

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus nati nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclian, 4th Century.

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The Voices.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Down in the night I hear them,
The voices—unknown, unguessed—
That whisper, and hiss, and murmur,
And will not let me rest.

Voices that seem to question
In unknown words, of me,
Of fabulous ventures, and hopes, and dreams
Of this and the world to be.

Voices of mirth and music,
As in sumptuous homes; and sounds
Of mourning, and of gathering friends
In country burial grounds.

Cadence of maiden voices—
Their lovers blent with these;
And little children singing,
As under orchard trees.

And often, up from the chaos
Of my deepest dreams I hear
Sounds of their phantom laughter
Filling the atmosphere.

But ever and ever the meaning
Fathers and hills had done,
And only the silence quavers
With the sorrow of my sighs.

And I answer, O voices, ye may not
Make me understand
Till my own voice, mingling with you,
Laughs in shadowland.

MISSION FOR PROTESTANTS.

The Experience of a Priest in a Town in Maryland.

The town was—well, we need not say where, nor need we mention its name—in Maryland, with a population of 3,500, all told. If a much married woman and a Bohemian, married out of the Church, could be numbered among the just, there would be about ten. There was a church, however, a neat little 90x40 wooden structure, in which Mass is said on one Sunday in the month. On the Sunday evening the priest was in town the little church was generally filled with Protestants who came to hear him preach.

A mission was arranged for, to begin October 25, and to close on All Saints' Day. The missionary Paulus put aside his other pressing duties in a large city and journeyed away from city noise and political harrangue, to spend a few days in the work of evangelizing. Father Michael met him at the depot, and both together registered at a country hotel. The town had been duly posted. Every store window held in a conspicuous place a large placard, "Lectures by Rev. Paulus on Interesting Religious Topics. No Controversy. No Abuse. All are invited to the Catholic Church."

Sunday was at hand: the first lecture was announced for 3 o'clock in the afternoon, because the Protestant people here are great church goers, and it was not thought possible to attract them away from their own service in the morning. Mass was said, however, for the Catholics, and there were present two or three women who were pretty good church goers, two old Irishmen, two young men born in this country who knew as much about the other side of the moon as they did about their church, and a girl of sixteen who had not as yet made her first Communion. This was the company of the faithful. Outside of the ten Catholics, the other three thousand four hundred and ninety knew so little about the Church that Christ died to establish, that they could easily pass St. Peter on the score of invincible ignorance. Some had heard of Cardinal Gibbons. One argued with a neighbor that the Catholic Church was as much down on the vice of drunkenness as any other Church, and quoted Mr. Satoli, but he could not convince him that such was the case, as most of the Catholics in town were either directly or indirectly connected with the saloon business.

The missionary, with Father Michael, awaited expectantly for a large crowd to fill the church Sunday night, but he was destined to be disappointed. Whether it was because it rained heavily, or because the Catholic Church had not sufficiently commended itself to the townspeople to deem it worthy of a hearing, or on account of some other reason unknown to us, our crowd numbered only fifty. Still the preaching was as energetic and as earnest as if there were five thousand listeners. The "question box" had been put up and the people invited to ask any question they wanted. The first question came from a man who was born and brought up in Baltimore. He knew Father Bartlett, but wanted to know how a man could forgive sins. He was present to hear the explanation, and afterwards professed that he was quite satisfied. He remarked that there was no collection, but the question of church support settled itself all right in his mind, as he understood that the money came in another way. He could readily see how we could afford to forego the basket collection when we obliged each one as he came to confession to pay down one dollar to have his sins forgiven. He knew all about it, because he was brought up in Baltimore, and that was the way they did there.

Monday night brought another crop of questions, some silly, but others opening up important dogmatic questions as the Catholicity of the Church, the relations between the Greek and Anglo-Saxon (sic) Churches and the infallibility of the Pope. But our crowd was smaller. A boy preacher in the Methodist church, the first nights of a new opera, a new fakir in town, and

continued rain, all combined to diminish our already small number. Something must be done to raise the wind, for there was no use of preaching to empty seats. A solemn confab was held. Would we challenge the minister to a public discussion? Would we sandwich a darkey with placards and give him a bell and make a town crier of him, or would we get up a prize fight outside the church to attract the crowd? In our desperate state we were ready for any device. In our maturer judgment wiser measures prevailed. If Mahomets would not come to the mountain the mountain had to start out for Mahomet. We telegraphed to New York to the Paulists for one thousand tracts, and, having selected "Temperance" as the best drawing card, we got out dodgers announcing the lecture, and paid some colored boys to put a dodger with a tract at every house in town. The scheme worked well. The crowd came and nearly filled the church. In the audience were some of the most respectable people in town, including the Episcopalian minister and his wife.

It was a pleasure to talk that night, to discuss the doctrine of Purgatory, in answer to the question, "can a priest pray a soul out of hell," to explain the Real Presence when one asked the meaning of the little light burning before the altar. How the good people listened with eyes and ears and mouth wide open at the marvellous doctrine of a God with us on our altars. The temperance sermon commended itself very highly to the auditors. The church that takes the bold stand that the Catholic Church takes on questions of law and order, public decency, and the safety of society, alone will accredit itself to the right-thinking and high-minded among the American people.

The last night the sermon was on Death. It evidently produced a deep impression on the large crowd who came to listen. It brought them face to face with the great realities of life and futurity, and its choicest effect was to engender that serious state of mind so necessary for the best consideration of religious truth. Did we make any converts? No. He who asks such a question understands in a very small measure how far the ordinary Protestant is from the Church. There is a broad field between us filled with many obstacles. To dig them up to smooth away difficulties, to make plain the road and straight the path is the best result of these missions.

All who were interested we invited to come to the altar rail and accept from us as a souvenir of the mission a copy of "Catholic Belief." Some forty very intelligent, bright-eyed people availed themselves of the invitation. These, with the two or three thousand tracts we placed where they will do the most good, are seeds which must bear some fruit. How much good the mission did it will be very hard to say, and what its ultimate results will be the future alone will reveal, but this much good is in sight. Many who never knew of the doctrines of the Church have had the truth preached to them, and many who thought very little of her teaching, have been attracted unto her by the glimpse they have had of the reasonableness of her faith and the beauty of her moral and devotional life.

WHY NOT EMBRACE HER?

How an Intelligent Man Becomes a Christian.

The following excellent article is from the *Evangelist*, a High-Church Episcopal paper. Why does not the writer come into the Catholic Church, of which he speaks so admiringly?

"The great proof of the truth of the Christian religion is the existence of the Catholic Church to-day. And if the Catholic Church were destroyed the demonstration of the truth of our holy religion would be impossible. It is true that the miracles were a great proof of the power of God, especially the unmatched miracle of a man raising himself from the dead, but the truth of those miracles rests chiefly for its attestation upon the Catholic Church. The prophecies, so wonderfully accomplished, are another proof of the truth of His religion, in whom every jot and every tittle was fulfilled. While it is true that the prophecies depend only partly upon the testimony of the Catholic Church, since they are likewise borne witness to by our enemies, the Jews, yet that these prophecies were fulfilled in Christ rests largely upon the truthfulness of the gospel record, which receives its attestation from the Catholic Church. Without the Catholic Church, therefore, neither the miracles nor prophecies are sufficient to demonstrate the truth. Now, what reason have we for believing the Catholic Church?"

Here the inquirer interrupted with the pertinent question: "But, sir, what do you mean by the Catholic Church?"

"By the Catholic Church I mean that Church which was founded and organized by Christ Himself, which was left under the rule of the Apostles as His vicars, and which remains to-day ruled over by their successors, the Bishops of the Church, in direct descent from them."

"The existence of this Catholic

Church to-day we declare to be a standing, perpetual miracle—a miracle which is contrary to every law which is taught us by history of the progress of human events—a miracle of which the unbeliever can give and attempts to give no explanation—a miracle which is perfectly explained by the explanation which she herself gives it, to-wit, that she has a charmed life, protected by Almighty God, inasmuch as she is not a human but a divine body, living with a supernatural life, and indwelt by the spirit of God.

"Let the unbeliever explain these facts. No one can dispute their truth. While all the kingdoms and dynasties of the world have been swept away since Christ died upon the cross, while many different lines of monarchs have ruled over divers countries, the Catholic Church has remained unchanged, ruled over by Bishops in unbroken apostolic succession. No amount of persecution has been able to break down this kingdom, nor to drive her rulers from their thrones; each of her Bishops, sitting in his diocese in the throne of Christ, rules to-day as through nineteen centuries in His stead as His vicar.

"2. While all other kingdoms and nations have changed their laws and habits, she alone has continued with an unchanged law; the law given her by Christ, constantly commented on and applied by the Holy Ghost, who dwells in her.

"3. While national traditions have changed and the history of the kingdoms of this earth have been written over and over again, each time indifferently, to suit the changes of dynasties and laws, the traditions of the Catholic Church have continued just the same from the beginning. No matter what century, what year or month, or day of what century you may read the history of, you will find the Catholic Church always delivering the same message, that she is the divine mother of souls, that Christ committed to her the richness of His treasures, that her teaching was inerrant and infallible, and that her witness was true.

"4. While new religions have sprung up, more or less like that taught by the Catholic Church, such as the Gnostic, the Donatist, the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, etc., etc., these have never endured persecutions, nor even lasted in name for more than a few centuries. Most of them have passed away entirely and we only know of them from the pages of history; others are passing away before our eyes, viz., the Quakers. And even those which are the youngest, viz., the Methodist Episcopal and the Baptist, are swiftly changing. What a contrast from this mushroom growth of a sect which has no witness to bear to the unbroken continuance of the Catholic Church throughout the centuries, witnessing in every age to the Christ who founded her!"

"5. While other kingdoms have been founded by pandering to the lusts and ambitions of men, promising wealth, rank and power to their followers, the Catholic Church was gathered from those who joined her and sought her sacraments, drawn by the promises of being hated by the world, reviled for righteousness' sake, tortured and put to death for the name of Christ. Such was the promised end, and the law of that kingdom was and is to trample down the human will, to bring it into subjection to the law of Christ. Fasting, poverty, virginity—these were the attractions which the Catholic Church had to offer! And yet—great as all miracles!—for the hope of a smile and a blessing from Christ, multitudes have been ready in every age to leave all and follow her. Heaven is full of those who gladly laid down their lives for the faith of the Catholic Church.

"6. While the kingdoms of the world have been founded by the great and powerful, the Catholic Church was rested by Christ upon the foundation of twelve humble, ignorant peasants of a conquered province; and yet these twelve first Bishops of the Catholic Church, and their successors, in about three hundred years converted the whole civilized world to the worship of Christ.

"7. While other religions have set up divers great and powerful beings as gods, the God the Catholic Church taught the world to worship was the Convict of Palestine, the crucified Malefactor, who hung by the sentence of the Roman Governor upon the tree of Calvary!"

"No man of education, whether a believer or no, can deny these facts, and in the face of these facts we declare the belief in the Catholic Church a logical necessity. No natural explanation can be produced which will explain her life, her history, her existence to-day; the supernatural explanation which she herself has been giving for almost two thousand years explains it fully. Until some other which is more probable is found, as rational beings we are bound to accept this one and to regulate our faith and life accordingly."

The man seemed much impressed and answered: "I now clearly understand your position. Once granting that the Catholic Church is what she claims to

be, then the book which she declares to be divine must be so, and the explanation of that book which she gives must be divine likewise. I must have time to think further."

The man was not far from the kingdom of God, but while he was thinking he died—he lost his chance, untouched by the cleansing waters, unjoined to Christ; still the child of wrath he went to do is better, and "put not off from day to day," lest you lose your reward. How many souls have perished because, while convinced in their minds of the truth of the Christian religion and of the Church's claims, they have put off seeking her communion until death summons and the seal is set to their obstinate refusal of God's loving offer of salvation.

CAN A LORD BE A POET.

The Edinburgh reviewers who criticized Lord Byron must have profited amazingly by cultivating learning on a little oatmeal, when they made the astounding discovery that a Lord cannot write poetry.

Let us see what history says to such a pretended discovery, and first let us consult sacred history. David and Solomon were mighty lords in their day, and yet they were poets; their poems counting by the thousand.

Moses was a Lord, and a great one too, the lord and leader of the Israelite people. Notwithstanding this high dignity he was a poet.—the author of those magnificent hymns—*Audite, Gentes, quae loquor, Cantemus Domino, Gloriosa enim magnificentia est.* Secular history is nearer us and may be appealed to more at large. The great Celtic bard was a powerful lord, as well as warrior among his people, although he owned not the modern designation of earl, marquis, duke, and all that. Nevertheless, he was eminent as a poet. So much so that his poems have stood the ordeal of time, and are a living voice in our day, celebrating the events of a bygone age, preserved in the memories and written in the books of the Gaelic people of Western Scotland. They are known only to English readers by the translation of Mr. Macpherson.

It has been maintained that this gentleman was the author of them. But such a position can never be proved. Mr. Macpherson, although he could translate, could not compose such poems. He was utterly incapable. He tried to convince the world that he was a poet by writing some poems. But they found no acceptance with the British public, whilst the poems of Ossian were enthusiastically received and still hold their place in English literature. The writer has heard portions of them recited by cultivated Highlanders in the original language; and it is well known that there were books containing collections of the renowned Celtic bard's poems. One book, in particular, may be mentioned. It was in the possession of Mr. Macdonell of Knoydart, and was known in the family as the "Red Book." It was lent to Mr. Macpherson and never returned.

"The poems of Ossian are highly deserving of attention if it were only that they show the state of society among the Caledonians in the days of the Gaelic bard. The Druids had introduced a civilization superior to that of Imperial Rome inasmuch as its worship acknowledged the one only God, whilst Rome rioted in its absurd polytheism, and practiced cruelties unheard of among the primitive Caledonians. Druidism, although it rigidly enforced its social organization, was, nevertheless, a milder system than any other form of heathenism and when Christianity was presented in the second century, it gave up its superstition more easily than any other Pagan system. Polytheism, with all its horrors, still reigned at Rome and all sorts of cruelty prevailed, whilst the Christians of North Britain (Caledonia), having become numerous and powerful, kindly received and protected their brethren of the South who were so savagely persecuted by the Emperor Dioclesian.

The success of the Caledonians in repelling the warlike legions of Imperial Rome gave proof, not only of bravery and patriotism, but also of military organization and skill in the art of war. Without all this, how could they have driven back to the South in a shattered condition, the great army of eighty thousand Roman warriors with which Septimus Severus undertook to subdue the country. So great a conquest neither he nor his son could accomplish. For an account of the battles that were fought between the latter and the Caledonian heroes we are indebted to the poems of Ossian. The wars of Severus and Caracalla are also recorded in the annals of Imperial Rome.

We come now to speak of poets who were more than ordinary lords—the lords of a whole kingdom. Among these James I., King of Scotland, holds high rank. When a boy on his way to France by sea, for his education, he was seized by order of the King of England and detained a prisoner for eighteen years. His education, meanwhile, was not neglected; and so many years of retirement gave leisure for study and meditation. When at length he was set free, he came to his kingdom a wise king and an accomplished scholar and poet. Of course the Edinburgh

reviewers must have held that this was impossible; for, if a lord could not be a poet, a *fortiori* a king could not. King James I., however, notwithstanding this unfavorable verdict, wrote some fine poems which have been carefully preserved, and are well known in the literary world.

James V., a prince of great ability, wrote poetry. So also did James VI., although, indeed, this prince was better known as a prose writer. His able work on the qualities of a king (*Edmonston*), at once obtained for him a European reputation and induced the Pope to say that he was the most learned prince in Europe.

So far from the qualities of lord and poet being incompatible there appears to be affinity between them. They are mutually attractive; thus, in the cases of Lord Macaulay, Houghton (Monkton Milnes), and Tennyson, the genius of poetry attracted the dignity of lord, uniting the nobleman and the poet.—Very Rev. Aeneas McDonnell Dawson, V. G., LL. D., in the Ottawa Owl.

WOMAN'S SPHERE IS IN THE HOME.

Cardinal Gibbons Opposed to Granting Her the Right to Vote.

Baltimore, Md., October 12.—The sermon of Cardinal Gibbons at the Cathedral on Sunday was addressed particularly to the women of the congregation, and in it the Cardinal took occasion to express his views on woman's suffrage. He said in part:

"Almost every day of the week is devoted to the commemoration of some servant of God whom we honor at the altar or venerate or hold up to the people that they may admire and love and become more and more conformable to the life of Christ, who is the King of Saints. One day we celebrate the life of an apostle, another the life of a martyr, or priest or matron. Such is the festival Monday, when we commemorate the life of a princess of the royal house of Stockholm, in Sweden. To-day we honor the queen of saints, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"I think any dispassionate student of history will acknowledge that woman is indebted to the example of Mary for her elevated position, both in social and domestic life. If to-day woman is the mistress of her household and not a tenant at will; if to-day she is the queen of her home and not confronted by other women in her own house, it is because of the teachings of the Catholic Church.

"The Church declares that woman is the peer and equal of man. Almighty God in His distribution of gifts makes no distinction on account of race, previous condition, or of sex. St. Paul tells us we are brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, the temples of the same God and aspirants to the same Heaven. If the Church has been the honor of woman, she well deserved the privilege.

"It would be fearful to contemplate the condition of society but for the influence of woman. I speak of women living in the world who wear no habit except the white robe of innocence or the red robe of charity and benevolence. I do not speak of religious communities, but of the mother superior of the home—the mother of the household. How many homes there are throughout the land to which God shows His mercy on account of some devoted mother; how many brothers there are who would have been in the grave of sin but for the prayers and example of a pious sister; how many homes where the lamp would have been extinguished but for the oil of good works of mother and sister; how many where the mother is the expiating angel for the sins of the male sex.

"My sister in Christ, go and do likewise. Every one of you has a mission to perform. I care not how circumscribed your influence. You cannot be priests, but you can be apostles by prayer and preachers by charity and good works in your own homes. You are priests in a broad and general sense because you were consecrated to God at your baptism.

"Woman, it is true, does not have the right of suffrage and does not vote, and I am heartily glad for it for her own sake, and hope the day will never come when she will do so. Bear in mind that as soon as you enter the arena of politics you will carry away some of the mud and dust. If you commingle in politics rest assured you will lose a good portion of the veneration in which you are now held.

"The proper sphere of woman is in the home, and the more influence she gains in public life the more she will lose in private life. While men are the sovereigns of the country, their wives command them, and therefore exert a controlling power. Above all things take care of your homes.

"You are the best teachers of your children. If every Christian home was a Christian school, as it ought to be, there would be less talk of Christian education in the Public schools. The woman is the best teacher because God so ordained. She exercises more influence than any other living person. She is an oracle to her child. The greatest men in Church or State were blessed with pious mothers, to whose early instruction they owed all that they were. I might name a long

catalogue. St. Louis of France spoke of his sublime mother as an angel. Chief Justice Taney was accustomed to speak of her mother and the influence of her early instructions on his life.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, tells us that but for his mother's influence he would have become an infidel and an atheist. "Let me beg of you to fulfill that mission which God has assigned to you. When husband and son come home let them find there a place of rest. Do not pour out the bitter gall of sharp words, but the oil of consolation. Be angels of charity and guard the sanctity of your homes and keep the fires of conjugal love burning."

THE CARDINAL WAS RIGHT.

An Anecdote in Pityarch Used as an Illustration.

The sermon of Cardinal Gibbons on Sunday, October 7, on "The Devotion of the Rosary," in which he incidentally touched upon the subject of women's suffrage, has excited much attention throughout the country, and some of the ladies prominent in their advocacy of the ballot for women have rather sharply taken his Eminence to task.

One of them, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of Chicago, the Democratic candidate for trustee of the State University, even went to the length of criticizing the Cardinal's memory of the classics. It is not likely that his Eminence would be caught napping in a manner of this kind, as his memory is particularly good; and before his public utterances, he usually fortifies himself upon points which he may not feel certain by consulting authorities.

Dr. Smith, speaking of the sermon, said: "I think Cardinal Gibbons is wrong, wholly wrong. In support of his idea, the words of a Grecian ruler: 'I command Athens; Athens rules the world, and my wife rules me; therefore, she rules the world.' Perhaps had the Cardinal investigated his Grecian history more carefully he would have discovered that it was not the wife that ruled or governed. The man Aspasia governed had a wife and family at home.

Now it transpires that Dr. Smith is not so erudite as a lady thus prompt to correct others should be, for the Cardinal did not refer to Pericles and Aspasia, but to Themistocles and his wife—a very different couple.

In his sermon the Cardinal took the ground that woman's suffrage was unnecessary, as a true woman was the real ruler through her domestic influence. His words on this point were:

"It is true woman does not to-day exercise the right of suffrage. She cannot vote, and I am heartily glad of it. I hope the day will never come when she can vote, and if the right of suffrage is granted to her I hope she will reject it, even though there are some misguided women who think they want it. Rest assured, if woman enter into politics, she will be sure to carry away on her some of the mud and dirt of political contact.

"She will also lose some of the influence which, now is hers. The proper sphere of woman is home; the proper place for her to reign is in the home circle. The Athenians, Themistocles said his little son, 'I command the rest of Greece; I command the Athenians; your mother commands me, and you command your mother.'"

The Cardinal used the anecdote, which is to be found in Pityarch, to illustrate the point that women really are the rulers after all—"your mother commands me," wives influence their husbands and are actually the exercisers of power, and the ballot will give them no more than they already have. His Eminence used as much of the story as was necessary to illustrate his argument. Dr. Smith, in attempting to correct him, spoke too quickly.

The Cardinal is a faithful reader of his classical allusions in public addresses.

Therefore, anyone who challenges his references needs to be very erudite and very sure.

Miracles.

Catholics often find it difficult to understand why the miracles performed at Lourdes and other shrines effect so few conversions among our non-believing brethren. That these special interpositions of God are intended to effect conversion is evident from the miracle which Christ wrought for the Pharisees, who murmured when He forgave the sins of the man sick of the palsy. "That you may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins (He saith to the man sick of the palsy, arise and walk." Many persons are annually converted by these marvels; but they are invariably earnest men and women, sincerely groping toward the light. To these the light that flashes from God's hand is a special mercy; but to those who neglect prayer and the other ordinary means of arriving at truth, a miracle, however well established, has no special significance. As the *Casket* observes: "Those who, having ample means of knowing the truth, reject these means, do not sincerely desire to discover the truth, and will evade the most evident miracle as effectually as they evade other evidence."—Ave Maria.