

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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"She and He."

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away; Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!" They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair; On her forehead of stone they laid it fair; Over her eyes that gazed too much They drew the lids with a gentle touch; With a tender touch they closed up well; The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell; About her brows and beautiful face They tied her veil and her marriage lace, And drew on her white feet her white silken shoes—

Which were the whitest no eye could choose— And over her bosom they crossed her hands, "Come away!" they said, "God understands," And there was silence, and nothing there But silence, and scents of eglantine, And jacinths, and roses, and rosemary; And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she," And they held their breath till they left the room

With a shudder, to glance at the stillness and gloom; But he who loved her too well to dread The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead, He lit his lamp and took the key, And turned it—alone again—he and she, He and she; but she would not speak, Though he kissed in the old place the quiet check.

He and she; yet she would not smile, Though he called her the name she loved ere while, He and she; still she did not move To any one passionate whisper of love, Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath,

Is there no voice, no language of death? Dumb to the ear and still the sense, But to heart and to soul distinct, intense? See now; I will listen with soul, not ear; What was the secret of dying, dear? Was it the infinite wonder of all That you ever could let life's flower fall? Or was it a greater marvel to feel The perfect calm of a ready steel? Was the miracle greater to find how deep Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep? Did life roll back its records, dear, And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

And was it the innermost heart of the bliss To find out so, what a wisdom love is? O perfect dead, O dead most dear, I hold the breath of my soul to hear; I listen as deep as to horrible hell, As high as to heaven, and you do not tell, There must be pleasure in dying, sweet, To make you so placid from head to feet; I would tell you, darling, if I were dead, And were your hot tears upon my brow shed, I would say though the angel of death had laid His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid, You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes, Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise, The very strangest and suddenest thing Of all the surprises that dying must bring, Ah, foolish world; O most kind dead! Though he told me, who I think believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say, With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way: "The truest wonder in life is to hear, And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear; And see your angel, who was your bride, And know that, though dead, I have never died."—Edwin Arnold.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union and Times.

It seems that the Bishop of Carcassonne, like the Archbishop of Aix, has fallen under the displeasure of the French Government, for having had the audacity to go to Rome to perform a spiritual duty without first having asked and obtained permission from the Minister of Public Worship. In consequence of this dreadful transgression the Bishop has been sentenced to a forfeiture of his stipend during the period of his absence from his diocese, with a view, no doubt, of terrifying with the certainty of like penalty all other prospective Episcopal delinquents. This paper would regard it as the most signal blessing that could come to the Church in France in these our days, if the Government of that country would now and forevermore absolutely refuse to give a single sou by way of stipend to any priest or prelate under French domination. We know full well that this stipend is supposed to be a sort of restitution by miserable pittance of the possessions of the Church, which were so unjustly confiscated by the State. But the Christian religion is a religion which frequently demands sacrifices where spiritual interests are concerned, and the clergy should be the first to show heroic example in this respect.

Notwithstanding the fact that Lord Salisbury pronounced the yarn about a Jesuit spy being in his household, disguised as a cook, to be an idiotic fabrication, Protestant journals on both sides of the Atlantic persist in discussing it as a serious matter. The London dailies printed the premier's denial and all sensible people laughed at the absurd and insane invention, but the weekly organs of Know-nothingism accepted the first version and proceeded to build upon it a colossal structure of secret intrigue. Even evangelical ministers in England preached sermons based upon the mythical Jesuit spy. The lie got about a day's start on its travels, and the correction, prompt and emphatic as it was, can never overtake it. Indeed, we expect to hear of its doing valiant service in Music Hall when the stock of sensationalism runs low.

It has been discovered that dukedoms can be purchased in Europe at the low price of \$10,000. This fact cannot fail to create a lively demand for coronets among the fair daughters of American millionaires. Even girls of more moderate means can purchase a title and a husband for \$10,000 and have a margin left to support the outfit. Critical people may urge that a purchased dukedom is not as valuable a patent to nobility and social distinction as the traditional article based upon a long line of ancestors growing poorer as they went. But it must certainly be far more respectable than some that had their origin in questionable transactions near corrupt courts and palaces. There are dukes in England whose ancestors were pirates, cut-throats or horse thieves; there are also those whose maternal ancestry is clouded by vague hints affecting their characters. But with all these drawbacks the old titles will be venerated by the tuft-hunters, while the newly-created ones will be regarded as spurious. Age gives tone to a title as it

does to wine. Still the pork, copper, cattle and silver kings of the bounding West will be apt to invest in the manufactured article. It will admit them and their daughters by the front doors of society. Instead of through the windows of the servants' quarters. And that is all they are seeking. The reduction in price may be said to be a recognition of a popular demand, and it cannot but stimulate trade in the foreign duke business. If the high protectionists do not put a prohibitive tariff on the article a boom may be anticipated.

Pittsburg Catholic.

True friendship is rare. The true friend will never encourage your misdoings. He is frank and courageous with you. He will not hesitate, with tact and judgment, to point out your faults, show you the right way. If you do not heed his warning and advice, he will quietly shun your companionship, lest your evil communication may in the end corrupt him.

We hear so little of Spain that most people imagine the country a forgotten spot, which once was so famous in history. A reverend gentleman, who lately travelled through old Spain, has this to say of that country: He believed in Spain, first, because it was the most temperate nation on the face of the earth, and secondly because of the great virtue of her people. Its literature excels that of any Protestant nation in the world in depth, variety, richness and splendor; its artists and architects stand in the forefront in the Pantheon of art, it possesses a body of clergy and bishops who astounded the assembled fathers at the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, by their prodigious learning in science and theology, and there is no evidence of national relapse or danger of national extinction in the land of the Cid.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart urges on all the members of the League to show their loving respect to the Divine Majesty, by refraining from the ignoble habit, so prevalent in the country, of profaning the holy name of God. From youth to age, boys and girls, men and women, speak that name with levity and impiety. In marts of business, on the highways, in public conveniences, at all times and everywhere, God's name may be heard sounded with reckless irreverence. The League is asked to pray for parents who name God irreverently before their children. This is an awful offence against the Divine Majesty; and often it happens that God's just wrath blights the homes where such disorders are rife.

Boston Pilot.

After all his nasty little flings at "Yankee" manners and customs, Rudyard Kipling is going to marry an American girl, a sister of the late Wolcott Balestier. Rudyard will not know so much ten years hence as he thinks he does now, but he will be a heap wiser.

"Unhappy wretch! With our left hand we give him the Bible, with our right the bottle," says F. Buxton, writing of England's treatment of the natives in Western Africa. The sentence aptly sums up Britain's whole system of civilizing and evangelizing the hapless heathen.

Rev. William H. Coston, an Episcopalian minister, was refused permission to eat in a Cincinnati restaurant on Christmas Eve. He went to another eating-house and was ejected and arrested on charge of "disorderly conduct," because he had asked to be served with food. His real offence consisted in his color—he is a negro—and those white Christians of Cincinnati could not be expected to let him eat with them on the eve of Christ's birthday. Mr. Coston would probably have spent his Christmas in jail had not Editor Rudd, a colored man and a Catholic, come to his relief with bail.

The charge of disorderly conduct brought against Mr. Coston was dismissed by Judge Gregg, as there was not a particle of evidence to sustain it.

Freemasonry is a menace to Protestant Christianity, because the lodge takes the place of the Church with many members. They say: "Masonry is a good enough religion for me." Consequently the great Architect of the Universe may be thought of, but Christ forgotten.

Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, is to lecture before the professors and the students of Yale College, early this month. It is one of the good signs of the times that intelligent Protestants are seeking information from the Old Church, and are willing to listen to one of its official representatives expounding its belief.

A Buffalo priest tells of a beautiful Christmas gift given by some pious Catholics of that city to their beloved dead. They had Masses said for the repose of their souls. In making arrangements with the priest, they said: "This is the only Christmas gift we can give them now!" Fertile in expedients is affection, and sure to show itself in action. It reaches beyond the grave. It never dies.

It will be a surprise to not a few to learn that another valuable work of Thomas a Kempis has lately been brought to light and authenticated. The title is "De Vita Christi Meditationes."

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

He Writes an Able Article on the Work of the Catholic Church.

Cardinal Gibbons, in a lengthy paper published in the *National Tribune*, gives a cursory account of the work of the Catholic Church in the United States. The early workers he classes under five heads—discoverers, founders of colonies, explorers, missionaries and writers. Under these heads he writes a glowing chapter on the early pioneers of Catholicity in this country. Speaking of the conversion of the aborigines the writers say: "The whites, with their vices, undid what the missionaries, with their heroic and disinterested zeal, tried to do. Such we know is the state of things to-day in our Indian missions. The conversion of the barbarian races in the early centuries of Christianity was effected under quite other conditions. The Church has not been untrue to her mission of teaching nations, nor has she at any time failed to find apostles ready at her call; but Christian peoples and Governments, instead of seconding her efforts, have put obstacles in her way, seemingly more intent on selfish aims than on the spread of truth and the salvation of souls. On them, not on her, rests the responsibility of failure in gaining to Christianity the aborigines of this continent. Future history will count our Indian wars and our Indian policy a sad commentary on our Christian civilization.

Every Catholic in colonial days was a Whig, and Sabine's American Loyalists does not give the name of one Catholic. Indians, animated with the sentiments of their white co-religionists, and in the North as in the West, under the head of their own or Canadian chiefs, took the field against England in the cause of liberty. Canada would, undoubtedly, at the time have thrown her lot in with ours had not New York politicians, led by John Jay, drawn the continental Congress into the mistake of denouncing the Canadians and their religion for THE LIBERTY GRANTED HER BY ENGLAND.

After having sketched what the Church did for the country in the early days and in time of war, Cardinal Gibbons points out what benefits she has bestowed in the fairer fields of peace, education, industry and benevolence, in which lie her nobler triumphs and greater gifts to man.

The Catholics of the United States have grown from 25,000 in 1790 to 10,000,000 at the present time. The increase of industrial wealth, of educational and benevolent institutions was dwelt upon at some length. At the present moment statistics of the Church show the following: Catholic Indians, 87,375; churches, 104; priests laboring exclusively among them, 81; schools, 58; pupils in Catholic schools, 3098. In the United States there are 553 charitable institutions directly under the control of the Church in the hands of men and women devoted to the works of Christian benevolence. The evils of the divorce laws are pointed out in forcible language and the doctrine of the Church laid down as the only remedy. In conclusion, His Eminence refers to the evil of intemperance and the remedies recommended by the Church. Akin more or less to all the foregoing questions intimately bound up with the observance of Sunday, with the sufferings of the laboring classes, with education, is the question of intemperance.

If he who seeks to stay and remove the curse of drink is to be accounted a social benefactor, then we may claim that attribution for the Church. The legislation of the Council of Baltimore is precise and vigorous in this matter; Catholic total abstinence and Father Mathew societies are everywhere in the land. A few years ago, in a brief address to Archbishop Ireland, the Holy Father, Leo XIII., gave his approbation, in words that cannot be misunderstood or misinterpreted, to total abstinence as an efficacious remedy for intemperance, and to total abstinence societies as being engaged in a work beneficial to the State and the Church.

If it be objected that many Catholics are delinquent in this matter to the wishes of the Church, that in fact the retail liquor business is largely in the hands of Catholics, our answer is that unfortunately the State does not CO-OPERATE WITH THE CHURCH in this important question; that laws against drunkenness and legal restrictions on the sale of intoxicants are allowed to be violated; that what is called the necessities of politics are at war with the spirit of the Church, the virtues of the citizen, the good of the social body; that this is a case which corrupt politics and the loose administration of law shelter the unfaithful or the less worthy children of the Church from her salutary influences and commands.

No constitution is more in harmony with Catholic principles than is the American, and no religion can be in such accord with that constitution as is the Catholic. While the State is not absorbed in the Church, nor the Church in the State, and thus there is eternal separation, they both derive their life from the same interior principle of truth, and in their different spheres carry out the same ideas, and thus

there is between them a real internal union. The Declaration of Independence acknowledges that the rights it proclaims come from God as the source of all government and all authority. This is a fundamental religious principle in which Church and State meet. From it follows the co-relative principle that as God alone is the source of human rights, so God alone can efficaciously maintain them. This is equivalent to Washington's warning that the basis of our liberties must be morality and religion. Shall, then, the various Christian Churches have influence enough with the millions of our people to keep them in morality and religion? No question can equal this in importance to our country. For success in this noble competition the Catholic Church trusts in the commission given her by her Divine Founder to teach and bless "all nations, all days even till the end of the world." For guarantee of the spirit in which she shall strive to accomplish it, she points confidently to history's testimony of her unswerving assertion of popular rights, and to the cordial devotedness to the free institutions of America constantly manifested, in word and in work, by her bishops, her clergy and her people.

CHURCH UNITY.

A Letter From His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster.

In answer to a request of Rev. Dr. Lunn, editor of the *Review of the Churches*, that the Cardinal-Archbishop would contribute a paper to the "Round Table Conference" of that organ on the "Reunion of Christendom," His Eminence wrote as follows: "I will not again refuse to send you a few words, but it is difficult for me to do more than to listen to the voices which are reviewing 'the churches.'"

In May, 1848, I saw and spoke for the first time with Pius IX. He questioned me at length about the Christianity of England, and about the multiplicity of good and charitable works done by Anglicans and Dissenters, ending with the Quakers and the great reformation of Mrs. Fry. He then leaned back in his chair, and said as if to himself, "The English do a multitude of good works; and when men do good work God always pours out His grace. My poor prayers are offered day by day for England."

Since that time every year has multiplied all kinds of good works in England. There can be no doubt that an especial power of the Holy Ghost has breathed and is still breathing over our people. I gladly repeat the words of Pius IX., for I rejoice over the good works which cover the face of our country. My daily prayer is for England, and, so far as it has been in my power, I have shared your good works and united with your peaceful and beneficent aims. You say: "The tendency of religion in our day is towards union." There has grown up in the last fifty years a vivid sense or instinct that division is evil, and the source of evils. The desire and prayers for the reunion of Christendom have created movements and organizations both in the Anglican and in the dissenting bodies, and your *Review of the Churches* is its latest and most resolute manifestation.

When I held back from writing as one of your contributors it was not from any slackness in desiring that all our hearts may be drawn into unity, but from unwillingness to strike a note out of harmony with you. You have many ways of seeking union. We have but one. Union in good works has indeed a constraining moral influence in bringing the most remote men together, and charity is

A WAY TO TRUTH.

"If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." This is a safe course for those who are divided from each other. Controversy repels, but charity unites. Your present action cannot fail to bring many minds into closer union of good will.

But this is neither our need nor our method. Union is not unity. And unity is not the creation of human wills, but of the Divine. It does not spring up from the earth, it descends from heaven. St. Cyprian truly describes as the raiment of our Lord, "without seam, woven from the top throughout by heavenly sacraments." It is truth that generates unity, and it can be recovered only by the same principle and from the same source from which it descended in the beginning.

Mr. Price Hughes has quoted, he says with surprise, some words of mine from a book on the "Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost." There was no need for surprise, for those words are only the Catholic doctrine of the universality of grace. And they present the doctrine of the visible Church, which has not only a visible body but an invisible soul. The soul of the Church is as old as Abel, and as wide as the race of mankind. It embraces every soul of man who has lived, or at least has died in union with God by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Nearly thirty years ago I published all this in answer to my friend, the late Dr. Pusey, in a letter on "The Workings of the Spirit in the Church of England." This letter has been lately reprinted by Messrs.

Burns & Dates. Thus far then I can lay a basis on which to write and to hope with all your contributors. We believe that the Holy Ghost breathes throughout the world, and gathers into union with God and to eternal life, all those who faithfully co-operate with His light and grace. None are responsible for dying inculpably out of the visible body of the Church. They only are culpable who knowingly and willfully reject its divine voice when sufficiently known to them. But I must not go on, for you are seeking union in agreements, and I have no will to strike a discordant note. You say truly "the controversies to which most of our Churches owe their rise have lost much of their interest for us; some of them are hardly intelligible."

I have two great advantages. I can hope and embrace you in the soul of the Church, and I can rejoice in all, and gladly share in many of your good works. May the Holy Ghost renew His own unity in truth!

AS A CATHOLIC WOULD TALK.

A Protestant Audience Told That Womanhood Finds Its Ideal in Mary.

At a recent meeting of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Columbus, O., an address was delivered by Miss Mary E. Hutcheson, formerly a member of the faculty of the State Normal and Training school at Mansfield, Minn., which for Catholicity of thought and beauty of diction was most noteworthy, considering the average Protestant view of the Blessed Mother of God.

Among other things she said: "When Froebel grasped this idea, (that education should begin at the cradle) he turned from his work with school-masters and professors to women. He called upon mothers to be no longer satisfied with the lower cares of motherhood, but to recognize the higher office laid upon them by God—to remember that they were the spiritual mothers of the race, the educators for good or evil of each new generation."

As a help to the realization of this, the high destiny of motherhood, no finer ideal of the wife and mother can be found than that set forth in the thirty-first chapter of the book of Proverbs. "This picture of loving faithfulness, ceaseless industry, prudence, management, charity, thrift, wisdom and self-respect; of reverence leading from husband to God, and of motherly virtues toward children, must have kindled high aspirations in the hearts of many a Jewish wife and mother."

But, at this time, when a Christian world is keeping the blessed Christmas-tide, we may lovingly turn for inspiration to her who, chosen by God to be the instrument by which His love toward men should be made known, is the incarnation of womanly modesty and maternal dignity. No artist can depict the perfect and exceeding loveliness and pathos of the face that smiled through tears on the manger-cradle Babe of Bethlehem. No words of mine can adequately describe the purity and nobility of the character of her the most highly favored and blest among women.

"For God saw what the eye of man might never have power to see— That in all the earth there was none so pure As Mary of Galilee."

In Mary, the Virgin Mother, womanhood is ennobled to its purest ideal, and the contemplation and study of her life in its great humility, faith, gentleness, self-sacrifice, patience and love cannot fail to be a source of help and strength to all mothers who would rise to the real dignity and grandeur of their position, saying: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; the will of my God be done."

Leaving the thought of the ideal, or motherhood as it may be, let us consider for a few moments motherhood as it often is. Looking about us we are forced to admit that a state of things exists far different from what we would like to see. In our present system of educating girls no provision is made for the sacred duties which the majority of them assume, and as a consequence of this ignorance as to the real nature of the state to which they are called, motherhood is despised and we hear much about "unwelcome children," and selfish ease becomes the object of life rather than loving self-sacrificing.

A tale of unutterable woe, of motherhood disgraced and debased, is daily unfolded in our criminal reports; while in many homes where comforts abound, and in others less favored, mothers continue to live unmindful of their high duties and privileges. Faith, that most beautiful attribute of the noble mother-character, is supplanted by the unbelieving or indifferent spirit. Instead of patience there is fretfulness, irritability and complaining. Pride takes the place of humility, anger of meekness, laziness or selfish ease of ceaseless industry. Instead of the wisdom which seeks to know God and His will there is a reliance on self, leading to a life that is without prayer; self-respect is lost and reverence has no dwelling place within.

The remedy for these evils lies, first, in a better understanding of the dignity, sacredness and power of motherhood, and of the relations which exist,

or should exist, between mother and child; secondly, in a fervent desire on the part of those who are strong to hold out the hand of loving sympathy to those who need help, encouragement and protection; and lastly, in a more complete consecration of the mother's powers in training her child, not for society or that he may get on in the world, but that he may glorify God in this life and be prepared to enjoy Him forever hereafter.

A state of things which has resulted from the failure on the part of woman to take the position God intended her to hold in the work of uplifting and saving mankind can only be changed by woman herself. In this great work of reform every woman—and especially every mother—in the land should be enlisted. No woman, be her position ever so humble, is without the God-given talent of personal influence; for this reason her first effort for others should be to grow stronger and purer and better herself, that she may thus be worthy to lead the way to that which is higher and nobler. It is what a woman or mother is in her life and character, rather than what she says or does, that is her real source of power.

As a closing thought I would call your attention to the responsibilities of motherhood, viewed in the light of accountability to God; a thought suggested by the season just closed, when, in preparing for the celebration of the birth of our blessed Lord and Master, we are commanded to think also of His coming, when He shall appear in His majesty and glory to render unto every one according to the deeds done in the body.

A beautiful story is told of Cornelia, the Roman mother, justly renowned for her high birth, cultivated mind and noble character; that when, on a certain occasion, she was asked to display her jewels she lovingly pointed out to her two sons, exclaiming, "These are my jewels!"

Surely when the King of Kings shall appear, the brightest jewels in the mother's crown of immortality should be those for whose being and welfare she is most responsible. Thus may she appear before God with joy and not in fear saying, "Here am I, and the children whom Thou hast given me."

SUFFERED A MARTYR-LIKE DEATH.

Pathetic Scene on an Iowa Prairie in the Midst of a Blinding Snow Storm.

Thomas Loughlin, of Clarion, Ia., came to his death on Christmas day under circumstances pathetic in the extreme. It has been the custom of Father Egan, of Belmond, to go to Clarion, which is an outside mission, to celebrate his last Mass on the great festival day. On last Christmas Day the rough condition of the roads made this journey by wagon so discouraging that Mr. Loughlin volunteered to ride a railroad velocipede from Clarion to Belmond in order to convey Father Egan to the former place in time to say Mass. At about 10 a. m. he started to return from Belmond accompanied by the priest amidst a heavy fall of snow blown by a strong wind. The deposit of snow on the iron rails adhering to the velocipede made it difficult and sometimes impossible to move the railroad conveyance over the track. The wind continued to fall and the wind instead of subsiding increased until being almost directly opposite the weary travellers it made a forward motion doubly difficult. Mr. Loughlin labored with unremitting constancy to arrive at his destination until he became exhausted and concluded to lay aside the velocipede to undertake to go over the rest of the journey (about five miles) by foot. He had not, however, walked far when he was obliged to sit down on the railroad ties to rest from loss of strength, but was unable to rally. This was at a point on the railroad too far removed from any human habitation from which to invoke aid and Father Egan dreaded to leave him alone for the length of time it would be possible to go and call assistance lest the helpless patient would die from exposure in his absence. He lay thus prostrated on the railroad for two hours receiving all available attendance from his reverend companion, at the end of which time he expired in the arms of the priest, the only earthly witness of his pathetic end. Thus came a martyr-like death under flakes of snow and the penetrating cold of a winter's blast precluded from all human consolation save the little offered by a single companion.

After he had believed Mr. Loughlin dead, Father Egan laid him besides the railroad his head resting on the priest's little satchel and his body wrapped up in his fur coat and ran with all possible speed to the nearest house to call assistance. Word was quickly conveyed to deceased's brothers and a young sister in Clarion who hastened, accompanied by a physician, to the place where lay the dead body of their brother. Mr. Loughlin was a young man of excellent character, a model Catholic and supremely popular in a wide circle of acquaintances.