

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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Pope Leo's Latest Poem.

LEO'S LAST BREATHINGS TO GOD AND THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

One last ray, Leo, sheds thy sun
And pallid sets, its course now run,
As murky night descends;
Descends on thee, whose torpid blood
Can withered veins no longer flood;
Thy body fails, life ends.

The fatal dart by death is thrown;
Sad ceremonies and chilly stone
Thy resting ashes keep.
But rise, now free, its fetters burst,
Thy soul escapes, in eager thirst,
To mount the empyrean steep;

Its flight it thither wings; and grant,
O element God; it may not part
For that longed end in vain,
May I reach Heaven! By afit supreme
My I enjoy the Godhead's beam,
His face for aye attain.

And thee, O Virgin, may I see;
A child, O Mother, loved I thee—
Now, old, I love thee more,
Receive me home; and 'mong the blest
My guardian shall I hold confessed
A fruit thy service bore.

A Pledge.

Is it in honor of thee, dear Saint,
And thine isle of emerald sheen,
That spring sends forth to grace thy feast,
Is first faint promise of green?
Is it a pledge to thy sons, dear Saint,
That a type of fair hope is seen,
This herald of brighter days to come,
The spring's first promise of green?
—Ave Maria.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Sermon by Rev. Father Lalonde, S. J.

Rev. Father Lalonde, S. J., preached the third of the series of Lenten sermons at the Church of the Gesu, Montreal, on Sunday, March 13. The congregation was very large, and the sermons are proving very attractive. The preacher was at his best, and made quite an impression on his audience. The subject of the discourse was "Public Opinion."

The reverend Father said: "Everybody says so; everybody does it." That is the expression of public opinion, that imperious goddess that governs the worldly over-riding truth, and proving its most constant enemy. It is wonderful to note what a number of people think they are conducting things, yet who are really unable to get along alone; and what a number there is who believe they can criticize and judge everything yet who are only able to express ready-made opinions.

Opinion shows as in a false light, and it makes us view things also in a false light. But by opinions must not be understood the spontaneous expression of common-sense, judgments which are based on natural laws or maxims which are accepted as proven. By opinion, either public or private, must be understood those frivolous judgments which are engendered by caprice, the passions, or decreed by fashion, and which are certain to be sufficiently flighty to be blown about very easily.

Opinion spoils language. The weight of words in some language is terrible. Use polysyllabic and sonorous words that the people cannot easily understand; repeat them often, and success is assured you. Preach humanity, philanthropy and liberty for the people, emancipation and gratuitous education for the people.

FREE THOUGHT.

What word is more attractive than Free Thought! It tells one of a magnificent intelligence which sunders the bonds that tied it down. But does he leave freedom of thought to others? On the contrary, he will strangle truth. He will endeavor to suppress the free expression of religious thought. Religion is then called superstition, and of course superstition must be suppressed. In the latter part of this century, not long ago, and not far from us, Christ was expelled from our institutions, and again this was done by a false cry. "We want to become secular." Christ had shown Himself in our history, in our morals, in our religion. His banner was in our ranks. Everything was taken from the Church and given to an impersonal being—the Age; Christ was ignored, so was the priest and his teachings; everything was left to the layman in our institutions.

Everything changes now. Charity is called philanthropy; aims is styled humanity; devotion to one's kind is deemed altruism.

In the detail of our lives it is the opinion of others that becomes law. It is the law of our pleasures, the law that governs our social relations, the law of our relations towards God.

How is it, says public opinion, that you cannot be happy with your horses, your diamonds, your furs, that represent the fortunes of twenty poor people; with your friends who admire you, or at least who say that they do? You endeavor to believe it, and you felt that your money and your heart were less your own. But the daily duties from that standpoint becomes insipid. Who believes you when you try to show how glad you are to receive Mr. and Mrs. —? Who has not heard of those deceitful individuals who answer yes or no to the same questions, and who, after loading host and hostess with praises of the *ecclat* of their reception, who, after dwelling on their graciousness, turn to a neighbor and say, "What a display for *parvenus*! They must have received a new manual on politeness! What pretension! What bad taste! The costumes

are lavish, but I'll wager that they are not paid for."

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

Sometimes it is a promise that destroys an entire life. A lady thinks she has made a conquest, and gives her heart where her hand is unasked. She learned too late that men betray. Truth would have prevented this. But a word must be said in favor of young men. They are accused of fickleness and insincerity. It is often unjust. Very often much meaning is given to words and visits that are only meant as marks of politeness by a gentle youth of twenty summers. The ladies and their mammas often mistake their desires for the reality. These youngsters should be allowed to make themselves ornamental, sentimental and ridiculous without endeavoring to put fetters upon them.

The reverend speaker then showed how public opinion does much to falsify even science. Faith has endeavored for centuries to demonstrate the truth, yet some smart chap comes along, and with a shrug of the shoulders endeavors to upset every theory, and everybody thinks that he knows everything about everything. All the objections that he can bring up have been refuted years ago, yet he or his listeners do not take the trouble to look up the refutations.

Those who deny, for instance, the infallibility of the Pope will cite the case of Galileo. But it must be remembered that Galileo was not punished on account of his solar system, but for a matter of discipline.

The same may be said of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Church had nothing to do with it, and Charles IX declared so to Parliament. Paster destroyed the theory of spontaneous generation, which would have upset the theory of creation, which was always a nightmare to atheists. Then they fell back upon Darwinism: we descend from monkeys. In this case the parents are the happiest in the world. And with out being pretentious, we should congratulate, not the children, but the ancestors.—Star.

THE FINGER OF THE LORD.

Two Remarkable Conversions Through the Sacred Heart.

Of the many speeches made in the House of Representatives at the time of the Know-nothing agitation, few, if any, surpassed, either in eloquence or in bitterness, an address delivered on Jan. 15, 1855, by a General Esby Smith of Alabama, says a writer in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Its theme was the American party and its mission, and no weapon of oratorical attack was left unwielded to prove how seriously our country's liberties were threatened by the machinations of the Church of Rome and the Jesuits. Congress was informed of the infamous oath of blind obedience and secrecy that held together the sons of Loyola; how Jesuits were prowling about the country with tablet and pencil to cull information to forward to headquarters, "looking into everybody's business, peeping over everybody's shoulders, winding themselves into every man's confidence, lifting the curtain of every man's window. They come in all shapes and forms; they are spread all over the United States. They swear no allegiance to the constitution, except with mental reservations. Who is that splendid cavalier dashing by with the rapidity of lightning, with relays of fleet horses at every point? He moves like the bearer of dispatches; he flies to the Pope! Behold that dusty traveller winding his slow way along the purlieus of a city, keeping in the background, sluggish and lazy to all outward appearances, but with a bright eye and a face blazing with a secret— who is he? He, too, is going on a mission to a principal of some distant monastery, with a communication from the general of the Jesuits! Behold that anxious emigrant creeping from the bank of some lately-arrived ship, casting his glad and mysterious glances along the fresh coasts and opening his ears to the liberty chanting hills of America. Behold him, with his greasy sack, entering the lanes and avenues of the unvalled cities of the free! Who is that emigrant! Who but an emissary of that central power, the potent Cardinal, the head of the Jesuit order?"

After the Jesuits, the Church itself was next attacked. Its opposition to human liberty, its grasping ambition, its pretended right to depose kings, its monstrous claim of infallibility for the Pope, were all pointed out as a menace to American institutions with the same force as the Jesuits.

As we read these extracts from the Congressional Record, made yellow by time, who would have entertained the thought that their author would die in the communion of the Church he so violently attacked, would pass from life to death aided by the spiritual ministrations of a Jesuit Father? And yet, in God's own time, and through the merciful interposition of a Providence which "reaches from end to end mightily, and orders all things sweetly," this is what actually took place. In February, 1896, at the advanced

age of eighty, General Smith died in Washington, breathing his last in sentiments of loyal, filial devotion to the See of Rome, begging as a special favor to make as public as possible his retraction of the calumnies uttered against the Church of the Jesuits.

However, the victory had not been won without a struggle. For thirty-four long years his Catholic wife, and, later on, his children, had been praying for his conversion. Month after month had this intention been recommended to the Apostleship of Prayer. Bishops, priests, religious of both sexes were importuned for prayers. A Jesuit Father had for five years given it a daily memento in the Mass. But all seemed in vain.

A few weeks before his death a badge of the Sacred Heart was placed and kept inside his pillowcase, and a picture of our Lord, showing His heart aflame with love of us, was hung in his bedroom, where it was constantly before his eyes. He would not listen patiently to any exhortation to repentance, saying that "he had no faith, that he had made up his mind long ago, etc."

On Quinquagesima Sunday, the third Sunday of February, his case was specially recommended to the Arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The week before, a priest from a distance, to whom he was much attached, had visited him, and had induced him to promise to ask the Blessed Virgin to obtain the gift of faith for him. On Ash Wednesday he had a severe attack of bronchial catarrh, which would not have caused alarm but for his weak physical condition from organic trouble that itself was slowly bringing him to the grave.

After the doctor's visit in the morning his wife explained to him the danger arising from the complication, and begged him to see one of the Jesuit Fathers who had been making friendly calls. He did not consent, but a change, at first unnoticed, had come in his manner, and as the day wore on and he sat up and lay down alternately, he could be heard whispering a prayer for mercy. Just afterward he called his wife to his side, and told her to send for the rector of Gonzaga College. What was her astonishment and joy, on returning from dispatching a messenger, to find her husband repeating the Hail Mary! The priest came at once, heard the general's confession, and gave him conditional baptism, holy Communion and extreme unction.

Lingered for a week, patient, resigned, with all his intellectual powers unimpaired to the very last. He would repeat with fervor the prayers that were from time to time suggested to him, lifting his crucifix frequently to his lips, as if he had been a life-long Catholic. Towards the end he became somewhat restless, but when a badge and promoter's cross were placed upon his breast he became perfectly quiet, and so surrendered his soul in peace to His Creator.

In the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, at Chicago, now in course of erection, there will stand a beautiful altar of the Sacred Heart. It will be at once a thanks offering and a memorial of the death bed conversion of the late William Metzger of that city. Born in Ohio, Oct. 7, 1838, of pious Lutheran parents, he remained till death faithful to the daily prayers he had learned at his mother's knees. On reaching man's estate, he became dissatisfied with some of the tenets of Lutheranism, and passed over to the Presbyterians, only eventually to give up attending divine worship anywhere, saying that he found no comfort in any of the sects. In 1877, he married a Catholic lady, whose example and prayers must, even without his acknowledging it, have exercised a powerful influence on his religious belief. Two children, a boy and a girl, blessed their baptism. Mrs. Metzger had them secretly baptized and spared no pains to bring them up good Catholics. This fact had to be carefully concealed from Mr. Metzger, who, while not opposing his wife in the practice of her religion, would not allow the children to be brought up Catholics. As the girl was sent away to a convent school, and the boy to a Catholic college, the difficulties likely to arise from this concealment were in a great measure obviated.

In June last Mr. Metzger's health broke down, and he was ordered by physicians to Old Point Comfort for rest and a change of air. Here he grew rapidly worse, and was conveyed to St. Vincent's hospital, Norfolk. One day a priest, passing his room, dropped in to say a few kind words. "Are you a Catholic priest?" asked the patient. "Yes, sir." "Well, if you please, to have your faith thoroughly explained to me." The priest promptly undertook the task, and in the course of a week four long conferences took place. "I am convinced, Father; I believe the Catholic faith is the only true one, and I wish to be baptized." On the first Friday of June the very day when the family were just completing their second novena of first Friday communions, Mr. Metzger received baptism, and made his first and last Communion. Later, the sacrament of extreme unction was administered, and from that time earthly cares were entirely for-

gotten. He spoke only of heaven, exhorting his children to lead holy lives and meet him there. He would frequently kiss his crucifix with heartfelt fervor, and his continual prayer, till death ensued on the following Tuesday, was "Thy will, O God, be done."

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

Why did Jesus Christ depart from the people before whom He had worked a miracle, as is told in the gospel for the fourth Sunday in Lent? It was because they conceived the idea of making Him king. He would have spurned them by spurning the vain praises and glory of men. As an excessive attachment to these is the chief element of the corrupt world, our Lord brings down upon it the whole weight of His severest condemnation. He warns us not to do our good works before men to be seen and praised by them. If we do, He says that we shall have no reward from our Father in heaven.

Alas! does not our own experience teach us how fickle and deceitful the friendship of the world is! How vain are its judgments! How vain are its promises! It amuses us with its flatteries, it deceives us even while caressing us, and promises much while it performs nothing. We have perhaps longed for some worldly distinction, and have our desire satisfied, but have we found contentment? Even in its possession were we not troubled, in spite of ourselves, by the thought: How long will this glory last? If we reflect upon it, what can be more frivolous than reputation and the esteem of the world? If one person esteems me, another despises me; for who has ever had the approbation of the whole world? And if the multitude has a high opinion of me, what is the multitude after all but a crowd of blind people, who esteem me to-day, but are just as likely to spurn me to-morrow? But, even if their esteem were more sincere, would it make me really better or happier? If others applaud me when my own conscience condemns me, of what service is their praise to me?

So, too, if I am satisfied with myself and think I deserve the good opinion of men, how does it all benefit me if God condemns me? I am, in truth, only that which I am in the judgment of God; and to seek the applause of the world with too much eagerness is to incur the disapprobation of God.

Oh, that you would cast yourselves at the feet of the Crucified and there learn in that glory of God—the only true greatness—consists! Happier were you to-day had your past life been lived for God! What of those jealousies which made you troubled at the success of others? Why that slander which spared no one when there was question of establishing your own reputation? How account for that unbridled love of notoriety which so often caused you to de throne God and place Baal in His stead? Whence came they? From the desire of the world's esteem and from forgetfulness of God.

If you have been foolish in the past let not the future find you thus. What will it profit you at the hour of death to have been regarded as clever if you must soon appear with empty hands before the awful tribunal of God? Will you forsake an eternity of happiness for the vain enjoyment of a momentary esteem? God forbid that you should sacrifice the salvation of your soul for emptiness!

Make good resolutions, then, while you have time. It is not necessary that you should quit your station in life, that you should leave the world—salvation can be gained in every station of life; but live with the world in constant fear of its treachery; keep yourself in peace but not in alliance with it; shun its displeasure, but seek not its friendship; should its commands be in opposition to virtue, hesitate not a moment in spurning them; should its practice be at variance with the gospel, try not to compromise.

Think not of serving two masters, but choose the One Who can and will repay your attachment.—Sacred Heart Review.

HEAVEN AS A PLACE.

Will This Earth Freed From Its Imperfections, be the Scene of Our Future Enjoyment?

Rev. Thomas J. Gasson, S. J., professor of philosophy in Boston College, lectured recently on "Heaven as a Place." He said:

"That Heaven is not merely a place of existence, but also a local habitation is evident from the teaching of the Scriptures about the resurrection of the body. Where there are bodies there we have a local dwelling place, for it belongs to bodies to occupy place. We cannot, however, determine with certainty the precise position of the universe which will be assigned to the elect. It is the general opinion of theologians that this earth will be among the scenes of our future enjoyment. Purified of its imperfections, released from those laws that threaten our well-being, and made subject to new laws and new forces that will tend only to our constant happiness and enjoyment, the entire

earth will be transformed into an abode of surpassing and changeless loveliness, a fitting home for those who by their merits have earned the crowning reward of life, the unveiled vision of God.

"We shall rise with our bodies—the same, yet changed. Other forces will be given to us that will uplift the body beyond the present order and raise it almost to the level of the spirits. The minds will no longer be occupied with weary baskings against an unwilling flesh; corruption shall never lay its defacing hand upon the fairness and vigor of the glorified body, for the material and its tyrannizing sway shall have passed and the reign of the spiritual shall hold throughout the ages of eternity."

TWO CATHOLIC LIONS IN MEXICO.

The following paragraphs are from a letter written recently from the City of Mexico, by F. R. Guernsey (a non-Catholic) correspondent of the Boston Herald:

"Two prelates of the Catholic Church have been here. Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee and Bishop Hennessy of Wichita, Kan., most delightful and intellectual men, devoted and Christian clergymen, and they said to me that they have been charmed with what they have seen of the evidences of progress, of the spread of education, and the marvellously good order everywhere apparent. The Archbishop is a man whose goodness shines through him; he has found here, naturally the utmost kindness, and his ability to make Latin do the work of conversation among the clergy has pleased him. One of the simplest men among his party, who are mostly of the Protestant faith, he won their respect by his genuine humility and self-effacement. Bishop Hennessy is of the best type of the Irishman, clever, witty, polished and sincere. The men of their party, all Westerners, and mostly Protestants, said to me that two more delightful travelling companions could not be found, so even-tempered, so courteous and so informed from the deep stores of their intellectual acquisitions. It is worth something to hear from such men praise for Mexico, and to discern in them a patriotic spirit.

"Most of our prejudices vanish with knowledge. The ladies of the party, staunch Protestants, found the prelates exceedingly agreeable, with, as one old lady said, 'always a kind word and a cheerful face in the morning, all through the long journey.' It was good to see these Catholic lions and Protestant lambs travelling around in palace cars, and the lambs still outside the lions! Often, in talking with sincere and holy priests here, angels in soutanes, who give all but a bare sufficiency for themselves to their poor parishioners, I have wondered why bigotry should persist. I recall, as a juvenile experience, going once to a Catholic church along with some companions of our Sunday school, and looking on the service from a front bench with a fine Protestant scorn of the ritual. To evidence our distaste for Popery, and our abhorrence for the Catholics, we made faces at the little Irish acolytes, who, of course, did not, at the time, return our discourtesy in kind, but, after Mass was over and the sermon preached, we saluted forth, when the acolytes, divested of their robes of office, gave us a thumping which convinced me of the innate energy of the Catholic Church. I can't say that I blame the little chaps; we richly deserved the thrashing. Bigots on both sides of the ecclesiastical fence should occasionally be put into an arena and set at one another to convince, if possible, their opponents with apostolic blows and knocks."

AUBREY DE VERE'S CONVERSION.

A cousin of the English poet, Aubrey de Vere, Miss J. A. Taylor, contributes to the Catholic World a very interesting paper entitled "The Recollections of Aubrey de Vere," which may be said to be a comprehensive character sketch of the poet. From it we learn that the same cause which contributed so largely to bringing into the Catholic fold De Vere's intimate friend, Cardinal Manning, operated also in effecting his own conversion. Miss Taylor tells us that from his youth up her cousin was a constant student of theological questions as they arose in the Anglican Church. A High-churchman by profession, De Vere's attachment to Anglicanism was ardent, but when the Gorham decision was rendered his allegiance was rudely shaken, and he recognized that unless he could bring himself to remain in an ecclesiastical establishment that had pusillanimously surrendered its principles, there was no other alternative for him but to go over to Rome and become a Catholic. He did not act hastily, though. It took him two years to make up his mind fully; but his conscience finally asserted itself and he made his submission by becoming a Catholic. He had to conquer not a few obstacles in order to do this; and the step he meditated was discontinued by many of his Protestant friends. Among those who remonstrated with him, it seems, was Carlyle, and De Vere's reply to his remonstrances, Miss

Taylor says, took this form: "I will tell you in a word what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto, and I intend to die one." De Vere, his cousin informs us, did not escape altogether those acute personal sufferings which conversion in his day entailed upon those Englishmen who abjured Protestantism; and she attributes the poet's better fortune to the fact that to quarrel with him would have been difficult, so gentle of nature was he; and to force him into a quarrel almost impossible.

THERE ARE TWO CONCERNED.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It appears from the Christian Statesman that Dr. McAllister is proceeding, notwithstanding our protest, to publish in book form our late controversy, without coming to an understanding with us. He says: "It is believed that Dr. Lambert will not persist in his refusal to consent to the republication of his articles in this form."

But we do persist in refusing consent to their republication unless certain and just and proper conditions are observed. These conditions we stated in a letter to Dr. McAllister, which he had in hand when he wrote the above. They are as follows: (1) that only those of his letters which we have answered up to the present shall appear in the book. The reason of this is obvious, for only to that extent has there been a discussion; (2) that we shall have the reading of the proofsheets of our articles and the making of the headings; (3) the letter and articles shall—typographical errors excepted—appear as originally published, without note or comment, or introduction, further than that found in the letters and articles themselves. This condition was suggested by the statement in the Commercial Gazette that "Additional matter will be prepared by the Doctor in order that his argument may be complete." (4) We insisted on half the net proceeds of the proposed book.

When Dr. McAllister complies with these conditions we will promptly consent to have his letters and our replies appear together. If he declines to comply with these conditions those interested may judge his motives in refusing.

As to his insinuation that the Commercial Gazette was induced to discontinue publishing his letters by considerations that will not bear the light, we leave him to settle that with the Gazette. That paper was of his own selection, and recommended by him as a just and fair medium through which to address the public. In justice to itself we think the Gazette should publish the real reasons why it discontinued the Doctor's letters. This is the only way it can clear itself from its insinuation of dishonorable conduct.

A CONVERT'S WORDS.

Beautiful Acknowledgment of the Peace and Joy He Found in His New Faith.

Mr. Kegan Paul, the well known London publisher, as every one knows, is a recent convert to the Church. A positivist before conversion, he declares that that belief prepared his mind for the Church. His conversion was brought about by Newman's writings. He concludes an account of it in the following beautiful language:

"It was the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and the one bitter drop in a brimming cup of joy was that he could not know all that he had done for me—that his was the hand which had drawn me in when I sought the ark floating on the stormy seas of the world. But a few days afterwards, as I knelt by his coffin at Edgubaston, I felt that indeed he knew; that was in a land where there was no need to tell him anything, for he sees all things in the heart of God.

"Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret what has been done and would return but for very shame. I may well say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of penance on that 12th of August, the fervor of my first Communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the mystery of the altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, Our Lady more tender, the great company of saints more friendly—if I dare use the word—my guardian angel closer to my side; all human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church; but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all.

"May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him and lead those I love unto the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell. It will be said, and said with truth, that I am very confident. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel who also was sure. He was fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes; but this he could say with unflinching certainty: 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.'"