, that to which all its

subsequent developments, like the Benedictine and western orders, were to adapt themselves.

We see, then, that the word monk, in its very origin, was applied to one who lived not separate, but in a community; that it became a general term to include three classes, and as such we find the first mention of the word—*monachus*—in a council, A. D. 451. Sarnelli (Litterar. Ecol., tom. VII.) says the word did not exist among the early Christians, either of the East or West.

The word "friar" belongs particularly, though not exclusively, to the mendicant orders, like the Dominican and Franciscan, and would seem to have come into general use at the rise of these orders, in the thirteenth century, though we find the word used a century previous. If we consider this word as derived immediately from the Latin *frater*, brother—we must go back to the sixth century, to find Pope Gregory the Great styling the patriarchs, primates and archbishops—*Fraternitas Sanctissimas*; and styling the Bishops—*Fraternitas tua*. After him the Roman Pontiffs began to address the cardinals, archbishops, etc., under the formula—*Venerabiles Fratres, Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem*—a form which has come down to Leo XIII.

This also gave rise, in the monasteries, to the custom of calling the members *fratres*, brothers—an expression retained even in Latin documents written at the present day. But the true derivation of friar would seem to be from the French—*freres*—and this title was first given by the French people to the Hospitallers of St. John, A. D. 1118. From this word *freres* the title was derived into all the languages—Italian, *friari*; English, *friar*; modern Greek, *pheroi*; and even in the Latin chronicles of the time the word was *freris*.

The new orders of SS. Dominic and Francis, which arose in the thirteenth century, professed a rigorous poverty, were like so many popular fraternities of pious guilds of the middle ages, and the common people changed the word *friar* or perhaps substituted the more Italian name *frate* or *fra*, a contraction of *fratello*, brother; and thus we have these orders, from their very origin, called friars preachers and friars minors.

The expression "Frater" now became a title of honor, and even Cardinals and Bishops signed themselves "Frater" or simply "Fr." Men in the world, especially those distinguished in letters or the fine arts, usurped the title, and painters and sculptors signed it, just as members of benevolent orders to-day sign "Bro. Jones." It was even in more general use than the "Abbe" in modern France, and how many of us have asked what claims had the celebrated composer and pianist, Liszt, to this last title.

Boccaccio was often called Fra Boccaccio. True he died in a monastery, regretting the licentiousness of his "Decameron"; but neither the title nor the monastery made him a monk; he only went there to live in retirement and do penance for his former life.

This universal adoption of the title "Fr." causes much confusion to the student of history; and, unfortunately, when translated friar by those who are either too ignorant or, or, perhaps, too indifferent to its application, the religious orders are compelled to carry the odium and stigma of crimes committed by those who were never of their fold.

SCIENCE AND THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Father Yorke, of San Francisco, Refutes the Charges of Bigotry and Gives His Hearers Some History.

St. Mary's cathedral, San Francisco, was crowded a few evenings ago to hear Rev. P. C. Yorke's lecture upon the subject of "What the Catholic Church Has Done for Science." The lecturer held the close attention of his large audience for almost two hours, and cited many historical incidents to refute the accusation that the Church was opposed to the progress of scientific knowledge. The reverend gentleman spoke in substance as follows: It has become a kind of superstition that all religions, and especially the Catholic religion, are antagonistic to science. If you take up the newspapers you will see that it is the duty of the Catholic Church to stifle all scientific research, especially since the promulgation of the doctrine of infallibility! After this the world threw up its hands and said: "This is the end of learning and the death of knowledge."

When Christ sent His Apostles forth He did not teach them the multiplication table nor instruct them in chemistry, but in the doctrine of faith, which He came down from heaven to give unto mankind.

So the Church has her sphere of teaching apart from the teachings of science, and she has tenaciously resisted intrusion into her realm of thought. No one needed to subscribe to them, but were free to go outside, but within she would brook no dogma other than her own. Yet her teaching has overflowed into the realm of science, and she has become the fostering mother of that knowledge. It is when the Church refused to fall

down before the secular theories that the world said she was opposed to science.

If we find that the Catholic Church has been marching in the van of civilization, that she has been the fountainhead of the learning of the ages, if we look back from the vantage ground of history and see her the nursing mother of science, can we echo the accusation that she has opposed the advance of knowledge?

We will find that she has led in educational research, and she has not been afraid of the light. When the darkness of barbarism came down in Europe till it seemed that the learning of the time would be quenched in the gloom of an Arctic night, it was the Church that turned the Vandal from his work of destruction. No sooner had the invaders come in contact with the Church of Rome than they forgot their ferocity, and bowed before that which they had attempted to destroy. Then were their feet planted in the path that led to our modern civilization. She, the Mother Church, like the prophet of old, gathered up the fire of the altar and hid it in her garment.

When order had been restored and government established schools sprang up on all sides. In the abbots and monasteries priests and monks devoted their lives to teaching. From these sprang the great universities that are now the pride of all ages. They spread across Europe, through France and to the British Isles and Ireland shone with the glory of her learning. Italy is, and has ever been, the centre and cradle of civilization.

The great means of advancing knowledge is the art of printing. We feel that something is lost if we do not receive our newspaper. In this enlightened age the poor have literature as well as the rich. In the olden time men prepared the skin of animals whereon to write. They went down to the river and gathered the reeds, which they split, and that was paper. The art of printing came down to us from Catholic lands.

If the monks—the "lazy monks"—were so opposed to learning, then was the time to smash the printing press and check the progress of letters. The first book on this continent was printed in the City of Mexico, and was an explanation of the Catholic doctrine, and the first newspaper in the world was published in Venice.

Let me briefly call up more evidence of the attitude of the Catholic Church toward learning. In the sixth century Ptolemy, the Greek astronomer in Alexandria, was succeeded by Cosmo, a Catholic. In the thirteenth century we find Catholic monks such as Marco Polo and others penetrating into the darkness of Eastern barbarism, carrying the light of the benighted nations there.

Then we see Columbus commanding a ship, bearing the cross of the most Catholic King of Spain sailing west over an unknown ocean. This continent was named after another Catholic explorer. When people pronounce the words Columbia and America they utter a tribute to Catholicism. Other men of the same faith, followed by the brave Spanish soldiers, bore the holy cross of their belief to all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Of course, we have all heard of Galileo and his retraction. He has been held up for ages as evidence of the Church's hostility to science. Galileo's error was not in spreading his theory of the earth's motion around the sun, but in attempting to prove it in scriptural argument.

This the Church considered as an intrusion into her own realm, and he was called upon to cease. He refused to do so, and was confined for a while at Rome in a palace. The weird tales of his imprisonment in a dreary dungeon and his dread experience there fall to the ground. Afterward Galileo was given a pension by the Catholic Church, and enjoyed this gift all his remaining life.

What of Kepler and Tycho Brahe, the Protestant astronomers of Germany and Denmark, respectively? Because of their theories on the same line of thought of Galileo they were forced to flee from their Lutheran countrymen, and take refuge in Catholic countries, where they were well treated and honored. When you hear of Galileo answer by mentioning the names of Kepler and Tycho Brahe.

When the Gregorian calendar was established in Rome, correcting an error in time, and adopted by Catholic countries, Protestant England and Germany bitterly opposed it and long afterward computed time twelve days behind the age.

Two great men died recently—Huxley, the agnostic, and Pasteur, the Catholic. The former, with a mind so clear that he could make others see as clearly as he, yet knew nothing of a future state, and thought all men were matter, to return to the elements.

He died, and we cannot point to anything he did or discovered to make life easier for his fellows. How it was with Pasteur all men can answer. A man believing in God in searching the works of God will reach the highest point in the learning of the world.

Then (in the day of judgment) constant patience shall more avail than all the power of the world.—The Imitation.

MOST REV. SEBASTIAN MARTINELLI, O. S. A.

Cardinal Satolli's Successor as Papal Delegate to the United States.

Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, ninety-ninth of the long line of illustrious superiors general of the Augustinian order (reaching back to the date of the union of the O. S. A. in 1354), was born August 20, 1848, in the parish of Santa Anna, Luca, Tuscany, and looks even younger than he is. He is the youngest of five children of Cosimo and Maddalena (Pardini) Martinelli. His eldest brother, the late Cardinal Tommaso Maria Martinelli, and the third son of the family, Father Aurelius Martinelli (now director general of the Pious Union), also became Augustinian friars.

Sebastian went to Rome when he was fifteen years of age, and has dwelt for thirty-one years in the Eternal City. Most of his time has been spent in teaching. He was resident regent of studies at the Irish Augustinian Hospice of Santa Maria in Postumia; and (when the government seized that house for public improvements) at San Carlo on the Corso. For many years he was promoter of the cultus of the Augustinian saints and blessed ones—an office of trust and great honor, inasmuch as the promoter is champion advocate and sponsor of the candidates for canonization before the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

At the general chapter of the Augustinian Order on September 28, 1889, at the Convent Church of St. Monica, Rome, Sebastian Martinelli was elected prior general of the Hermits of the Order of St. Augustine, Vice Most Rev. Pacifico Nenni, deceased February, 1889. On that autumn day Father Sebastian was in his cell at San Carlo, knowing nothing about the election. The committee from the chapter house, coming thither in the name of the Cardinal President, found the humble friar at his desk (he was a hard student), and despite his tears and protests insisted on bearing him off to where the brethren were awaiting their newly chosen chief. Their choice has been well approved by the distinction with which the young Father General has filled his high and responsible position. He is a member of the Holy Office, that select and supreme tribunal at Rome, which claims the Sovereign Pontiff himself as its prefect, and which is called to render decision on the weightiest causes and questions of Christendom. He resides at St. Monica's, Rome.

He sailed from Italy June 21, 1894, for this country, and was the only Augustinian General, save one (Most Rev. Paul Micallet, who visited South America in 1859), that ever crossed to this side of the Atlantic. He came to visit the houses of his order and presided at the chapter convened at Villa Nova College on July 25th of that year. Dr. Martinelli is in the very prime of his manhood and possesses a charming personality. He speaks English with ease and fluency. To the quick, vivacious ardor of his countrymen he unites the keen insight or delicate sympathy of the high bred churchman. Although the term of the Father General of the order had previously been only five years, Dr. Martinelli was in July, 1895, re-elected for a term of twelve years. As the Father General must reside in Rome, his appointment as Papal delegate to the United States will necessitate his resigning his present position.

RIDING THE GOAT.

Frank Preble Relates His Intimate Experience in an Orange Lodge in Court.

Waltham, Mass., Aug. 16.—The most unusual case ever tried in the district court came up to-day before Judge Luce, when an alleged expose was made under oath upon the witness stand of the riots and ordeals through which a candidate must pass to become a full fledged Orangeman. Frank A. Preble was the first witness. He was one of the candidates who thought the initiatory ceremony was cruel, and was seeking legal satisfaction for his experience. He swore that his troubles began the minute he passed the mystic portals. He was compelled to discard all raiment except his underwear. He was then given a pair of overalls, blindfolded and led into the larger lodge room. There he was obliged to get down on his knees and repeat the Lord's Prayer. Then he had to clamber over a lot of rough blocks, was struck with whips, and finally posed upon a ladder. When at the top the ladder was suddenly pulled from under him, and he was pitched into a canvas blanket, in which he was bounced around for a while. Then he was made to march around the room carrying a large bag of rocks. Finally he was told to raise his hand and try to find "the serpent." He stated that a branding iron was applied to his breast, which finished the initiatory proceedings. He claimed that his breast was badly burned, and the wounds were raw for ten days, and the legs were discolored from the pressure of the blows he received. This closed the complainant's testimony. No evidence was put in for the defense. Judge Luce fined six officers of the lodge \$25 each. All appealed, and were held in \$200 bonds each.