

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

NO. 1034.

ELEGY.

(Archbishop Walsh, Died July 31st, 1898.)

"Angel of God sublime that cleavest the infinite space,
Angel whose fire-touched wings outshimmer the white sun's face,
What be thy message to men? what gift to our fallen race?"

"Gifts I bring without price, — rich gifts of the Saviour's love;
Sorrow and burning tears the souls of His own to prove
Azriel, Angel of Death, I am called in the realm's above."

"Azriel, Angel of Death—incessant I wait His nod
The mountains shake to His thunder, the seas His mercy land,
At His word I up-bear the soul of a Prelate and Prince to God."

"Azriel, Angel of Death, that standest before the Throne,
Spare him amongst us yet; give ear to the people's moan
See in the furrows of God, the far-springing seed he has sown."

"Spare us to yet our prince, be the respite ever so brief;
Spare us the priests' best friend, and the People's Guardian Chief—
Azriel, Angel of Death, oh yield to our worldless grief!"

"Spare unto us the man whose heart was a heaving sea,
Panting with love for all in its Christ-like charity,
Yearning for ransomed souls and the golden harvest to be."

"How shall the flock be led that hears not the Shepherd's voice,
Rugged the path and lone, and the pastor's voice unheard?
Silent the Father's tones that deepest souls' depths stirred."

Answered the sweet-voiced Angel, smiling my tears away,
"Who shall the harvest glean if the sower sow away?
How shall the toiler rest that toils in field for aye?"

"Great is the wisdom of God—He showers His gifts on all,
Ever like dew to earth His manifold mercies fall,
Servants whose works are full, to their crowning joy doth call."

"So to the blest reward do I bear his soul away—
Peal the eternal hymns—he heareth and would not stay
Joy! On his raptured vision dawns Everlasting Day!"

Rev. J. B. Dollard, Sliav na mon, St. Mary's, Toronto.

A KINDLY ACT.

Some Protestant ministers have shown that they can respect the religious convictions of others. Rev. Mr. Henderson, we are informed, rode six miles to summon a priest to the bedside of a dying soldier. The kindly act, well befitting a Christian, will do more good than the "Rough Riders," etc. And when the din of strife has ceased it will be remembered. Such acts stand for the spiritual: armies and navies for the material.

A LESSON.

Our American friends have learned one very useful thing from the war, and that is not to believe everything reported by their "up to date" journalists. They were led to consider the Spaniard as a cold blooded ruffian who gloried in every inhumanity and atrocity, and they have been taught that he is a good soldier, brave in conflict, considerate to the prisoner and calm in the hour of defeat. They have learned also that the down-trodden Cuban is a skulking coward with a tendency to devour more food than is usually given to the average individual.

A PRESBYTERIAN'S TESTIMONY.

Our readers will remember that at the beginning of the war the Protestant ministers met in solemn conclave and drew up a set of resolutions supporting the action of the United States and declaring that because Spain had been ever an enemy to the "true religion" she was adjudged worthy of every suffering. This, we say, branded every man at that conclave a bigot. When one commences to measure a country by the yardstick of prejudice Justice is apt to be out of employment. But think of it! What a travesty upon Christianity! No thought of fair play—no advertence to the long and glorious record of Spanish bravery and sanctity! Nothing but sweeping condemnation from those who are supposed to observe the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

We were led to believe that wherever Spain had unfurled her banner there was the grossest ignorance—and this because she was a Catholic nation! In view of this it may prove interesting to our readers to quote the following words from a work published in 1861 by Robert MacKicking, a Presbyterian. He—referring to the success of Catholic missionaries in the Philippines

—says that the Church was the important factor in educating the natives, and that the inhabitants of Manila serving on board of vessels are much more frequently capable of signing their names than the English mariners in the Philippines. This advance is due to the energy and perseverance of the priests who taught the natives how to till the soil and changed them from fierce barbarians into peaceful men and women who could give a lesson in courtesy to the gentlemen who malign them.

A MEMORABLE ANNIVERSARY.

On July 4 English Catholics celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of St. George's Cathedral at Westminster by Cardinal Wiseman. It was the first Cathedral, since the days of the Reformation, and Cardinal Wiseman little imagined that five decades would be marked by the change which has been such a source of joy to every reasonable individual. He was the object of the gibe and taunt and insult of the London populace, but the prelate who recalled on July 4 the memory of his untiring labors, is accorded the homage and respect of all classes. Men and women have since then been travelling Rome-wards. Thousands have said gladly the Credo of Catholic faith and many more, weary with their wanderings without guide and with their futile search for answers to the problems that confront them, will say it before the end of the century. Those inside the fold are disposed to question the utterances of our prelates, but once outside they say as the Queen of Saba to Solomon: "And I did not believe them that told me, till I came myself, and saw with my own eyes and have found that the half hath not been told me."

WHY WE FAIL.

We have more than once referred to the fact that Catholics have not their share of public positions in the country. You can count the men who have anything [above the most menial office in the gift of the government. It is mere "sound and fury" to talk of our standing, of our exalted position in the Dominion, because the cold facts belie it. And yet it seems to us that we have just claims. Why are they disregarded? Is it because our representatives are remiss in their duty? We do not imagine for a moment that the sole object of a politician is the bestowal of Government appointments, but we do think that he should not allow himself to be a mere puppet in the hands of others, and that he should in every reasonable case secure something for his Catholic supporters. We know of one instance which indicated a lamentable want of "backbone" in a certain section of our parliamentarians. They moved heaven and earth to obtain a "position," and they failed simply because a "clique" opposed them and bound the hands of the "powers that be." They accepted their defeat gracefully—merely shrugged their shoulders and took occasion at the very next public function to profess their belief in the liberality of our statesmen and the magnificent advantages enjoyed by Catholics under their paternal sway. Why did these men not gain their end? The answer is that they did not have "grit" enough to withstand the individuals who opposed them. They were pushed aside as their ancestors have been. They were "hevers of wood," and their descendants should be the same. Better be a man first than this species of a politician, and better a home in a retired spot away from contention than the doling out of manhood to political bosses who, because of "party circumstances," can do anything without disapproval. We should like to see some of our leaders display more spirit, more energy and have fewer dissertations on all the gifts we have received. They indeed hold out to us during election campaigns glowing pictures of what will be done, but somehow that picture becomes faded when they go to Ottawa.

And yet we ourselves fail to advert to the fact. We have been "humbled" so often that we accept every new case as a matter of course. We may be good men of business in our respective lines, but in "politics" we are children. We lose our power of reasoning, and we are driven hither and thither by the gentlemen who carry our political banners. Nay, it is

carried betimes to such an alarming extent that this "government by the people and for the people and of the people" is arrant nonsense.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

Editorial Comments on the Life and Labors of this Late Distinguished Prelate.

The Michigan Catholic.

In the death of Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, the Church in the neighboring province of Ontario has lost one of its strongest men. Archbishop Walsh was a familiar figure in the ecclesiastical functions of the territory just across the border from Detroit when he was Bishop of London and Sandwich. Originally appointed Bishop of Sandwich he had the good foresight to see that the old Huron Mission of Father Potier had not developed into the state or dignity of an Episcopal See and that it were better for the Church in Canada that the seat of his jurisdiction should be a more prosperous and growing town. He found that in London, and the success, which attended his administration from that point was the best warrant for his original move. When on the death of Archbishop Lynch he was advanced to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto he was one of the most active and influential churchmen in Canada. That he commanded the respect of all kinds of religionists in the commercial capital of Western Canada is the finest tribute to his genius as an administrator and his fidelity as priest and Bishop.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

The startling announcement last Tuesday morning of Archbishop Walsh's death at his late episcopal residence in Toronto, the previous night brought sorrow to many hearts in Canada and the United States, where the distinguished prelate was so well known.

The Most Rev. John Walsh, long among the foremost ecclesiastics in Canada, was born in Kilkenny County, Ireland, May 23, 1830. He came from an historic family, whose fealty to faith and country was memorable. His ecclesiastical studies were begun at St. John's, Waterford, where he remained until 1852, when he went to Canada to labor in the large missionary vineyard there. Arriving in the New World he entered the Grand Seminary of Montreal, and was ordained priest in 1854, by Bishop Charbonnel, for the diocese of Toronto.

After spending the early years of his priesthood in several rural missionary fields, Father Walsh was called to the cathedral, where he electrified the people with his burning eloquence. Later he was made rector of the cathedral, and in 1862 he was promoted to the Vicar-Generalship of the diocese. It was easy to see that one so gifted was destined for higher honors; and so we find the still young ecclesiastic consecrated Bishop of Sandwich in 1867. The name of the See was afterwards changed to that of London. Bishop Walsh's episcopate in the diocese of London was marked by manifold progress. He paid off large debts; built a splendid cathedral, largely increased the number of his priests and established numerous institutions of an educational and charitable nature.

On the death of Archbishop Lynch, in 1889, Bishop Walsh was honored by the Archiepiscopal mitre of Toronto; and he returned to the scene of his early priestly labors amid popular acclaim; the only discordant note in the universal rejoicing being that raised by the Orange ruffians of Toronto. For upwards of ten years he governed the important See of Toronto with signal ability and a broad charity that caused his name to be revered by all creeds and classes. And rumor had it that had he lived, he would be the next Canadian Cardinal.

Archbishop Walsh was a prelate of commanding presence and engaging personality. As a public speaker he was both learned and eloquent. We well remember his magnificent speech at the dedication of our St. Stephen's Hall. The last time we saw him was at the funeral of his friend, Bishop Ryan.

The Master's summons came to him suddenly, but found him not unprepared. He goes to his eternal rest mourned by his bereaved priests and people, and amid the deepest respect of all Toronto.

Kinston Freeman.

It is with feelings of more than common sorrow that we to day chronicle the death of the Most Rev. John Walsh, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto, which sad event took place quite unexpectedly at his residence, St. John's Grove, on Sunday night last.

The end of the distinguished prelate was peaceful, and bore, in this respect, a similarity to his life, which was essentially a life of peace and goodwill amongst his fellows—and yet a life of great activity and fruitfulness. Entering the Episcopate at an unusually early age, he governed the diocese of London, in the west of the Province, for three and twenty years, and during that long period his hand was in every movement of advancement and his zeal wrought innumerable works

for the betterment of his Catholic flock. The new and beautiful Cathedral of London, commenced in 1881, and dedicated five years after, will remain a lasting monument to mark his energy and his artistic taste; and yet this was only one of the projects which enriched those years of toil and care and organization. Everywhere in that large western diocese, churches, schools and presbyteries were erected, priests multiplied, orphanages and houses of refuge were established, colleges and convents were opened, and the whole vast machinery of the Catholic Church for the education and moral improvement of the young, for the protection of the destitute and poor, for the housing and care of the infirm and the sick, was moved by the untiring energy of the prelate whose sudden demise has thrilled the Catholic community of Ontario with a sense of personal loss.

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh was transferred to Toronto in 1887. It was a great joy to the Catholics of Ontario to find his familiar figure in the central city of the Province. They knew him all over the country, and felt a certain confidence that with him in the metropolis—the Government centre—he would exert his experience of Canadian Church affairs for the benefit of Catholics in this English-speaking Province. How well were their hopes realized! Look at the evocation of universal sympathy his death has caused. The regret at the untimely death of His Grace Archbishop Walsh is not limited to the Catholics alone of Toronto. All classes and all creeds deplore the lamentable event.

Withal, the late Archbishop was a sterling defender and upholder of Catholic rights. But he had the rare tact of making those outside the Catholic Church realize that what he desired was not an interference with their rights or interests—it was merely the assertion that the rights and interests which Protestants rightfully claimed, he likewise insisted should be rightfully claimed as well.

Let us look at the results of his too brief episcopate in Toronto, and the most casual observer must confess that Catholic institutions have increased and flourished under his wise and prudent direction, whilst no man opposed to the Catholic religion can point to one word of Archbishop Walsh as calculated to hurt or wound his own religious susceptibilities.

The Catholics of Toronto—of the city and of the diocese—have suffered a grievous, almost an irreparable loss. The Archbishop was a notable figure amongst his host of distinguished men. At every public meeting his presence was eagerly sought, and to the thoughtful and educated classes of our chief city, his addresses on all public questions were full of wisdom, were fit and applicable to the circumstances of the hour and were delivered with an impressive dignity—the most pleasing characteristic of the dead Archbishop.

But the Catholics of Toronto are not alone in their hour of sorrow. The Catholics of Ontario feel themselves sorely bereaved; they, too, feel keenly the loss of a great and good and learned chief. Moreover, here in Kingston, we who have so recently passed through a similar sorrow, can we not recall the friendship, the enduring and affectionate intimacy which bound the late illustrious Archbishop of Kingston and now also the late lamented Archbishop of Toronto. Our loss is one; our sorrow is one. But above and beyond these particular circumstances which affect the memory of our own great Archbishop, we have a sorrow in common with the Catholics of Ontario, because God has withdrawn from the service of His Church so able a defender, so wise a leader, such an active and zealous ruler, and such an experienced administrator. We feel the loss sorely indeed, and did not our faith come to our aid we should fear for the faithful flock thus left un-shepherded and alone.

But our Church has lived through grievous crises, and has been divinely ordered for amid greater perils, and whilst we grieve with bitterness and tears for the wise and good who are departed, the Divine Founder of the Catholic Church will provide in time and according to our needs, Bishops who will guard the treasure of divine faith and labor with undying zeal for its spread and growth among the nations.

May the Almighty Father in His infinite goodness have mercy on the soul of the deceased Archbishop, is the prayer of the Freeman and of the sorrowful Catholics of the country. Amen.

Philadelphia Standard and Times.

Ireland, we regret to say, has lost a staunch and servicable friend, and the Church a brilliant and exemplary son, by the death of Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto. His Grace's rather unexpected death awakens us to the rather unusual mortality now apparent in the ranks of the hierarchy. The number of those servants of God who are being removed from the field of earthly activity seems remarkable. Pallida mors appears to be knocking oftener at the episcopal palace than at the doors of the masses. But as we know that not even a sparrow falls without the knowledge of the Lord at all, we may neither

wonder nor complain that He chooses to take our beloved pastors and teachers from us, for He is powerful to raise up others in their places.

That green island which has furnished the American Church with so large a proportion of its ministers gave the late Archbishop to the See of Toronto. He brought to it many of those talent and accomplishments that nature, in compensation for untoward fortune, has bestowed upon the child of that land. The gifts of unhesitating faith, of profound piety, of earnest and glowing eloquence, all were his. He loved his native land with a love inferior only to that which he felt toward his God and His holy Church. Ireland had in him not only a steadfast and an ardent friend, but a wise and an able one. It was his brain which two years ago caused Irishmen from beyond all the seas to meet in the memorable Race Convention. Time and again did he show, by sage counsel, by munificent money help, by unflinching interest manifested in every possible way, how keenly he followed the fortunes of his beloved isle, and how he longed for her liberation from alien bondage.

May the soil lie lightly upon his grave, and may his loving soul find peace with God!

John A. MacDowell, Q. C., recently spoke of Archbishop Walsh as follows: "As a pulpit orator he has a deservedly high reputation. In style orate, in treatment practical, in thought logical; rich in imagery and choice in language. Scholarly and with a singularly rich and sonorous voice, he is always impressive, and at time brilliantly eloquent." The Rev. Francis Ryan, rector of St. Michael's cathedral, Toronto, described him as "a prelate of large views and generous, kindly impulses."

Montreal True Witness.

Following so closely upon the death of the great and good Archbishop of Kingston, the sudden passing away of the no less great and good Archbishop Walsh of Toronto has caused deep sorrow not only to the Catholics of the whole Dominion. His death is indeed a serious loss to the Canadian Church. Canada owes a heavy debt to Ireland—that devoted Missionary Apostle of the nations—for having sent us such saintly and distinguished prelates as Archbishop Walsh. Following as he did in the footsteps of Archbishop Lynch, the prelate who has just passed to his rest, and of whose life and labors we give a full account in another part of this issue of the True Witness, had a difficult path to pursue. He acquitted himself, however, with a degree of success which won the admiration of both Catholics and Protestants. Of this no better proof could be given than the following editorial article which we reproduce from the Toronto Globe, the leading Protestant journal in Ontario, in Canada, in fact:

"The death of Archbishop Walsh will come as a shock to the community. It was not known that he was ill. We had the right to feel that he would be with us for years to come to administer with prudence and wisdom the difficult and delicate duties of his high office. For ten years the deceased prelate had held the Archiepiscopate of Toronto. During those years we had more than one season of heated sectarian controversy in which he was the only voice that was heard in a bitter or unkindly word said of the dead Archbishop. Devoted as he was to the interests of his Church, no one can lay to his charge any utterance that was calculated to inflame sectarian feeling or to embitter the relations between Catholic and Protestant. More than once he spoke out with a calm dignity and a broad charity that won warmly upon the Protestant community, and all his life and work as Archbishop of Toronto made for peace and good neighborhood, and for a common Canadian citizenship. His death is a sore affliction to the Church of which he was a conspicuous ornament and a wise leader and ruler, and by which he was much beloved, and we feel sure that outside and beyond all denominational lines there will be a common, genuine, heartfelt feeling that a good man, a good citizen and a wise prelate has passed to his rest."

This tribute, coming from the quarter that it does, is more eulogistic than anything we could say ourselves. That the deceased prelate should have won such praise from such a journal, after having labored for ten years in the most aggressively Protestant city on this continent, a veritable hothouse of truculent Orangism—his carriage was stoned and one of its windows broken when he entered the city to take up his episcopal residence there—speaks eloquently of his wisdom and prudence as an administrator, of his saintliness as a churchman, and of his tact, gentleness and amiability as a prominent public man. Thoroughly loyal as he was to Canada, the country of his adoption, he always entertained a sincere affection for the land of his birth, as was abundantly proved by the fact that it was owing to his initiative that the memorable Irish Race Convention was held in Dublin recently.

May he rest in peace!

The Pen, Montreal.

Recently Death's Angel has paid frequent visits to the Catholic episcopate of Canada, and, in the shadow of his wing, some of the foremost and grandest spirits of our generation have gone forth to their reward. It seems but the other day that the late Archbishop of Montreal, the gentle and kindly Mgr. Fabre, turned back at Paris, on his way to Rome, and reached his own home in time to close his fine life amidst those who loved him. The

Archiepiscopal See of Kingston is yet vacant, having, but a few months ago, lost that gifted and patriotic prelate, the late Mgr. Cleary. In one of our not very distant issues we paid a tribute to the memory of the head of the Canadian hierarchy, in the person of the late lamented Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec. In our second last issue we strove to do justice to the memory of the Dean of the Canadian episcopate, in the striking personality and grand figure of the late Mgr. Lafleche, Bishop of Three Rivers. This week, with a regret that words but inadequately express, we are called upon to record the almost sudden, the certainly unexpected death of the late Archbishop of Toronto, the Most Rev. John Walsh, D. D.

Archbishop Walsh was entering on his sixty-ninth year, when, on account of an accident sustained a few weeks ago, he was abruptly summoned from the sphere of his activity and to the reward that belongs, in virtue of an infallible promise, to "the good and faithful servant." We have no intention of attempting a biographical sketch of the great churchman now dead. From the day that he entered the Montreal Grand Seminary as a theological student, until that important hour when he succeeded the late Archbishop Lynch, in the archiepiscopal seat at Toronto, his career was one of labor, study, advancement and "eternal vigilance." Whether in the solitude of his first parish, or in the more important sphere of Vicar General of a diocese, whether as Bishop of London, or Archbishop of Toronto, in all times and under all circumstances he was a constant worker, an able administrator, a powerful teacher, and an eloquent as well as persuasive preacher. As a member of the Catholic hierarchy he held a most elevated rank, both in the estimation of the Holy See and in the appreciation of all clergy and laity, who came under the influence of his administration. If, as a prelate, his sterling qualities had won him the love and veneration of his own flock and the respect and admiration of all who belonged not to his fold, or even to the Church of Rome, as a man he was the type of a pure and honest patriot. And his patriotism embraced both the old land of his nationality and the new land of his adoption. In 1896 the great Irish convention, held in Dublin, was the outcome of an idea expressed and a plan suggested by Archbishop Walsh. His utterances on all subjects affecting the political, social or national status of this Dominion were harkened to with an attention that their importance commanded and with an admiration that their liberality, sincerity and patriotic tone ever challenged.

If the late Archbishop possessed any one special and distinctive quality, which placed him upon a high plane before the eyes of the great public, it was that of eloquence. He was one of the most powerful orators in Canada or even on this continent. The mere mention of his name, as the preacher on any occasion, was a magnet that drew thousands, to the church. He was, in his own style and after another method, as eloquent as was the late Mgr. Lafleche. In fact, it is a striking coincidence that, within a few days of each other, these two voices should have been forever silenced. Mgr. Lafleche was certainly the most eloquent preacher, in the French language, that the Catholic Church possessed in Canada; Archbishop Walsh was decidedly the most powerful orator, in the English language, that the same Church in this Dominion could claim. And both died "in harness." Bishop Lafleche was stricken down, while preaching, on a regular pastoral visitation; Archbishop Walsh met with the accident which hastened his death while in the act of superintending the administration of his archdiocese and examining the new cemetery where his faithful were to repose.

The Catholic Church has lost a great and good member of her hierarchy; the Diocese of Toronto has lost an able and successful administrator; the members of the clergy have lost a true friend, a sure monitor and a brilliant model; the Catholics throughout Ontario, and all the Dominion, have lost one who was at once a father and a director, and the country at large has lost a noble and patriotic citizen. But if the Church Militant is minus a general, the Church Triumphant has gained, most assuredly, an addition to the phalans of the saints. He was one of those happy and chosen souls that have ever had the privilege of going forth to the rest—which we pray God to grant him—with the inspiring cry: "Donum certamen certavi."

Man relies far more than he is aware of for comfort and happiness on woman's tact and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so ceaselessly exercised that he enjoys their effect, as he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then; he may complain of intrusion or interference; but the frown is smoothed away by a gentle hand, the murmuring lips are stopped with a caress, and the management goes on.