

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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A Conversion.

Heat by the wayside in silence
As the sun kissed the mountains good
But his dark eyes were dim to his parting,
And the sunbeams for him had no light;
But he heard from afar a strange murmur,
Born down on the breezes full clear,
And he asked them its meaning, who answered
That Jesus was coming near.
Every night of his sorrow, for light
And he heaved two short sobs and great fear,
And he cried to the meek son of David,
"Have mercy, sweet Jesus, and hear!"
"Thou art weary, sweet Jesus, and hear!"
As the eyes of the Saviour so mild
Were bended in love and in pity
On His lovely and suffering child,
"What wouldst thou from Me, from thy Saviour?"
"I would, Lord, that I might see!"
"Great is thy love," said Jesus,
"As thou hast wished, let it be!"

So I sat by the wayside in silence,
And there in the shadows of night,
Alone, save for memories bitter,
I prayed, in my sorrow, for light,
And I heard from afar a sweet whisper,
Borne over my spirit full clear,
And I felt in my heart's deepest center
That my Jesus, beloved was near,
And I cried in my passionate longing,
Every word but a sigh and a tear,
I cried to the great Son of God,
"Have mercy, sweet Jesus, and hear!"
And He turned the voice of my sorrow,
And He looked on me eyes so mild,
With the look of the deepest affection,
For His erring and sorrowful child,
"What wouldst thou from Me, from thy Saviour?"
"I would, Lord, that I might see!"
"Great is thy love," said Jesus,
"As thou hast wished, let it be!"

A flood of effulgent serenity
Dispelled all my soul's gloomy haze,
And a vision of beauty entrancing
Appeared to my wondering gaze,
I beheld the fair Spouse of my Saviour,
Whose beauty did Heaven impart;
She extended her arms to receive me,
And clasped me in love to her heart.
"Nath her mantle maternal she held me,
Kissed away my every sorrowful tear,
With the Bread of the Angels she fed me,
And bade me to be of good cheer,
And my voice is no longer of sadness,
But glad in my heart as I pray:
"O Jesus, my Saviour, I thank Thee,
For the light thou hast given this day!"
—Timothy J. Dwyer, College of the Propaganda, in Catholic Columbian.

ST. PATRICK A CATHOLIC.

All the Facts go to Prove this Father
Ryan Declares.

N. Y. Sun, March 15.

The Rev. Richard M. Ryan lectured last evening at St. Bernard's church, West Fourteenth street, upon St. Patrick in the fifth and nineteenth centuries.

"It is time," said he, "to call a halt on the extravagance of those notoriety hunting preachers who, year after year, for nearly a decade, get their names sent around by calling St. Patrick a Protestant and asserting that the early Irish Church was not Catholic."

"One man announced recently in the Sun that there is much doubt about St. Patrick's Catholicism. The sect he built up in Ireland, many historians say, was semi-Protestant." There is not the smallest scintilla of truth in any of these assertions. For over one thousand for one hundred years there never arose the slightest suspicion of the great apostle's Catholicity, but toward the middle of the present century a few preachers took it into their heads to insinuate, and then, as one seemed to heed, to assert, that St. Patrick could hardly be called a Catholic; that Gallican, Eastern, and even Protestant features could be detected in his teaching and Church constitution.

To-day they throw aside all restraint and boldly claim him as one of their own. What proof do they bring forward of this? Not one atom that any historian could admit, not one argument that would not violate all the rules of reasoning.

"The man who wrote to *The Sun* says: 'Many historians assert it.' Not one—not a solitary one. There is not a single well authenticated fact, or ancient document, or monument, or recognized incident adduced that could throw the slightest suspicion on St. Patrick's Catholicity, or on the Catholicity of the venerable Irish Church which his apostolic labors upraised."

"Although the most ancient lives of St. Patrick—there were seven of them—tell us that he got his commission, like his predecessor, St. Palladius, from Pope St. Celestine I., to preach to the Irish, it is claimed, as in the case of England and St. Augustine, that there were Christians in both countries before the arrival of either Patrick or Augustine. Of course there were. Did not the Apostles convert the whole known world? But will any one claim that all or any of them were Protestants? Protesting against what? Was it not positive Catholic Christianity they all believed and preached, not mere negations?"

"But it is said, without a shred of evidence, however, that the first establishment of Christianity in the Western Islands was made by Eastern or Greek. Supposing it were, that made no difference whatever; no distinction existed then between the Eastern and Western Churches excepting what exists now between the united Greeks and Latins, the variety in liturgies which the Catholic Church insists shall be maintained."

"If the first Christians—an inconceivable thing—were Greeks or other Easterns, they surely would have left some trace of their liturgy. Have they done so? Not the slightest. The

Latin or Roman was the only one ever known in Ireland or England.

"But are there not some adverse things adduced that claim consideration? Such as are, even if conceded, would prove nothing against the Catholicity of St. Patrick, or the Church he established. Admitting even that it tends toward the Eastern derivation of the Catholics, who are said to have existed before St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland, the conclusion derived from it would not pass in any law court or legislative assembly in the world. A Greek inscription of six lines is found in an old Latin copy of the Gospels; therefore, they and the earliest Catholic believers came from Greece! How absurd! As well say that the American flag came from Rome because the motto is in Latin."

"Here is another proof. There were seven little churches in the valley of Glendaloch and seven others in Clonmacnoise. The Bible mentions seven churches of Asia Minor; therefore the Eastern origin of the former cannot be doubted. Why not say the Jewish origin cannot be gainsaid, as the great candlestick in the temple at Jerusalem had seven branches? The other proofs of this and of St. Patrick's Protestantism are not any better, nor even as good."

"By way of illustration, take the proof that the early Irish Bishops and Archbishops were not in communion with Rome, and therefore were Protestants. No record exists of St. Patrick having received the pallium from Rome, or that the Bishops he consecrated received a Bull elevating them to that dignity; therefore they were all Protestants, because so-called Protestant Bishops are made such without Papal Bulls, and Archbishops without the Papal Pallium. Very specious indeed, but not the less spurious. The Church is divinely endowed with all power for its guidance and its own due government unto all time and under all circumstances. Hence with her rests the decision of the mode of election and appointment of Bishops, and not with any one else. At various times her method of procedure varied. How the Apostles acted in this matter we know from the Acts. During the persecutions of the first three hundred years a similar process of election was impossible, and was not followed; but never was that which was considered essential to the making of a Bishop departed from at any time or under any circumstances. Up to the eleventh century Bishops were elected by their countries and consecrated by them, in all distant countries without reference to Rome. It was only in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries when evils arose from this and intercourse with Rome was easier that the present discipline was commanded. Until then Irish Bishops were elected and consecrated, the same as in all other Catholic countries, without Papal Bulls."

"Another proof of Patrick's and Ireland's early Protestantism is the absence of Papal interference in all Church matters." For this there was the best of all seasons—lack of necessity. One of the greatest of Irish saints, Columbanus, writing in 615 to Pope Boniface, puts this very pithily: We have no doctrine here but the Evangelical and Apostolic doctrine. "There has been no heretic, no Jew, no schismatic, but the Catholic faith is still held inviolate, such as it was first given us by you, the successor of the Apostles." This does not seem like Protestant pretension to independence.

"In the great controversy regarding the time for celebrating Easter which arose in the Church about the time of St. Patrick's death, the true Catholic spirit of his children was conspicuously brought out. The details of it are long and tedious. It is enough to say here that the computation in Ireland was that followed in Gaul, when St. Patrick left that country for the scene of his labors. It differed certainly from that followed at Rome, to which, as the Popes insisted, all should conform. For a time some of the Irish Bishops held out, from respect to St. Patrick and his successors and until all doubt about Rome's requirement was removed, when they freely submitted."

Father Ryan quoted from ancient documents, what he said were proofs of St. Patrick's and the early Irish Church's belief in the veneration of saints, prayers for the dead, the Mass, use of the Bible, the monastic life, and other Catholic practices.

The Papal Delegate.

Mr. Merry Del Val, the recently appointed Papal delegate to Canada, sailed for New York from Liverpool on board the steamer Umbria on Saturday. He was accompanied by the steamer by a number of friends. Among those who saw him off were Mr. Russell, the Manitoba lawyer, who presented the Manitoba school case to the Vatican; Sir Joseph G. Colmer, Secretary to the Canadian High Commissioner in London; Father O'Connor, of the Italian Church, and Father Dunn, Cardinal Vaughan's secretary. To a representative of the press Mr. Del Val said that he was very hopeful of success in his new field. He was leaving for Canada, he said, with a perfectly unbiased mind, and entirely open to

conviction. He will follow events as they are unfolded, and only desires to conciliate the opposing interests.

HOW HE FOUND THE TRUTH.

The Story of His Conversion Told by Henry Austin Adams.

Before a large audience in the Amphion Theatre in Brooklyn last Sunday evening Henry Austin Adams told the story of his conversion to the Catholic Church. The lecture was for the benefit of the parochial school of the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, of which the Rev. Sylvester Malone is pastor.

Mr. Adams began by referring to the fact that his mother was a Catholic, and that when three weeks old he was baptized at a Catholic font. He was the seventh son, and, according to the Spanish tradition, would in any case have been intended for the Church. When, later in life, he returned to the Church, after having been separated from it, most of his friends, if they spoke to him at all, carefully avoided the subject of religion; a little later they were willing to allude to the change, and still later were even eager to draw him out on the subject.

The lecturer proceeded to say: "Although I had to sacrifice the interests of friendship, relatives and ambition, I have absolutely nothing to say in antagonism of or in criticism of any of our separated brethren. My mother died while I was a mere child and my father followed my mother before my teens, dying of a broken heart. I was sent as a boy to Baltimore, one of the greatest Catholic cities in the country, where I was brought up by two devout old women and distant relations of my father. They were Methodists. Although surrounded by Catholic institutions, home influences led me to look upon the priests as sneaking dangerous sort of men bossed from Italy."

It was afterwards agreed that he should attend the Church of the Ascension, Baltimore, "a sound Protestant Church with no ritualistic nonsense." Some time later he had casually visited St. Luke's Episcopal church.

"This was a ritualistic church," the lecturer proceeded to say. "The altar was filled with blazing lights, and when I entered I saw the sinister priests, felt the whiff of incense and heard the voices of vested children joining in the vespers. It was a 'Catholic' Church, although not Roman Catholic."

Mr. Adams then proceeded to describe how he had discovered a gap between the High and the Low Church. At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the seminary in New York, where he was graduated at twenty two for ordination. He then went to England.

"In England," he continued, "everything was all right. I found a thoroughly organized and devoted clergy. At the moment I crossed the channel and stepped on the continent I found I had no religion at all. But four months afterward spent in the east end of London with Father Bennet served to strengthen me, and I came back for ordination, filled with enthusiasm for the Episcopal Church. Success attended me from the start, and my first sermon was in the diocese of Massachusetts. It was a good old-time Protestant parish. The pulpit was Protestant. I had an altar placed in the church, with candles and crucifix, said Mass in vestments and began teaching them their duty exactly as Father Malone has been teaching you these many years. I was there not a year. I was then sent to Trinity Church, New York, under the leadership of the eminent rector of that famous parish. It was a metropolitan pulpit, with no special parochial duties. From Sunday to Sunday I spoke to the people of Trinity church. My reading deepened with each visit to Oxford and the continent and I began to understand more truly the philosophy of history."

"As I learned the truths of the Catholic Church, and as they appealed to my conscience the troubles of the wretched years which followed began. If the Episcopal Church had been telling the truth for three hundred years she had not been telling it for the twelve hundred which had preceded. Bishop Potter, the amiable and suave Bishop of New York, I found was willing to let you stand on your head if you avoided scandal. I found that if one of my parishioners left my church for another in New York he was taught something entirely different from what I had taught. The Rev. Heber Newton said: 'We shall rise to better things.' Dr. Rainsford taught a materialistic, muscular Christianity, mingled with golf and the missions of the church, and so on. Finally, I felt that I was a little Pope all by myself. Then the terrible question arose in my mind, 'Have you been misleading the people for twelve long years?' Then I told my trouble to the Rev. William Johnston of the Church of the Redeemer, New York, and it was arranged that I should become his curate and that he should become my rector. After six months he came to me and said: 'If you continue this longer you will go crazy. Go away.'"

In two weeks I was crossing the ocean. Sitting one night, soon after, in the coffee house of a little inn in the north, reading a Scottish paper, I

came across a humorous little story. It described how a parson of the new and the old Church were discussing their beliefs. They went at it with and nail, hour after hour, arguing and had splitting, and introducing the arguments on either side of 'the knee kirk the wee kirk and the kirk without the steeple' and 'the old kirk, the cold kirk and the kirk with out the people.' They could arrive at no settlement of the dispute, and finally resolved to leave the decision to the first man who came along. He was an Irishman, and as he consented to be referee they both argued their sides of the case before him for two hours. When the time was up the Irishman said: 'Well, your rivarin, turning to the old light, 'you are an old man; and you, 'turning to the other, 'you are a new light. I have heard of moonlight, sunlight, starlight, lamplight, gaslight, and thin new electric lights, firelights, will-o'-the-wisp lights, but he jabbers between you two there seems to be no light at all.'"

A few days later, the lecturer said, although he had never expressed his intention to his wife, he received a cablegram from her stating: "The children and I were baptized into the Catholic Church yesterday." Shortly afterward, Mr. Adams concluded, he was baptized by Cardinal Newman. The lecturer was repeatedly applauded.

A THOUGHT FOR LENT.

One of the saints calls fasting the food of the angels; it does not seem to be agreeable to the modern palate, however, judging from the way in which it is avoided. Our forefathers used to consider fasting and abstinence necessary to the welfare of their souls; but we are of a different age, with different notions and customs. It would be hard to excel us in zeal for indulgences and new forms of prayer, in attachment to confraternities, in any sort of piety that breaks out in badges; but when it comes to penance, we are more like pious Protestants, not a few of whom now impose little restraints on themselves during Lent.

Perhaps some who claim to be faithful children of the Church, true followers of a crucified Master, yet make no effort to observe Lent, might be ashamed to shirk this obligation if they were more familiar with the code of Buddhist morality.

A missionary in India, who is surrounded by people who never heard the name of Christ except to mock at it, lately furnished an account of a Hindu whose penance for manslaughter might be considered as great as his guilt, if such a thing could possibly be. "When returning from Leh to Rawil Pindie," writes this priest, "I met on the road a Buddhist, who, in penance for a murder he had committed, was making a pilgrimage to the mountain of Lhasa; and the lama of that place, having heard what he had done, and that he was ready to undergo penance, obliged him to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of a Hindu fakir—as the Hindus call their saints—which shrine was in Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. The poor fellow seemed to be about forty years of age, and had already undergone penance and humiliation. He had to walk the whole way; and at every step he took he had to throw himself on the ground at full length, stretched out his hands so that they joined above his head; and then with his hands he had to make a circle on the ground, whilst he, keeping his arms straight, brought them back again to his sides. On the spot where his hands finished the circle he placed his feet, threw himself again straight on the ground, made a second circle, rose up, and planted his feet again where the circle finished. Thus he went on until he had gained a short distance; and then returned, in an ordinary walking manner, to fetch his luggage, which consisted of his scanty food and a few pots and pans. His hands were protected by two great wooden blocks, to each of which was attached, at the bottom, a piece of metal. He wore an apron of sheep skin. His chest was bare, his face unwashed, while his unkempt hair hung down his cheeks and neck in the greatest disorder. During nine or ten years he had done penance in this way—living on alms and whatever he could get; exposed to all the inclemencies of the Himalayas or to the scorching rays of an Eastern sun; sleeping in the place where the night found him—on the public road, the desert plateau, half way up in the mountain passes, or in the neighborhood of hungry jackals, vultures, or wild yaks."

At the time when the missionary met this extraordinary penitent many months of his painful journey were still to be accomplished; and it is probable that he has not yet reached the place of his destination. July after praying at the shrine of the Hindu fakir will he have even the hope that his crime is forgiven.

It may be questioned if the eccentric people in our country who call themselves Buddhists, and prate about the Nirvana and the "choir invisible," practice the substantial penances of

the Orientals whose vaporous philosophy they vaunt. It is well to know, however, that mortification is considered reasonable and salutary even by pagans, some of whom at least, like the pilgrim to Srinagar, practise what they believe. The mortifications imposed by the Church never go to extravagant or dangerous lengths, and the willing acceptance of them renders the burden easy to bear.—Ave Maria.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

St. Patrick's Day was fittingly celebrated in all the Hamilton Catholic churches. The Irish societies gave entertainments in the evening which were successful in every respect. Right Rev. Mgr. McEvay went to Lindsay for St. Patrick's Day where he lectured in the morning on St. Patrick and in the evening on Jerusalem. Father Mahony delivered an eloquent lecture on St. Patrick in Clonacolia on that feast.

The people of St. Patrick's parish, says the Hamilton Spectator of March 17, always remember the festive occasion of the anniversary of the birth of the patron saint of their church by holding an elaborate festival service in his honor. To-day, wearing the green leafed emblem of the Emerald Isle, the people flocked to the church until standing room only was at a premium. High Mass was to be celebrated at 10:30. Rev. Father O'Reilly was to deliver an address, and, best of all, His Lordship Bishop Dowling was to be present. Rev. Father Craven, chancellor of the parish, was the celebrant of the Mass. Rev. Fathers Hinchey and Holden acting as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Brady accompanied the Bishop. Gathered in the forward pews of the church were all the pupils of Loretto academy, with their teachers and the Sisters.

The music, which was by no means an unimportant portion of the service, was looked after by J. F. Morrissey, the organist and choir-leader of the church. The choir sang Wegland's beautiful festival Mass, the solo voices being Misses Tessie Stewart, Annie Stewart, L. Byron, A. Byrne and Prindleville; Messrs. C. Staunton, M. F. O'Brien and Master W. Mullens. Mrs. Bruce-Wikstrom greatly increased the good favor in which she is held by St. Patrick's congregation by her singing of an "Ave Maria" by Luigi Luzzi. There is something about the acoustic qualities of the St. Patrick's auditorium that allows the full beauty of Mrs. Wikstrom's voice to be heard and felt, and her singing there is always of the best.

Rev. Father O'Reilly's address was largely historical, dealing with the Irish race and the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland from the time of St. Patrick to the present day. He dealt at length upon the persecutions of the people of the true faith in the time of Elizabeth, when every civil and even natural title was taken from them, and their churches and church lands were given to the new religion. Cromwell renewed the persecution, obliged him to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of a Hindu fakir—as the Hindus call their saints—which shrine was in Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. The poor fellow seemed to be about forty years of age, and had already undergone penance and humiliation. He had to walk the whole way; and at every step he took he had to throw himself on the ground at full length, stretched out his hands so that they joined above his head; and then with his hands he had to make a circle on the ground, whilst he, keeping his arms straight, brought them back again to his sides. On the spot where his hands finished the circle he placed his feet, threw himself again straight on the ground, made a second circle, rose up, and planted his feet again where the circle finished. Thus he went on until he had gained a short distance; and then returned, in an ordinary walking manner, to fetch his luggage, which consisted of his scanty food and a few pots and pans. His hands were protected by two great wooden blocks, to each of which was attached, at the bottom, a piece of metal. He wore an apron of sheep skin. His chest was bare, his face unwashed, while his unkempt hair hung down his cheeks and neck in the greatest disorder. During nine or ten years he had done penance in this way—living on alms and whatever he could get; exposed to all the inclemencies of the Himalayas or to the scorching rays of an Eastern sun; sleeping in the place where the night found him—on the public road, the desert plateau, half way up in the mountain passes, or in the neighborhood of hungry jackals, vultures, or wild yaks."

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celebrated High Mass in the morning and preached on the virtues of the patron saint of the parish. In the evening the Bishop was present and gave a lengthy and very interesting lecture. He was accompanied by Right Rev. Mgr. McEvay. Father Hinchey sang Vespers. The choir, under the leadership of Prof. Boyes, rendered choice music, and Miss McHenry, the organist, was at her best.

The Sisters of St. Joseph did honor to their patron saint by assisting in carrying out all the Church ceremonies on Friday and Sunday, in a most elaborate way. Their beautiful chapel was ornamented in a way which showed exquisite taste. A number of young ladies left the world on St. Joseph's day and received the candidates cap in the order of St. Joseph. The Bishop and Mgr. McEvay were present at the ceremonies, and the Bishop gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's convent and St. Joseph's hospital on Sunday, after addressing the Sisters on the virtues of St. Joseph and the holiness of the religious life.

A Catholic on Anglicanism.

At the Catholic Winter School, we learn from the St. Louis Globe Democrat Rev. Henry A. Adams, spoke as follows of the Anglican Church:

"Four men especially are typical of the present Christianity of the Anglican Church—Incarnations, as it were of the development of Catholicity in their communion. For the parish priest stands Mackenzie, for the theologian Liddon, for the devotionalist Neal, and for the eager, active, monkish priest, busy with the social and moral welfare of the world, stands Father Huntington, son of Bishop Huntington and founder of the Order of the Holy Cross in this country. If any four men ever had true, deep sincerity of faith and purpose, these four have. Out of work like things must come splendid fruits, and the result of the religion they are building up must be converts to the Catholic Church and the ultimate reunion of the Anglican and Catholic Churches under the authority of Peter. They are not disloyal to their own Church, but they send the speaker to Rome, and they are sending others, and they and their followers will also find that all roads lead to Rome."

A New Form of "Blessed be God."

The Ecological Review announces that Pope Leo has just added to the received form of the "Blessed be God," an invocation in honor of the Sacred Heart, and doubled the partial indulgence for those who recite the prayer publicly in any language after Mass or during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

The prayer as it is now to be recited is attached to the decree and is as follows:

Blessed be God,
Blessed be His Holy Name,
Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man,
Blessed be the name of Jesus,
Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart,
Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar,
Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary, most holy,
Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception,
Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother,
Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints.

An Object Lesson.

We stated in last week's issue that the Catholic Church holds, and always held, that a marriage between Christians validly contracted and consummated can be dissolved only by the death of one of the parties to it; so that re-marriage of either party while the other lives, even though legal divorce may have been obtained, can never receive its sanction. The truth of this assertion was recently illustrated over in a certain district in Brittany, in France, where, as might be supposed, all the district officials are staunch, practical and intelligent Catholics. A man who had been divorced by the civil law, but whose wife is still living, presented himself with another woman before the mayor of this district for re-marriage. The mayor, who knew the facts in the case, peremptorily refused to perform the civil marriage; his assistant, when applied to, did the same as did every one of the other officials of the district, all of whom sent in their resignations to the higher authorities. These resignations were not accepted, but it was not because the higher authorities upheld the mayor and his official associates on their refusal to perform this civil marriage that they were declined, but for the reason that the Government, which is anything but Catholic, wanted to prosecute them and has already begun action against them, with a view of compelling them to perform the ceremony. It is not likely to succeed in that, though it will probably secure a verdict against them. Catholics of their character are not to be coerced into doing an act which their Church and consciences condemn.—Sacred Heart Review.

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