

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

NO. 1,016.

The Catholic Record. London, Saturday April 9, 1898.

HOLY WEEK.

The week preceding Easter has been set aside by the Church for prayer and meditation; for on these days, says St. John Chrysostom, was the tyranny of the devil overthrown, death disarmed, sin and its curse taken away, heaven opened and made accessible, and men made fellows with the angels. The object of the Church is to commemorate the Passion of her Founder. Every part of the sacred liturgy is directed to that end, and the Catholic who neglects to acquire some knowledge of its meaning, and thus deprives his soul of life-giving nourishment is sadly deficient in the knowledge of what he owes to himself and to his Church. It is not necessary to be able to appreciate the rare beauty of many of the hymns and prayers, or to point out the various agencies that have produced the majestic liturgy of today; but it is necessary in order to glean some profit from the ceremonies of Holy Week to understand their significance. They are parts of a drama that has a message for every Christian soul.

From Palm to Easter Sunday the Church endeavors to concentrate the gaze of her children upon the cross of Calvary. Palm Sunday has, indeed, its song of triumph, but over the Mass of that day hangs the shadow of the Passion.

A Catholic who does not during these few days enter into the spirit of the Church must have his heart-strings twined around things earthly. He must ask himself the meaning of the singular manifestation of sorrow, and if of thoughtful mind will tell himself the story that has refashioned the world—how the Son of God came unto His own, and all wounded and degraded as they were, clasped them more tenderly to His bosom than a mother does a suffering babe, and proved to them that greater love no man hath than to give his life for his friend.

EASTER.

On Easter Sunday we seem to hear the words spoken by the holy man Simeon: Now, Lord, dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace.

He had waited long for the coming of the Saviour. The years sped by and whitened his hair and touched the frame with the infirmity of age; but he went his way confident that before he laid himself down to rest he would see the Redeemer. And one day there came into the temple a woman, fair and beautiful, bearing in her arms a little Child. It was wise as for a certain gracious majesty of expression, different from other children, but the old man's eyes gleamed with the light of prophecy as they beheld it, and the old heart throbbed with exultation, and his voice rang clear in thanksgiving, for before him was his Salvation, his God and Master.

And it seems that the peace and joy of Simeon must have, in more complete and deeper measure, found an abiding-place in the hearts of the Apostles after the Resurrection. The shadow of the cross was dispelled by the light of the empty sepulchre. The dark and dismal doubts that had played havoc with their belief in Christ's Divinity were gone forever, and the assurance that He was the Son of God took firm root in their souls. Clear was the path now, and clear the goal, and with intellects freed from the bondage of doubt, and with hearts buoyed up by the hope of the imperishable crown, they rejoiced in the day that the Lord had made. They knew that the task that engrossed humanity for many years had been completed. Men yearned for God whom they had lost, and God stood before their faculties—and satisfied them. Many and wondrous miracles did He work to show that He was no impostor. The stilling of the storms, the cleansing of the lepers, the curing of the blind—all the mira-les that mark His public career were for this sufficient; but He chose to rest the proof that the absolute power and independent authority which He claimed to possess was His by right in His Resurrection.

"Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up," was His public challenge to His enemies. Strange

words to come from a defenceless Man! and stranger still in the ears of those who had derided His assumption of divine origin, pursued Him with relentless fury and at length had brought Him to bay. And when they saw the livid and mangled body deposited in the tomb they gloated with exultation over the thought that the prediction would not be verified and that the Son of Joseph the carpenter would no longer trouble them in the guidance of the Jewish people. His history was finished and they went back to tell their kinsfolk the "Impostor" was no more. Yes, the history of suffering was finished—but the history of triumph and glory that we read to day was just beginning. That history tells us that Jesus of Nazareth came forth from the tomb again as the conqueror of death and hell. It was no dream or vision, but a reality. Its certainty removed all suspicion that the Master was not the Messiah of the prophets. It gave them a faith firm and fearless—a faith that bade twelve uneducated men from the fishing hamlets of Judea to charge right up against the picked battalions of the world. It mattered little that they went in the most forlorn hope the world has ever seen. For Jesus of Nazareth they charge, and amidst the din of conflict or when the warm blood of death comes bubbling from their lips the battle cry is the same—I believe in the Risen God. Well might we expect that such resolute hearts should pen the "Crede," for they had seen their Salvation—they had beheld Him who confirmed the truth of His teachings by rising from the dead. We repeat that sacred word with the same unwavering confidence as the Apostles on the morning of the first Easter—as did the prelates of the Council of Nice who, all of them, ready to die for Christ, many of them with their eyes dug out, their hands scorched and legs disabled, had come from all quarters of the world, to bear witness to the faith within them.

Easter has also a message of joy for those who stagger under the burden of life's cares and sorrows, for it points to the Resurrection awaiting all who die in the grace of the Lord. "Christ our Head rose from the dead and we members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones, rise also. We who participate in His labors shall also participate in His reward."

We may not wonder, then, that the festival comes to us with a joy and a peace that surpasseth all understanding. "He is risen, He is not here," spoke the faithful few who formed up on that morning of long ago to do battle for Him and His cause. Knitted to their souls was the faith that guided them and the hope deep set in their hearts that in the last day they would rise out of the earth and in the flesh they would see their God kept them wandering on the path. Adown the centuries they come, a band of men and women, a band of pure maidens and mothers, a band of men strong enough to regard sin as the only dishonor. We hear the steady tramp, and we can see them travel-stained and weary, but shining in their eyes the light of a courage that draws its strength from God. We must not let them pass unheeded. We must join them and give our allegiance to the noblest cause that can enlist the sympathies and energies of the human heart, and some day we shall march up to the Eternal City, and the eternal gates will be lifted up and in our flesh we shall see our God.

Follow Suit.

According to W. I. C. in the Freeman's Journal, a beautiful and touching practice occurs almost daily in St. Joseph's school, Barre, near Sharp street, Baltimore. The school, which is conducted by the Sisters of Charity, is immediately across the street from the building of No. 2 Engine Company, and every time the fire ladders leave their house in response to an alarm of fire every Sister and child offers up a prayer for their safety. The firemen have long known of this, and regard the gentle Sisters of the school as their guardian angels, and nothing could shake the strong belief prevalent among them as to the efficacy of the thousand of supplications that have ascended heavenward in their behalf. The school at present consists of one hundred and eight scholars, and as the engine company goes out, hundreds of times every twelve months, it would be interesting to compute how many prayers have been offered for the

safety of the firemen during the twenty years the custom has been followed. The sound of the fire gong can be distinctly heard in the school, through all the class rooms, and as it tolls off the box and the apparatus dashes from the house, every Sister and child bows the head in prayer. The prayers are not said aloud, nor is there any set form, each person merely sending upward a mental petition to God for the protection of the men in their heroic and perilous duties. At these moments the scene is a most impressive one and in sharp contrast with the noise, confusion and bustle of the departing firemen.

"THE ENEMY OF SOCIETY."

Sermon by Rev. Father Gleeson, S. J.

We are indebted to The Witness of Detroit for the following synopsis of a sermon delivered by Rev. Father Gleeson, S. J., in the Jesuit Church of that city on Sunday, 27th March. The subject of the discourse was "Infidelity the Enemy of Society."

The voice of nature cries that man was made to live in society with his fellow man. If reason's confirmation is asked, man's gifts and faculties, his needs, his inclinations, history's testimony, all indicate that society is nature's law, and not an arbitrary invention.

Now Infidelity denies that man is by nature a social being. One school of philosophers would make man naturally antagonistic to his fellow man until the instinct of self-preservation compelled an unnatural society. According to a solitary wanderer in the forest wilds, who entered into compact with his fellow for mutual betterment, and society is an arbitrary scheme of selfishness. The Evolutionists say society is the development of a gregarious animal instinct; that is, man is on the same plane with the beasts of the field. If such is the material of human society, it could never rise to the dignity of a union of intelligent beings striving to attain a common end. Such union requires beings endowed with reason and free will, and with the power to select or reject and knowingly and freely attach to it. Animals are not thus endowed, nor will evolution raise them to it, for evolution is not the production of something of a higher order. With such errors, then, no wonder Infidelity perverts the very nature, object, sphere and whole government of society.

Infidelity divorces God and religion from society. Denying God it fails to recognize society's dependence on the Supreme Being and its duties of worship and service. He who admits that man is by nature a social being recognizes his dependence on God, the Author of nature, for his faculties for society; he recognizes his dependence individually and socially, which he is bound to acknowledge by worship and service, a homage due no less by society than the individual.

But they tell us the end of the state is temporal, to promote external order and temporal welfare. True, but the duty of a moral person remains, to recognize his independence as a social being on God. And more, Church and State are independent and supreme, each in its own sphere, yet not antagonistic; and there should be a co-ordination of action and rights. Religion assists the State by urging principles of order and justice, without which civil society is impossible, and the State aids religion in keeping man in unmomented enjoyment of his natural rights of worship and spreading its influence.

The supreme end of man is his own perfection and happiness, to be only attained by the possession of God, the Supreme True and Good. His temporal welfare is the end of the State, subordinate to the higher end which it should subserve. Within the State are many minor societies, each with its object, compatible with the public good. So the State may secure within its own sphere the temporal welfare of its members and contribute to the attainment of man's supreme end.

Infidelity would destroy these essential relations founded on man's nature, and would refuse Religion's aid to the state, separating man from his ultimate end, making the State everything and the individual nothing, a result which it is impossible to reduce to practice, for discord would result.

The welfare of a society depends upon the quality of its component elements. Families compose society; the individual, arrived at maturity is, naturally, inclined to the formation of families. The family is prior in time and necessity to the State, which is a union of families, and through them of individuals; and on the welfare of the family depends the welfare of the individual, race and civil society. The bond of union in the family is mutual love. It is the source of union between husband and wife, and between parents and children. It is not a mere animal instinct but a mutual attraction of rational beings, and a permanent one. The indissolubility of matrimony is from the law of nature, and divorce is a violation of that law. Principles which undermine the family are injurious to society, and such are the principles of Infidelity. It makes the

more I studied the more fully I became convinced that the Catholic Church is the only true Church. I was not fully convinced, however, until the last non-Catholic mission. These services I attended thoroughly and constantly. I asked questions and put them in the question box. The answers satisfied me, and I resolved to accept the Catholic faith.

Mr. Bowns, who is unmarried, has not yet determined upon his plans for the future. He is now once more a layman, but it is possible he may study for the priesthood.

MISS ARNOLD'S CONVERSION.
Following closely in the footsteps of her friend, Miss Elizabeth M. Gurney, Miss Emma Arnold, of 255 West Twenty-third street, a well-known worker in the Protestant Episcopal Church in this city, has united with the Catholic communion, having been recently received in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in West Sixteenth street. Miss Arnold communicated to none of the members of her family her intention of changing her faith, and all of them were greatly surprised at her action when they learned of it.

From her childhood Miss Arnold had always been identified with Church work and was very devout. She comes of a family long prominent in the social world of Philadelphia, where they formerly resided. When she came here to live she immediately joined the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in West Forty-sixth street. But the High Church tendencies of that parish were, apparently, not sufficient for her needs. In the course of her work in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Miss Arnold became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth M. Gurney, the head and front of the Church Settlement House, an institution on the upper east side, which was mainly supported by Rev. William Everett Johnson and his parish, of the Church of the Redeemer, when that church was situated at Park avenue and Eighty-second street, before it was sold under the hammer by the city for debt.

Miss Gurney left the Episcopal Church a few months ago. She and Miss Arnold met frequently at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, which Miss Gurney attended. Two weeks ago Miss Arnold was received into the Church by Rev. John F. X. O'Connor, S. J., in the presence of a few friends from this city and Philadelphia.

EX MAYOR AND MRS. A. OAKLEY HALL.
On Friday, the feast of the Annunciation, ex Mayor and Mrs. A. Oakley Hall were formally received into the Church, in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Columbia avenue, by Rev. Father George M. Searle.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall have both had leanings toward the Catholic Church all their lives, though Mr. Hall was reared a Presbyterian and Mrs. Hall an Episcopalian. They were converted to the faith about a year ago, largely through talking with Father Searle and reading his book, "Plain Facts for Fair Minds." They have since awaited a favorable opportunity of making the formal change, and meanwhile the ex-Mayor has written articles in support of Catholic doctrine.

MRS. MARY UTLEY ROBBINS.
Mrs. Mary Utley Robbins, widow of Judge Chilton Robbins, who was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Freehold, N. J., has formally renounced the creed of the Episcopal Church and received baptism as a Catholic.

She had been prominent in both New Jersey and Vermont as a member of the advanced Ritualistic school of the Episcopal Church. Her conversion followed instructions conducted by Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, president of St. John's College, Forham. She was baptized in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, March 7.

Mrs. Robbins is living at present at 112 West Sixty-fourth street, and when seen yesterday she said she had had the adoption of Catholicity under consideration for upwards of a year. There were so many breaks and parties in the Episcopal Church, she said, that she had lost faith in it. Ever since she began the contemplation of the step taken, continual influence was at work on the part of her relatives and friends in Vermont to dissuade her.

Her former rector, Rev. Charles Smith Lewis, of Manchester, Vt., who is now a fellow of the General Theological Seminary in this city, was especially active in his efforts. Since her conversion, she said, she has been ignored absolutely by her relatives.

Mme. De Benavides, the wife of General Benavides, of the Mexican army, herself a convert from the Protestant faith, stood as godmother to Mrs. Robbins when she was baptized.

Women in the Middle Ages.
The women who clamor for their rights may be surprised to learn that women sat in the Council of the Saxon Tribes; that abbesses deliberated with rulers and nobles as far back as 694; that in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., four abbesses sat in parliament; and that in the reign of Edward III. six countesses were distinguished in like manner. And it is safe to say that these ladies of the Middle Ages never ceased to be modest and soft-voiced gentlewomen.—The Ave Maria.

WHY ONE MAN IS A CATHOLIC.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

I suppose every man can, or imagines he can, give a logical reason for entertaining whatever ideas he may hold, be they political, religious, scientific or ethical. What I am going to undertake now is to give some of the reasons why I am a Catholic. If a man is conscientious in his affiliations, political or social, he must first be convinced that the organization or class to which he is to attach himself stands for the working out of the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number before he will formally connect himself with it, and make its interest his own. But in choosing one's religious faith there are other considerations that must have attention.

There are many religious faiths, or rather faiths that are not religious, and the claims made by all are about the same; that is, they all claim in common to point men to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. If one of them is right the rest are wrong. This is the first consideration that confronts the investigator of the religious truth, and it is the first task of the conscientious investigator to determine which of these many conflicting faiths is the true one, and it is in the hope of making this task easier to such that this is written.

In the first place, we must know what authority any faith has for its existence before we can intelligently place any confidence in it. And when such momentous interests as the eternal welfare of the soul are concerned, no peace of mind can be enjoyed when the interests involved are comprehended until the problem is solved which is the true faith.

This is the most important problem a man will ever be compelled to solve, for upon its proper solution hinges eternal destiny.

A Church, or so-called Church, to merit the confidence of men should hold its commission from Christ in its earthly head, and this authority must be brought down through the intervening centuries in an unbroken line or it will naturally lose its force and effect. The Catholic Church is the only one that dates its existence from the time of Christ. It has kept the Gospels which other so-called Churches have mutilated and call their own. Its martyrs protected and defended them with their lives. They journeyed everywhere, despised and abused, teaching to all whom they met the message of salvation which they had received, without hope of earthly gain. And bear in mind that no other Church now remaining had any existence until five or six centuries after the Catholic Church began its mission in the world, and when others did make their appearance their founders (who were only men, and not extra-good ones at that) used the Scriptures that the Catholic Church had carefully guarded through centuries of strife and bloodshed and upheaval of empires, and after distorting and garbling them to suit their own fancies foisted them upon the ignorant, uneducated masses as the true word of God. Notice this fact as proved by history that in the early history of Protestantism there is no record of any persons of great intellectual qualities embracing that creed. Their appeals were always made to the uneducated, as they, having no knowledge to guide them, were easily deceived and ready to listen to any flattering orator who could make them believe they could find an easier way to heaven than the one laid out by Jesus and His Apostles.

It has been said of many things: "By their fruits ye shall know them." So I say of churches. The Catholic Church supports more charities than any other organization according to its wealth. It supports more charities than all the Protestantism combined, take it the whole world over.

Christ's mission was to all men, and especially to the poor, and any church, to carry out His spirit, must care for the poor. If you are degraded, down-trodden and despised, the Catholic Church, in the spirit of its Founder, will reach down lower after you and lift you up higher than any organization of whatever character that has ever blessed the world.

Wm. Westerfield.
Springfield, Mo.

A wonderful lesson is that preached by Holman Hunt's great picture, "Breaking Home Ties." A strange loneliness surges over the man who has never known a Christian home as he sees his companion's joy and recognizes that he has been a stranger to the richest experience which may hallow a man's life. The boy starts out with hope and eager confidence and chafes under his mother's solicitude. He will never know, until he becomes a father, the heart wrench and dull pain which she experiences as she is forced to let him go out and buffet for a standing-place in the big world, there to learn the shoddy shams and sordid selfishness, and to combat the temptations of a great city. The memory of the parting days from the old home may turn the thought of some man back to the promises of that day, and the pure purposes once his, and which have been forgotten.