

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

NO. 1,010.

## The Pope's Latest Poem.

### HYMN TO GOD AND THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

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

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

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

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

—G. L.

## He Knows.

I know not what shall befall me,  
—God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,  
—And on each step of my onward path  
He makes new scenes to arise,  
—And every joy He sends me comes  
As a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me,  
—As I tread on another year,  
—But the past is still in God's keeping,  
—The future His mercy shall clear,  
—And that which looks dark in the distance  
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future  
Is less bitter than I think;  
—The Lord may sweeten the waters  
—Before I stoop to drink,  
—Or if Marah must be Marah,  
—He will stand beside the brink.

It may be that He keeps waiting  
—For the coming of my feet,  
—Some gift of such rare blessedness—  
—Some joy so strangely sweet—  
—That my lips can only tremble  
—With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh! restful, blissful ignorance!  
—Thy blessing not to know,  
—Which keeps me in the light  
—Which will not let me go,  
—And hushes my soul to rest,  
—On the bosom which loves me so.

And so I go on—not knowing—  
—I would not if I might,  
—I'd rather walk in the dark with God  
—Than go alone in the light,  
—I would rather walk with Him by faith,  
—Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trial,  
—Which the future may disclose,  
—Yet I never had a sorrow,  
—But what the dear Lord chose,  
—So I wait, and bow submissive  
—To the will of Him Who knows.

—M. G. Brainard.

## THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D., in N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Dr. McAllister's paper, the Christian Statesman, announces that the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette declines to publish any longer his letters to us and as a consequence discontinues reproducing editorials from the Freeman's Journal in reply to them.

This is rather hard on the doctor, after all he has said in praise of the Gazette. The arrangement with that journal was of his own making. It was entirely between them, and they seem to understand each other to a T. But now a change has come. The doctor says: "The series of articles on Romanism appearing for months past in the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette has suddenly come to a halt. The chief reason given by the management of that journal is that the claims of other more interesting and important matter are pressing too heavily to permit the continuation of the discussion. As to the relative importance of other matter, considering the high character of the great majority of the readers of the Gazette, that journal might well find space enough during a single week, by condensing, if not omitting, sporting and theatrical news, not to mention other items, for several columns more than it has been publishing of the discussion in question."

We are not in the confidence of the Gazette, but the reason it assigns may be a diplomatic way of discontinuing Dr. McAllister's rehash of old objections and fallacies that have been many times repeated and as many times answered and exposed. Another reason occurs to us. In view of our exposure of the doctor's ignorance of the Catholic principles which he opposes, his erroneous notions about the teachings of the early Christian fathers, his misapprehension of the acts of general councils, and his limping logic, the Gazette has not as exalted an opinion of him as he has of himself.

Being shut out from the Gazette the doctor intimates that he may publish his letters in book form. If he should so determine he will doubtless desire to make some arrangement by which our replies will go cheek by jowl with them.

This muzzling of the doctor by his favorite journal is the unkindest cut of all. It would be interesting to know the real reason of it. The Gazette's action suggests a doubt whether it is worth while for us to follow the doctor further. If his letters are not worth publishing in the Gazette it is a question whether they are worth answering in the Freeman's Journal. We will think over it.

And why dost thou pretend to seek another way than this royal way (to heaven), which is the way of the holy cross.—The Imitation.

If thou fling away one cross without doubt thou shalt find another and perhaps a heavier.—Imitation of Christ.

## CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

The American Independent has called upon representative men from the various religious denominations to give the chief events of the year in their different communions. The Rev. D. S. Prael, LL. D., was invited to speak of the Catholic Church. Here is his review of the year 1897:

I am asked for a story of Catholic progress and growth. Have I one to tell? During the past year some statistical controversy was indulged in on this side of the Atlantic, and on the other as to the number of converts received into the Church from the different Protestant denominations, some placing the figures in both cases as high as one thousand a month, while others contended that the estimate was overdrawn. The Independent gave some statistics from Germany that were not so flattering, but subsequent investigation, if it did not disprove the conclusions at least cast serious doubts on the sources of information.

We are apt to attach too much importance to these tables of confessional mutability. We are obliged to labor for the salvation of our fellow men and knowledge imparted through the ministry of the Word is a prime factor in such sublime work; but unless the Lord build the house, in vain do they labor who build it. Individual conversions will never change the general aspect of the religious world. A few thousand brought into the Church in a year among thirty or forty millions of people, is a good reward for individual zeal and devotion; but as a step toward the conversion of the entire body it is one of the far out figures of a long decimal. Only the Spirit of God can "renew the face of the earth." Great religious upheavals are the work of that Spirit, and all the Church can hope to accomplish is to aid mankind to get into the water after it is disturbed. A great hurricane of popular passion swept whole nations from Catholic unity; it will take some such counter revolution to hurl them back again.

While a study of dogma may bring a few highly cultivated minds to accept this or that form of belief, the masses must be drawn by the cords of Adam. When our Lord stated the case of the unbelieving Jews He said they had no excuse because they had seen His works and had been convinced that they were such as no man had ever wrought before. If we are to wrest the masses from their sin and errors we must show them works; and if we would draw them into our communion we must show them that the works we do are done by no other Church. The Catholic Church is perfectly willing to engage in the work of conversion on these terms; they offer a fair field, and as wide as it is fair. Hers has been the case of suffering for the sins of a wicked partner, and he will in future go it alone. Centuries of brutal oppression and social discrimination which the Church was compelled to permit, and as far as was consistent with truth and her divine mission excuse, resulted in the final and evitable explosion of the last century, and the electric spark that ignited the huge mine came straight down from Heaven, and men called it Liberty. It was a word to conjure by, and the civilized world was set wild by it. Thrones were sent high in the air and the force of the explosion shook the Church's altars. The last hundred years have been for her a period of recovery and reparation. To day she stands before the world and asks for judgment. "If the works which I do have ever been done by any body claiming Christ's commission, then are you excused from hearing me." One thing the non-Catholic world has learned in these late years, and it is that Catholics are sincere believers and their clergy are thoroughly in earnest.

Some movements of a general character have occurred from which the Church must derive more than local advantage. The Czar has lifted his iron heel from the neck of the Church in Russia. The hostility of the Czar to Catholicity was not inspired by any aversion to Rome or her teaching, but by a determined purpose to keep Orthodoxy as the bulwark of the Russian State. Rome was more feared than hated, as she was the one enemy of nationalised Christianity. A thing unheard of in the history of the Russian Church was the donation from the imperial exchequer recently made to repair a Catholic church in Moscow. Then during the past year five Catholic seminaries in Russia have been opened and several seminaries opened with the full consent of the Government. The relations between the Holy See and St. Petersburg were never so amicable as at present.

The efforts of the Holy Father to bring back the Eastern schismatics have met with considerable success; but Leo is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," the dawn of a better day for the Church in the East is at hand, and events may arise at any moment that will crown the work of reunion. When Germany and France will have learned that they have nothing to fear from the prosperity of the Church, the Czar will not be slow to learn the same lesson, and then the grim visage of the Russian bear will relax, if it does not melt into a smile.

In the Latin republics of America the position of the Church is somewhat improved, owing to a general rapprochement between them and the Vatican and the appointment ofuncios and Apostolic Delegates to most of them. Those people are intensely Catholic, but they fear a restoration of the old ecclesiastical regime, something they abhor not one whit more than do the authorities in Rome. The work of the monks in those countries was a wonderful manifestation of the power of love and Christian co-operation; and the world will never be able to repay those godlike men for their heroism and far-seeing providence; but those people have long since graduated out of the religious nursery, and the pioneer work of the monks is done.

We have seen some changes in the Church in this country, and we may hope that some of them have been on the lines of improvement. The war of factions which disturbed us for some years is about over. We have no need of factions in this healthy Church of the United States. The silencing of the suppressions of an ecclesiastical faction is like the amputation of a limb and is not a sign of restored strength and health. The Holy Father removed the head of the Washington University in the interest of harmony, and when that was found ineffectual, it was followed by the dismissal of the unmitigated "Leader of the Germans," Mgr. Schroeder. The three German professors chosen by Bishop Keane in 1892 have proved to be very annoying misfits. They were learned men, as are all German professors, but as proud and haughty as they were learned. They came over here to spread "German science," and incidentally to promote Deutschum generally. They were as suitable to our religious conditions as German anarchists to our political conditions; and their agitation, as loud and frothy as the beer-born frenzy of those Anarchists, was quickly laid.

The state of the Church in this country may be said to be one of peace. The storm centres have been swept, and fines Thracios, thanks to the wise and unostentatious policy of our present Apostolic Delegate, St. Patrick and St. Paul are the best of friends, and the old trapper, Faribault, has become a citizen of New York. New Orleans has been retroceded to France, and the act was accomplished we are told, by a new Maid of Orleans, the daughter of Protestant Faure. Several new theological seminaries have been built, or are in course of erection, and altogether the outlook for higher education in the Church was never so bright. Only one Catholic paper went to the wall during the past year, and several new ones have entered the field. This is a very healthy sign. When people cease to take interest in an object they cease to read about it, and vice versa. A better sign still, the Catholic and Protestant papers take notice of each other, an innovation introduced by the Independent. Disputed points of doctrine will never be settled until the newspapers settle them. They go to the marrow of the argument, and the thrusts of the journalistic bayonet never heal. This makes us hopeful, and suggests a more than ordinary Christmas greeting.

## A JESUIT'S ROSARY.

How It Brought About a Conversion.—An Incident of Protestant Persecution.

It was on the 10th of March, 1615, when a religious of the Society of Jesus ascended the scaffold in Glasgow. John Ogilbi was his name, and his crime consisted in saying that the spiritual power belonged exclusively to the Pope and not to the King, who at the time was James I. When he was being led to the scaffold a Protestant minister came up to him, and protesting great affection and concern, spoke thus:

"My dear Ogilbi, I feel sorry for you and extremely regret your obstinate resolution to endure such a disgraceful death."

Father Ogilbi, feigning fear of the gallows, answered:

"What can I do? I am powerless to prevent it. They declared me guilty of high treason, and therefore I must die."

"High treason! Nothing of the kind," replied the Protestant. "Swear off your Papism and you will at once be pardoned; furthermore, you will be overwhelmed with favors."

"You are joking!"

"No; I am in earnest, and have a right to speak thus, since the Protestant Archbishop sent me to offer you dowry a rich prebend, if you decide to pass into our ranks."

With these words they arrived at the scaffold.

The Protestant insisted that the Jesuit should consent to live. Father Ogilbi replied that he was willing to do so if his honor would not be contaminated.

"I told you already," answered the minister, "that you will be loaded with favors and honors."

"Well, then," answered Father Ogilbi, "repeat your promise before the crowd."

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Hear me," shouted Father Ogilbi,

turning towards the people; "listen to the proposition made to me."

And the Protestant minister spoke in a loud voice:

"I promise to Mr. Ogilbi life and the daughter of the Archbishop in marriage, with a dowry of a rich prebend, provided he is willing to pass over into our ranks."

"Are you inclined," asked Father Ogilbi of the crowd, "to bear witness, if it is necessary, to this proposition that you heard just now?"

"Yes," roared the crowd, and Father Ogilbi made ready to descend from the scaffold.

The Catholics who were present and witnessed the scene endured indescribable agony at the thought of the great scandal which such an apostasy would create in the whole Church.

"In this case, then," continued Father Ogilbi, "I will not be persecuted for high treason."

"No," roared the crowd.

"My crime is, therefore, solely and alone my religion?"

"So it is; only your religion."

Father Ogilbi's eyes sparkled with delight, a bright smile played upon his lips. After a momentary silence he said:

"Very well, that is more than I asked for. I am sentenced to death only on account of my religion. For my religion I would give a hundred lives if I had them. I have only one, take it; my religion you shall never tear away from me."

The Catholics on hearing these words rejoiced exultantly, whilst the Protestants were frantic with rage. They were caught in their own meshes. Order was given to the executioner to complete his task. The executioner, with tears in his eyes, begged pardon of the martyr, who in return embraced him.

Before his hands were tied, Father Ogilbi loosened his rosary and flung it into the crowd. It happened to fall upon the breast of a young Calvinist, who was at the time traveling through Scotland, Baron John Ekersdorff, afterwards Governor of Treves, and an intimate friend of Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III.

Years passed by, the Governor of Treves, already a decrepit old man, said: "When the rosary of Father Ogilbi struck my breast and the eager Catholics snatched it before I could take hold of it, I certainly had no mind to change my religion; but those beads struck my heart, and from that moment my interior peace was gone, my conscience was even troubled, and frequently I asked myself: 'Why did those beads strike me and no other person?' That thought haunted me for many years and left me no rest. \* \* \* I became a Catholic. I ascribe my conversion to this blessed rosary, which to day I would buy at any price and which, once in my possession, I would not part with for anything on earth." — Mensageiro — Lis boa, Oatubro Se. — From the Portuguese, by F. N. Tiesler.

## A CATHOLIC SAINT EULOGIZED.

Doctor Whyte, of Edinburgh, Scotland, delivered a lecture on St. Teresa not long ago before the young men and young women's classes of Free St. George's, a Presbyterian church. In the course of his remarks, which, of course, were not entirely free from purely Protestant views, he said, eloquently and truthfully:

"The sense of the reality of divine and unseen things in Teresa's life of prayer is simply miraculous in a woman still living among things seen and temporal. Her faith is truly the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. Our Lord was as real, as present as near, as visible, and as affable to this extraordinary saint as ever He was to Martha, or Mary, or Mary Magdalene, or the woman of Samaria, or the mother of Zebedee's children. She prepared Him where to lay His head; she sat at His feet and heard His Word. She chose the better part, and He acknowledged herself and to others that she had done so. She washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head. She had been forgiven much and she loved much. He said to her, Mary, and she answered Him, Rabboni. And He gave her messages to deliver to His disciples, who had not waited for Him as she had waited. And she was able to say to them all that she had seen the Lord and that He had spoken such and such things within her.

"And hence arises what I may call the quite extraordinary piety and spirituality of her life of prayer. And, then, for all that, it surely follows that no one is fit for one moment to have an adverse or a hostile mind, or pass an adverse or a hostile judgment on the divine manifestations that come to Teresa in her unparalleled life of prayer; no one who is not a man of like prayer himself; no, nor even then. I know all the explanations that have been put forward for Teresa's 'locutions' and revelations; but after anxiously weighing them all, the simplest explanation is also the most scientific, as it is the most scriptural. If our ascending Lord actually said what He is reported to have said about the way that He and His Father will always reward all love to Him, and the keep-

ing of all His commandments; the n if there is anything true about Teresa at all, it is this, that from the day of her full conversion she lived with all her might that very life which has all these transcendent promises spoken and sealed to it."

In alluding to one of St. Teresa's descriptions of her experiences in prayer, Doctor White takes occasion to say:

"He who can read that, and a hundred passages as good as that, and who shall straightway set himself to sneer and scoff and disparage and find fault, he is well on the way to the sin against the Holy Ghost. At any rate, I would be if I did not revere and love and imitate such a saint of God. Given God and His Son and His Holy Spirit; give sin and salvation and prayer and a holy life; and, with many drawbacks, Teresa's was just the life of self-denial and repentance and prayer and communion with God that we should all live."

Later on the lecturer continues as follows:

"The pressing question with me is not the truth or the falsehood, the amount of reality or the amount of imagination in Teresa's 'locutions' and visions. The pressing question with me is this—Why is it that I have nothing to show to myself at all like them? I had rather believe every syllable of Teresa's staggering locutions and visions than be left to this, that ever since Paul and John went home to heaven (our Lord's greatest promises have been so many idle words. It is open to any man to scoff and sneer at Teresa's extraordinary life of prayer, and at the manifestations of the Father and the Son that were made to her in her life of prayer, and some of her biographers and censors among ourselves have made good use of their opportunity. But I cannot any longer sit with them in the seat of the scorner, and I want you all to rise up and leave that evil seat; I want you to come to me? How shall I attain to that faith and to that love and to that obedience which shall secure me the long withheld presence and indwelling of the Father and the Son?"

## Church Decays.

A writer in Munsey's Magazine criticizes the growing tendency to widen the mercenary spirit which prevails in many Protestant churches. "It is not pleasant," says the writer referred to, "to see religion drop its glorious dignity and scramble for custom like a music hall or a dime museum. A church which people must be tricked into supporting has lost its right to existence, for surely it does not answer a great public need. It has no real mission. For every soul which is thus decaying into the fold, there will be fifty in whose eyes the church has hopelessly lowered itself when it takes to such tricks of the trade. There are several churches here in Boston—if one can call them by that name—as there doubtless are in every large city in the country, which the above description fits fully; and one need only look into the Saturday papers, where their 'services' are advertised, much after the manner in which the dime museums announce their feature and freaks, to discover which they are and where they are located. Of course, the proper announcement in the daily press of its Sunday services by a church, far from being reprehensible, is commendable, and may be of decided advantage to strangers tarrying in town over Sunday; but such announcements differ from the sensational advertisements referred to above as radically and as widely as modesty does from meretriciousness; and no body will experience the slightest difficulty in discerning the one class from the other.—Sacred Heart Review.

## TRAPPED.

How a Bigot "Entertained" a Company and was Caught in a Lie.

The following anecdote is related by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Danvers, in a letter to the Protestant Guardian:

"A certain lady, who had the honor of crossing the Alps and of visiting the imperial city of Rome, wished to entertain a company in this town (Danvers) with the marvelous things she saw in that Catholic city. She stated that, upon a certain festival, the Pope appeared upon a balcony in front of St. Peter's church and threw down large slips of paper amongst the multitude, at which they eagerly grasped. The curiosity of our traveler was excited to know the contents of those sheets of paper; however, after some difficulty, she caught one of them upon its descent, read it—and what were its contents? A permission granted by His Holiness the Pope to all the people now residing in Rome to commit every kind of sin for the space of three months!"

"This anecdote, as you may well suppose, caused a considerable sensation in the company. The old and grave could hardly suppress a laugh, while the young ladies indulged themselves in unrestrained giggling. But some malicious wag, very politely questioning the lady's veracity, put the question: 'Did you really read that document?' 'Most certainly,' said the

lady. The gentleman could not do less than congratulate the lady upon her knowledge of the Latin language; but every one in the company was well aware that she knew neither Latin nor Italian, and that the Pope is not in the habit of writing English or broad Scotch — so she made her exit amidst general roars of laughter."

## CHURCH UNITY AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

Is there a strong if not immediately visible connection between the two great questions of the day, the righting of the wrongs of the laborer, and Church Unity? And is devotion to St. Francis of Assisi, the patron of the poor, destined to draw our separated brethren closer to the Church? These questions are suggested to us by a notable recent growth of honor to St. Francis among Protestants, including bodies so far apart as the Salvation Army and the Church of England. It is true that an earnest American Unitarian has given us a very good translation of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." And Sabbatini and Canon Knox Little's lives of St. Francis are not forgotten. But as significant as any of these is the turning of "The Parochial Order" in England to St. Francis for a patron, and the utterance of Bishop Westcott, as quoted in the Churchman, on this subject:

"Three main lessons seem to be pressed upon us by the work of Francis, the capacity of simple humanity for the highest joys of life, so that the poorest, even in his utter destitution, may realize the bliss of saints; and again, the necessity of taking account of the fulness and variety of life in our endeavors to hasten the kingdom of God; and yet again, the importance of the mission of the laity. We need sorely all three lessons now. We need, from the highest to the lowest to feel the essential dignity of life, of life stripped of every accidental vesture; the dignity of the living man, clothed in the coarsest cloak of patches, and fed on fragments, who can look forth with open eyes to God and call Him 'Father.' We need, from the highest to the lowest, to feel the perious burden of wealth, the responsibility of stewardship, the cares of authority."

The Churchman rejoices at this evidence of the passing intolerance, saying:

"Take, for instance, the vast and wonderful field of history filled by the pre-Reformation Church in the world, and the life which is presented by the Roman Church of to-day. The intolerant will have none of these things. He does not even inquire into the real character of medieval Christianity and modern Papalism. When he does inquire, he finds that he has learnt things and seen examples which he could have found nowhere else in the records of human experience. He perceives that in spite of many difficulties and contradictions, the history of monasticism is an inspiring history, and the history of dogmatic decrees a witness to that passionate faith and stern insistence on positive and clear profession of belief, which are at least evidences of reverence and conscientiousness, as well as of intellectual and spiritual insight."

Every good Catholic also rejoices at such expressions as we have quoted, as a part of the "growing evidence that the time is coming when Christians everywhere will be reconciled." If the Anglican workers for the advancement of religion take St. Francis as a leader, he will never let them rest this side of Rome.—Boston Pilot.

## Tramp in the Steeple.

For fourteen years the clock on the steeple of St. Philomena's church, Cincinnati, has refused to go, and although all sorts of remedies were applied, the efforts were in vain, for after a few days of grumbling compliance with the wishes of the public, the old clock relapsed into its habits of laziness. Clock experts and machinists exhausted their skill, the hands were taken off and lighter ones substituted; it had been oiled, cleaned and tinkered with, and hundreds of dollars were expended to no avail.

About two weeks ago a tramp landed in the Miami freight yards, and making his way up town was disgusted that the clock was stopped and he was inconvenienced thereby very much.

He stopped in to see Father Kemper to remark that the clock was stopped, and Father Kemper told him that was its normal state.

The tramp at once volunteered his services to fix it up, and in forlorn hope Father Kemper told him to go ahead.

The stranger went to work, borrowed a monkey-wrench, a pair of pliers and a bunch of rags, and for two days toiled up in the steeple. When he finished the clock was started and has gone on its way ever since telling the hours for the neighborhood, to their relief and comfort.

The wandering magician has disappeared, swallowed up in mystery. He received a reward for repairing the refractory timekeeper, and that was the last seen of him.

The whole life of Christ was a cross and a martyrdom, and dost thou seek rest and joy.—The Imitation.