

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, MARCH 5, 1898.

NO. 1,011.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

Kingston, Feb. 24—(Special).—At 1.20 this afternoon his Grace the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, S. T. D., sixth Bishop and first Archbishop of Kingston, passed peacefully away at the palace in this city, surrounded by Mgr. Farrelly, Vicar Generals Gauthier and Kelly, the priests of the parish and several Sisters. He was specially attended in his last hours by Rev. Father Wynn, Toronto, whom Archbishop Walsh sent down as his special representative and confessor. From unconsciousness the aged prelate gradually sank until he entered that eternal slumber from which his soul awakened into everlasting happiness. The disease which resulted in death developed two years ago, since which time the health of the Archbishop has gradually failed. Over a year ago Dr. Ryan advised his Grace to consult a Toronto specialist. This was done, and the specialist concurred in the opinion expressed by Dr. Ryan that a trip to the south and rest were absolutely necessary. These directions were followed out, but the happy result looked for was not brought about. After spending the winter at Atlantic City and Baltimore, he returned home only partly restored in health. During the past year he was more or less unwell, but bore up bravely and kept a stout heart. Dr. Ryan, his medical adviser, was regularly in attendance, but felt no cause for alarm up to eight weeks ago. At that time the appetite of the Archbishop failed and his stomach refused to perform its functions. The disease which attacked him is known to the medical fraternity as atheroma, produced by the degeneration occasioned by old age and feebleness. It was evident from the outset that recovery could not be looked for, and none realized this more so than his Grace. Each day his condition grew weaker, until Tuesday last, when he was attacked with retching, which when it passed away left him very weak and feeble. From this condition he passed into unconsciousness, lasting over twenty-four hours. There is consolation in knowing that all through his sickness he was without pain. He was very weak, but never complained, and his great desire was not to give those about him any unnecessary trouble or annoyance. Throughout his career here he was known to the outside public as a stern prelate, one who rigidly enforced the strict rules of the Catholic Church.

CAREER OF THE DECEASED PRELATE.

James Vincent Cleary was born on the 18th day of September, 1828, in Dungarvan, a seaport town in the county of Waterford. He was a son of Thomas Cleary and Margaret O'Brien, both natives of Dungarvan. James Vincent received his elementary education in a select private school of his native town. At fifteen years of age, having completed the English and classical curriculum of studies in the Dungarvan school, he was sent by his parents to Rome for his ecclesiastical education. Pope Gregory XVI. then wore the tiara, and Dr. Cullen, subsequently Cardinal-Archbishop of Dublin, was rector of the Irish college in Rome, to which the future Archbishop was admitted as an aspirant to the priesthood. Dr. Cleary came to Canada in the year 1850, as Bishop of Kingston. On his arrival he was the recipient of an ovation, in which Protestants and Catholics alike joined. Although it was an unheard-of innovation to bring a parish priest from Ireland for the government of a Canadian diocese, and persons were not wanting to canvass the claims of the Holy See in disregarding the claims of local ecclesiastics, yet never did so numerous an assembly of Bishops and priests appear at the installation of any prelate as on this occasion. He was made Archbishop of Kingston in March, 1889. Dr. Cleary was a very learned man, conversant in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and beside English was familiar with Italian, Spanish and French.

Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister of England, carried a bill through Parliament in the year 1845 increasing the endowment of Maynooth College, near Dublin, to £26,000 a year. This being an exclusively ecclesiastical seminary in Ireland had the right of placing a certain number of pupils, the Bishop of Waterford, to whom James Vincent Cleary was subject, recalled the latter from Rome, and placed him in the Royal College of Maynooth. Here he passed five years in the pursuit of ecclesiastical sciences. Politics, history, dogmatic and moral theology, Scriptural exegesis and canon law constituted the curriculum. He won the highest prizes of the college in each department of study. His course having been completed in five years, he received the order of deaconship which bound him irrevocably to the ecclesiastical state, and he returned home to Dungarvan in June, 1851, being still too young to be admitted to the priesthood. In the following September, the day after he had completed his twenty-third year, which is the prescribed age, he was ordained priest in his native town at the hands of the Bishop of Waterford, and immediately proceeded to Spain, where he entered the famous Univer-

sity of Salamanca. In 1854 he was summoned home by his Bishop to occupy the chair of dogmatic theology and Scriptural exegesis in St. John's College, Waterford, and later on he became its President. Dr. Cleary had never interfered in politics until his appointment to the incumbency of Dungarvan. Here, however, it was deemed part of his duties to direct and control his parishioners in the discharge of what he propounded as a high conscientious obligation of the honest exercise of the suffrage, on which the supreme interests of his country and religion depended. In this reference he published some letters which attracted considerable attention, especially those amenable to the grave criminality of giving or accepting bribes in exchange for his suffrage. His teachings on this subject are well remembered in all parts of Ireland. He went with the Irish National party, and succeeded in gathering up his whole flock, with few exceptions, to act in concert with him and with one another. The result was shown in the first Parliamentary contest by the unseating of Henry Matthews, Q. C., an English Catholic barrister for Dungarvan, who was member for the parish, and was confident of reaching the English bench could he but hold his seat for a few years and do service for his political party. Two years subsequently, Parliament having been dissolved, Mr. Matthews again endeavored to capture the borough of Dungarvan, and again he was defeated by the united action of the parish priest and his parishioners in favor of a National candidate. This was in the spring of 1860. In September of the same year an order was received by Dr. Cleary from the Holy See appointing him Bishop of Kingston. He went straightway to Rome, and was there consecrated Bishop on the 21st of Nov. 1860 in the Chapel of the Propaganda, by His Eminence Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of all the missions of the Catholic world. The assistant Bishops in the consecration were His Grace Archbishop Croker of Cashel, and His Lordship Dr. Butler, Bishop of Limerick. On arrival in Kingston he was the recipient of an ovation surpassing in grandeur and enthusiasm every popular demonstration of former occasions in this city. Although it was an unheard-of innovation to bring a parish priest from Ireland for the government of a Canadian diocese (by the way, the oldest diocese in the Dominion after Quebec) the Archbishop and all the Bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Toronto, the Bishops of Montreal and Ottawa and the leading dignitaries of their several districts united in the Cathedral of Kingston on that day to witness the priests of the diocese paying homage and offering their canonical obedience to the stranger whom not one of them had ever before laid his eyes upon, but who had come to them by the mandate of the Sovereign Pontiff, whom they acknowledged to be Christ's Vicar and the ruler of the universal Church. He established many new missions since his advent to the diocese, and had multiplied the clergy for the service of outlying districts. He had founded convents and schools and erected thirty-four new churches, some of which are models of architectural beauty. St. Mary's cathedral, as remodelled, being one of the most beautiful structures in the Dominion. Priests are now resident among the people where a priest never resided before. His latest great work was that of reviving Regiopolis College, which he hoped to put on a sound footing before he would be called to meet His Maker. This movement was received with favor by the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese, and much progress had been made since its opening a couple of years ago. It was intended as the crowning effort of his great career as a builder of Catholic churches and institutions. Archbishop Cleary was Kingston's sixth Bishop and first Archbishop. His predecessors were Bishops MacDonell, Gaullin, Phelan, Horan and O'Brien. On October 26, 1890, the Pallium was conferred on him in St. Mary's Cathedral, this city, Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec and a large number of Canadian dignitaries were present on the occasion. His life is heavily insured, in the neighborhood of \$60,000, \$25,000 of which is to be put aside as an endowment to Regiopolis College, the remainder to the church. In the St. James' memorial chapel, attached to the cathedral, erected in memory of his Grace by the clergy and laity of the diocese, is the tomb in which will repose the remains of the late Archbishop. It was built under his supervision at the left side of the altar. Former Bishops and priests were laid to rest under the cathedral. He arrived in Kingston on the 7th of April, 1851. During the discussion of the Irish home rule question shortly after his arrival here he took a prominent part, and was instrumental in having a large amount of money subscribed and forwarded to Ireland to assist the Nationalists. The late Archbishop gained fame as the hero of Ontario Catholic Separate schools, his voice and pen doing effective work in their behalf during previous elections for the Ontario Legislature. His nephew, Rev. Father Neville, is chaplain of the penitenti-

ary here and pastor of the Church of the Good Thief, Portsmouth. He is his only relative in Kingston.

A BRILLIANT SCHOLAR.

The late Archbishop spoke and wrote many languages. He was conversant with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, French and English. He was a wonderful controversialist and probably the most stalwart defender of the Catholic faith on the continent. His combats with those who opposed Separate schools, especially politicians, were strong and vigorous, and some heavy blows were struck. His English was pure and unmistakable, and was so strong in denunciation of the things he assailed that he became a prominent character, arousing the ire of many who denounced his ways and methods. His conflict with Sir William Meredith and his late Pastor of the sanctity of marriage were probably his most vigorous utterances, though in the school issues he was remarkably outspoken. The late prelate's pastorals were numerous, well-written and placed before his people their duties in the very fullest manner. He was indefatigable in his work in the diocese, and it is asserted that during his episcopacy almost \$700,000 has been spent in building and improving churches and parishes. The late Archbishop was a man of geniality and benevolence. He was always accessible and one of the best men to interview that has been met in Canada. He anticipated questions and gave replies with a freedom and accuracy that seemed remarkable. He chatted pleasantly whenever he met the journalists and frequently told merry stories for their delectation. The interior of the cathedral has been draped in mourning and will remain so until after the funeral, which will take place on Tuesday. Church dignitaries of their representatives from the entire country and the neighboring republic, who can reach here in time, will attend the funeral. Immediately after the death was announced the flags on the Canadian Freeman office, Hotel Dieu convent, St. Mary's School, House of Providence, I. C. B. U. Hall, City Hall and other public buildings were placed at half-mast out of respect to the dead prelate's memory. The visiting clergy, with Vicar General Kelly, were busily engaged during this afternoon sending intelligence of the death abroad by telegraphic despatch. The Pontifical authorities at Rome, friends in Ireland and throughout the country have all been notified. Archbishop Walsh will be celebrant at the solemn requiem Mass on Tuesday.—Toronto Globe Feb. 25.

LYING IN STATE.

From the Toronto Globe of Monday we take the following: The body of the late Archbishop Cleary is laid in the parlor of his palace facing the east, arrayed in the full canonical robes of the dignified office he so ably filled. On his head rests the mitre denoting his rank. About his neck hangs his gold chain and jeweled cross of office. The hands are crossed on his breast and covered with purple gloves, worked in gold. His ring of consecration is shown over the glove on the third finger of his right hand. Purple hose cover the feet, which are encased in purple and gold sandals. A crucifix, emblematic of hope and salvation, is clasped in the fingers. The decorations in the room are strictly according to the rubrics of the Church.

There has been a constant stream of people to view the remains ever since the doors of the palace were opened to the public. The students of Regiopolis College have undertaken to furnish a bodyguard until the remains are finally laid to rest. Last evening a meeting of the various Catholic societies in the city was held and resolutions of condolence were passed regretting the death of their deceased prelate. On Monday morning at 8.30 o'clock the various societies will assemble and proceed to the palace. They will enter in double file, and six members of the I. C. B. U. will carry the remains to the cathedral, where they will remain in state till Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. During this interval all classes and creeds will be accorded the privilege of looking on the remains of him who was the spiritual adviser of the Catholic people of the diocese of Kingston. Relays of watchers from the different societies were appointed to sit with the remains each night until the funeral takes place.

Vicar General Kelly is sorely grieved over the loss of his kind friend, with whom he has been identified and associated for so long. He was a student under the late Archbishop, but was ordained priest at Waterford. When the late Archbishop received his appointment to Kingston he selected Vicar General Kelly as his confidential secretary. Father Kelly accompanied the newly created Bishop to Rome for consecration, and was his constant companion up to the moment of his demise. Just at present Father Kelly has no plans for the future. He will remain here until the late Archbishop's successor is appointed. From that date he has not formulated any plans. The casket in which the remains will find a last resting place is a magnificent creation. The outside casing is of polished oak, one inch thick. Next

to this there is an inch thickness of red cedar, and lastly an inner casket of metal. The lining is upholstered with ecclesiastical purple silk. The weight of the casket is two hundred and seventy-five pounds. The united weight of the casket and body is in the neighborhood of four hundred and fifty pounds. The name plate is of solid silver, five by eight inches in size. Inscribed on it is this Latin inscription:—"Jacobus Vincentius Cleary, S. T. D., Archiepiscopus, Kingston; Hibernia, Dungarven, 18th Sept., 1828, natus; nativitate in opp., 21st Sept., 1851, ordinatus; Romo, 21st Nov., 1860, consecratus; obiit 24th Feb., 1898, aetatis an 70 Pontificatus 18 R. I. P. Telegrams of condolence have been received from the following prominent Church dignitaries in America and Ireland: Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore; Archbishop Corrigan, New York; John M. Kiely, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Archbishop Bruchesi, Montreal; Bishop of Rimouski, Que.; John J. Swift, Troy, N. Y.; P. D. Laurent, Lindsay; M. C. O'Farrell, New York; Bishop Sweeney, St. John, N. B.; Archbishop Ryan, Philadelphia; Bishop Lorrain, Pembroke; Vicar General McDonnell, Clonmel, Ireland; Bishop of Sherbrooke, Que.; Vicar General Heenan, Dundas; Archbishop Feenhan, Chicago; Bishop McDonell, Alexandria; Archbishop Langevin, St. Boniface; Bishop Rogers, Chatham, N. B.; Bishop Gabriels, Ogdensburg; Vicar General Marvis, Quebec; Archbishop Duhamel, Ottawa; Bishop O'Connor, London; Bishop Emond, Valleyfield; Vicar General Routhier, Ottawa. Also from Sister Hopkins, Cornwall; Congregational Nuns, Peterborough; Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Quebec.

THE BELL, THE CENSER AND THE ROSE.

My God, the holy Bell that calls us to worship in Thy temple; the solemn Bell which tells us that a brother is passing away and that we should implore Thy mercy for him; the joyous Bell that proclaims Thy feasts, with glad notes filling all the air; the friendly and vigilant Bell, which at evening time, amidst all the troubles of life, awakens in us the thought of heaven and sweetly urges us to invoke the Blessed Name, which sinner never called upon in vain: That Bell is yet nothing but senseless bronze hung within four walls and swung perhaps by some rude uncultured hand. Lord, these censers of silver and gold which smoke before Thine altars, which rise and swing before Thy Real Presence, filling Thy temple with the fragrance of piety, and a bright vapor that seems to everbody the spirit of our prayers; these censers also are but barren metal set in motion, as we see, by earthly hands. Mighty Creator, what is the flower with tints so bright, which embalms our earthly ways? While it breathes forth to Thee through the limpid air its fragrant emanations, itself remains earth-bound as we are. Its stem, void of beauty, brilliancy or fragrance, is often clad with great thorns to lacerate the feet of thy pilgrim.

Thus it is with my soul, untutored and enslaved: she is bound to the earth; she is in the dust, like the stalk of the rose; like the bell and the censor she is swayed by ignoble impulse. But by Thy grace, O Father most Holy, that soul, which vile passions sway, also sends forth to Thee pious accents of prayer. In the cold and lifeless censor Thou hast placed a fire divine, which consumes and purifies when agitated, something within itself which takes flight towards Thee and which Thou dost not reject; lastly this flower, this thorny flower, this flower of the earth which cannot leave the earth, blooms forth 'neath the sunrays of Thy mercy, and breathes forth towards Thee as loving messengers its pure and heavenly emanations.

Be Thou blessed, my God, for having given to the breeze a voice so sweet, to the incense wings so mighty, to the fair flower so subtle a fragrance, to the human soul a faith so lively and a spirit of prayer which the bars of her prison cannot restrain. At times all these things,—this dust in which I am held, this slime of the earth in which my feet are plunged, these evil thoughts that crowd upon me and hurry me away,—all these reject with scorn my feeble tribute of homage. But Thou art good, my God, and I take heart once more. Thou dost accept what ascends unto Thee; dost and the sound that goes forth to Thee, and the incense I offer Thee, and the faint fragrance breathed from my soul—all these are the captives, poor contribution to his ransom, which Your

great mercy will surely complete. —(Translated from Louis Veulliot, for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.)

THE VITAL PRINCIPLE.

When we have sounded, as deeply as our poor finite plummet can, the marvelous depths of the human soul of Christ, we become aware that, below all else, there lies an infinite, unfathomable, an incomprehensible love. This, we learn, gives to the acts of Jesus—whether as Child or Man—a value beyond any imaginable or possible power of computation. St. John of the Cross has said that an instant of pure love is more precious in the eyes of God, and more profitable to the Church, than all good works together, though it may seem as if nothing were done. "Love is the union of the Father and the Son," he says; and also, "The end of all is love." St. John the Divine says "God is love." Who, then, can pretend to estimate the value of one tear of Jesus, one sigh, one pain, one little act of daily toil, when each of these things, common and small and trivial in themselves, was accompanied by an act of most flawless and ardent love, combined with the use of most perfect reasoning faculties and an absolutely unimpeded will?

Religious art has pictured to us the Child Jesus taking His first step, when He Who set the starry worlds swinging in space, bade the myriad waves of the ocean rise and fall, taught the birds of the air to fly, and gave life and motion to every animate thing, deigned to seem to learn to walk like any little feeble child. His mother kneels and stretches out her arms, as if to guide Him, or to catch Him if He fall. But her believing heart transforms her act into one of intensest adoration. She adores her Child Who is her Redeemer and her God, and her illumined senses hear His cry adown the ages: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the wilderness the paths of our God. He shall pass in peace. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace. Who is this that cometh from Edom, this Beautiful One in His robe, walking in the greatness of His strength?" But even while the inspiring words ring through her mind, He in His turn stretches out His infant arms to her, and as He stands against the western sun, His shadow falls long upon the greensward; and it is the shadow of the cross.

Years pass by. He is a Boy now, Who can work at ax and plane beside His foster father, while His mother sits and spins and looks and loves. The birds fly in and out joyously at door or window, the sparrow finding there a nest, and the swallow a home, as though they knew that the lowly workshop of Nazareth was verily the altar of the Lord God of hosts, their King and their God. No evil word is ever spoken in that hallowed place; no discord ever enters; all is perfect peace. One day, the Boy, the world's Creator, the Builder of the universe,—He Who, as the book of Job says, "laid the foundations of the earth, and shut up the sea with doors,"—puts, with small boyish hands, two planks together, and brings them to His mother; and behold! they form a cross. Another day, a nail in the rough wood pierces His tender hand, or sharp thorns run into His bare brown feet by the roadside, or a long branch of the prickly cactus catches His hair and bruises His beautiful brow. Does art tell us this, or poetry, or fancy? or is it not all the exquisitely refined intuition of love and faith? Look at the gospel for Quinquagesima Sunday.

"Jesus took unto Him the twelve, and said to them: Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and all things shall be accomplished which were written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man. For He shall be delivered to the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and scourged, and spit upon; and after they have scourged Him, they will put Him to death, and the third day He shall rise again. And they understood none of these things, and this word was hid from them, and they understood not the things that were said."

Be sure that there were those who clearly understood. In that hallowed workshop and home in Nazareth, Mary and Joseph most perfectly exemplified the virtue of that charity which shall endure when faith is lost in sight, and hope in full fruition. All through the infancy of Jesus, and through His Holy Childhood, while they knew that the very Joy of Heaven was with them, they knew, too, that ever drawing nearer and nearer was the anguish of the Passion, the Crucifixion and the Death. But all the while, love made the darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. And while they performed their simple daily duties peacefully and perfectly, their unquestioning resignation and unalterable love gave to their toil a value far beyond that which all the feats of armies or the march of mightiest empires could ever have in the sight of the Almighty King.

At times they saw the Holy Face grow suddenly pallid and wan and full of woe. Suddenly that Child, Who was fairer than any flower in the fair

fields of Nazareth, wore the look that the prophet foretold mysteriously in the days of old: "despised and the most abject of man, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity, and His look as it were hidden and despised." But their faith never wavered. They saw that He chose the cross and He loved the cross. Had He not said: "Behold, I come: in the head of the book it is written of Me, that I should do Thy will, O God!" We can understand that their complete and loving resignation must have pleased God well. Theirs was the charity that "beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things, thinketh all evil, and never falleth away." What unspeakable value, then, must have attended the acts of love from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, since He Himself is love, and "blessed is the soul that loves, for it has made a captive of God, Who obeys its good pleasure!"—Ave Maria.

A SEMINARIAN'S CURE AT LOURDES.

J. B. Villate, a seminarian, was cured of pulmonary tuberculosis at Lourdes Aug. 22, 1896.

Being obliged to comply with the military law existing in France, he enlisted at Charters, and was assigned to a regiment. After two months' service, consumption developed and he was dismissed.

At Paris he writes in the *Annales*: "I consulted several physicians: each of whom diagnosed my case as pulmonary tuberculosis, and gave me a certificate to this effect. I used various remedies, but without success. Then I decided to invoke the Mother of God at the Grotto of Lourdes, and to ask of heaven that cure which human skill could not give.

"At last the moment for the departure of the national pilgrimage arrived. I reached Lourdes tired, but confident. I hastened to the Grotto to receive Holy Communion and to throw myself into the piscina. When in the cold water, the fever, which was undermining me, left me. I was not cured; the cough and weakness still remained. A Belgian physician, in the Bureau des Constantations examined me, found me very sick, and discovered tuberculosis bacillus in the sputum. The next day, Saturday, after praying a long time at the Grotto, I went again to the piscina. My faith and confidence in Mary were without limit. The water felt warm to me; an indescribable sensation came over me. I felt myself cured. I went immediately to thank the Blessed Virgin; my voice was strong; I seemed to begin a new life.

"Before going to the Bureau I wanted to test my strength and be convinced of my cure. My appetite and sleep came back. I walked without fatigue, and felt no pain. I took three more baths in the piscina, and, being perfectly satisfied that I was cured, went to the Bureau. I met the Belgian physician, and announced to him the great favor which I had received at the Grotto. He examined me and called several physicians to test my lungs. They all testified to my cure. "My return home was most joyous. The physician who had treated me at Paris pronounced it a miracle. The cure has stood a year's test. I have returned to Lourdes to place at the feet of the Immaculate Virgin my sincere thanks, together with the promise of dedicating myself to God in the priesthood and becoming her servant forever."—The *Annales of Our Lady of Lourdes*.

An English Jesuit on Theaters.

The Rev. Father Vaughan, S. J., recently preached a sermon in which he said: "Some found their recreation in going to a theater; some found it in society, others would rather be left alone; some wanted to be invited everywhere and go nowhere, they wish to be free and be quiet; others only wanted to be left to their prayers and to have communion with God. Everyone must use what best suited him. Some people said, but surely a man must not go to a theater. No one heard such rubbish spoken from a Catholic pulpit. If a man thought the theatre helped to recreate him, let him go; but if he found it poisoned the wells and let loose his passions, it was not recreation and he must not go. Again, some played at cards. Some people thought there should be no cards used in their house. Well, let them keep them out. But if others found help, let them use them, but as a recreation, not as a means to lose their fortunes and tempters. They should go nowhere and do nothing that if they were struck down dead they should meet the frown of Christ. But let them be reasonable and look at these things straight from God's point of view."

A Severe Test of Faith.

First Theosophist—That settles it; I resign from the society.
Second Theosophist—What's the matter?

First Theosophist—Why, one of my tenants has gone off without paying his rent, and left a note saying he would try to square up with me in some future existence!