

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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London, Saturday, Feb. 4, 1893.

The authorities of the Anglican Church are just commencing to realize the iniquity of the Divorce laws. Their indignation is certainly righteous, but it is well to remember that a divorce engendered the Episcopal Church. It is, however, a consoling thought that even our separated brethren may take steps to eradicate this social evil—a foul plague-spot on our boasted civilization. They must educate their people to appreciate the fact that a divorced person who enters again into the state of marriage is without the pale of society. No wealth can buy the power of enthroning a divorced woman a lawful queen of the sacred kingdom we call home. Society may overlook it and give a very polite name to the detestable action; but the Catholic Church, in her frank and fearless language, designates it as legalized adultery. Christian marriage is, in her eyes, holy and indissoluble. No power save death can break the bond that unites husband and wife. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." She has ever protected the wife against wanton and tyrannical husbands. When Europe rose from her sleep of barbarism and put on the armor of progress and civilization, and when her mighty ones, as yet, but little practised in the observance of the Christian law, strove to reduce woman to the slavish state from which the Church had delivered her, the Roman Pontiff used his authority to enforce the laws of Christian marriage. No threat could intimidate him from protecting the outraged rights of woman. "If," says von Muller, "the Popes could hold up no other merit than that which she gained by protecting monogamy against the brutal lusts of these in power, notwithstanding bribes, threats and persecutions, that alone would render them immortal for all future ages."

And the performance of this sacred duty has been the occasion of many a stern fight between the Popes and the powers of the world. History tells us, again and again, how kings and emperors demanded of Christ's Vicar the sanction of their unlawful passions, and were answered in the immortal words that St. Peter addressed to the council of Jewish priests: "We cannot." When Philip of France, blinded by his passion for Agnes, endeavored to burst the holy chains that united him to his wife, Ingeburgis, Innocent III. defended the cause of the injured wife. He was poor and Philip was rich. He was a petty king, and Philip claimed allegiance from myriads of honest barons and gallant knights and barons. At that time he had every reason to propitiate the Gallic monarch. A crusade was beginning, and the chivalry of France was about to join Cour de Lion, whose squadrons were already on the march to Jerusalem. Had he not every argument for the use of a weak and temporizing policy, to cringe before the mighty king and to obey his behests? The soul of Innocent III. was too high and noble to understand under vanity and servility, and in his mind dwelt too clear a perception of his duty as chief pastor to be misled by flattery or intimidated by threats. His answer was decisive: "Since by the grace of God we have the firm and unshaken will never to separate ourselves from truth or justice, neither moved by petitions nor bribed by presents, neither induced by love, nor intimidated by hate, we will continue to go on in the royal path, turning neither to the right nor to the left; and we judge without any respect to persons, since God Himself does not respect persons." A similar answer gave Pope Clement to Henry VIII., seeking a divorce from Catharine of Aragon. These are old facts; but let us treasure them up in loving and grateful memory. While the newspapers teem with shameful scandals revealed by the Divorce Courts, and all barriers seem powerless to stem the ever-swelling torrent of evil, we can point to a Church that has always cherished and protected female purity.

When a gentleman dies, says an old writer, the world mourns. He may not have grazed an exalted position,

and he may have been a stranger to the refinement of science and literature, but his heart, as a lyre, rang ever tender and true. He exemplifies the oft-repeated saying: "The treasure house of a man's life is his heart, and he who has nothing there is poverty-stricken though he roll in gold; while he who has a good deal there is rich, whether he has a roof over his head or not." He is one, to quote Cardinal Newman, who never willingly inflicts injury on another. Arrogance is as alien to his nature as presumption. The years of his life chant forth the chorus to which all men listen—the chorus of gentle deeds and words and thoughts. Words of love flow from his lips, infusing hope and energy into some weary, despairing soul, and thoughts all pure cast o'er him the beautiful robe of love and consideration, and deeds unselfish stamp him as God's noblest work—an honest man—a gentleman. He does not go about "cutting honest throats by whispers." He has something more noble to do than the rending and robbing of his neighbor's reputation. Our adversity and prosperity leave him unchanged. He harbors no unkind suspicions. He does not butcher his friends on the altar of self-interest. He sees in everyone, no matter how imbruted by sinful courses, some remnant of good upon which to build a better future. The poet's saying is always true, "Kind hearts are more than coronets." From within comes the source of true gentility. Fine clothes or brilliant equipages will not bestow it upon us.

This is a lesson that will never be learned by some people. We have often an opportunity of commiserating that class called the "new rich," who imagine that it is the "proper thing" to snub those who are not so well endowed with the goods of the world. This is the essence of vulgarity. "Which of us," says Thackeray in Vanity Fair, "can point out men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small. We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, but of gentlemen how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out the list."

The authorities of the Church have more than once exhorted Catholics to become members of societies recognized by them. They have a greater claim on them than any other organization. And yet—strange perversity of human nature!—we see young men inscribing their names on the membership roll of the Oddfellows and of the Knights of Pythias. They are lured away by the promise of temporal gain, and, as sad experience proves, they become weak, lukewarm Catholics who impede rather than advance the interests of their faith. A Protestant society, be it ever so well conducted, can be productive of no good to a Catholic. It may hold refining entertainments and say loudly that all men within the precincts of its meeting-rooms stand upon an equal footing, but all the same its cherished aim is to counteract the influence of the Catholic Church. It is, of course, guided by charity, if you believe all the texts of Scripture adduced to prove it.

"They clothe their naked villany With old end coats, stolen forth of Holy Writ, Appearing saints when most they play the devil."

"ONE HALF of the world does not know how the other half lives." This is a trite saying, but perfectly true. How many in our own city go about wearing ever the smiling face of urbanity for the outside world, and in their homes put on the garb of sullen severity. There, where they should display their better qualities, they become mere censors who carp at wife and children, and thereby make home a very abode of misery. He has no hearing word for the wife, tired and heart-sick after the buffeting of the day's cares and labors. He will not repeat the story or witicism that delighted the man to whom he bade "good night." Oh, no! he shakes off the work manner so admired by his friends, and strides into his wife's presence an unmannered boor. He

treats her as he would no lady of his acquaintance. And in these days of sham culture specimens of this class are numerous. Do you know any? Perhaps not; for the gentle helpmate screens him, and his shortcomings are locked fast in the heart aching for the love and sympathy to which it is entitled, and which it never receives. On the day, however, when human souls will lay bare their secrets this kind of husband will be assigned his proper place among "the whited sepulchres which outwardly appear to men beautiful, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all filthiness."

ENGLISH PROTESTANT CATHEDRALS.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

In a book written by the celebrated English author, Cobbett, entitled "Rural Rides," there are to be found many hard and amusing hits at men and things which came under his observation. His philippics were generally aimed at the politics and policies of his time. His style of writing was violent, but the manner of it never lacked in skill; and his claim to rank as a classic admits of little question. Nevertheless, Cobbett was, to the very depths of his innermost being, a Philistine of the Philistines. He was not content with traditional custom any more than with mere hearsay; he must needs journey through the provinces, mix with the people, "talk freely with everybody; hearing what all classes have to say, and observing all that passes. At the end of a tramp like this," he writes, "you get impressed upon your mind a true picture, not only of the state of the country, but of the state of the people's minds throughout the country."

Returning home from his extended journey he compiled his book, giving it the title of "Rural Rides." A chapter is devoted to the condition of the Established Church as it then appeared to his eyes. Of course he is a Protestant and a member of the "Church of England Establishment;" hence the following extracts from his books are doubly interesting:

"Let it be observed," he writes, "that when these churches were built, people had not yet thought of cramming them with pews as a stable is filled with stalls. Those who built these churches had no idea that worshipping God meant going to sit to hear a man talk out what he called preaching. By worship, they meant very different things. . . . The lazy lolling in pews we owe to what is called the Reformation."

Again, "St. Botolph, to whom this church (Boston) is dedicated (if saints see and hear what is passing on earth), must lament that the piety-inspiring mass has been in this noble edifice supplanted by the monstrous humming of an oaken hatch (sic). . . . It is taken great care of, though it has suffered from Protestant repairs; though the images are gone, and the stained glass."

We may also note the following:

"Hearing the bells of the Cathedral, I took Richard to show him that ancient and most magnificent pile, and particularly to show him the tomb of that famous Bishop of Winchester, William of Wykeham, who was the chancellor and minister of that great and glorious king, Edward III., who sprang from poor parents in the little village of Wykeham, three miles from Boleay; and who, amongst other great and most munificent deeds, founded the famous college, or school, of Winchester, and also one of the colleges at Oxford. I told Richard about this, as we went from the inn down to the Cathedral; and when I showed him the tomb where the Bishop lies on his back, in his Catholic robes, with his mitre on his head, his shepherd's crook by his side, with little children at his feet, their hands put together in a praying attitude, he looked with a degree of inquisitive earnestness that pleased me very much. I took him as far as I could about the cathedral. The service was now begun. There is a *dean*, and God knows how many *prebends*, belonging to this immensely rich bishopric and chapter; and there were at this service 'two or three men and five or six boys in white surplices, with a congregation of fifteen women and four men. Gracious God! if William of Wykeham could at that moment have been raised from his tomb! If St. Swithin, whose name the cathedral bears, or Alfred the Great, to whom St. Swithin was tutor; if either of these could have come, or had been told that that was what was now carried on, by men who talked of the 'damnable errors' of those who founded that very church!"

"For my part I could not look up at the spire, and at the whole of the Church of Salisbury without feeling that I lived in degenerate times. Such a thing never could be made now. We feel that as we look at the building. It really does appear that if our forefathers had not made these buildings, we should have forgotten before now what the Christian religion was!" (The italics are Cobbett's.)

Since Cobbett wrote these burning words of reproach, the "High Church"

that lies within the counties of Wigton and Kirkcubright, an area which, according to general belief, is much more limited than the old provincial lines. One finds mention of Galloway in an old grant given by King David I. to the monks of Selkirk; and there seems to be but little doubt that the old chieftains of Galloway exercised great power over the region in their days, which may be said to have ended when Alan of Galloway died in 1233, his possessions being then divided between his three daughters. The stewartry of Kirkcubright, which forms a portion of the diocese, is said before the "Reformation" to have possessed more monasteries and religious establishments than any other portion of Scotland, and to-day, according to the latest given ecclesiastical accounts, there are but four priests in the entire stewartry. There is an old Scotch rhyme

WHICH MAKES A BID at describing Galloway and other sections of this diocese by saying, "Kyle for a man; Carrick for a coo; Cunningham for butter and cheese, and Galloway for wool." In Ayrshire, in the parish of Ayr, which, by the way, has for a rector a priest who, not long ago was over in this country—Rev. William O'Shaughnessy—is the old ruined church known as Alloway Kirk, which the bard of Ayr has made immortal; while Wigtonshire, another part of the diocese, boasts of having that portion of Scotch territory which is nearest to the shores of Ireland. The city in which Bishop MacLachlan resided during his administration of the diocese—Dumfries—is memorable as the place where Robert Burns was an exciseman; and it formerly possessed a famous monastery in the chapel of which Robert Bruce stabbed Comyn. The ancient See of Withorn, which was founded, as already stated, by Bishop Niuian, about the year 397, lapsed from existence at the commencement of the ninth century, probably owing to internal dissensions in the region its incumbent governed; but was restored again toward the close of the twelfth century. When the Calvinists overran Scotland—in the middle of the sixteenth century—pillaging the churches or putting to death all the Catholic prelates they could lay their hands upon, the south Scottish episcopate suffered with the rest, and its incumbent had to flee for his life. The See, consequently, again lapsed, and remained virtually extinct for three hundred and twenty years—from 1558 to 1878—when Leo XIII., in his restoration of the Scottish hierarchy, again called it into existence, giving it the name of Withorn or Galloway, and naming as its first ordinary, under the restoration, the venerable Bishop MacLachlan, whose death occurred at Dumfries last week.

A SCOTTISH SEE.

The Diocese of Galloway Grieves for the Death of Its Bishop.

An event which recalled the commencement of the pontificate of Leo XIII., who is now on the eve of observing his golden episcopal jubilee, was the death of the day of Right Rev. John MacLachlan, the first Bishop of the Scotch diocese of Galloway, whose demise took place at the episcopal residence at Dumfries. For it was in the first year of his administration that the present Sovereign Pontiff, with a desire to carry out the expressed wishes of his beloved predecessor, issued an official Bull restoring the Scotch hierarchy, which had been suppressed since the time of the "Reformation," and one clause of that document thus defined the limits of the jurisdiction of the prelate whose death has just been announced: "The diocese of Withorn or Galloway shall contain the counties of Dumfries, Kirkcubright, Wigton, and that portion of Ayr which stretches southward to the left of the Luchan flowing into the river Garnock."

In restoring the Scottish hierarchy, and in giving to the See over which the lamented Dr. MacLachlan presided up to the time of his recent death the designation of Withorn, in conjunction with that of Galloway, the Holy Father had in mind the ancient title of the episcopate. For of St. Niuian, also called Ninyas, its first Bishop, who was the descendant of a Cambrian prince, and who was one of the first evangelists of Scotland, it is related that, after long missionary labors in the south of Scotland, he built a church of stone—the like of which had never before been seen in the land—at Withorn, and there fixed his episcopal See, naming his cathedral in honor of St. Martin of Tours, whose tomb he had visited and whose memory he held in the highest veneration. St. Niuian ruled his diocese up to the time of his death—Sept. 16, 432—that being the day of the month on which the Church celebrates his feast; and his remains, which were highly treasured as

THE RELICS OF A SAINT, were preserved in a church in the episcopal city that was erected in his honor. Of his cathedral it is written that that church became the seminary of many apostolic missionaries and illustrious saints, and the memory of its first holy prelate is preserved even to-day in the name which the restored diocese bears. In the old annals of the Scotch saints mention is found of St. Marne, a Bishop, whose feast is kept Oct. 25, and whose death took place at Kilmarnock, which is now included in the diocese over which Dr. MacLachlan ruled. Withorn, once the episcopal city of Bishop Niuian, is now an out-mission of Wigton, where the Premonstratensian Fathers are established, but the name of the present church there, which is dedicated to the memories of SS. John, Martin and Niuian, recalls its first prelate and the French saint in whose honor he named the cathedral that he built at the place. The modern name of the diocese, Galloway, was the designation of an old province in South Scotland, and now it is used to speak of the district

being written, in view of his impending episcopal golden jubilee, has given back to quite a number of lands the episcopacies which they formerly possessed, but of which they were deprived when sectarianism invaded their realms. It is not so many years since Leo XIII. established the hierarchy in Japan, by making Monsignor Osumi, who was once a visitor to this country, the Archbishop of Tokio and giving him four suffragans. India, too, received her episcopacy from his hands, and last year Sweden was gladdened by the appointment of Right Rev. Dr. Bitter as the first Bishop named for Stockholm since the perversion of the Swedish people to Lutheranism. There are other lands, too, upon which Leo XIII. has bestowed similar favors, and when the history of his pontificate is penned, no small portion of it will be required to detail the manner in which, as in the case of Scotland, he restored the former hierarchies of nations.

The death of Dr. MacLachlan makes a notable vacancy in the ranks of the Scotch prelate, not alone because he was the only prelate whom the See of Galloway has known since its restoration, but also for the reason that the death of Archbishop Smith, followed as it has been by the transfer of Dr. Macdonald from the diocese of Argyll to the Metropolitan See, leaves but three Bishops at present in Scotland, to wit: Archbishops Macdonald and Eyre of Edinburgh and Glasgow, respectively, and Bishop Macdonald of Aberdeen. The Sees of Galloway, Dunkeld and Argyll are at present vacant, the first because of Dr. MacLachlan's recent demise, the last owing to the transfer of its Bishop to Edinburgh; while Dunkeld has had no incumbent appointed since the death of Bishop Rigg, its first ordinary; but has been administered by the Archbishops of Edinburgh. These vacancies will probably be soon filled, however, by the Holy Father, who naturally entertains a special affection for the Scottish Church, to which he restored its ancient hierarchy almost as soon as he ascended the Papal throne.

Prior to 1878 the portion of Scotland in which the jurisdiction of the late Bishop MacLachlan ran, was included in the western vicariate of Scotland, the charge of which then belonged to Archbishop Eyre, now of Glasgow. Of the prelates who presided over the Scotch churches in the days when its dioceses ranked only as vicariates, Monsignor Eyre is now the sole survivor. Bishop Strain, of Edinburgh, the first incumbent of the Metropolitan See, then had charge of the eastern vicariate, and Right Rev. John Macdonald had the northern episcopate, and became the first Bishop of Aberdeen. Both went to the recompense of their toil years ago, and now the only link connecting the Scotch Church to-day with the condition in which it was before the present Sovereign Pontiff gave it back its hierarchy, is the Archbishop of Glasgow; though there are, of course, many priests in the Scotch dioceses whose ordination antedates the consecration of the late Bishop MacLachlan.—Boston Republic.

Bishop Keane Coming to Boston.

The Unitarian Club of Boston has extended an invitation to Right Rev. John J. Keane, D. D., rector of the Catholic University at Washington, to become the guest of the club on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 8. Bishop Keane has accepted the invitation, and will deliver an address before the members of the club on that evening.

Two years ago Dr. Keane, on invitation of President Elliot of Harvard, delivered the Dudley lecture in Appleton chapel, at which time he appeared in the pulpit in the robes indicative of the high station he holds in the Church. His eloquent and scholarly address upon that occasion captivated alike the professors and students. After the lecture he was entertained by President Elliot at the latter's residence.

Bishop Keane is a charming conversationalist, a deep student and thinker and a most eloquent and persuasive speaker. Withal, he is one of the most energetic and progressive leaders in the hierarchy of the United States. During his stay in Boston, which will be brief, he will be the guest of Archbishop Williams.

An Amnesty Demonstration.

A Dublin despatch says: The amnesty demonstration here today has surpassed all expectations. More than 20,000 men with bands and banners marched in the torchlight procession this evening. John Redmond, Dr. Keenan, Pierce Mahony and James Egan, recently released from Portland prison, addressed a great meeting at the custom house. The attendance at the meeting was the only disappointing feature of the celebration, as it was considerably smaller than at several previous amnesty meetings. The enthusiasm was intense, however, and all the speakers were cheered almost constantly. The speakers, without exception, emphasized the necessity of securing the release of the rest of the Irish political prisoners.

Clerical Changes.

The vacancy caused by the death of Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Ledwith, has been filled by the appointment of Rev. Father Bergin, Dean of Barrie, formerly parish priest of St. Mary's, Bathurst-street, Toronto. Rev. Father Egan, of Thornhill, has been appointed Dean of Barrie, to succeed Rev. Father Bergin.

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