## THE INNER LIFE OF MAN.

**Conference by Father H. A. Barry at the Boston Carmel.**

We are glad to lay before our readers this beautiful discourse from the Conference on Prayer which the Rev. Henry A. Barry continued during the Novena for the feast of St Teresa at the Boston Carmel:

The Book of Genesis says that the Lord formed man of the slime of the earth and breathed into his face the breath of life.

Behold the grand *finale* of creation—the inner life of man. The heavens and the earth, the stars, creatures that wing their way through air, fishes that cut the deep, the beasts that crawl upon the earth, fowl that cluck and cattle that low had been created. Now, to crown the grand work, God creates the soul, the inner spirit, the man, to rule all these things and for whom all things had been made as for an end.

In the work of establishing our holy religion in this country, and especially in these parts, heaven has displayed a kindred providence. Thus far we have been occupied with exterior works, clustering into parochial families, building up houses of God out of scant resources.

Truly the vanishing era has been a building age, a forming from the slime of the earth, a fashioning of the body.

Thanks to God, we are on the threshold of a new era, when into the cold and unliving body the inner spirit shall be breathed.

Christ is Son of the Eternal King. The Church, His spouse without spot or wrinkle, is the King's daughter, whose fairness and rare beauty is all within.

Aye, though our tabernacle be a throne whereon Christ sits to receive our homage; and prelates and priests arrayed in jewelled vestments with numerous and blazing equipage, a stately cortege bow before the throne, while scented vapors are wafted from innumerable thuribles to honor Him, as from myriad choirs and organs of highest mechanism, the choicest music of the masters is woven into the grandest and most solemn of earth's ceremonials. Gorgeous as is the scene of the consecration on high solemnities, when circled about the throne of the tabernacle as Christ appears, born out of the consecrating words of the priest, the crimson of the Church's prince, the purple of her Bishops, and the sepulchral black of her priests form amid the clouds of incense a living rainbow about the Son of God; yet do I say the interior life of the soul is vastly more essential. The exterior is only the expression of this interior. This public and solemn profession of faith in the adorable presence of the King whose court is within our sanctuary, is becoming and a meritorious worship—God has decreed the triumphal entry with its hosannas and spreading of palm branches. But the world marks the concourse; it inhales the incense, it lingers bewitched on the lofty pinnacle of the "Gloria," inclines, riveted by the adoring measures of the "Sanctus, or is bound a captive by the deep chords of the "De Profundis;" and yet 'tis the inner life when from earliest dawn to latest evening we come, singly, no one heeding our destination, to our Friend, our God, and whisper to Him in silence our loves, our sorrows and our temptations. 'Tis the interior life of momentary sacrifice, recollection of God's presence everywhere, and frequent conversation with Him. 'Tis to be in love with God and to be unable to forget Him. An evil thought, an insult, a contradiction we turn to God and breathe in purity and patience from His sacred countenance. This, the interior life, is the true glory of our holy Church. God has built our temple and lo! the hour is sounded to adore in spirit and in truth.

The newly-created sphere of revolving clay stands forth all ready for man to inhabit and rule it. The palace of earth with its carpets of many tinted verdure, its spacious valleys like massive halls embracing every form, walled in by mountains—tapestried with woodland glories, and its high ceiling of heaven, dotted with starry lights, fashioned and illumined by God's own hand, and yet how vain and unmeaning a palace without its King—creation without the soul of man.

Thus is God's holy Church a chilly temple save for the interior grace, the hallowed fires of charity kindled within, of hearts that burn with love and sympathy for their dead Master; fires that must be kept awake constantly by the fuel of sacrifices, and the awakening breath of him that ever prays.

Our houses of prayer are built and equipped. This was a necessary and a noble task. Now God, as it were, would breathe into us the spirit of prayer Christ had shown the Twelve, the exterior workings of the Church. They slept whilst He prayed. Yet they needed prayer, as Jesus warned them: "Watch and pray." They comprehended it, and asked the Master to instruct them. "Lord, teach us to pray." This spirit fell upon them at Pentecost. In a public manner the coming amongst us of St. Teresa and her victim band of vestal virgins announces the new reign of the public higher life.

Things are ripe for it. This busy age of materialism cries out for it. That cry is heard through Carmel as God spake by Zachary: "I will pour out upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of prayer."

The plenitude of grace has always resided with us in our holy Church with its sacraments, but in us personally grace is born first of all by God's purest mercy. It shall not persevere in us unless we pray.

In this vein Pius IX declared himself in private audience to an American priest, that America would not reach Christian perfection until the religious orders devoted exclusively to prayer shall have flourished amongst us. Of such a character are the religious of Mt. Carmel, the Carthusian and Trappiits.

It is the duty of all Catholics to welcome these daughters of Moses whose hands are lifted to God for us whilst we battle with the sinful world. May the contemplative spirit thrive in our midst, so as from other summits with Mount Pleasant, cloisters may rise to shelter those watchwomen on the towers, those angels clothed in flesh with swords drawn in prayer for us, and to remind us burdened with our worldly distractions and mercantile cares, whithersoever we turn in our journeys, now by its silence and again by its angelus bell, but always by its presence, of salvation and life beyond the grave.

## FATHER TOM BURKE.

**His Saintly Life and Death.**

An admirable paper by L. W. Reilly in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* for September, summarizes a fellow Dominican's biography of the great Irish preacher:

Father Burke's mortifications are not revealed by his brother in religion. But if, as one who knew him intimately, assures us: "His inner life was as beautiful as that of his own St. Dominic," the spirit of penance was not absent from among his virtues. His fortitude in sufferings, an instance of which has just been related, is assurance that, like St. Paul, he filled out in his own body the measure of the sufferings of Christ.

After his return home from America, he became more and more of an invalid. He had over-taxed his strength in this country, and his health rapidly declined after he went back to Ireland. Yet he did not spare himself so long as he could stand on his feet, nor did he seek any relaxation from the severity of the rule while he could possibly observe it. "These last years of his life," writes his brother friar, "when his fame as a preacher was well established, were the years of his greatest activity—an activity which seems quite incompatible with the suffering life he really led. It even seems to us, who perhaps hardly know what suffering is, to be altogether impossible that a man who is suffering pains should be able to preach an impassioned and eloquent sermon full of cogent argument and minuteness of detail, or at another time to keep his fellow-men in convulsions of laughter by his witty sallies."

His pain was not continuous, but came and went, lasting for hours or days at a time. When he had a respite he missed his cross. On one of these occasions he said, "I have been three days without pain. I don't know myself or feel right at all without it. I think I must pray for a little."

"Only a few days before his death," says his latest biographer, "he wrote several letters of introduction for one who had applied to him. These were addressed to sympathizing friends in America, and must, as their dates tell us, have been written at a period of great suffering, no word of which is breathed in the letters. His doctors, of course, urged the necessity of long and perfect rest. But rest, for one of his temperament, was out of the question. He felt with Macbeth: 'If die I must, I'll die with harness on my back.' Preaching was his vocation and his greatest delight, yet it was when in the pulpit that he felt the most acute pain. The beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead and rolled down upon his face—evidence of the agony he was undergoing, as those will remember who were privileged to hear his sermons at the opening of St. Dominic's, Haverstock Hill. When the time for the opening of the present church came, Father Burke, who had promised to preach, was stretched upon a bed of pain. Yet, despite the entreaties of his friends, he insisted upon coming over from Ireland to fulfil his engagement. Those who saw him then, who heard the five sublime discourses with which he enthralled his audience, and who saw how, after those superb displays of oratory, he dragged himself back to his bed of ceaseless pain, there to regain strength for the next effort, looked on him with a sort of awe, as upon a man whose whole desire was to spend himself and be spent in the service of God and his neighbor."

After those sermons he went back home to Tallaght to die. But one more self-sacrifice was to be asked from him, one more opportunity was to be granted to him to suffer for others. There was famine in Donegal, and the orphans there were without food. Would he preach a charity sermon to save them from death by hunger? Willingly. So, in the presence of an immense congregation, he mounted the pulpit for the last time, and though every sentence caused him a pang, he delivered one of the finest addresses that he ever preached. It cost him, however, what was left of his life. He lingered after it for a space, but the seal of death was on his brow before he finished it. His work was done. His course was finished. In effect he had laid down his life for the poor children for whom he pleaded. The end came at last, and the news was flashed around the globe: "Father Burke is dead." Yes, the poor worn body was dead but the heroic soul, who will doubt that it, resplendent and blissful, has entered into the joy of its Lord.

## HOW SHALL RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION BE GIVEN.

It has sometimes seemed to us that perhaps our educational institutions were too much inclined to make religious instruction not merely a necessary part of the curriculum, but to place it on a level with the other studies and merely to exact so many lessons in the catechism during the week, with the same kind of punishment for failure as for other studies—say an additional twenty, thirty or fifty lines, or perhaps a chapter in the catechism. The catechism must, of course, be taught—it is an epitome of Catholic theology, and should be taken as the text for instruction. But everything depends upon the manner in which it is taught. It is hardly necessary to say that a mere repetition of a lesson from memory is not sufficient—explanation is necessary. And very much depends upon the spirit of the teacher in giving that explanation and instruction generally. Here it is pertinent to remark that it makes a great difference whether the teacher loves children and young persons or not. Some do not care for children and are rather inclined to consider them a bore. Of course such a person will not stand a very good chance to get at the hearts and secure the confidence of his pupils. Whereas, one who loves children and youth and takes pleasure in being with them will be much more likely to win their confidence and affection. It makes a great difference whether one loves the work of teaching and takes to it naturally. Heart responds to heart. The hearts of children and youth, especially, respond to an affectionate interest manifested in their welfare. Many a wayward child has been won from a wilful, obstinate, disobedient career to submission and good behavior simply by a change of teachers. One was unsympathetic, harsh, exacting, inclined to rule with the rod rather than with reason and heartfelt sympathy and encouragement. The other, with kindness, found his way to the heart of the child, secured his confidence and thereby made him a fast friend, an obedient and faithful pupil.

Punishment should never be administered in anger. In fact one of the important qualifications of a good teacher—yet, we fear, a qualification as rare as it is important—is the power of self-control, even under the most trying circumstances. We fear an immense amount of injury is constantly being done to children and youth by passionate teachers. No matter how guilty the culprit may be he will smart and show resentment under a sense of injustice when punished by a sudden impulse of anger. We know of cases where young persons, boys especially, say fourteen to sixteen years old, have taken a life long prejudice against a teacher and unfortunately been driven away from their religious duties by a passionate slap in the face, or a knock on the head, or perhaps by a few thoughtless but really cruel strokes of the whip.

This matter of governing children and youth really involves a tremendous responsibility. It requires as much wisdom and more discretion and self-control than to govern a state. It is necessary to consult such a variety of temperament and disposition and adapt the treatment to the varying dispositions of each. It requires observation, intuitive perception, sympathy and tact. Above all, it requires a conscientious desire to do the best possible for the children and youth under one's charge.

The teacher should always deal justly, fairly and considerately with his pupils, especially avoiding partiality, which is always a bane in any school. Children are quick to detect the least manifestation of partiality, and the effect is very bad upon those who are not so fortunate as to be included in the favored class. Be just and even generous to all. Encourage the timid, deal gently with the sensitive; let firmness and dignity with the refractory be tempered with a loving solicitude for their best interests.

In one word the grand, controlling motive of the religious teacher should be the salvation of the souls of his pupils. Deeply impressed with a sense of his responsibility, conscious that a single serious mis-step may prove the turning-point of some pupil's life, he should labor so to impress his own deep feeling upon them, and, above all things, to make them love religion and take pleasures in its duties rather than look upon it as an irksome task—a disagreeable duty.

A duty exacted with the spirit of a Martinet, merely as a necessary task, will not be likely to attract the heart and engage the affections. Perfunctory teaching of religion is of all things the most inconsistent, incongruous and heartless. True religion is a divine flame which can only be communicated by a heart on fire with the love of God and of all holy things. Herein lies the secret of the great success of our teaching Sisterhoods, and the reason why parents are so anxious to place their children under their benign influence. May the Lord multiply such teachers among us!—Sacred Heart Review.

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## HEARING MASS.

Listen to these strong words from the lips of Cardinal Vaughan, the successor of the late Cardinal Manning. How many who might read and profit thereby:

"Regular and devout attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is a test of Catholic life and a guarantee of salvation. Habitual neglect of the obligation to hear Mass is a positive proof of religious indifference and a sign of perdition. The irregular lives and practical loss of faith visible among so many Christians are directly traceable to their habitual neglect of this duty. On the other hand, the holy and beautiful lives led by the dutiful children of the Church have their root in the Divine Victim of the Mass. They partake of His heavenly life and share His merits. For this reason we beseech you, for the love of God and of your own welfare, to hear Mass regularly and devoutly as often as you can, and at least on Sundays and holydays. We urge all pastors and directors of souls to impress this duty upon the faithful, and to spare no pains to induce them to fulfil it. Members of the Protection and Rescue Society, of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, and the Ladies of Charity are earnestly invited to use their influence in the same direction. The Mass has been instituted as a perpetual memorial and renewal of the Passion and death of Jesus Christ. 'Do this for a commemoration of Me.' (St Luke, xxii.) 'As often as ye shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, ye shall show forth the Death of the Lord, until He come.' (I Cor., xi.) Draw no false contrast between the mystery of the Mass and that of Calvary, saying that presence at the latter would have convinced and satisfied you, whereas presence at Mass brings no conviction. The merit of assistance at either depends equally on faith. One and the same key, divine faith, unlocks the mysteries of both, equally revealing the meaning and nature of the Mass and of the Sacrifice of Calvary. Without divine faith the Nativity and Crucifixion would have been nothing more to you than mere human scenes. How few on Calvary profited by their presence at the awful sacrifice!—that is, how few had faith! Be assured you would have no more need of faith had you stood at the foot of the Cross than you have now when you kneel at the foot of the altar. Both sacrifices are the same, differing only in the manner of offering. Hear Mass as often as you can. Cultivate the greatest esteem and love for the Divine Victim of our salvation, who, really present in the Mass, is also the Bridegroom of every soul that is in the state of grace. He will speak to your soul from the altar and will give Himself to you in very deed. Come, then, to Mass, not slowly and sadly, but with spiritual joy. 'The friend of the Bridegroom, who standeth and heareth Him rejoiceth with joy because of the Bridegroom's voice. This, my joy, therefore is fulfilled.' (St. John, iii.) 'May the God of all consolation fill you with all joy in believing.'"

### Advertised Piety.

One cannot travel much without seeing many persons who take a delight in advertising their piety. We do not refer to members of sisterhoods, brotherhoods or the priesthood who are constantly clothed in ecclesiastical garb. Those who are familiar with this class of persons know they wear their peculiar garments as quietly and unostentatiously as other people wear the ordinary apparel. It is not often that you find a Catholic priest or a Catholic Sister acting so as to draw attention to their religious character.

But there is a class of people, both clerical and lay, who seem to like to draw attention to the fact that they are pious, and engage publicly in devotion or in devotional reading in such a way as to suggest that they take a great pride in it, and desire people to know what they are doing. Such conduct is offensive to good taste. It is as immodest as to flaunt ones riches, or finery, or achievements. It is as much in violation of good taste as are public demonstrations of affection between engaged couples. The writer's attention was recently attracted to a gentleman who got into a crowded car on one of our railway trains. He was not a Catholic priest, but he wore the latest and most remarkable ecclesiastical garments. His high cut vest and coat buttoned over his collar were so arranged as to exhibit a fine gold chain, from which hung an ornamented gold cross. As soon as he was seated, he drew out a devotional book and appeared to be absorbed with its contents. He was not so much absorbed, however, that he did not give furtive attention to what was going on around him, and to the changes made at the stations along the line. When he arrived at his stopping-place, with his book still open before him and his lips moving, he used his disengaged hand to smooth his silk hat with a silk handkerchief, making the impression that his devotions were so imperative that he could not spare a minute for anything else.

Such parade of piety, we say, is justly offensive. Those who are in deepest and closest communion with God do not advertise the fact in railway trains and in other public places in the presence of a promiscuous crowd.—Independent.

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## TWENTY-FIVE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

In addition to his remarks on what Catholics should know and do, Rev. J. H. O'Donnel has published these twenty five questions, which every Catholic should ask himself:

1. Have I made my Easter duty?
2. Have I contributed to the support of my Church to the extent of my means?
3. Do I pay my pew rent when it is due, or do I allow it to run to the end of the quarter?
4. Have I given assistance to the worthy poor when I could without detriment to myself?
5. Do I fully realize the great importance of what I am about to do when preparing for confession and holy communion?
6. Do I bear patiently the cares and trials incident to my state of life, or do I murmur at God's providence?
7. Do I strive to familiarize myself with the doctrines of the Church, so that I can give an intelligent reason for the faith that is in me?
8. Do I read the history of the Church with the same zest that I peruse the latest novel?
9. Have I ever been tempted to be ashamed of my race or creed; and if so, did I resist manfully said temptation?
10. Do I make it a point to get to Church a few minutes before Mass begins in order to recollect myself, and prepare for the fruitful celebration of the divine mysteries?
11. Do I listen with respectful atiention to the sermon in order to gather thoughts that will strengthen my faith and nourish my soul?
12. Am I a member in good standing of any of the societies or confraternities established by my pastor?
13. If not, why?
14. Am I generous with my time and labor in promoting the spiritual interests of myself and others, as I am in advancing my own and others temporal welfare?
15. Have I ever so forgotten myself as to eat meat on Fridays and fast days without reason?
16. If I did, was I ashamed of myself?
17. Do I visit the sick as frequently as I might and console them by comforting words and acts of kindness?
18. Am I in the habit of speaking uncharitably of others, thus wounding their feelings and injuring, perhaps, their character?
19. Do I say grace before and after meals?
20. Am I respectful and obedient to my parents and superiors and docile to their admonitions?
21. Am I convinced that it is my duty to support Catholic literature, especially Catholic journals and magazines?
22. Am I engaged to or keeping company with a non Catholic; and if so, should I not reconsider the matter and candidly acknowledge the folly of my course?
23. Have I been faithful to my pledge against intoxicating drinks?
24. Am I actually conscious of the fact that I am a mere creature dependent upon God for what I am and what I possess?
25. Is there anything in my life that needs reformation; and, if there is, is it not in time to begin the good work of reform?

### True Christian Charity.

Catholic Mexico is a fruitful theme for the stock calumnies of returned Protestant "missionaries," who proclaim their defeat by the venom of their slander. Here is an item worth considering as showing the true Christian character of the people whom our Protestant contemporaries seem so fond of libeling. It is taken from the newspaper account of the loss of the Pacific mail steamship, Colima:

"The survivors have received nothing but kindness from the whole population, from the highest to the lowest. Every craft for miles along the coast is out looking for survivors, and bringing in the bodies which are being washed ashore. In this perhaps the great good-will of the people here is best shown: not a body has been found that was not instantly surrounded by natives who toiled for hours in the hope of resuscitation, no matter how hopeless the task. Masses were said in rapid succession in all the Catholic churches this morning, from 5 o'clock until noon, for the success of the searching parties and for the repose of the souls of the dead. Thousands who attended these services were constantly offering their aid in the work of succor.'"

Within every man's thought is a higher thought—within the character he exhibits today, a higher character.—R. W. Emerson.

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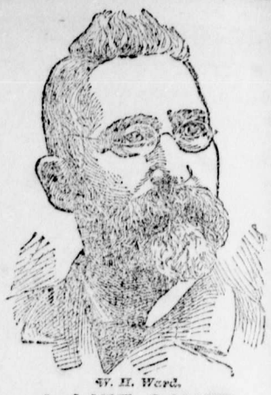

W. H. Ward.

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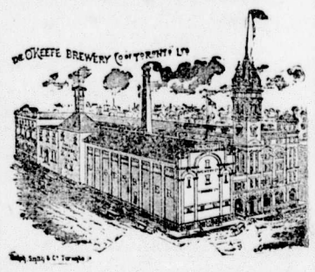


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