

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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Who Feels to Speak of '98?

At the request of a correspondent the Boston Pilot published the following poem. It was, says the Pilot, written by John Kells Ingram and was entitled "The Memory of the Dead," but has since become popularly known by the words of its opening line:

Who fears to speak of ninety eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a knave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, men,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the free—
Some rest far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But true men, like you, men,
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand,
Alas! that might can vanquish right,
They fell and passed away—
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our straits for liberty,
And teach us to unite,
Through good and ill be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And true men, like you, men,
Like those of ninety eight.

AN IRISH HEROINE.

The Thrilling Story of Robert Emmet's Faithful Housekeeper.

Surely no name in Ireland's roll of honor deserves a higher place than that of the humble Dublin girl whose fidelity to her trust when the sloughs of Britain were on Robert Emmet's track has become a household word. Brian Devlin was a Dublin workman and a patriot to the heart's core. He and his family were in Emmet's confidence while the heroic young United Irishman was planning and preparing for the renewal of the armed struggle for Ireland's liberty.

At his house in Butterfield lane the leaders of the movement which ended so disastrously often met. But Sirr and his band of ruffians were soon on the track, and one night the working man's humble home was surrounded by a corps of yeomanry. They were too late. The rebel chief had disappeared and the scoundrels—worthy comrades of the gang who murdered Miss Grey at Hillsborough—took young Anne Devlin prisoner and put her to the torture in order to force from her the secret of Emmet's place of concealment. Anne Devlin knew where the patriot leader was to be found. Many times had she traveled thither with messages from Emmet's Dublin friends. But the fiends who did England's work in Ireland might as well have tried to hurl the Wicklow Mountains into the Irish Sea as to shake the unswerving loyalty of that humble Irish girl.

PUT TO THE TORTURE.

They thrust their bayonets and swords into her flesh until the blood flowed from a dozen cruel wounds. Her lips remained sealed, her faith was firm as adamant.

"Hang her!" cried a brute, perhaps more merciful than the rest.

Before her eyes they built a temporary gallows, and as she stood beneath the dangling rope they asked her once again to confess.

"You may murder me, you villains, but not one word about him will you get from me," was the undaunted reply.

Then they placed the rope around her neck.

"The Lord Jesus have mercy on my soul!"

She deemed her last moments had come and cheerfully she faced death in its most horrible form, ready to give her young life away and face the dread unknown, with a prayer to the Creator on her lips, rather than purchase life and all that life promised by uttering the single word desired by her torturers.

She was unconscious when the instruments of England's rule lowered her again to the ground, and the first sounds that met her ears were the brutal cheers of the ribald crew who surrounded her. Torture failed—death itself had no tortures for Anne Devlin—the infamous Sirr tried another plan. Her father and mother, her brothers and sisters were in jail. Their liberty was offered as the price of Emmet's betrayal. But Anne Devlin's secret was as safe as it had been when she swung from the yeoman's gallows. Sirr could promise even more. She was poor—in all probability she had never owned a sovereign during her life. The major offered her—an untold fortune—what to a poverty-stricken girl must have seemed an untold fortune—the sum of £500 if she would only say where the youthful patriot's plans were being matured.

Anne Devlin and her family were still in jail when the dogs lapped up the blood of the patriot martyr. Wealth and liberty and the protection and favor of the rulers of the land could have been theirs. But deep in the hearts of poor Brian Devlin and his daughters were the truth and faith, the keen sense of honor and the grand and fearless devotion to principle which are the heritages of the Irish race. In the world's history there is no record of a nobler instance of true patriotism and steadfast loyalty than the story of Anne Devlin's heroism.

Dr. Madden found Anne Devlin alive in obscurity and poverty fifty years afterwards, and out of a not too well-filled purse he paid her a little annuity until she died. She is buried in Old Glasnevin cemetery, near the grave which is supposed to be Robert Emmet's.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE DEVIL.

Teaching of the Church Regarding Happenings Not Attributable to Natural Causes.

Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan, one of the most eloquent of England's ecclesiastics, discoursed recently on "Modern Spiritualism and Dealings With the Devil." We hear a great deal said not only by the simple and uneducated, but also by men and women of position and culture concerning mind rapping, faith cures, clairvoyance, spiritism, table turning, table rapping, spirit rapping, magic and second sight. These are subjects in which thousands take their delight, in which vast numbers seem to find recreation, amusement and excitement of a not always desirable kind, while we not infrequently see in the daily press how simple country maidens and unsuspecting servant girls have been induced to part with their hard earned gains to wandering gypsies and fortune tellers, under pretences of getting their prospects of marriage clearly laid out before them—as though an ignorant gypsy, who spends her time wandering about the country from place to place, without any fixed abode, could read the destinies of people by the stars or foretell the future of any girl silly enough to "cross her palm with a shilling."

There are no doubt many hidden forces in nature of which we know exceedingly little, and it would be most unreasonable to contend that we have mastered all the secrets of the universe, and still worse to assert that a thing is untrue or wicked because we are unable to fully explain it. Take, for instance, the phenomena connected with hypnotism, in which reason and memory are temporarily suspended, the will is paralyzed and the patient is irresistibly impelled to act in ways wholly out of keeping with his ordinary character and habit. Hypnotism is indeed recognized and accepted as a real power in nature, of which all the laws have not yet been discovered, which contains a great deal of the curious and unintelligible; it may, for all that, be perfectly in accordance with the ordinary law and order of the universe and as little connected with devilry or witchcraft as electricity or animal magnetism. In addition to these and similar well-known phenomena, there are an immense number of extraordinary results produced by charlatans and tricksters which startle and astonish the uninitiated and set them thinking that they are in sober truth dealing with the inhabitants of an invisible world. There are unquestionably a vast number of mountebanks, impostors, rogues, knaves and chests quite ready to delude and take in the simple. Indeed, I am fully persuaded that more than 99 per cent. of what we hear and read concerning spiritual and supernatural or preternatural manifestations is pure and simple imposition and trickery.

But after we have made allowance for what is according to nature and for what is traceable to imposture and trickery, a residuum still remains which cannot be explained upon either hypothesis. This is downright and certain devilry. Before entering upon that point I must say something about the devil. It is customary in these days, especially among non-Catholics, to deny the existence of such a being. It has gone out of fashion, as the frills and pointed shoes of our ancestors. People do not accept the idea of a personal devil; by the term "devil" they mean not a person or intelligence distinct from our friends, but the tendency to evil, the inclination within us leading to evil and wrong doing; to say that a person is possessed by the devil means to them that he is under the sway of an evil, sensual or lustful passion. This denial of a real personal devil is very common, and no doubt the devil is very glad to lie hid and forgotten; for, for all that his presence is suspected, he better be his chances of doing harm. What is the truth of the matter? What is the teaching of the Catholic Church?

The infallible Church of God tells us that devils do indeed exist and in vast numbers. They are made up of those rebel angels who were hurled out of heaven for refusing to obey God. It is the opinion of the greatest theologians that some fell from each of the nine

choirs, so that we find not only fallen angels, but fallen archangels, principalities, powers, cherubim and seraphim. They are fallen indeed from their high estate, but they retain their spiritual form; they are still clever, intelligent, subtle, and more than a match for the wisest and cleverest of men. It is against them that we have to contend all the days of our life. Not to believe in the existence of real and personal devils is to believe in the scriptures—for the bible everywhere bears testimony to them.

Now, as good angels have dealings with men, so may bad angels. This is abundantly evident from Scripture, history, from the lives of the saints and from authentic accounts received from idolatrous countries, where the power of the devil is much less hampered and controlled than in Christian lands. The histories of China, Japan, Africa and especially India abound with instances. We find the clearest indications of dealings with the devil also in the inspired pages of the Bible. There is abundant evidence to show that these very practices, so strongly condemned by God, speaking through Moses, as in the words of the text, are common enough in England. It is, of course, true that a great deal of what comes under our notice may be ascribed to natural forces or to deceptions; but it is equally true that a great deal cannot be so explained. On the border land of science there are many facts which, on the one hand, reveal the agency of intellectual beings distinct from man, and on the other hand are too trivial and vulgar and insignificant to be attributed to the direct intervention of God or His holy angels. There are certain laws of reason and principles of science which every man feels it his duty to accept. One of these laws is that every cause must be proportioned to the effect produced. Applying the law to the matter in hand, when a certain effect clearly shows knowledge and design, the cause producing that effect must be intelligent. You are present at some soiree where table rapping is going on. You ask questions, and the table replies by three raps for "Yes" and two for "No." It follows that either the whole thing is a delusion and a snare, a piece of trickery and humbug, and then, if it is professed to be anything else, no one should encourage it; or else the answers are sensible, true and according to fact; in which case we cannot attribute them to a lifeless object such as a table, which has neither sense nor intelligence, but we must put it down to spirits, to disembodied and invisible intelligence—in a word, to the agency of satan.

It may be asked: Can even the devil himself tell the contingent future? No; not with absolute certainty, as God can. But the devil can make an exceedingly shrewd guess. As an experienced and practised physician can offer an almost certain opinion as to whether a man will or will not recover from a disease, or as an astute sailor will tell by the general appearance of the sky whether a storm or a calm is coming, so the devil, by his far greater experience and immeasurably greater knowledge, can make guesses at truth, concerning even future and contingent events which are oftentimes accurate. It is our clear duty, however, to have nothing to do with the spirits of evil, or to invoke their aid. The wish to know, especially to know the future, is natural. The idea of making such discoveries possesses for many a charm and a fascination that is almost irresistible, and the devil is only too ready to dangle this bait before us and to entice us under any pretext whatsoever. But God has forbidden His children to have any dealings whatsoever with these malicious spirits, who bear us no friendship, but who are ever seeking by every means in their power to gain an influence over us, to drag us into sin and to plunge us finally into hell. Let us be on our guard and free ourselves from the fascinations and seductions of the devil in whatever form, for "who plays with the devil can have no part with Christ."

THEY WATCH AT NIGHT.

A Society of Catholic Business Men and What They Do.

There is a society of Catholic men in Boston, still small in membership, but so beautiful in its consecration to the Blessed Sacrament, the sun and centre of Catholic worship, that too much cannot be said in praise of it. It is the Society for the Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. It has long flourished in Paris and Rome, but was not established in Boston until 1882. Dr. Thomas Dwight, who had become acquainted with this devotion abroad, was the prime mover in its establishment in his native city. On December 7, vigil of the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mother of God, the society entered on its work. It had by this time the sixteen members necessary under the rules for the vigil, according to which two members must succeed each other every hour before the altar from 10 p. m. until 6 a. m.

They assembled in the beautiful little chapel of the Blessed Sacrament about 9:30. Night prayers were said,

and at 9:45 the first hour's adoration began by the recitation of the office of the Blessed Sacrament.

This office was recited every hour by four adorers, the two retiring reciting it with the two beginning their hour. All the members attended Mass and received Holy Communion together the following morning, and this has been done ever since, ordinarily on the first Friday of every month, except the months of July and August.

The exceptions are the Forty Hours' Devotions and the feast of Corpus Christi, when the night of adoration is changed from that preceding the first Friday.

A small room over the vestry is fitted up with cot beds, where, previous to their hour and following it, the adorers all of whom are hard working, professional or business men, may take a few hours' rest.

It would excite the wonder, almost the incredulity, of the average non-Catholic to know that this physician on his ceaseless rounds among his patients, that lawyer so cleverly arguing his case, you business man, with whom he has bought and sold, or the merry companion of his luncheon hour, has spent most of the night in a hard bed, in a crowded, comfortless chamber for the sake of his hour's adoration and of proving the fervor of his faith in the Sacrament of the Altar, and finding no reproach in those plaintive words of Christ in Gethsemane, "Could ye not watch one hour with me?"

But so it is; and the world understands not, but the faithful understand and receive even in this world the reward of their sacrifices.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A WONDERFUL POPE.

An English Newspaper Correspondent's Impressions of the Pontiff.

When certain sinister rumors as to the health of the Pope made it my duty to learn what could be learnt as to the possibilities of a conclave and a succession, I was not at Rome, and as I sped along the Mediterranean between the flashing sunlight on the sea and the ripe oranges and gray olives of the Tuscan gardens, I almost feared lest the frail life of the "Prisoner of the Vatican" might end before I could accomplish my mission. For the risks seemed great. It was credibly said, and it is true, that the aged Pontiff had had severe attacks of syncope, and that he had suffered from serious physical weakness. He was said to be much bent with age and to suffer as over his limbs which had led him more than once to stumble and fall, and might at any time and in spite of all care result in a grave accident. It was impossible to save him from that common risk of winter, an attack of cold, and it was well known that he could hardly hope to survive anything like a serious bronchial or pneumonic attack.

But beyond all that there were the patent facts that all the world knows. "Joachim Pecci, who afterwards became Leo XIII." (to use a phrase of his own), was born four years before Waterloo—on March 2, 1810. He was ordained a priest over sixty years ago. After a laborious and difficult life he was elected Pope at a most critical time, in February, 1878, when it was well understood that he could only last for a few months. Since then he has been tied by the traditions of the Vatican to a city which is notoriously unhealthy and confined within a territory of some two miles in circumference, and all the while he has worked with unsparring energy, probably at least twelve hours a day, without change or rest. How could he live much longer?

Revolving these things, I arrived at Rome, and presently set about inquiring as to the Pope's health and as to what was thought by those who knew the Sacred College best concerning the chances of the succession. But the first thing I discovered was that no one in Rome is thinking of a succession at all. "Old," they said; "yes, of course, the Holy Father is old, but he is not going to die. He will be going on gallily this time next year and the year after unless some unforeseen mischance should happen. He may be weaker than he was, and people say he is much bowed down and that his hand trembles. But he has an untiring energy and an iron will." As a well-known English-speaking prelate put it to me:

"In the case of such a man, will power has a great deal to do with the chances of life. The Pope is firmly persuaded that his work is not yet done. He is determined to be a consistent Pope, and to leave on the history of the Church the impress of a great and completed idea. Therefore he intends to live until he has completed his task."

And then he told me a tale which you hear everywhere in Rome just now. An American Bishop had been in Rome a few months before to present the customary report of his diocese to the Pope. When he was taking leave the Pope said, "You will come again?"

"Not," said the Bishop, with a certain emotion, "for five years."

But the Pope marked the inuendo and replied, with a sort of rebuke, "I will be here and I shall be glad to see you."

When, later on, I had the good fortune to see him for myself I did not wonder at the common expectation. I saw him at his private Mass, and the impression from the first moment to the last was one of startling energy. It is a singular scene. A small group, representing many races and conditions of men, is ushered a few minutes before 8 from the Sala Clementina into the inner audience chamber, which gives entrance by a wide portal upon the Pope's private chapel. His own bed room—a model of simplicity—is in the same suite. When the hangings open you see the simplest altar in the world, where his vestments, white, with a simple embroidery in gold, are lying ready. At the stroke of 8 there enters from the left, with a certain prompt, decisive action, the old man whose strange face is so well known by its ineffectual portraits. He is a little bent, no doubt. His hand, which holds the benedictor, shakes a little. Over his ordinary Papal dress of dead white he has thrown a long cape of some warm red purple stuff—a sort of morning wrap. Before you have time to think he has gone to the altar and is being assisted to vest. You hear the Latin of his ritual prayers, deliberately and strongly uttered in a strangely deep and carrying voice, a little nasal, which can be heard all through the chamber with admirable distinctness. He tolerates very little assistance, and indeed he does not need it, for his genuflections, when he has to make them, are apparently less difficult or irksome to him than they are to an average elderly priest who is a little vexed with rheumatism or corpulence. His Mass takes him three-quarters of an hour. Then one of his special chaplains—on the occasion of my visit it was Mgr. Merry del Val—says another Mass, at which the Pope assists, kneeling at a prie dieu on our left.

It is now past 9, and one imagines that he will retire to eat something before he gives his audience, for he is, of course, fasting. Not a bit of it. As soon as the chaplain's Mass is over the Pope seats himself in a raised chair against the left wall of the chapel, and the favored people who have audiences—some dozen parties or so—are ushered in separately by the courteous Mastro di Camera. Mgr. Cajano stands by the Pope and rapidly pours into his ear a sketch of each person. Rapidly and keenly, with a sort of reverent eagerness, the Pope picks it up, and starts off in his strange voice on any point that interests him. When I saw him it was the English universities. His wonderful face lit up and his eyes glinted as he spoke with the enthusiasm of a humanist of Cambridge or Oxford, and expressed his great satisfaction at the arrangements lately made for the education of Catholics at both of them. England altogether interested him. In fact the one thing which was most notable was precisely what my friends had told me beforehand—he was a man who seemed to live by will power and vivid energy, in whom not only the mental but the bodily fires still burned as strongly as in many a man with twenty years less upon his head.

Of friends or intimates of any sort he has very few. Only one or two of the Cardinals have anything like familiar access to him. Galimberti had, but he is dead, and no one has succeeded to his peculiar influence. Satolli is a favorite. So, as is well known, is Mgr. Merry del Val. For many other prelates of course he has a warm personal regard, notably among the rest, for both Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Gibbons. But his policy is almost absolutely his own, except in so far, say the Roman gossips, as it is Cardinal Rampolla's, for the great Sicilian Secretary of State, standing very close to the Pope, sympathizing keenly in his lines of thought, and being withal a man of immense intelligence and diplomatic skill, is considered to count for much in the tendencies of the Vatican. The Pope, then, is very far from moribund.

A MARVELLOUS CATHEDRAL.

Magnificent Structure in the Little Hill Town of Monreale.

There is a Sicilian proverb which despises those who go to Palermo and do not visit the little hill town of Monreale, a few miles beyond the walls, with its marvelous Cathedral. "He who goes to Palermo without seeing Monreale sets out a donkey and returns a beast," runs the proverb.

The Church of Monreale is, in the traditions of the land, the most beautiful thing in all the world. The laborers and the peasants of the "Golden Shell" sing of it in the most laudatory terms in that soft Sicilian dialect which is in itself so musical. "Blessed be the master who built it," they say, "and the Emperor who commanded it to be built!" Words cannot describe it nor tell how sumptuous it is, nor is there gold nor silver nor money that equals it. Mary, the Empress of Heaven, said, "I will make me a throne," and she sent the angels to make a cathedral and they stayed their flight at Monreale.

No one knows who was the artist that conceived this marvelous work or who were the workmen who executed it.

The marvelous beauty of the interior is derived from its splendid adornment, consisting of marbles and mosaics. The walls in the lower part are covered with exquisitely polished marbles, and in the upper part covered with mosaics on a gold ground that reflect back the rays of a Sicilian sun with a brilliancy and beauty rarely met with elsewhere. Over eighty thousand square feet of wall surface are thus occupied by these gold-backed mosaics.

At the end of the great central nave and dominating the whole interior construction is a figure of Christ, of colossal proportions and with a serene countenance shining out against the gold background, as though it were a heavenly vision rather than a magnificently rich work of art.

That figure of the Redeemer says a recent author, the Omnipotent One, as the Greek inscription has it, holds forth His right hand in benediction and in the left holds an open book, on which you may read, "I am the light of the world; who followeth Me walketh not in darkness."

Beneath this gigantic figure is the Madonna, seated on a throne, with the infant Jesus in her arms and around her head, in a nimbus, the inscription in Greek, "Without stain."

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

The Origin of This Devout Practice and Its Spread.

Tradition tells us that, after Christ's ascension, the Blessed Virgin was wont daily to travel to Pilate's house to Mount Calvary, along the way over which Jesus bore the cross; and that she paused at those spots made memorable by some insult, injustice or cruelty inflicted on Christ. We can form an idea of the Queen of Martyrs as she thus, amid these silent witnesses of the passion, meditated on the sufferings of her Divine Son. Must not every sight of the pillar at which He was scourged, of the tribunal where He was mocked, of the spots where He fell, of the way marked by His blood, of the nails that transfixed Him, and of the cross whereon He died, of the grave where He was buried, have been a sword which pierced her loving heart? How must her bleeding heart have melted in sympathy with her suffering Son! And oh! how she must have prayed that His sufferings and His death might not be for sinners in vain!

These pilgrimages were noticed; the sorrowful Mother was not permitted to make them alone! The holy women and disciples of our Lord accompanied her, praying in the spirit of her hymn:

Font of love and holy sorrow,
Mother! may our spirit borrow
Some what of thy woe profound;
That Christ with pure emotion
Raise our contrite heart's devotion—
Love to read in every wound!

Thus the practice inaugurated by Mary grew into a devotion which has led Christians to hold in veneration every place in Palestine identified with the Saviour. The devotion spread until everyone who had a favor to expect or a transgression to expiate vowed to visit the Holy Land. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem became daily more frequent and numerous. The piously inclined resolved to spend their lives in the practice of mortification and prayer, where the very surroundings would constantly speak to them of the events in their Divine Master's life and death.

With the growth of Christianity, the remoteness of certain people rendered for them a journey to Jerusalem so fraught with expense, difficulty, danger and sometimes disorder, that many pious souls found it inadvisable, if not well nigh impossible, to make a pilgrimage there. As those that were called into the vineyard at the eleventh hour received as much as those "who bore the heat and labor of the day," so the same just Lord decreed that those who could not visit Jerusalem, in that spirit, should receive the same graces as those who were privileged to do so in person; and by the erection of the Stations of the Cross (or pictures representing our Lord's journey to Mount Calvary), every Catholic church became a Jerusalem to all souls who there sought the graces and indulgences of the Holy City.—Very Rev. D. J. McDermott.

The Virtue of St. Joseph.

In a town in France there lived three maidens who attended a retreat given by a priest during the octave of the feast of Saint Joseph. In one of his sermons he said that any grace that was asked through the intercession of Saint Joseph would be granted. These words touched the hearts of these young people, and they resolved to unite in praying for the father of one of them, who, for many years, had not approached the sacraments. Their prayers were not in vain; he became so completely changed that even his companions wondered at the prodigy. He went to confession and was penetrated with the most lively contrition for his sins, received Holy Communion with great edification, and died a happy death the following year, in the month dedicated to Saint Joseph.

The very Mother of God herself was blessed in being for a while the handmaid of the Word of God made flesh; but she was much more blessed in this, that through her love she keepeth Him forever.—Venerable Bede.