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The Catholic Register.

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VOL. IX. — NO. 47.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Prospects of Catholicism

We make the following further extracts from the impressive article by Dr. William Barry, in the current number of The National Review: Rome holds up an ideal which comes to us from the New Testament and is directly opposed to the prevailing Atheism. This has been admirably shown in a volume of "Letters," published two years ago by one, himself not a Catholic, who was profoundly aware of the truth so often overlooked, that all the complex agencies, hierarchical, monastic, or devotional, which strangers believe are parts of an ambitious secular policy, do aim, in effect, at something very different and are only means to a supernatural end. I am astonished, by the way, that pages so full of thought, so genuine in their sympathy, and so penetrating as criticism, have not attracted the attention which they deserve. Viewing the Roman Church in a variety of aspects, and letting its opponents speak their unvarnished mind, the writer throws out these pregnant suggestions, which I take to be the drift of his reasoning: First, that "at a certain psychological point, perhaps, a man can only choose between the Catholic Church, and entire rejection of supernatural Christianity." Such a moment, one would say, has arrived for the Latin races in general, and is approaching faster than most of us think for the intellectual and devout in these islands and even in America. But, second, the volume reminds us that mere historical or philosophical objections to Rome miss the centre of attack, for "the Catholic Church also reasons but it relies for victory upon prayer, that is to say, upon desire or will to win souls, a desire or will multitudinous, yet disciplined to act collectively, and skillfully directed to its end. This is the faith which moves hearts, it is not mountains." And, third, says that one of the correspondents from whom we are quoting, "It seemed to me that the Church centred at Rome alone — far, of course, from perfectly, but yet in some measure — realizes the idea of a church extending itself to all countries, races, languages and generations. Visible unity seemed to me of the essence of the Christian Church in idea, and its chief utility, so far as realized, in practice." In reply to these arguments, or enforcing them from a slightly different point of view, it is said by the man to whom they are addressed: "I find in the Church of Rome much that satisfies my reason, a strong deciding authority, a continuous and unbroken history, a far wider community with fellow human beings than any other Church can offer. Like you, I think that the Catholic Church best fulfills the great ends of religion, namely, association and common worship on the widest scale, continuity, assertion of the mysteries, maintenance of the direction of the heart toward the centre." Bertram Bevor, who subscribes to these apologetics, is not unacquainted with present abuses or past scandals in the long history of Catho-

lic ages, but he goes on to say: "Yet, like St. Peter, Rome, has always shown the power to return to the true order of ideas. Like him, too, the Church of Rome has ever been saved by her profound belief in the divine nature of Christ. She believes in that, and she believes in herself, her commission, and her destiny. Alone among churches, she claims the world as her kingdom. All this is very impressive.

Surely it is so, and none the less that it strikes upon us unbidden, at times or in situations where the controversies of the day, their politics and personalities, seem the most remote from our meditations; perhaps when we look down from the sculptured solitudes of a great foreign cathedral like Chartres upon a land torn with revolutions, or as we contemplate the golden mosaics of St. Mark's, or listen to the fervent singing of a Catholic folk, gathered in their thousands under the soaring spires of Cologne, we know for certain in such hours that the heart of Catholicism is divine worship, addressed to the Supreme in facie Christi Jesu.

That is something very ancient, sublime, affecting, and powerful to change us for the better, that it needs no proof but experience, which is within reach of all, the illiterate, the young, the outcast, and that an astonishing harmony runs through the diversities of operation, as if one inexhaustible anodyne had been discovered for human ills; this, at all events, is worth considering, that in every spiritual crisis the Catholic Church knows what to do, has her fit principles and methods at hand, by which to treat the malady with decision, and without embarrassment. Her confidence in her own resources is unbounded, whether she confronts a Bismarck who relies on his culture and his edicts, or has to tame and civilize Australian blacks into such pieties as are possible for them. She, and she alone, has sounded human nature to the top of its compass; she knows all its stops; and, if we may believe our own record, she would play on them to some divine intent. For millions of us can say, and, indeed, are bound to say, that from the lips of this mighty Mother we have learned religion pure and undefiled.

When, therefore, it is asked, "What are the prospects of Catholicism?" we shall not ascertain them simply by consulting parochial figures, or by casting our lead into the residuum which is made up of lost souls, or by taking a microscopic view of prelates diplomating in the Curia, unless we will measure the Atlantic by its froth or its weeds. A more philosophical method is suggested by De Toqueville as I find him quoted in the "Letters" of Onyx: "Men in our time are naturally little disposed to believe, but as soon as they are drawn by a hidden instinct toward the ancient Church." And conditions of modern life tend to raise that instinct, in many hearts, to an imperious desire. Not only do they long after a religion which is something else than their own fancy, but they want the peace, the support, which will bear them up under the daily growing burden of business and competition. To the few, in our time, the prizes; to the many such a strain of anxious care as in a campaign where no armistice ever suspends the fighting, no, not for an hour. Pass from the street or the workshop into a Catholic Church, and you will feel the force of that argument. It will not lose its attraction while monopolies flourish.

To say that history, art, religion, present comfort, and future hope, recommend the Catholic devotions, would almost appear to be one thing with affirming that unless ideals are utterly to die, humanity must one day pass on into a great Roman period. If some have left us only to give up the religious life altogether, and are now secularist in their philosophy, the inference for those who believe in God is that Catholicism alone can satisfy our highest aspirations. Countless numbers are indifferent, not because they have rejected the faith, but because they never knew it. What I find it impossible to suppose is that a society which was once Christian will deliberately choose to be "atheist and thana-tist," to forswear the noblest beliefs, and to acknowledge nothing beyond its five senses. For how long would any form of West- n civilization last under these conditions? Men and women will come back, simply because they must, to the traditions of idealism. Not to a dead Christ, but to a living and present Redeemer; in other words, to a history which they can grasp with their hands, and feel with their hearts, at any moment; which is always there when they look up to it. This actual religion, more lively than books, however

DEATH OF FATHER STANTON.

Brockville, Ont., November 18.—The death of Rev. Father Stanton, parish priest of Brockville, which occurred on Saturday, removes one of the most beloved priests in the Archdiocese of Kingston. Since coming to Canada from the County Galway, Ireland, where he received his classical education, he has labored in this diocese at Wolfe Island, Brinsville, Westport, and Smith's Falls and Brockville. He was ordained by the late Bishop Moran, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, in 1865, after a brilliant theological course at Regiopolis College in that city. Wherever he has labored his work has been of the most satisfactory nature. In 1899 Archbishop Gauthier chose him to take the parish of Brockville which the Archbishop held at the time of his election to the Archbishopric. The deceased priest was very popular in Brockville, and his flock greatly mourn his death. He was 59 years of age. When in Westport, Rev. Father Stanton was instrumental in having a convent erected and at Smith's Falls he was the organizer of several pilgrimages to St. Anne de Beaupre.

THE FUNERAL ON TUESDAY.

Brockville, Nov. 19.—The funeral of the late Father Stanton to-day was signalized from the public point of view by every mark of respect that could be shown the re-

mains of the respected priest. About 2,000 people, including representatives from all churches, gathered in St. Francis Church at the funeral services. The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, formerly pastor of the now breaved congregation. Choral dignitaries and priests were present from different parts of the Province and the United States, including His Lordship Bishop MacDonell of Alexandria, Archdeacon Casey, Peterborough; Dean O'Connor, Marysville; Very Rev. Vicar-General Masterson, Prescott; Very Rev. Vicar-General Conroy, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Very Rev. Vicar-General Swift, Troy, N. Y.; Very Rev. Vicar-General Larose, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Very Rev. Vicar-General Corbett, Cornwall, Rev. Father St. Clair, representing the Grand Seminary, Montreal; Rev. J. Murphy, representing the Ottawa University, Rev. Father McPhail, representing the Redemptorist Fathers; Rev. Father Patton, Holy Angels' College, Buffalo. The clergy from the various Protestant denominations were present, and very many public men, including Hon. F. R. Latchford, Commissioner of Public Works for Ontario; Hon. R. Harcourt, Minister of Education. The tribute to the deceased was made by Rev. Father Kehoe of St. Mary's Cathedral. The remains were interred in the mortuary vault beneath the sanctuary.

inspired, close to us than sermons be they as eloquent as Bossuet or Chrysostom — an atmosphere which we open our mouths and breathe in — is found nowhere else than in the Catholic ritual which, be it observed, never ceases, for its centre is the Real Presence. In this everlasting Sacrament, the unknown God, if we believe, is not far from every one of us. What, in comparison with such a gift, are the petty discords, the obscurities in detail, and the human miseries, which can be paralleled in every system, but not the gift that makes them of little account? "To do justice," said Hawthorne in a striking sentence, "Catholicism is such a miracle of fitness for its own ends, many of which might seem to be admirable ones, that it is difficult to imagine it a contrivance of mere man." \* \* \* If there were but angels to work it, the system would soon vindicate the dignity and holiness of its origin.

Yes, and since its ministers are not angels, yet its forms bear upon them such tokens of the supernatural, will the philosopher conclude that the dignity and holiness were invented by those too inferior demigods? Perhaps the saddest of all sights in this melancholy world is the mishandling, worse than neglect, of our Catholic treasures, our ceremonies, music architecture, our philosophies and our devotions, by those who would watch over them as at the gate of Heaven. Reformation is always called for, now as in more scandalous times, and in no slight degree. But whether it comes soon or late, a growing number will say with Gerlad Beecheroff, in the volume I commend to all serious readers, "I feel that my true country is the Catholic Church centred at Rome, and that all other forms of thought and religion, however good in themselves, however good they were then for me, and however good they are for others, were but resting places on my journey home."

THE LATE MGR. MURPHY.

The Antigonish Casket just to hand, says: On Wednesday of last week all that was mortal of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Murphy, D.D. Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Halifax, was laid to rest in Holy Cross Cemetery. The day was bright and warm, more like a day in June than a day in November, and the streets through which the funeral procession passed were lined with people. Some forty priests in their cassocks and white surplices, three Bishops with their Archbishop, members of temperance societies and of charitable organizations, wearing their badges, walked in the procession before the hearse, which was followed by a multitude of citizens of all denominations. Striking proof of the affectionate esteem in which men not of his faith held the deceased clergyman was given on the Sunday before his death, when prayers were offered for him at both the morning and evening services in St. Luke's (Episcopal) Church. On the evening before, the office for the dead was chanted by the

Rev. Dr. Teefy in Hamilton

Hamilton, Nov. 18. — Winter is fast approaching and the members of St. Vincent de Paul Society are giving thought to the needs of the poor in the various parishes. To swell the funds that must soon be called on, the large congregation that assembled in St. Mary's Cathedral last evening was invited to contribute freely to the good cause. The appeal was made by Rev. Father Teefy, C. S. B., of St. Michael's College, Toronto, who founded his address on the words, "Blessed is the man that understandeth concerning the needs of the poor." Some flowers, said the preacher, quickly blossomed and quickly died, while others grew slowly and lasted longer. So it was with the deeds of men. Some started forth and quickly faded away, while others were more lasting. They had their roots around the clods of earth, but their results were in heaven.

Such was charity. It would be said it was an old, old theme, with which the years were weary and the hand tired of answering the appeal. But it was not so, nature was never worn out. It was governed by the laws of grace. So it was with man's duty. The Confraternity had always been to him a school of piety and charity, where one could learn better than teach. He was appealing on behalf of a society which had the sweetest souvenir in his life, the Conference of St. Mary's Cathedral.

Looking around at the good work he was struck with the strange conjunction of contraries — light and shade, cold and heat, strangely mingled to produce the wonders of God. There was not all wealth, nor was there all poverty; they went strangely side by side. Both conduced to the welfare of man. There could not be all wealth or all poverty. In men's hearts were virtue and vice, constancy and inconstancy, resolution and irresolution. It was a strange thing, yet all these characteristics were intended by God for the sanctity of man and the welfare of all.

Christ came essentially to redeem man; to establish the relationship between God and man and between man and man. He placed these relations on the great law of charity; the whole man was to go out. Christ's command was that man was to love his neighbor as himself. The Lord did not violate or seek to interfere with the rights of man. He did not do away with the law, but he put a crown on the law. Christ announced His doctrine in two great parables.

Was he preaching socialism? God forbid. It was not socialism in the modern sense of the term. It was a stewardship, guaranteeing every right, but enforcing all obligations. It was introducing God into the relations of wealth and poverty. Take God away and there would remain the abominable doctrine of modern socialism. Introduce God, and wealth would come to the altar of God and lay down its treasures there; while poverty would be ready to go and learn the trials of life. Men must render an account of their stewardship, and the parable of Dives and Lazarus was dwelt on to emphasize the point.

Was there such excess of selfishness-to-day? He thought not. Nevertheless, with so much wealth, and by its side the direct poverty, there was not enough giving done to carry out the great law of charity and readjust the equilibrium that should rest between wealth and poverty. Much wealth could be gathered on earth, but it must be left behind, and its owner must answer for it before the Judge at the last day.

With St. Vincent de Paul love for the poor was a passion. He was a man of no great talent; the son of poor pious parents. He was educated for the priesthood, and after being ordained wanted to suffer martyrdom. Eventually he went to Paris at the time when France was passing into a nation. There was war and the priest heard a voice calling on him to serve the poor. He, accordingly, went forth and begged of, nay almost forced the rich to give of their abundance, and more than a million of money passed through his hands for the benefit of the poor and needy. In his zeal he would carry a child through the streets. His motto was to "give," and for 50 years, till he was an old man of over 80, he went about looking after the poor.

There was no other method. Wealth must give; poverty must receive. Wealth must be charitable; poverty must be patient. The church of God had understood the call, as given in the text, and had sent out women and men into the

highways and byways to succor the need? They had taken the vows of chastity, obedience and poverty, and went forth under the guidance of St. Vincent de Paul.

A short time ago, continued Father Teefy, these faithful ones in France had again been told to leave their homes, unless authorized by the state. France before sowed the whirlwind and reaped the storm in the revolution. To-day she was again sowing the whirlwind and the young people would yet see her reap the storm again. The Almighty God visited a nation with His wrath in His own time.

Proceeding, the preacher said that in 1836 in Paris a party of university students had gathered. They included many Socialists, and these sneered at the Catholics, telling them their church had done great things in the past, but now they were but dreaming. The words fell on the ears of Frederick Ozanam. He felt them keenly, for he felt there was some truth in them; and he resolved to bring together his co-students and form a society to give the lie to the charges made against the church. Seven men at first formed the society for the benefit of the poor and placed it under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul. Such was the origin of the present society. A little heaven got into the mass and spread and spread from Paris to province, from France to Italy, England and out to Quebec, Toronto and Hamilton. It was a society of laymen under the direction of the priests. Its members visited the poor and entered into their lives, and many souls were saved.

In conclusion, Father Teefy appealed to his hearers to be generous to the poor during the coming winter, and in beautiful language contrasted charity with the stars in the heavens. While the latter in time meant death, acts of charity meant the resurrection into endless glory.

The choir of the cathedral, under the direction of J. M. Boyes, with J. L. Cherrier at the organ, sang Est's Vespers; Magnificat (Marzo); Tantum Ergo (Wiegand); and O Salutaris (Martin). F. A. Filigiano sang O Jesu Deus Pace (Haydn).

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FORESTER'S CONCERT.

St. Joseph's Court, C. O. F., will hold their annual concert and social on Nov. 28 (Thanksgiving night), in Dineman's Hall. The entertainment is in the hands of Miss Kate Rigney. This is sufficient guarantee of success of the concert. Miss Rigney is widely known as a successful entertainer, being thoroughly familiar with all kinds of music. She is in a position to ratify the tastes of all. Don't forget the date of the Forester Concert—Nov. 28th.

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