

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

NO. 683.

The Cry of the Soul.

IN THE MORNING.
When the pure air comes unbreathed,
And the fresh fields lie untrod,
When the lark's song rises upward,
And the wet dew-drops deck the sod;
In the time of earnest praying,
In the hushed and holy morn,
Hear those voices softly pleading,
Hear those low words murmuring,
From the green graves in some living,
Evermore in sad tones crying:
"Have pity? you at least have pity—you my friends!"

IN THE NOON-TIME.
When the hot sun most all-shrers
And the tree-tops seem to shiver,
When the bee sleeps on the lily,
And the hare pants by the fir;
When the stream-breeze softly cools you,
While the hot sun shines on you,
Think of pain no respite knowing,
And the grateful shade inviting;
And those pious words pleading,
"Have pity? you at least have pity—you my friends!"

IN THE EVENING.
When the long day's carols are ended,
And the home group soon shall meet,
While the silver moonlight beams,
And comes rest for weary feet;
In the time of sad remembrance,
Give a prayer to old friends,
Some regret some feeling tender,
To past days and scenes of glory;
Let your heart with mournful greeting
Hear the sad refrain repeating,
"Have pity? you at least have pity—you my friends!"

IN THE NIGHT-TIME.
When the stars are set in ether,
And the white moon in a cloud,
When the children's hands are folded,
And the golden heads are bowed,
Tell them of that fearful burning,
Of those souls in tortures dire;
Let their stilled hearts adore thee,
Reach Christ's name in sweet imploring,
By those souls to greet the never,
By the memories of past days,
And the kind words of old times,
By the love in life you bore the,
And the tears in death you shed for them,
By their words and looks to thy feet,
Oh! hear those plaintive voices crying:
"Have pity? you at least have pity—you my friends!"

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.
How little of the old-time Christian home-life there is left in large cities—abroad and of which we sometimes read in the tales of travellers, who have visited countries in which religion moulded the civilization of the people and in which the struggle for existence is not so keen and so perfunctory as it is with us! In that beautiful home-life, the father is acquainted with the children, the mother rules a queen, the sons and the daughters reverence their parents; there are family feasts that are observed every year; prayers are said in common at least every night; peace prevails. The happiness that fills the house overflows in deeds of mercy to the neighbor and attracts friends from near and far. The nearest and dearest of friends—the one first sought in trouble and never slighted in joy—is the Lord Jesus. From Him the home-life gets its sunshine. He is its center, the motive of the actions of its members, and its hidden charm.

Everybody has heard of Martin, the young cavalry soldier, who, one winter's day at the gate of the city of Amiens, met a beggar trembling with cold, and, having no possessions but his accoutrements and his clothes, drew his sword, cut his cloak in two, and gave one half to the beggar and kept the other for himself. But not everybody has read the sequel. That night, a vision came to the charitable soldier, who was then under instructions for baptism but who had not yet received the sacrament. He saw in his sleep Jesus Christ, dressed in the half of his cloak that he had given to the shivering beggar, and he heard the Lord say to a legion of angels who surrounded Him: "Martin, yet a catechumen, has clothed Me with this garment." Men, brethren, the season of frost and snow and hail and ice is upon us. The poor are cold. And the Master still regards as done to Himself whatsoever is done in His name to the least of men. The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society are almoners of Christ. They know the needy and the destitute know them. They have many calls for clothing, food, fuel and money that they cannot answer. They will distribute the offerings of others wisely and promptly and to the best advantage. Give, that to you may be given!

Baltimore Mirror.
Some of the Irish clergymen attending the so-called Methodist Ecumenical Conference at Washington, gathered at the Foundry Church, on Wednesday night, and made addresses. Dr. Nicholas spoke kindly of the Irish character, referring to the Protestant North and Catholic South, and then said: "Both sections were under the same government and the same laws, but while the North was marked by advance and progress the South showed a deplorable lack of enterprise. The trouble, he concluded, could not be one of government, but was one of morals. The speaker then argued that the Roman Church fostered a spirit of asceticism not calculated to produce progress." That the government had much to do with it no one who has read history can doubt, but it ill becomes a follower of John Wesley to sneer at the fact that the Catholic Church cares infinitely more about the salvation of a man's soul than his temporal welfare. But let us see, from the evidence of another clergyman of the Methodist Church, who spoke at the same meeting, what the morals of Belfast—as representative of Irish Protestant worldly progress—really are. Rev. Crawford Johnson deplored "the lack of Sabbath observance" and "the evils of intemperance." "There," he said,

"were eight hundred public houses in Belfast and only eighty churches. Eight hundred openings to hell to eighty to heaven. It had been asked, are there any white heathens?" said the speaker, and replied, "You could find them in Belfast. In that city there were 50,000 nominal Protestants who never attended church." Ave Maria.

In a letter recently read in the churches of the Westminster Archdiocese, Cardinal Manning makes an appeal to parents to preserve their children from the temptation of intoxicating drink. The first habits formed in childhood ordinarily rule the whole afterlife, says the Cardinal, and it is chiefly and primarily on the parents that these early habits depend. "There are families in which the happiness of parents is wrecked by the intemperance of a son, and sometimes even of a daughter. Who sowed the first seed of this bitter harvest—the parents or the children? Certainly not the children, who for so many years were passive in the hands of their parents. Who gave them the first taste of intoxicating drink, out of which has sprung the feverish thirst and the governing passion of intemperance? If the fathers and mothers of this generation had been trained up without so much as the taste of intoxicating drink, the homes of to-day would be happy in temperance, parental authority, and filial affection. If the children of to-day are trained up in temperance, such will be the homes and parents of the next generation." Catholic Columbian.

The piety that does not make a person more even-tempered in his own mind and kinder to those about him, is not twenty-four carats fine.

Who is there who has not a friend in Purgatory? If you have no relative in the Church Suffering, make friends there by good works offered to God for their relief; for they will aid those who aid them.
"Impressive memorial services to honor the dead," where there is nothing but a prayer and a sermon, must prove cold and unsatisfying to the hearts of friends hungering for prayers for the departed ones. Where is the use of "honoring" the dead if we cannot benefit them? Such honors are empty and valueless.

In their efforts to appear free from bigotry and intolerance, may Catholics actually retard by their language and conduct the labor of the conversion of souls. Such persons are well meaning, and act from the best intentions; but through a defective knowledge of our holy religion and what it commands, they entertain erroneous notions concerning their relations with non-Catholics. We should not minimize the faith that we profess, but cling to it as our proudest heritage. If we do aught to make our separated brethren believe that their form of worship is as good as ours, our responsibility will be great indeed. Let us beware of giving false impressions as to what we believe.

Ave Maria.
A correspondent of the *Weekly Register* tells of a novel scene recently witnessed in the two Catholic churches of Barra, in the diocese of Argyll and Isles. After a vigorous Gaelic discourse on Temperance, the pastor of each church called on the adult male members present to take the total abstinence pledge for twelve months. With scarcely an exception, the men, approached the altar and in turn solemnly repeated the pledge. A similar scene was witnessed in the same churches about a year ago; and although the men are fishermen, who are exposed to much temptation when freed from the restraint of home influences, the number of defections among them is said to be insignificant. We congratulate the zealous pastors of Barra, Fathers Chisholm and McDonald.

Boston Republic.
The different presbyteries throughout the country are voting in favor of a thorough revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith. The indications point to some radical changes when the synod meets again. The Indiana presbytery passed the other day some very conservative resolutions, in which was advocated such revision of the Confession of Faith as shall "tend to free the Confession from misunderstanding and to broaden and enrich in a fuller statement of the great central varieties of the gospel of Jesus Christ." To bring this about it would be necessary not only to revise, but to totally obliterate the old harsh, grim, un-Christian document which has been the basis of Presbyterianism since the beginning. The Westminster Confession is a denial, in many essential points, of the doctrine taught by our Lord. It is uncharitable, ungenerous un-Christian. It was framed by and for a race of bigots, fanatics and cranks, and it should find no place in a free and enlightened republic. Intelligent Presbyterians to-day revolt against it; and they want it modified and shorn of its grimness and brutality. The Indiana Presbytery said in closing: "The Presbytery respectfully makes overtures to the General Assembly to take measures to formulate a new creed, much more brief, less speculative and more nearly in the exact words of Scripture, and

foundations of our revered faith and of the word of God." Abolish the whole creed, gentlemen. It means nothing. It has no divine authority; it is the work of human minds. The new one that is asked for will simply represent the present judgment of the people who cling to Presbyterians. It will not be binding upon the conscience of anybody. The only creed that lives and lasts is that to which Catholics subscribe. It is based upon eternal truth; it is of divine origin; it is everlasting.

Boston Pilot.
The Cork election should be the death-blow of faction in Ireland. It should not be the signal for proscription against any section or party. Nothing could be more foolish, from a national standpoint than the talk of driving the defeated out of public life forever, unless it be the counter-thrust of preferring English rule to union with the successful party. There is no glory in abusing victory, and no dishonor in accepting the consequences of defeat; but there is much danger of alienating English and American sympathies by a continued exhibition of rancor and discord. The best friends of Home Rule hope and pray for a permanent cessation of strife. The most plausible argument against Irish independence is the occurrence of such incidents as attended the Cork canvass. Of course it is not a fair argument, for the right of any people to self-government does not depend upon the conduct of a political campaign, else there would be small claim to independence in other countries than Ireland. Moreover, it is only fair to remember that the riotous deeds in Cork and elsewhere could have been, and should have been, prevented by the authorities, with whom lay the duty and the power of keeping order. For their own ends they chose to let rowdiness have its way, that the English cables might send sensational stories of Irish misconduct across the water. We trust that the last of those stories has been chronicled. It is not in the power of the Irish leaders to prevent breaches of the peace, but it is in their power to exercise forbearance and magnanimity in the hour of victory, thus proving themselves worthy of the trust placed in them by the Irish people.

The Rev. Brevard Sinclair, Presbyterian minister, preached last Sunday in the Old South Presbyterian Church, Newburyport, Mass., a Catholic sermon on the sanctity of marriage, and he called the national sin of New England," saying:

"The Roman Catholic is the one Church in New England which is a practical foe to this hell-born sin which has fastened its fangs and death venom at the vitals of marriage. Whatever the people of other Christian Churches may profess, the Roman Catholic population practice the doctrine which recognizes marriage to be a sacrament, and that 'what God hath joined together no man put asunder with impunity.' . . . New England is lifting up her hands today with pretended horror at the thought of Catholicism. We are told that the Roman Catholics are going to possess New England. Through your sin they are! And they ought to! It seems to me a travesty on the real condition of things that the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor originated in New England. Why, there are fewer young people outside of the Roman Catholic population than any other part of the country. And it will soon come to pass that the places you have filled, both secular and sacred, will be occupied by 'the sons of the stranger.'"

We cannot, and thank God, we need not, give more of this memorable discourse—for the sin it scathed is unknown among Catholics. It was eloquent with holy wrath, like the warnings of the olden prophets. But the sincere and earnest man who uttered it forgot he was attacking an effect instead of a cause. When Protestantism denied the sacrament of marriage, it opened the door for divorce and worse. When Protestantism set up its corner-stone the right of private judgment it limited the right of the minister to denounce the sins of his flock. Mr. Sinclair is, doubtless, being roundly denounced in many a New England home to-day for an unwarranted invasion of domestic privacy.

GREEDLESS CLERGYMEN.

Their Miserable Position.

The *Star* has an article upon the embarrassing position in which clergymen find themselves, which, though severe, has a great deal of truth in it. The *Star* says that where a clergyman does not believe in the creed that he preaches the effect of his remaining in a false position is injury to the minister himself far greater than to the Church he pretends to serve. He suffers both morally and intellectually. He becomes a hypocrite from the necessity of concealing his real views in his fulness, and a trimmer in his attempts to reconcile the conflict between his own opinions and the doctrines which he was commissioned to defend. He is forever seeming to be what he is not. He dare not follow out his reasoning to a logical conclusion, and therefore stuns himself intellectually. He is a miserable creature who sacrifices his conscience for the sake of keeping his place, who tries to get satisfaction by adroit efforts to make his opinions appear consonant with the contradictory doctrines of his Church, so that he may give them expression without incurring dangerous criticism. He

may try to deceive himself into believing that he is serving God, but really he is in the service of the Father of Lies.

Many wretched ministers are in that position. They are unbelievers preaching belief. The creed which they recite with their congregations they reject in their hearts, or they accept it only with an interpretation which contradicts its statements. They take their texts from the Bible as inspiration from Heaven, yet they deny the fact of the revelation and criticize the Scriptures as the work of fallible men. They listen to expressions of faith which they do not themselves share, and give assurances to pious souls which afford no comfort to their own hearts. They bend to Church authority, which they despise as based on a childish superstition. They profess to be full of enthusiasm when they are not chilled with skepticism. They dare not think on questions of theology, for with the thought would come more complete denial. Such men are unfaithful servants of the Church, dishonest and full of duplicity. They can only save themselves from increasing moral degradation and intellectual decline by following the example of Mr. MacQuarry and going where they can be true to themselves and to those whom they preach. *Buffalo Commercial.*

ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

A Sermon on Charity in St. Peter's Cathedral.

Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, preached a charity sermon in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, on Sunday night, Nov. 15, in aid of the poor who are in charge of the Children of Mary. The church was crowded, and His Grace's remarks were listened to with the deepest attention. A liberal collection was one of the fruits of his earnest and affectionate sermon. His text was from the 22nd chapter of Matthew, where Christ answers the lawyer's question, and commands His disciples to love God with all their hearts and to love thy neighbor as thyself. The preacher showed how the Lord Jesus, in all His gospel and preaching, upheld the quality and the duty of love. The love of God first, love for our fellow-man next; and that comprised our whole duty; on those two short commandments hung all the law and the prophets. In the Old Testament love is also commanded, but it was not made so prominent as Christ made it. Our Lord came here when Pagan civilization was at its height, when the mighty Roman empire was in the zenith of its power and glory; but in that splendor of civilization there was no place for the poor. Place and honors were for the rich and powerful, the strong, the daring and the talented. There was not an orphan asylum in all Rome. Christ found the world all gone wrong; He came to set it right. From infinite height He came to infinite depth. He took on Himself poverty and sorrow for love of mankind, and He labored to raise up the poor and fallen, and to help the oppressed. When John's disciples were sent to question Him, He answers them not with a mighty miracle, but by showing them what He had done for the people amongst whom He dwelt. He came to this earth poor and humble, and at His birth there was no room for Him in the inns. No room on this earth for the Lord of the universe, and hardly room in the human heart for Him to enter! He preached the gospel of truth and justice and freedom, and provided for the carrying on of the work by endowing His disciples with all power and sending them forth to carry into all parts of the world the gospel that He had brought, and for His part He commissioned and founded His Holy Church, endowing her with immortality and His Holy Spirit. His commands showed us our duty. His Grace said it was not socialism to say that the poor had a right to our help. How many fell grievously wounded by the wayside! how many sufferers from physical disability, the misfortunes and evil chances of this world! And we pass by without a word or glance of pity, or a moment's pause to reach out a helping hand. In most forcible words His Grace pointed out the duty and privilege of helping our less fortunate fellows; that when the day of doom comes, and the earth groans in the throes of its final dissolution, and the signs in the moon and the stars broken at the end of all earthly things, your final destiny, your eternal doom, shall depend on how you have carried out Christ's command to love God's poor. He has said it when He said: "Even as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My disciples, ye have done it unto Me." Christ did not leave the carrying out of His commands to the individual unhelpless capacities. He instituted His Church, and laid His commands on her. This institution of Christ, the One, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church, had walked with Jesus on the shores of Galilee, had looked into His face, seen His acts, heard His parables and teachings, and had taken from His own divine lips the commission to minister to all the world. The Archbishop eloquently portrayed the Church's love for her poor children and her antiquity, beside which all other religious systems were but things

of yesterday which would wither tomorrow; and her charity, like Christ's love was constant, tender and all-comprehensive.

The musical service was very fine. *Free Press, Nov. 16.*

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.

The Sacred Heart Academy, in this city, is now an ornament to the section in which it stands. With modest building and surroundings the community commenced their good work at Mount Hope about thirty years ago; but the school became so popular that more room was required, and the Dundas street property, comprising nearly a whole block, was purchased. On this property was already erected the fine private residence of the late L. Lawton, one of the early settlers who was successful in business and erected a home which at that time was considered a palatial residence. From time to time the necessities of the school demanded enlargements, and about ten years ago these enlargements presented a magnificent structure to the view of all who passed the way. Although commodious as the school was, there still remained a want: the chapel in the building was too small, and the heartfelt desire of the good nuns was that our Blessed Redeemer would some day abide in a place more worthy His august presence. Some beautiful memories belonged to the dear little chapel in the building. It was there that many a Religious pronounced the words that consecrated her to the life-long service of the Eternal Father; it was there that the mortal remains of holy nuns were placed previous to interment when the angel messenger came to summon them to the everlasting abode of bliss when their sands of life were fully and freely and lovingly expended in the cloister's work; it was there that innocent hearts had from year to year placed their petitions for mercy, for pardon, for favors at the feet of the Adorable Lamb ever present in the tabernacle of the altar; and no doubt many a tear was shed when the hallowed spot had to be transformed to other purposes.

But what a beautiful change! A new chapel of large proportions was erected at a cost of many thousands, and the visitor now beholds a place of worship for nuns and children which equals in every aspect that of any other convent in the Dominion.

The crowning work of all, however, was the event which took place on last Monday. It was the consecration of a beautiful altar, the gift of Mrs. Catharine Donohue, of 37 West Fifty-third street, New York, in memory of her deceased son and daughter, Charles and Catharine. It was made from Vermont marble by Mr. Robert Reid, of Montreal. The altar, together with its furnishings and the carpet of the sanctuary—all the gift of Mrs. Donohue—cost \$3,000.

At 9 o'clock the ceremony of blessing was commenced by His Lordship the Bishop of London, assisted by Rev. Fathers Tiernan, of London, and Campbell, of Orillia. Father Kennedy, acting as master of ceremonies. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto occupied a place in the sanctuary, as also Rev. B. Badar, and Rev. Father Gahan, of the cathedral; Rev. W. Flannery, St. Thomas; Rev. P. Molphy, Ingersoll.

At the conclusion of the ceremony of consecration His Grace preached a most touching and powerful discourse, in which he explained the meaning of the consecration which had just taken place. He referred to the care which the Church takes in consecrating everything devoted to her use, and particularly in this the case of consecrating an altar. This act was a most impressive one, as upon that altar is offered the most sublime sacrifice of the Mass. The relics of the saints who had consecrated their lives to God are imbedded in the altar, as they have offered up the sacrifice of their lives to God. His Grace also said that the human soul was the temple of God, consecrated by many unctions. Hence the necessity of keeping that soul always as pure as the spotless marble out of which the altar is carved. He paid a most beautiful tribute to the donor, who was present at the ceremony. She had offered up this valuable gift as a living monument to her dead children. No more beautiful one could be erected than that upon which our dear Lord would each day be offered for the living and the dead. He hoped the chapel would long remain to dispense divine grace in the city of London, where the faithful would find comfort, and where those who had consecrated their lives to God could each day place their burdens before Him who has so often said: "Come to Me all you who are weary, and I will give you rest."

The chapel was beautifully adorned with natural flowers, the gift of Mrs. Donohue. A large number of invited guests and old pupils of the academy filled the chapel.

The Religious of the Sacred Heart have abundant cause to feel proud of their chapel and its new altar. The work they are performing in our midst is truly God's work, and most assuredly will be continued to bless with abundant success all their undertakings.

SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

What a Cardinal ought to be.
On August 15, 1870, a deputation, amongst whom were Lord Ripon, Lord O'Hagan, and Sir Charles Clifford, presented an address of congratulation which was read by the Duke of Norfolk. Cardinal Newman, in accepting the address, said:

MY LORDS, GENTLEMEN AND MY DEAR FRIENDS—Next to my promotion, by the wonderful condescension of the Holy Father, to a seat in the Sacred College, I cannot receive a greater honor than on the occasion of it be congratulated as I now have been, by gentlemen who are not only of the highest social and personal importance, viewed by themselves, but who come to me as, in some sort, representatives of the Catholics of these islands—namely, of the wide British Empire. Nor do you come to me merely on occasion of my elevation, but with the purpose, or at least with the effect, of co-operating with His Holiness in his act of grace towards me, and to make it less out of keeping in the imagination of the outer world with the course and circumstances of my life hitherto, and the associations attendant upon it. In this respect I conceive your address to have a meaning and an impressiveness of its own, distinct from those other congratulations more private than these, and most welcome, but that have been made; and it is thus that I explain to myself the strength of your language about me as it occurs in the course of it. For, used though I be in perfect sincerity and simple affection, I never will believe that such a glowing panegyric as you have bestowed upon me was written for my own sake only, and not rather intended as an expression of the mind of English-speaking Catholics, and as a support thereby to me in my new dignity, which is really as necessary for me, than in a different way, as those contributions of material help with which also you are so liberally supplying me. I accept, then, your word and your deed as acts of loyalty and devotion to the Holy Father himself, and I return you thanks in, I may say, his name, for your munificence to me and your eloquent praise of me. Among the obligations of a Cardinal, I am pledged never to let my high dignity suffer in the eyes of men by fault of mine—never to forget what I have been made, and whom I represent; and if there is a man who more requires the support of others in satisfying the duties for which he was not born and in making himself more than himself, surely it is I. The Holy Father, the hierarchy, the whole of Catholic Christendom, form to me only a spiritual, but a visible, body, and, as being a visible, they are necessarily a political body. They become, and were meant to become, a temporal polity, and that temporal aspect of the Church is brought out most prominently and impressively, and claims and commands the attention of the world most forcibly in the Pope, and in his court, and in his basilicas, palaces and other establishments at Rome. It is an aspect rich in pomp and circumstance, in solemn ceremony, and in observances sacred from an antiquity beyond memory. He himself can only be in one place; the Cardinals, so far as he does not require their presence around him, represent him in all parts of the civilized world, and carry with them great historical associations, and are a living motto of the Church's unity, such as has no parallel in any other polity. They are the princes of the Ecumenical Empire. The great privileges in behalf of the Church are in them strikingly fulfilled, that "The Lord's house should be exalted above all the hills;" and that "instead of thy fathers, sons are born to thee, whom thou shalt make princes over all the earth." I am not speaking of temporal domination, but of temporal pre-eminence and authority, of a moral and social power, of a visible grandeur which even those who do not acknowledge it feel and bow before. You, my friends, have understood this; you have understood better than I what a Cardinal ought to be, and what I am not, the greatness of my position and my wants. You understood, and have, in St. Paul's words, "glorified my face." You are enabling me to bear a noble burden nobly. I trust I may never disappoint you or forfeit your sympathy, but as long as life lasts may be faithful to the new duties, which, by a surprising dispensation of Providence, have been suddenly allotted to me.

In our happy country every man's home is his castle. But, however stout he may fortify it, Care enters as surely as she did in Homer's time, through the portico of a Roman villa. Nor, whether ceilings be fitted with gold and ivory, or whether colored with white-wash, does it matter to Care any more than it does to a house-fly. But every tree, be it cedar or blackthorn, can harbor its singing birds; and few are the houses in which, from nooks least suspected, there starts a music. *E. Butler Lytton.*

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