# 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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" SONGS OF THE SETTLE-MENT.

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If poetry is not already dead, as some of our pessimists are assuring us, it is at least rapidly dying. These lists of " books received " which one sees so often in some obscure corner of the monthly magazines, contain usually a baker's dozen of volumes of alleged verse. Some of them receive is all well worth the reading, but space flattering notices from the gentlemen who review publications after reading the table of contents, or from those who expect something similar for their own production. The critics, however, cannot-and for this we are gratefulgive life to the verse volumes and they remain obituary notices of murdered art. It was Wendel Holmes who said that most so-called poetry, instead of being the language of emotion, the are recalled by the "Song My Mother product of the imagination at white Sings:" product of the imagination at white heat, or of the heart when stirred to lowest depths, is a cold-blooded, haggard, worrying hunt after rhymes which can be made serviceable, after images which will be effective, after phrases which will be sonorous, all this under limitations which restrict the natural movement of fancy and imagination.

No such charge can be laid to the contents of the dainty little volume to the same than the same to be and strong in faith's devation as the heart beat of the sea:

It is lined in mystic measure to sweet voices from above and triumph, its a song of love and triumph

contents of the dainty little volume before us, the dress of which is as dainty as its contents. We refer to "Songs of the Settlement," by Dr. Thomas O'Hagan. They are homely little songs about things we know-not faultless indeed, but vibrant with music and lacking in the pedantic garnish ings that appeal to some of the gentlemen who pose as literary censors. Dr. O'Hagan has, we know, incurred the displeasure of no less a person than the editor of the Canadian Magazine.

He is, we are told, deficient in technique-a stock phrase that has done duty from time immemorial in amateurish reviews and whose definition could not perchance be given by the individuals who are fond of writing it. The learned editor knows that the blind following of rules, though having upon them the stamp and sanctity of tradition, are not the essentials of poesy, and that wit will shine through the

With a sense of the shortcomings of the little volume we have no hesitation tion to our national literature. The is happening now: happy rhythm, diversity of subjects and uniform grace of treatment, combined with distinctive originality of the little volume, give its author a title to something better than a mere verse writer. Some of the songs show a genuine poetic instinct and a spontaneity that has nothing to do with the "conventional and artificial conception of art " so lauded by the critics.

The first song, "An Idyl of the Farm, " beats time to the accompaniment of calm content, for "There's joy in every sphere of life, from cottage unto throne;" then the verses grow more sombre in tone, and we hear the note of the toil and turmoil of life in the "The Old Pioneer." It is a homely picture of the old man spent with bat-pling in the wilderness for a home, but one of the toil and turmoil of life in the wilderness for a home, but one of history houses have a way of degenerating; " and it is then that he forces that are affecting. tling in the wilderness for a home, but

"Have you ever met the old man
Coming down the lane?
His form, the bent with toil and care
Is free from every pain
They sometimes call him 'Guv'ner'
And sometimes call him 'Dad'
The boys and girls whose merry ways
Oft made the hearthstone glad."

Mark the tender music in "Ripened of ancient faith and practice, the new founds now and again, hear it mingled with loyal patriotism in "Our Own Dear Land." These poems of Dr. O'Hagan are nictures following one another of the source of the source of the services of the Mark the tender music in "Ripened are pictures following one another like the sunny days in the land they iastical police, and to fix the doctrine mirror. Listen to the whistling of the pines in "A Dirge of the Settlement."
Then there is a break in the ranks of the veteran trees and afar off a gleaming band of swift river—

"gical programme." And fourthly, "in a very un-Protestant fashion, the Sacraments are being separated from the Word, and, side by side with it, in a sideration of its organization upon

"Through labyrinth clad dell in dreamy like spell Where slumbers each sentinel tree Flow on, noble river: Flow on, Flow on Flow down to the deep sounding sea.

The "Lullaby of the Settlement" is an exquisite bit of tuneful writing : an exquisite bit of uncertainty.

Flower of the forest, nursing of dawn
Sweet be thy slumber in cradle of light
Rocked by the song of the robin on tree top
Hush'd by the lullaby voice of the night;
Nature, thy mother is kneeling beside the
Filling thy dreams with the gift of her
charm:
Sleep in thy downv nest, sweet be thy cradle
rest, sleep.

We like the strength and beauty of

his tribute to Sir John Thompson. It permits our quoting but a few stanzas :

ormits our quoting but a few stanza.

''O Maple dowered with life a joy
O bleeding tree of bitter pain;
Our chiefest son, our pilot guide
Falls dead upon the deck in main.
He loved the sunshine of your heart
A gift from England's queenly rose
He wrought two nations lasting good;
His soul so great, loved even foes
His deeds are stars to light our path;
His life, an are of rounded toil
To God and country freely given.'

Tender and happy memories of hom

Tender and happy memories of home

We recommend to our readers the little volume, which is an outpouring of a soul who sees and knows that every bush is "afire with God." It is a veritable bouquet of song arranged by deft, artistic fingers and bathed in the light and faith of a Christian, kindly heart.

We hope the joyous book may find its way into every Canadian household.

# A REMARKABLE MOVEMENT.

"The progressive Catholicizing of the Protestant churches!" The phrase is not ours but Harnack's; and it comes as a pleasant reminder that the reaction against Protest entism which has set in with such a storm in Eng. land is almost as marked in Germany the birthplace of the vaunted "Refor-

Adolf Harnack is one of the spiritual lamps of modern Germany. He is the leader of "liberal Protestantism," the chief of those who seek to construct out harsh cadence of a rugged line. We have read also that the unmistakable which he and his admirers who cannot have read also that the unmistakable sign of an age of imitation and decadence is precession and regularity; and when art becomes a matter of technical excellence it parts with its reality and power. The editor put up the sign 'no technique" to frighten the timid from the literary preserves now occupied by the mutual admiration society of Ontario.

On the standard mistakable which he and his admirers who cannot he and he infields and will not be Catholice. The recent convention of the Knights of St. John, at Cieveland, Ohio, pledged itself to labor for a fed-branch which enthusias meration of all the Catholice works of all the Catholice which societies in the country. Such resolutions show the leaders in favor of unity upon some just basis. This unity, we venture, believes that they will the country. Such resolutions show the leaders in favor of unit great historic moments when Protestants must fight shoulder to shoulder in saying that it is a distinct contribu-

Is happening now:

The principal enemy to-day is not political Catholicism, or "Ultramontanism," although that is a tendency which never ceases to be dangerous. It is Catholicism as a religion and an ecclesiastical spirit which threatens us; it is clericalism and ritualism, the alluring union of exalted piety and solemn secularity, and the substitution for religion of obedience. This is the spirit which is knocking at the doors of Protestant churches in Germany—I fear also in England—and is demanding admittance. It has mighty allies. All those who in their hearts are indifferent to religion are its secret friends. In their view, if Religion and Church are to continue to exist at all, it is the Catholic form of them which is still the most tolerable and the most rational.

The book from which we quote is the

The book from which we quote is the latest of Prof. Harnack's publications. It is a lecture delivered before a body of coreligionists at Eisenach. To them sums up the forces that are affecting joyous-hearted despite his cares and looking with misty eyes at the pranks of the youngsters around the hearth.

sums up the lorges that a hearth stum is the sects in the phrase "the progress-tive Catholizing of the Protestant churches." First among the causes of this remarkable movement, Harnack counts the gradual and general adop-tion of the Catholic idea of a Church namely, an institution stretching back in continuous unchanging faith to the days of Our Lord. Secondly, while the old Protestant way was to make much of current theological writers and little Church through the agency of eccles-

sort, as well as by the kind of sanctity which is beginning to be attributed to things used in divine service, and its forms and seasons." This is, in a paragraph, the essence of the "Thoughts on Protestantism" which the great German leader intends for a warning to his countrymen and co re-ligionists. They are ably set forth by his pen ; but in reading them the conviction is over and over again enforced on one that the author has no real understanding of the spirit of the Church whose victorious march he so earnestly laments.

It is a remarkable document, this little book of Harnack's; and it proves anew that all over the world the fields are white for the harvest, and the winds of God are stirring the ripening grain. The haughty Auglo-Saxon and grain. The haughty Augio-Salon and the stolid German, who for three hundred years have jeered at "the mummery" and "the emity forms" of our holy religion, are peeping under the veils and longing to have share in Catholic light and warmth. It is a duty to aid this holy movement by prayer and example. We see in it prayer and example. We see in it another striking proof of the vitality and spiritual inerrancy of that Church to which was promised victory over the gates of hell. -Ave Maria.

### NEEDED: A FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Charles J. O'Malley, in Midland Review Aug.

For years, thoughtful Catholics, both clerical and lay, have been confronted with a problem of much difficulty. Statistics have informed them that the total membership of the three score Catholic societies existing in the United States and Canada approximated 2,000, 000, in round numbers. This, clearly they could see, was a mighty force for good; yet an eye glance showed it composed of many societies instead of one. Aside from the fact that all are Catholics, there has been no bound uniting these various organizations, Hundreds of articles have been written deploring this fact, and numerous efforts to promote unity have been put forth, only to pass apparently without

result. All have seen the need of unity; none has been able to secure it.

The present moment promises better. It is an epoch of vast, far-reaching or-ganization. Whatever the reason, in this closing year of the century brother seeks to draw closer to brother. All round the world there is a unification of great interests. In Catholic society circles a similar feeling obtains. Thus, last year saw a resolution passed by the German Catholic Central Verein, at Milwaukee, whereby that Catholic society pledged itself to promote the centralization of all Catholic mutual aid zations, and between these frequently they see un-Christian bickerings and jealousies, all tending to destroy rather than promote religion. For this rea-son, if no other, we readily can believe any movement tending to promote greater charity would be welcomed by

Of all the plans of union which we have seen, that proposed by the Knights of St. John promises best result. It is practicable. It does not ask all other societies to sink their identity and range themselves beneath its banner. Instead, it proposes a federation of all, such as we now see existing between the various States of the Union. Each society will retain its autonomy as now possessed—name, purposes, regalia, etc.—but will, in addition, be affiliated with a general society made up wholly of a union of Catholic societies—a Catholic Union of of America, similar to the Catholic Union of Great Britain. Thus, owing to this union, the membership card of one society would entitle the holder, when sick or in distress or in a place where his society did not exist, to aid from the society existing there, the same to be reimbursed by the federation. In case of proposed anti-Catholic legislation, the protest of such Catholic Union, composed of 2,000,000 members would certainly be heeded. Numerous other ways in which such federation would be helpful will occur to anyone after a moment's reflection. It is unnecessary here to cite the ancient adage "In Union is Strength." Catholics in America certainly need greater unity. This proposed federation of all Catholic societies will give union without injury to the rights of any. In a word, such affiliation at one stroke would give us a Catholic society far more potent for good than the Young Men's Christian Association, so often put forward as a

model for Catholic young men.
It is because we believe this pro-

We have stood apart long enough. We have misunderstood each other too long. If all the Catholic societies of England can unite in a federation surely the Catholics of America can do likewise. There will be loss to none; there will be strengthening of all. Let us unite.

## A LOST MISSION.

A writer in a recent issue of the New York Tribune furnishes the following interesting account of an old Arizona mission, whose real name, he says, is now unknown. This mission, sion of the Pueblitos, though its true name is hidden somewhere in the archives of the Jesuit order in far-off Spain. The legends of the Indians say that it was built several years before San Xavier (del Bac), and it is known to have been in ruins since 1700. ruins stand about two miles southwest of the city of Tucson on a mesa overlooking the river, and are in the last stages of decay. The roof has long since tumbled in, and the walls of since tumbled in, and the walls of stone and cement have fallen down, leaving great gaps through which the cool winds from the canyons of the Santa Ritas blow. The plaster has fallen from the walls, and only now and then can a trace of painting be seen though at one time they must seen, though at one time they must have been handsomely decorated with images and designs. Fingers, arms and pieces of the bodies of the images may yet be found in the loamy soil around the walls. They indicate great ability in the sculptor who carved them, though his name, like that of the edifice he assisted to adorn, though his name, like is lost in the lapse of years.

"The Jesuits came to Arizona, then

a part of New Spain, in 1886, and im-

mediately began missionary work among the Indians The seven mis-sions, San Xavier, Tumocacori, Santa Ana, Tubac, Calabesas, Guevavi and the lost one of Pueblitos, were at once erected or put in process of construc-None of them, however, except possibly Tumocacori and Paeblitos, was ever completed, and to day they are crumbling piles of brick and stone. About the year 1700 an outbreak occurred that reached from Mazatlan to the extreme northern missions of Arizona. The fields were laid waste, the cattle were driven off, such furniture of the churches as was not buried by the priests was destroyed. It was at this time that the lost missien of Santa Isabella, in Lower California, about which so much has been written, and the site of which no one has been able killed. Probably Pueblitos met its fate at the same time. At all fate at the same time. At all events, its priests were slain, the alta-s were torn down, the images broken, and every paper within its walls that might have thrown any light on its history was burned. Or it may be, some have thought that the fleeing priests hid the records in some rocky gorge of the Santa Rita mountains, that in time the pick of a miner will break into the vault and discover both its tragic history and its treasure. lasted for severa years, and only the priests from Gueyears, and only the priests from Gue-vavi, near the line of Sonora, suc-ceeded in escaping. When peace was declared the Society of Jesus was over-thrown, and its followers banished from the country. A few years later the Franciscan took up the works their predecessors had been compelled to abandon, and many of the missions were brought to something like com-pletion. The arms of the Franciscan order are to be seen to day in the wall over the main entrance of San Xavier. as in the others before they tumble down. Pueblitos was not rebuilt, and the site of Santa Isabella could never be found, so that these two churches were entirely aban-doned. For one hundred years the Franciscans labored among their charges, for whom they did much good. Their herds ranged the valley of the into fields of wheat and corn : orchards bearing delicious fruits and gardens with the sweetest of tropical flowers surrounded the missions, which were enclosed by high stone walls to with-stand the attacks of enemies. It was during this one hundred years of prosperity that the churches were ornamented by such beautiful works of art and the altars enriched by vessels of beaten gold and silver, but where these treasures are to-day no man knows. Perhaps they are buried in some se cluded corner or concealed in a cliff of the Santa Ritas. Of all the missions San Xavier is the only one, as far as known, from which papers have been secured. The inventory shows that the mission was worth millions of dollars. When the Franciscans left they took nothing with them, nor did the confiscators find the wealth, so that, without doubt, the hills of Arizona contain riches other than those in a

into decay, even such parts of it as had withstood the ravages of the Indians. The frescoing was dropping from its walls, its gardens were dying for want of care, and its fields were again turning to the sandy waste of the desert; but its belis hung in their arch

virgin state.

mysterious value. The Puritanism of Protestantism is being rudely assailed by such an expression as 'the holy vessels,' and many others of the same the hour shows the necessity of unity. The hour shows the necessity of unity. With the rust slowly eating them away, just as they are to-day, for no white man, Mexican nor Indian, has found it in his heart to disturb them. The American Herald. had fallen away, nobody knows how long ago, and for two hundred years, since the Jesuit Fathers passed beneath the arch to return no more, have their tongues been silent Through the long years that followed the abandon-Through the ment, the desolate loneliness could have been broken only by the chimes of San Xavier, stealing faintly across the nine miles of intervening desert. But the bells of Pueblitos did not take up the sound, for they were stilled for-

PAY YOUR DEBIS. [Rev. D. Phelan in the Western Watchman, St. Louis Mo.] The postmaster of this city has pub-

licly notified all employes under him that they must pay their debts, and that a failure to do so will constitute, during his administration, good cause for removal. The chief of police has done the same thing. The chief of the fire department has issued a similar notification. Policemen, fireman and letter carriers will henceforth pay as they go; or they will go without pay from the people's purse. A butcher holding membership in one of the Pro-testant churches this week, in a public meeting of the congregation, surrendered his membership because one of the pillars owed him a bill of \$94 and refused to pay it. This brings before the public mind a subject that calls for quick and radical treatment. have a small army of policemen drawing hundreds of thousands of dollars a year from the city treasury, the sole purpose of its creation and mainten-ance being the supposed necessity of protecting the public from thieves. Now there are a thousand dollars stolen by  $\varepsilon oi\ disant$  honest people in this city for every one stolen by a professional thief. The unpaid debts in fessional thief. The unpaid debts in curred in this city during the past twelve months would run this city government and leave a good balance for the support of our charities. It is simply appalling. There is not a mer chant in this city who has not been robbed; and so systematic is this thievery that all business men now make a calculation for bad bills and charge their good customers to make up the deficiency. This thieving is done by the wealthier class of our people more than by the poorer classes. reason is they get more credit, and another is, they are more inclined to live beyond their means. The retail trade of this city dreads the West End. These people drive up in carriages and order their purchases delivered with the assurance of a Gould or a Roths-child, and, after they have run up a bill of several hundreds of dollars, silently steal away to other parts, leav ing behind them mortgaged furniture and mortgaged horses and carriages. Poor trades people are taken in. fear to refuse credit in the beginning and fear to make the loss doubly sure

the fire department and the post office. No man should be allowed to disgrace a church by the thievery of fraudulent credit. We are sorry to say that while clearly excelling in most branches of morality, our Catholics do not shine forth as models of honesty. We have often heard it said that Catholics are the contractions of the catholics and the catholics are the contractions. lics are more dishonest than other people. The reason for this false conclusion is, the vast majority of Catholics are poor and belong to the debtor class; and the Catholic poor make very public demonstration of their Catholicity. In a city of 100,000 inhabitants, 500 might be convicted of theft who profess no religion; and because twenty Catholics have gone to jail people will wonder why it is that Catholics are so dishonest. But it is a shame that there should be any Catholics who are dishonest. They go to confession and never make their debts a matter of self accusation. Many ignorant Catholics think they are entitled to all the credit they can get. Going into debt is just as honest as paying as you go. As long as you do not get the goods upon false pretenses, you are entitled to them, and if you cannot pay for them that constitutes the seller's risk. Now, every instructed Catholic knows that to ask for credit when you have not a reasonable ground for believing that you can pay, is theft—nothing more and nothing less. Instructed Catholics sometimes make their debt a matter of confession, but after ten or more acknowledgments of the delinquency they banish the subject by from their minds and it is good-by forever. They should know that to keep what belongs to another without his permission is the very essence of theft. To steal \$10 is a mortal sin. To keep \$10 that belongs to another for a notable time without his permis

We have no patience with those who will not let the ghost of false Americanism rest. There may be a pleasing intellectual exercise in setting up " straw man " and firing the heaviest theological guns at him, but it is as dangerous and foolish as walking in the shadows of condemned propositions. From Apostolic times to the present, in every age and country, it has been always more or less the same sad tale. And always from the same cause-the human spirit against the Divine, and nature against grace. But when souls fall from faith and charity, they fall from Holy Church, or the Church herself ejects them, she remaining as the was, strong in her union with and governance by the Divine Spirit. Hence, the beloved Disciple, speaking of the defections of his times, says: "They went out from us, but they were not of us."

We have but to read the history of the Church for these nineteen centuries to see all along the conflict between the human and the Divine within her. The Apostles were the first-fruits of the Spirit. "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." But before that how strongly the human element came out among them! They founded Churches, but scandals soon arose. The spirit of God does not destroy the human spirit, nor does grace destroy nature. As long as the material of the Church is human nature, there will ever be a large opening for evil. As long as the soul of the Church is Divine, the Divine presence and authority will be there. And there will be more or less of the Divine-more or less of the humanaccording as souls yield themselves more or less to the governance of the Spirit of God; and when they break forth in their own independent spirit, nature apart from grace carries them away from God and the Church; and sin and scandal in all their forms are the consequence. The fact that the Church and the Papacy have seen their way through such tropolous times, and come forth triumphantly, must be reckoned among the notes of the Church's Divine origin; and whatever defections have occurred are simply the outcome of the human element. This neither destroys nor di-minishes the Divine character or authority of the Church. It simply lies at the door of idnviduals not faith-

# COARSE AND NARROW BIGOTRY.

The cases of Hyde and Stevenson, and Kingsley and Newman, afford the comforting assurance that when bigotry becomes narrow and coarse enough it invariably provokes some memor-able literary service to the Church. A scribe who is destined to share the unenviable immortality of Hyde and Kingsley wrote a philippic from Mexico to an Eastern paper, in which he ascribed all that is dishonorable in a priest to the clergy of Mexico. That stout enemy of all anti-Mexican cal-It would be a splendid thing for our churches to follow the example of those lay administrators of our large those lay administrators of our large civic interests, such as the police force, the fire department and the post office. priests of Mexico. We quote one paragraph, merely premising that what the famous correspondent says of the Passionists he says in almost the same words of all the priests whom he met in his extended sojourn in the neighboring Republic:

boring Republic:

In a large suburb there is a band of Passionist Fathers who literally work among the poor and degraded. They wear the coarsest clothing; they have one umbrella among six of them, and that in the present height of the rainy season! If you give them money or cisthing, they will not keep it but hand it to the poor. Eager to do good, sparely fed, poorly lodged, these are men of culture, — men who have known refined homes, who have been accustomed to the luxuries of lite. How they can so deprive themselves of the comforts of life, seemingly the due of all good men, I can not comprehend. Their philosophy of life is too much for me. But human angels they are, and their bright example in a sordid world warms the heart and inspires a belief in their sincerity. Sincere? Of course they are. Nobedy plays that part in life for show or in the hope of winning the applause of men. When I see them walking in the rain, wearing coarse garments, their faces alight with the sunshine of an invisible heaven, I am sure that most of us are pretty poor specimens, and do not merit heaven or its remotest environs.

Of the Mexican clergy in general Mr. Guernsey says: "They literally spend themselves in their Master's service; and if ever I am half so good and self-sacrificing as those ill fed and hard worked clergymen, St. Peter may possibly consider my application to slip inside the pearly gates." Mr. Guern-sey is not a Catholic, but he is a man, and he abhors the scandal-monger and the slanderer. - Ave Maria.

To attach ourselves to Christ's cause to further His interests, to bring others under His influence and into full obedience with the laws and spirit of His Holy Church, which He instituted for the salvation of all mankind, these are some of the ways in which we can show our love for the Sacred Heart of the Saviour in this month that is consecrated to It.

The only way to conquer a cast-iron destiny is to yield to it. You will break to pieces if you are always casting yourself upon the rocks.—Amber.