

Ritual.

Under the caption "Aping Roman Catholic Ritual," the Guardian of last week recites an account of the services in a Cleveland Anglican church, of which Rev. Mr. Foote is pastor. The description of the ministerial garb is very complete.

It is thus seen from the account that the days of pure evangelicalism—rigid Puritanism—four bare walls and a desk, are fast giving way to the old liturgical worship of pure Christianity as handed down to us from Apostolic times.

The early Reformers renewed all the fanatical vandalism of the Iconoclasts of the seventh century. They destroyed magnificent works of early Christian art by pulling down altars and smashing Celtic crosses. In Orleans and other French cities the Huguenots broke to pieces organs and other musical instruments that cost millions of francs. Three hundred chapels and several hundred beautiful memorial crucifixes were destroyed by the followers of John Knox in Scotland and the Isle of Iona. In France church bells were looked upon as symbols of idolatry and converted into cannons to be used in the civil wars waged against their lawful monarch by the Calvinists of Rochelle.

Times have changed, however, and we have changed with them. Tempora mutantur.

Now bells are tolled and chimes are heard from even the most evangelical of Methodist temples. The organ has been brought back to the choirs of the most strict and solemn kirks, to the disgust, no doubt, of a few old recalcitrants, who still protest against them as kists o' whistles. In some Puritanical churches vestments are used, and efforts are made by the younger clergy to introduce some elements of the ancient Roman liturgy into the communion service. The cross may be seen occasionally on the spire of an Anglican Church, and frequently on the monumental tombstones in Protestant cemeteries. In Cleveland Rev. Mr. Foote has introduced the confessional and priestly vestments, and we are ready to believe him when he says "that he believes most of the churches will pursue the same course before long."

The Christian Guardian, however, has not much faith in "ecclesiastical millinery," and believes there is great danger of sacerdotal vestments leading to an omission of the "weightier matters of repentance towards God and faith towards Jesus Christ."

It must surprise all good Methodists familiar with the Bible how their accredited organ differs in this respect from God Himself, who instructed Moses and Aaron in all the details of public worship that should find favor in His sight.

In Exodus, chap. xxxix., we read that the High Priest who ministered in the Tabernacle should wear "vestments of violet and purple, scarlet and linen," and that Aaron should wear them when he offered sacrifice in the holy places. "So he made an ephod of gold, violet and purple, and scarlet twice dyed, and twisted linen, with embroidered work and twisted braids of gold and a girdle of the same

colors as the Lord had commanded Moses."

So that Rev. Father Foote who, in the Episcopal Church of Cleveland, wears vestments of green and gold, of white and purple, is not so far out of joint after all, with the rules laid down in Holy Scripture for solemn worship in holy places.

The Month of Mary.

"I am the mother of holy knowledge." To know all the mysteries of Christian faith, it suffices to know Jesus. But no human being could ever know Jesus as Mary knew Him. Who, then, better than She can give us a true and perfect knowledge of Jesus Christ. To whom are we indebted for a knowledge of the great mystery of the Incarnation but to Mary alone? She alone could inform St. Luke of Gabriel's visit, she alone could repeat the angelic salutation and reveal to the world the mysterious fulfilment of all the promises made to the patriarchs. To Mary alone was the message borne from Heaven's throne and the pledge of salvation to a guilty race announced: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High. . . . And He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end."

Who could know the Heart of Jesus and its interior workings, its love throbbings and its agonies better than Mary His Mother. She was truly the mother of holy knowledge. She will teach us as she taught the evangelist, as she taught St. John, how to reach a true knowledge of the love that burns in the heart of Jesus for all men. His merciful, loving traits, are mirrored in the heart of the Mother who bent over Him in infancy, whose life was a study of His thoughts and wishes, and who gathered His last word of pardon and heard his last sigh at the foot of the Cross. The knowledge of Mary is therefore inseparable from the knowledge of Christ.

St. Cyril of Alexandria exclaimed in the Council of Ephesus that through Mary's powerful influence had the pagan nations been brought to a knowledge of Jesus and an acceptance of the Christian faith.

When the great theologian, Suarez, met with some insoluble question in his studies he cried out: "Oh, Mother of the Eternal Word! Oh, seat of heavenly wisdom, help, help!"

A celebrated Jew was converted to the Faith in a church in which he took refuge from a storm in Italy. While gazing intently on a statue of the Virgin he was wrapt in ecstasy, from which he emerged after some time a changed man. He wrote his adieu to the young lady to whom he was engaged, he sold all he possessed and gave to the poor. He then asked admittance to a religious order. "She said nothing to me, I was wont to repeat, but she made a sign and that sign told me all."

St. Bernard of Clairvaux in the 12th century wrote eloquent treatises on the confidence all Christians should have in Mary the bright "Morning Star" that ever shines an orb of light in the night of despair and points the way

to a port of safety from imminent spiritual shipwreck. His prayer is still invigorating in time of doubt and difficulty. All devout Catholics repeat it. Memorare Piissima Virgo! Who has not found comfort in its hopeful appeal for succour. "Remember, O most pious Virgin, that it has never been heard of, that any one imploring thy help was left unaided."

To whom shall the bruised heart turn? What recourse is left to the soul torn with remorse, sinking slowly but surely into the slough of despondency and certain loss? It fears to meet its just retribution from an angry God.

There are certain wounds a child will conceal from the whole world, but will expose to its mother. "Oh!" exclaimed the banker, who lost all, wealth, name and honor, "that life would end with me. But, there is a mother." "Therefore," cries out the Saint, "while we have a Mother in Heaven, there should be no place on earth for horrid despair. It was never known that any who fled to her for safety was left unaided or unredeemed."

The Word conceived eternally in the Mind of the Father was in time conceived in the chaste womb of Mary, and through Him were conceived all those who form the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ, complement of the Natural Body of Jesus Christ, and therefore the Archangel announced to Mary: "The Holy thing that is born of thee shall be called the Son of God. Not He, but that which is born: quod nascetur ex te sanctum vocabitur Filius Dei." And this, as Bonaventure reasons, to show that Mary is the Mother not only of the Word made Flesh, but also in a mystic sense of all those spiritually begotten of the Holy Ghost, regenerated in the waters of Baptism and adopted as brothers of Jesus Christ, co-heirs with Him to an eternal kingdom. The late Bishop of Poitiers, Mgr. Pie, said: "Would you know if your name is written in the book of life. I will tell you as far as it can be known in this world. Go and look for your name. Where then? In the mind of the Eternal Father? But that Book is closed, it is inaccessible. Perhaps we find it written in the heart of Mary. All those whose names are therein are predestinated. All those who belong to Mary belong to Jesus, and how shall I read in the heart of Mary? How indeed? By reading in your own. Do you love her? Then she loves you. You are saved."

Dr. Foran's Verse.

Despite the fact that Dr. Foran writes, or at least prints, too much for the good of his reputation, there are many passages in his volume of Poems and Lyrics that will well repay the reading. The patriotic spirit is shown in a number of songs and dedicatory verses, from one of which, "Canada Our Country," the following verses are extracted:

Her heroes sleep beneath her sod,
Of many nations proved were they,
Who knelt unto one common God
Although at divers shrines to pray;
And she will ever love each name
That's writ upon her scroll of fame.
Let each his duty well fulfil—
Let each his real labor know—
And Canada despite all ill,
Will flourish, triumph, live and grow,
Until her destiny is done;
And then may set her gorgeous sun!

The sentiment of the first verse is much more delicately expressed here than in the preface which speaks of "a land in which all races and creeds meet and commingle." Catholics ob-

ject to the contemptuous word "creed" and rightly so. Whatever our neighbors may do among themselves, it is also but fair to give them credit for earnest religious feeling.

A recent criticism of our young Canadian poets, Lampman, Carman, Rogers and the rest, acknowledges the presence of a distinctive tone displaying intimacy with external nature. Our author also voices this sentiment repeatedly:

Ah, I love to sit and linger and to think
Upon the times
Long before the forest murmurs echoed
Back the village chimings;
Long before the foot of whiteman on this
Glorious land was set;
Long before the white and Indian in the
Deadly conflict met;
Long before the native heroes bowed before
Their "prophets' blast";
Long before they struck their wigwams
Turning to the glowing West;
Long before the council blazes were extinguished
In the wood—
When this land, so good and mighty, was a
Trackless solitude.

Ah, I love to ramble often, on a Sabbath
Afternoon,
Be it toward the close of autumn or the
Lengthening days of June,
And to sit me on a hillock 'neath the over-
Waving elms,
And to hear the sounds that tell me of the
Far off fairy realms;
And to see the glow of nature and the
Scenes of nature's birth,
And to drink the thousand beauties that
In glory deck the earth—
Then to look into the present and to praise
The God of Heaven
For the mind, and life, and graces to a lowly
Creature given.

The only trouble here is that the description is, if anything, too diffuse; the accessories are more than the body within. Compare these verses, for example, with the lapidary touch of Mr. Lampman in dealing with the tragic beauty of an opposite sentiment:

I heard the city time-bells call
Far off in hollow towers,
And one by one with measured fall
Count out the old dead hours;

I felt the march, the silent press
Of time, and held my breath;
I saw the haggard dreadfulness
Of grim old age and death.

In another class of the subjects Dr. Foran is more successful:

Crimson red the sun is rising on a gorgeous
Summer day,
As a hundred thousand soldiers girt their
Harness for the fray:
Near and nearer roll the legions, like a sea
Of red and gold,
Wave on wave above them gleaming, hun-
Dred banners they unfold.

Booms the cannon—clash the sabres—roll
The volumes o'er the vale;
Who is he that now receives him with a
Shower of iron hail?
Who is he upon the rampart—where a hun-
Dred cannons roar'd?
'Tis the champion of a nation—Glorious
Meagher of the sword!

These lines have the joyous martial ring about them that at once suggests itself when we think of Meagher. But why, in the name of all the newspapers, why does one who puts Lit.D. after his name trifle with the tenses in such a fashion? And what poetic license authorizes the conjuring up of "a sea of red and gold" out of the shabby gray uniform of the Confederate soldiers?

Like a hero proudly singing,
In his joy
When his battle cry is ringing,
"Fontenoy"
With the sons of Erin bowing,
For the sons of Erin vowing,
For the sons of Erin chanting,
For the fame of Erin panning,
For the light of Freedom sighing,
Sighing on his native shore;
Wherefore Erin now is crying:
"Thomas Davis is no more."

With this tribute to the first of Young Irelanders, from the examples of all of whom he has drawn so much of inspiration, we may lay aside Dr. Foran's book.