

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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Better Than Gold.

BY FATHER A. J. RYAN.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
When the true heart's crushed by a deadly blow;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though telling for bread in an humble sphere,
Humbly blest with content and health,
Liberated by the lists and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought,
Adore and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the soul at rest when its labors close;
Better than gold is the rest of man's sleep,
And the calm that drops on his slumber deep,
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
When luxury follows its aching head,
The taller simple virtue deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

"THE AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST."

A Comprehensive Review of the Latest Work of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

BY MAURICE FRANCOIS EGAN, LL. D.

When a prince of the Church writes a book he is at a great disadvantage. He is sure to meet with unadulterated flattery or unmitigated censure. The first goes out to him from that kind of people who pretend—in private—that a Cardinal can do no literary wrong and that a false quantity is impossible to a Pope. The second is sent out by the critics who expect that a Bishop or a Cardinal shall float about the heights of theology and scholasticism, and who hold that anything below the exaltations of a Bellarmine or a De Lugo is unworthy of the royal purple.

"O wonderful!" cries the one of the first, who is a courtier—in public—after the manner of the train that followed Louis XIV.

"O wonderful!" Monseigneur has written some words upon paper? Because Monseigneur has written them they are the best ever written!"

"Nonsense!" says the other of the second class. "There is no new subtlety here; this prelate writes like a man—like a mere man!"

To paraphrase Pascal, the second critic is shocked because he expected to find a prelate—and he finds a man! The fine quality in Cardinal Gibbons' new book, "The Ambassador of Christ," is its manliness. And this quality makes it not only valuable to the priest, but to the layman. There are books written for priests that are for priests only—and it is a pity that some of them—especially those in French—ever fall into the hands of any other class, because they give to the uninitiated the impression that the priest is a creature set apart from his birth from really human things, and that, if he be not a Manichean or a Gnostic, he ought to be. These books are bad; anything that misrepresents the priest is bad. When the priest comes to be looked on as a god, inhuman and unhuman, curtained with incense from his flock, evil has sway. When artificial reverence casts out reverential and filial love, a part of his mission as the ambassador of Christ must fail.

The chief value of this volume to the people of the United States is that it shows them in simple, frank words what a priest among men is expected to be. A pastor—chief among pastors speaks from his heart. The precepts that he lays down, the counsel that he gives are precious to all men, "if the priest is to be more of a layman and the layman more of a priest." And this has become almost axiomatic in the minds of those who understand the real condition of our country. There is much coldness where there should be warmth, much callousness where there should be enthusiasm, because the layman does not enter into the life of the priest. And for this reason—the reason that busy fathers know so little of the meaning of the priestly life—vocations in America are not so numerous as they will be when filial love—to be shown in every-day life—is made to glow by such books as "The Ambassador of Christ." Let it be put on the home bookshelf; let it be read aloud. In every page there is a thought, a suggestion, an anecdote which is the seed of precious heart flowers that may bloom for life.

The Cardinal's assumption that the priest is susceptible to the temptations besetting other young men may, in the opinion of some of the ultra-conservative, make it objectionable as a book for general reading. It is hardly necessary to point out how shallow such a prejudice is. If it were more than a prejudice, both Cardinal Manning's "Eternal Priesthood" and "The Ambassador of Christ" ought to have been written in Latin and sold only to priests; therefore we beg leave to repeat that this book is a "home book," a book not for a hasty reading, not for pious reading when all other books seem secular; it is a sound, every-day book. Take, for instance, the chapter on "A Student's Life." Where can a father who

wants to spend his leisure well find better counsel, or a mother with sons to teach better logic with which to strengthen her own intuitions? Among the "library friends" recommended by the Cardinal is, first, the Bible.

"If our companion," he says, "is the Bible, it will, like Beatrice guiding Dante through the abodes of the blessed, conduct us into the most sacred and memorable scenes that have ever been presented to the gaze of mankind. The remembrance of some phrase spoken by our Saviour is a powerful antidote against temptation. It is a spiritual banquet diffusing around us a healthy and delicious odor; it is a moral disinfectant in an atmosphere of vice; it is a ready weapon against a sudden attack."

If there remain in this country any bigot who still holds that the Bible is a sealed book to Catholics, let him peruse the words of Cardinal Gibbons, written to be read not only by priests but by the people.

There is this distinguishing characteristic of our literary celebrities, that they are easily approached," the Cardinal says. "Even if we had been the contemporaries of the great, the good and the learned who shed a lustre on their age, how hard it would be to have access and hear their living voice? Mountains and seas might be a barrier between them and us; and though they lived close to us, it might be difficult or impossible to converse with them. What an insignificant fraction of the human family have cast their eyes on our Saviour and His apostles, on Demosthenes and Cicero, and Chrysostom and St. Augustine? What a small percentage of the world have beheld the reigning Pope. But," the Cardinal continues, "there is no barrier to prevent us from drawing the pages of their books. We need no letter of introduction to them; they are never preoccupied; they are always willing to open their mouths and to communicate their thoughts to us whenever we choose to listen to them."

The Cardinal lays special stress upon the books that elevate us. Few of us can suffer the censure of even a dear friend; a word of fault-finding from those we love, and "it is the little rift within the lute." "Books," the Cardinal says, "are fearless preachers."

A delightful quality in this book—one which a man accustomed to analyze the reasons why readers are interested in any fragment of the written word will appreciate—is the use of the condensed story—the anecdote. It is in the fashion among some didactic writers to despise it. These have not learned one of the first principles of the philosophy of style, which is that the reader's attention must not be allowed to flag. Economy of friction is the result of culling; anecdotes make the oil which gets the machinery of didactic literature into running order. The chapter on Sources of Discouragement is redolent of hope. It may have been written for priests, but it appeals to every human being that works and suffers. The Cardinal knows that the direct style is best, and that meaning is clinched with the assistance of human interest. If tropes be admitted to be the lights of style, anecdotes are more illuminating than either similes or metaphors. Here is one of these little stories that ought to give a filial-to-heart-felt struggle:

"The master of the school," writes Dr. Boyd, quoted by the Cardinal, "declared that Arthur Stanley was the most stupid boy at figures that ever came under his care, says only one, who was yet more stupid than Stanley was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication. That other student, more hopeless than Stanley, became the great finance minister of after years, William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting, until midnight."

Savonarola, the greatest of Florentine preachers, was harsh of voice, small in size; he appeared to be embarrassed in the pulpit; his hearers were disappointed when he first spoke. He practised resolutely until he moved, not only Florence, but his epoch. Disraeli, afterwards premier, was seated at in the House of Commons, but he cried: "I have several times begun many things, and I have succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me!"

A young man who leads the practical life has only to turn, in moments of discouragement, to any page in this chapter to find a record of the triumphs of will. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Intellectual Life," which has fortunately, vogue in our country, is intended for a limited circle, and we had hoped that a philosopher of the practical every-day life would preach from a firm Catholic basis. He is here only a book, but a man; we learn, through it, to love, to admire, to revere a Church that could produce a priest who understands so thoroughly the human heart and the needs of it. For the Protestant layman who wants to know, here is the best picture of the priestly life. For the Catholic layman who knows, but who ought to be more in sympathy with his priest, here is a glass in which he may see how beautiful the priestly life is and

learn to measure his defects by the virtues he sees in it.

THE HOLY MASS.

Archbishop Ireland preached at the High Mass at the St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday morning the 9th ult. His theme was the Holy Sacrifice. He said in part:

"The one hour in the week most comforting, most salutary, is that which we spend before the altars of the living God. It should be for us the most pleasing, the most gratifying of all the hours of the week. We are bidden to come at least once in the week within the temple of God, and there to adore Him, thank Him, and implore His graces. For Catholics the command of the Church is most solemn. High Mass at least once a week on Sunday, and unless you hear it the sin is mortal. Why is the Church so positive in this command that we all appear every Sunday, when it is at all possible, before the altar? It is because in the hearing of Mass on Sunday, in the assistance at the Divine service, the soul is made to live for the time being a life divine. It is because on that one hour of divine service the soul depends for the graces of Heaven which it needs to live a pure, holy, Christian life. The assistance at divine service is not the fulfillment of the entire law, but it leads to that fulfillment. And when the custom has been contracted by Christians to remain away from time to time from Mass on Sunday there is great peril that the life of grace is passing away from the soul, and that soon it shall be lost altogether to God. Six days of the week we give to things of earth, and how strong the tendency of material things to drag the soul to their level, and make it a part of themselves. How weakening to the better elements of the soul this struggle with matter! At the best life is indeed a constant warfare, leaving necessarily deep wounds upon the spirit, and is replete with sorrows, with trials, with sadness. Fortunately are we that God's Church is with us, bidding us to abstract ourselves even for a little while out of the world, with joy and gladness, Christian brethren, into the presence of God.

"By prayer and meditation you put upon eternal wings and lift yourselves into the very presence of the Infinite, and realize for some little while that you are not of the clay of the earth, that you have in you a soul which is superior to all those material surroundings, which belongs to a higher world. Understand that your soul is made to God's own image and likeness, and that the true region of its life is the very region of God's paradise. The soul cannot put itself face to face with Almighty God, even for a little while without viewing in itself His Divine image and becoming more spiritual, more divine. If we live constantly in a certain atmosphere we identify ourselves with it, become almost inextricably a part of it, and thus it happens that men who without ceasing, attend to material things, become absolutely cold and hard and lifeless, so far as the life of the skies is concerned. God to them becomes a mere word or a mere uncertain, vague entity, with which they have no concern. They have no aspirations beyond those of mere animal life, which is bordered by the cradle and by the grave, whose sole purpose seems to gather in food and raiment and to enjoy the pleasure that food and raiment may procure them. They have made no effort to live of the divine life, to impress upon themselves the truth that there is in them a spirit, and consequently, from mere lack of exercise, as it were, it dies.

"What is the purpose of this whole life of ours? Why are we in it? Whither are we going? Why do men live? If you judge them from their actions and their replies when questioned, ten thousand do not know. They may know why they attempt a task to-day, why they may make a plan for to-morrow, but they do not pause to know what is the whole purpose of life. After a few years and all is over. Is there nothing beyond the grave? That is the question, and we must put it to ourselves most seriously. And, if we have common sense, we must adapt our whole course of action to the great and solemn purpose of life. This we do on Sunday morning, when we are in the presence of Almighty God, when we go down on our knees and say, at least, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.' Ah, yes, there is the purpose of life. God is our Father. We are the children of God, consequently heirs of God born in God's own kingdom. And in that magnitude of man which comes to him when he puts himself at his proper elevation, measures the things of earth and measures them as they deserve to be measured, he sees their pettiness, he sees that they are but vanities of vanities, any one of them having no purpose, serving no end unless it fits in with the sole destiny of man born for the skies. The soul has been refreshed, endowed with new powers, and it is not dominated by mere matter, it holds matter under its own domination.

"When on Sunday morning in the presence of God that great lesson is read to us, that if we endure these earthly sorrows for God's sake in sub-

mission to His holy will, we are helped by our very trials on our way to our Heavenly home. The hour spent here is an hour of consolation and joy, of divine strengthening. We know too well that left to ourselves we are not able to cope victoriously with our trials and struggles. We need a powerful hand to sustain us. We need that voice which will assist us amid temptations, which will assist us in prosperity and in adversity—the voice of God. But that voice does not speak for them who do not invoke it. If you pray not, God does not assist you. You are a prey to every passion, the victim of every temptation. Then come at least once a week and say to God: 'O, save us, Master, or we perish.' Oh, strong is the man who knows how to pray. Strong is the soul that on Sunday morning, at least for one hour has lived the life of God and has felt it self to be a spirit, a creature of the skies. He is easy, my brethren, how sweet all this is on Sunday morning for the children of God's Church. You come into the temple of worship, to pray, to ask for graces and blessings. Is the temple a mere vacant house before you enter it? Is there none there while you pray but yourself and your fellow mortals? The temple of God's church is the house of God. You come to meet your God, and God comes down to meet you. Oh, the blessedness of that Last Supper, at which Christ in His omnipotence changed bread and wine into His own body and blood, and then bade His apostles to do what He had done, thus instituting the perpetual sacrifice through which Christ was to be really, truly and substantially with us always. Oh, the blessing of the Catholic altar upon which at the moment of the consecration Christ becomes truly present! Christ is the being supernaturally omnipotent, and His religion must necessarily be supernatural and must thrill at every moment of its existence with supernatural power, otherwise it is not the child of God made man. So do not be astonished when in the divine religion you are told of Christ's perpetual presence through the sacrifice of the Mass, of Christ Jesus, for there in His name and with His power the priest says: 'This is My body, this is My blood,' and instantly, because sooner should the skies be rolled up a dry parchment and earth be annihilated, than that a promise of Christ should not be realized—instantly Christ is really present on the altar. God is with you in His temple. You speak to Him face to face. His very presence is a pledge that He is only too anxious to grant your prayers, and to pray is easy and sweet. You come in and you salute your Divine Master and you receive from Him all graces; and when you go forth into the world you go recreated, re-made, spiritualized. So soon as the Sunday has risen, say to yourselves, it is Sunday. Remember the great duty of the day and go to Mass. Unless there be absolutely physical or moral impossibilities, harken to no excuse, go gladly to meet your God, to meet Him, to speak to Him. So soon as a Catholic begins to be negligent in his hearing Mass on Sunday, his spiritual life weakens, and he gradually drifts away from God until he is merely a Christian in name.

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The assertion that Christianity depends on dogma is strangely at variance with our idea of truth. What is truth? Is it a reality? or is it a mere word which imports nothing? If it is a reality, then assuredly dogma becomes a necessity. Truth is not a thing which can vary according to the bent of men's minds: it must be one and ever the same. It will not do, therefore, to tell us that two opinions, contrary one to the other, are admissible with regard to the nature of Christianity. Christianity is either a system of definite dogmatic teaching or it is nothing. Either it is a religion which can demand man's submission to its authority or it is a mere set of opinions, which every man has the right to accept or reject as he thinks fit. If it is the first, it is divine; if it is the second, it is useless, and can never become a factor in the moral or intellectual progress of mankind. Christianity, in order to come to terms with any authority, must necessarily contain the truth, it must be the truth. What is truth but the revelation of God? Surely nothing else, for God alone is truth. Now, the world says that dogma is an imperious assertion and an attempt to ensure man's intellect. The Church says it is a precise enunciation of truth, and herein is its utility: for if truth be conceived and not expressed we are none the better for it. But to express truth implies an unerring teacher; hence, if Christianity is a religion which is to claim our allegiance it must be dogmatic, and no body which is not dogmatic can claim to be the Church of Christ.

"But," says Dr. Eaton, Christ established a brotherhood. This is a bold assertion in the face of such passages as are contained in Matthew xvi., 18; xviii., 17; Ephesians iv., 116; Hebrews xiii., 17, etc. The matter resolves itself to this: Either we are to believe that Christ's own Apostles and their immediate disciples utterly misunderstood Him or that the true conception of Christianity has been undiscovered until these days. Evidence is not wanting, either in Scripture or in history, to show that the primitive idea of the Church was that of a properly organized society governed by our teachers who claimed a direct authority from Christ Himself. I question whether the martyrs of the first centuries would have so willingly suffered for the name of Christ had they but the misty and indefinite ideas of His personality and teaching which exist in the minds of certain preachers of New York to day.

If we are to sweep away dogma we are at liberty to make what attacks we like not only on the divinity of Christ, but also on every item of His teaching if it does not correspond with our preconceived ideas. Either Christianity is what it has always professed itself to be, a divinely authorized teacher of faith and morals to the human race, or it is a sham having no more claim to our allegiance than any other creed which has arisen in the course of the world's history. If God has given to man any revelation at all it must be perfect in every detail and incapable of leading men into error or of giving them false conceptions of the truth—in other words, a Church which is to guide and teach mankind must necessarily be dogmatic, and, moreover, infallible, for any body which is dogmatic but not infallible is a nuisance and an impudent impecunia.

The state of the religious world of to-day reminds one strongly of the condition of the men of Athens in St. Paul's time. Men are worshipping an "unknown God," and a second St. Paul is needed who can say to them: "What you ignorantly worship, that I preach unto you." That second Paul is with us and has ever been before the world in the Catholic Church. She alone, of all religious bodies, is delivered from the strife of tongues; for she alone can claim to have with her the guiding spirit of her Divine Founder whom He promised to be her light and guardian in faith and her guide in the way of truth. Nowhere save in her bosom can men find the solution of the many perplexing questions which are to-day agitating all the thoughtful minds, for none but she has received the promise of the continual presence of the Holy Ghost, and none but she can claim to be the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth."

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

Reason Teaches That Dogma and Infallibility are Essential.

Rev. A. Henderson, P. S. M., considering the definitions given by some Protestant preachers, writes as follows to the New York Sun:

It is curious and interesting to note how, in the controversy now in progress with regard to the question "What is Christianity?" all reference to the words of the Founder of Christianity Himself seems to be studiously avoided. Of six clergymen quoted by the New York Herald of Sunday, Feb. 14, not one, in answering the question appears to have dreamed of looking to the New Testament for its solution. It seems as though they were afraid to consult Christ Himself lest He should contradict their pet theories. The fact is, the main question is lost sight of amid the many side issues which are being raised. Dr. Harrower alone, of all, comes to the point when he says: "Christianity is accepting Christ and the truth of His teachings—Christianity depends on no dogma."

These last five words contain the pith of the whole question, which in reality resolves itself to this: "Is dogmatic teaching a part of the Christian system?" Dr. Harrower does not tell us how, without some kind of dogmatic pronouncement, we can know the truth of Christ's teaching or even accept Christ Himself. He appears to forget that before we can accept Christ we want to know what He is. Is He God or is He man only? To neither of these questions can we obtain an answer without dogma of some kind. Until this can be explained his words but throw dust in the eyes of inquirers. We want to be precise in dealing with matters of such importance. What does He differ from other men, and how are we to rely on His word more than another's? If He is God we must know it, else we are in danger of re-

peating Him. To answer such questions we must have some authoritative teaching. What does Christ Himself say on these questions? To the Samaritan woman He said: 'Ye worship ye know not what, we know what we worship,' thus pointing out the superiority of a definite knowledge of the object of faith over the uncertainties of a system where dogma is wanting. Then again: 'This is life eternal, to know Thee, the Only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.' Just what I have said above; we can not accept Christ without knowing not only who He is, but what He is. Knowledge, therefore, is the first and vital condition of true worship, and without it, granting that there may be worship in spirit, there can certainly be none in truth."

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He will easily be content, and in peace, whose conscience is clean.—The Imitation. —
Why seekest thou rest, since thou art born to labor.—The Imitation.

MARCH 6, 1897.
at this juncture household duties, and named the subject of "You can have what it is to go years without a without pain. I make plain to you on the comforts of awful life I had for big family of mouths work when at times, at night complet- even that was no- There was no one doomed to torture misery. When my try Dr. Williams' to be used to something or dis- am as right as a gentleman shoot his in his last week a man who felt ewed lease of life, erting our old friend from the hereditary kindred, we drove places in the neigh- ed discussions upon d that all regarded cure. Where the are known, no per- e believed for a anything but death from the grip of word that is written by writing Mr. on, Dalrymple post- imate acquaintance s enables the writer ts narrated above, ts of Mr. Thompson e may make.
"Frank this cure by of the disease, and up the blood, and erves, thus driving system. Avoid limita- that every box you ed in a wrapping rade mark, Dr. Wil- or Pale People.
Y BOOK.
Parents on the children," by Very Rev. C. S. R., Provincial of e, is a timely and useful d have a very large cir- of the rev. author is, "to direct and assist per performance of the sk of making their child- ristians and virtuous blishers are Benziger's Price, 35 cents.
Sunlight Soap Competition.
JANUARY PRIZES IN of Western Ontario.
Stearns' Bicycles.
Companys.
Queen street . . . 3,651
1st Forest . . . 1,944
of Gold Watches.
erson, 165 Erie . . . 1,030
on . . . 1,030
W. Washburne, 1,944
Woodstock . . . 799
25 Craig street . . . 721
Clarty, box 734, . . . 685
ness will be given each ar. Send for particulars
os, 25 Scott St., Toronto.
RICK'S DAY.
will be held in the Opera Wednesday, March 17, in Patron Saint. Vocalists were engaged, together local talent. The pro- to school purposes.
have the management of determine make his one- ful over held in London. Tickets for sale at the office. The prices are
Cuban, 22; 14 Roma; 1000
Africa, 100; 700; 1000
Bought.
Adams, 7 Ann St., Toronto.
STUDENTS
Can be Accommodated
ther department of
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