The Catholic Register.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1900.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, March 25th, White, IV. o. Quadragesima—(Fourth Sunday in Lent.) Annunciation of B. V. M. Double 1st. Class. Mass of the Feast. At. II Vespers, Commemoration of Holy Angels and of Sunday.

MONDAY, 26th, Violet. of the Feria.

TUESDAY, 27th, White. St. John Damascene, Confessor, Doctor Double.

WEDNESDAY, 28th, White. St. Xystus III, Pope, Confessor, Double.

THURSDAY, 29th, White. St. John Capistran, Confessor, Semi-double.

FRIDAY, 30th, Red. Precious Blood D. N. J. C. Greater Double.

SATURDAY, 31st, Violet. Of the Feria.

To Our Subscribers.

We beg to thank those of our subscribers who have already been prompt in renewing their subscriptions; we trust their example will be speedily followed by others. We have no doubt that those who have so far failed to send in their renewals have overlooked the fact that their subscriptions were due. We trust that those who for any reason may find themselves in arrears will kindly take the hint and remit.

St. Patrick's Day, 1900.

It is hoped for, as it is desired by a very large portion of her Majesty's subjects throughout the world that St. Patrick's Day of the year 1900 will mark the commencement of a new Era of reconciliation and peace between the Irish nation at home and in all parts of the Empire, and England. The concession of admiration made by our aged Queen to the valor of her Irish soldiers is as significant as it is touching, and should, if duly and properly recognized and met in the spirit in which it has been made, form the basis of the bringing to an end the policy of continued estrangement, that has for so long marked the connection existing between the two countries. The time is ripe for action and for the final settlement of that one burning question which more than any other threatens the stability and permanence of the British Empire.

To the Irish people of Canada who, with their brethren at home, have the question of Home Rule for Ireland so much at heart, the turn which the conspicuous gallantry of the Irish Regiments has given popular sentiment throughout her Majesty's dominions, has come as a pleasant surprise and as the happy harbinger, let us trust, of a wider and further reaching concession on the part of the British people through the Imperial Government.

It is difficult to conceive how the Houses of Parliament at Westminster can successfully meet the just and cherished demands of the Irish Parliamentary party, in the face of the enthusiasm which the ability and valor of Irish Generals and Irish soldiers have evoked, coupled with the Queen's evident desire for a policy of reconciliation, as indicated by her order to her Irish troops to wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day and by her proposed visit to the Emerald Isle.

In view of the tendency so marked throughout the Empire to render the bonds of Imperial unity closer, it may be remarked that the spirit of the design aims at giving the colonies a larger share in the Imperial affairs, and thus acknowledges the benefits to be derived from an extended rather than a curtailed scheme of Home Rule in the Colonies, such as is wanted for Ireland. At this exceptionally opportune time it should be plainly demonstrated that there cannot be a United Empire with Ireland still discontented, politically and nationally antagonistic under prevailing conditions the thorn in a festering sore in the side of the British Empire. Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of,—peace, harmony and good will, if not of—salvation."

"The Wearing of the Green"

(Written prior to St. Patrick's Day.)

There is a great deal of talk and sentiment being lavished on the humble little Shamrock just at present. Here are some notes bearing on the wearing of Ireland's national emblem.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal thus recalls an incident that at the time aroused much indignation throughout the Irish world:

The name of Lieutenant Blundell-Hollings-head-Blundell, of the 3rd King's Royal Rifle Corps, which appears in the list of the casualties of 22 Feb., furnished by General Buller, will recall to recollection a very angry scene in the House of Commons in connection with the punishment of a soldier for the wearing of the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, 1897, in which Lieutenant Blundell's conduct was severely censured on the Irish benches It subsequently transpired that Lieutenant Blundell acted under a misapprehension of the circumstances, and that he was unaware that the soldier who was ordered by him to take that "dirty bit of green stuff out of his cap," and was sentenced to seven days in punishment cells and a fare of bread and water for refusing to obey the order, was at the time wearing a shamrock. There was no war in Africa at the time, and accordingly the Duke of Abercorn, the Chairman of the Chartered Company, who has recently been suggesting that shamrocks should be sent to the Irish soldiers in South Africa, did not use his influence with his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Lansdowne as Secretary of War, to remit the sentence of imprisonment and punishment diet for the offences of wearing the shamrock. The war makes the Duke of Charters and the Marquis of Lansdowne, an exterminating Irish landlord, quite sentimental with reference to the national susceptibilities of Irish soldiers.

The valor of the Irish regiments in the South African War has aroused an enthusiastic admiration all over the world, but most of all in her Majesty's dominions. As the World somewhat humorously says:

"St. Patrick is the lion of the day, not only in his own dear Ireland, but throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. Salisbury and Chamberlain, Roberts and the rest of them must take a back seat while homage is done to the venerable Saint of the Emerald Isle."

We read that the Government of New South Wales proclaimed St. Patrick's Day as a public holiday, as a tribute to the bravery of the Irish soldiers in South Africa.

In Canada here, the papers for some days past have been adorned with the "Wearin' o' the Green" in the shape of letters calling upon all nationalities and creeds to observe the Day by wearing the Shamrock. Even North of Ireland Protestants, whose color was erstwhile a particular shade of yellow profess to be ignorant that the shamrock is the special property of Catholic Irishmen. Indeed there promises to be a keen contest, in this country at least, as to who shall most reverence "the dear little Shamrock."

Of course, her Majesty the Queen is responsible for all this, having set the pace. It is often said by the fair sex that one may just as well be out of the world as out of the fashion; similarly, at present, unless you display your loyalty in a conspicuous way you are simply "not in it."

Concerning the reception by the Irish Nationalists at Westminster, of the Queen's direction that her Irish Regiments wear the Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day we read as follows:

"In the House of Commons to-day Mr. John Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, declared the Irish people has received with gratification the announcement that her Majesty had directed that the shamrock be worn by the Irish regiments on St. Patrick's Day, adding that the Irish people would welcome this graceful recognition of the valor of the Irish race wherever exhibited, and and would treat with respect the venerable Sovereign about to visit the Irish shore, well knowing that on that occasion no attempt would be made to give the visit any party significance, and that their cheerless hospitality would not be taken to mean any abatement of their demands for national rights, which they would continue to press until conceded. Mr. Redmond was loudly cheered."

Mr. Redmond's sentiments, it is true, have not met with universal endorsement by his countrymen, but they were no doubt a graceful tribute to the Queen who also wishes to show her regard for her Irish subjects by a visit to the Emerald Isle.

But amongst all these praises and concessions to the gallant behaviour of Ireland's sons in the field, there is no note heard on the one subject that would bring gladness to Irish hearts not only in the Queen's dominions, but all over the world—there is no word of granting Home Rule to Ireland.

The one string in the Irish harp that would tune the rest to the most delightful harmony is silent

Canada as A Nation.

Whatever may have been the national tendency in this country a few years ago, whether towards annexation to the United States or independence, there can be no doubt about the popular will at the present time. British connection of the closest, warmest character involving an active participation in the great and most important affairs of the Empire, is the predominant wish of the Canadian people as a whole. Not to acknowledge this fact is to deliberately close one's eyes and walk in ways that are not this country's ways.

A little while ago there was a suspicion of independence in the air The United States papers were fond of giving it currency upon the slightest provocation, and in a manner to lead one to suppose that the American government would be willing to enter into an alliance with Great Britain, in the popular spirit of expansion which would allow no countries but themselves to expand, to keep Canada within the legitimate bonds of filial duty or even to take her over with the consent of the motherland. All this was of course very flattering to Canada, and was an involuntary admission on the part of Great Britain and the United States that she was able to hold her own in the council and play of nations—too able, it might be insisted in view of the steady determination to hold her own in the now apparently defunct conference of the Joint High Commission. That a doubtful feeling pervaded the political world in England regarding Canada's intentions may be inferred from the fact that our late Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, who has always a kindly word to say of our country, thought it worth while to publicly repudiate the accusation that the Dominion was aiming at independence or annexation, and asserted her unquestionable loyalty to the British crown.

"Anything like serious contemplation of annexation, to the United States," said his Lordship, "is absolutely a thing of the past; and the French-Canadians are amongst the firmest supporters of a direct British connection." We quote the above words for the edification of those journalistic gentlemen who for the past few months have been making French-Canadian loyalty the special target for their envenomed shafts.

It is throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, a strong, steady, ever-increasing and ennobling flame, but it will not burn up the Constitution. Call it what you like, the national spirit, Canadianism, it is the spirit that is rapidly and surely stamping Canada with the inoffaceable traits of a distinct people with a country which they glory in calling their own, and which they mean to hold against the world if need be, including the United States of America. This is the spirit that is abroad in the land to-day, stirring the pulse, strengthening the life, elevating the ideals of the Canadian people. Annexation is dead: Whatever may be in store for Canada, in the years to come, judging the future by present indications it will not be annexation. Conquest, of the kind that is becoming more and more hateful every day in the eyes of civilization—conquest at the price of torrents of blood—conquest that holds an unwilling people by the power of sword and cannon—the only kind of conquest that can ever enslave Canada —would be as repugnant to the freedom-loving people—the vast majority—of the United States as it would be to Canadians.

Whatever may be her future, consequent upon natural growth and expansion, which all Canadians desire to see, or upon the possible disruption of the British empire, which historians of fatalistic tendencies are forever proclaiming as a certainty, at present there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the Dominion is thoroughly and unquestionably loyal to the British crown. Englishmen may have and undoubtedly have more reverence for the tinsel and glitter of royalty than has the average Canadian, but to the principle of British connection and union as it maintains to day, the various nationalities that comprise the United Kingdom are not more loyal —it is within the bounds of truth to say not as loyal—than are Canadians. For the Queen they have a personal affection, which could not be warmer if her Majesty were a Canadian living among her Canadian subjects; for the British constitution they have the greatest admiration as for that one institution upon earth which the wisdom of men and the blood of patriots have made the most perfect; in the British empire they take a creditable pride and are willing as they have proved at any time to fight for the maintenance of its integrity; they glory in its glory, and are impatient at its humiliation, which, fortunately for their feelings, but seldom occurs: they appreciate the talents and success of British public men more we believe than they do those of their own country,—but this is merely because party spirit blinds one half of the Canadian people and does the other so that they cannot see their own great men's virtues, they make British institutions, British learning, British ideals, their models, but what, it must be confessed, that they have not is a growing weakness for placing Canada first, foremost and all the time in the front rank of their affections.

The one danger of the Imperialism, developing with such rapidity to-day by reason of the Boer War as an exciting cause, is the tendency it has to impair distinctly Canadian ideals. There are those who would look upon such an event as a gain; but the vast majority of the Canadian people in the moment of calm would we feel sure deem it a national loss.

Sir Wilfred Laurier's Speech.

Seldom has there been a speech made in the House of Commons that has evoked so much and favorable comment in the press of every shade of politics. In general estimation it is one of the most eloquent efforts of a remarkably eloquent man. By one who had the privilege of hearing it, it has been said that no verbal report can convey an idea of the music and fire of many of the passages.

The Ottawa correspondent of The Evening Telegram (Ind.) thus deals with it:—"Thanks to Henri Bourassa of Labelle, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been enabled to establish himself as idol in the sight of the truest and broadest patriotism. His words to-night will ring in the ears of hundreds of Canadians who may have doubted his devotion to the empire, and set all their fears at rest. The Premier, standing on the floor of the House, defending the principles which Bourassa assailed, compelled the admiration of every honest Canadian. It was the heart and not the lips which spoke. Sir Wilfrid's sincerity has been questioned many a time, but it was not doubted to-night. His was eloquence born of conviction in the cause for which he pleaded. The most accomplished hypocrite in her Majesty's realm could not have successfully pretended to the ideals which Laurier assured guided him in the fulfilment of his trust. Every assertion was that of an earnest Britisher, and so eloquently did the Premier champion the cause of the empire, that it seemed as if a fitting climax might be: "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die."

It is fortunate that, at the present juncture, a French Canadian of commanding ability and one who places the welfare of Canada above all other considerations is at the head of public affairs in this country. Apart from the argument, the general tone of the speech, its warm and indeed touching patriotism, its subordination of self as well as racial and factional tendencies to the public interest, to the country's good, will do much to smooth down the sharp asperities that have unfortunately arisen, during the past months, between the extreme majority and the extreme minority on the much discussed questions of sending and the mode of sending contingents to assist the mother country in her struggle in South Africa. It would seem as if Sir Wilfred had reserved all his latent force for the supreme moment which Mr. Bourassa's amendment led to and the manner in which he discharged the double duty of defending his government's course of action and of winning the house to practical unanimity is the most powerful and eloquent eulogium that could have been pronounced upon his patriotic and convincing address.

The Premier of Canada has passed through a trying time; much has been said and written that for the dignity of the country had better never have been published; the people whom he loves and of whom he is the foremost representative had been traduced and goaded to the verge of rupture; he himself had been the butt of every so-called loyalist who thought his pen sharp enough to indite a venomous squib on the ragged lines of disloyalty; like the large, loyal-hearted man that he is, and as now he is universally admitted to be, he bore all with fortitude and manly forbearance; he bided his time, and when it came, it did not find him wanting.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On the 17th. of March, 1900, for the first time in the history of Toronto the green flag of Ireland floated majestically over the City Hall. The event did credit to the good feeling that prevails amongst Toronto's citizens, just as it did honor to the brave Irish soldiers who have fought so well for the flag of Great Britain. May such kindly feelings ever prevail.

It has become a matter of history that on the 17th. of March 1900, the Queen ordered that her Irish Regiments shall henceforth wear, as a distinction, a sprig of shamrock in their head dress, to commemorate the gallantry of her Irish soldiers in the recent battles in South Africa. Unless the wearing of the kilt and plaids by the Scottish Regiments can be looked upon as such, this tribute to the bravery of the Irish Regiments is the first unique national recognition of any of the troops in the British army.

What a bitter sarcasm the following pronouncement from the Times, London, Eng, must read to those ardent patriots who have been accusing their French Canadian countrymen of disloyalty and treason:—

"The spirit which glows through it (Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech) and the thoughts which underlie it are pregnant with great issues for England and mankind. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the French Roman Catholic Premier of a self-governing federation, in which British Protestants are in the majority, has expressed more faithfully and more truly than any statesman who has spoken yet the temper of the new Imperial patriotism fostered into self-consciousness by the war."

Apropos, it is difficult to conceive how The Times can reconcile this candid statement with its well-known, hereditary antagonism to the ardent desire of a homogeneous nation like Ireland for the privilege of self-government such as we enjoy in Canada.

Shamrock Time.

'Tis shamrock time, and the wild, wise swallow
Pursues the summer on eager wing,
Now April wooes them, and all things follow,
Take flight and follow the feet of spring.
But we, in stranger lands sojourning,
Like fledglings far from their forest nest,
Are filled with mourning and wild heart-yearning
To the soft green isle of the golden west.
Oh, my heart doth follow
The sweet spring swallow,
As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,
Where the shamrock's springing,
The thrush is singing
His song of spring in my Irish home.

Earth's deep heart answers today with laughter,
But we, we nor laugh nor smile;
For we are only fain to follow after
The wild wind winging into our isle.
To-day down many a leafy alley
The whitethorn blossom is odorous;
O'er many a violet-purple valley
The lark is singing, but not for us.

Oh! fair, ye say, was the land our mother;
Her smile was sweet, but it was not ours;
We sowed the vineyard and rule; another
Sat as lord in her children's towers.
Her love was mild, but another claimed it;
They took the harvest, t'was ours the toil;
Her name was fair, but her foes defamed it;
We ploughed, but a stranger held the soil.

Small share have we in the stranger's city,
The scoff of scorn and the stony street,
There's never a kindly glance of pity,
Our tears embitter the bread we eat.
We sing no song, but in dreams we follow,
Take flight and follow, or bond or free,
The seaward sweep of the wild, wise swallow,
The west wind winging to lands o'er sea.
Oh, my heart doth follow
The sweet spring swallow,
As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam,
Where the shamrock's springing,
The thrush is singing
The song of spring in my Irish home.
—Patrick Coleman, in the Gael.

SAVONAROLA—LECTURE BY MR. JOHN FRANCIS WATERS.

Historical research into the condition of Society during the period immediately preceding the Reformation has given rise recently, to a great deal of controversy concerning the issues involved in the life and death of Savonarola. He has been extolled on the one hand as the herald of the Reformation, by his defiance of excommunication; his protests against Papal corruption; his reliance upon the Bible; and his intense moral earnestness; and on the other hand he has been lauded as a "Saint and Martyr." He never wavered in his adherence to the Holy See; he was a true Catholic to the last drop of his blood. This is not even disputed by such uncompromising non-Catholic writers as McCauley, Creighton, and Meiklejohn. The evidence is so overwhelming that even the sometime Calvinist and subsequent free thinker Bayle writes of Savonarola as: A Friar who at the hour of death went to confession and communion; made an act of Faith in the Real Presence; and accepted a Plenary Indulgence granted by the Pope.

Savonarola was not a precursor of the Reformation. The reforms that he would have effected were of Discipline, not of Doctrine and Dogma; but he refused to repent at Rome for disciplines as the instance of the Sovereign Pontiff. He was not bound, even by the Decrees, to express his own decision and if he was not, the moral and legal status of his offending disciples, and even the most scandalous Pope that ever sat in the Apostolic Chair to a vast mass to his virtues and its happy consequences.

The vindication Savonarola contains some curious revelations upon the attitude towards him of Pope Alexander the sixth. But intelligent Catholics need not be scandalized by the wickedness of the Borgia since there were an Incarnate amongst the chosen twelve and Alexander taught nothing contrary to Faith and Morals.

Those who are interested in Savonarola ought to improve the opportunity given in Mr. John Francis Waters' lecture Savonarola, "Saint and Martyr," to be delivered in Saint Michael's College Hall on Thursday, March the 29th.

Mr Waters is well and favorably known in Toronto In this lecture he presents a vivid word picture of the Great Prior of Saint Mark's as Preacher, Philosopher, Orator, Saint and Statesman. The death bed scene is especially striking and dramatic.

MUSICAL VESPERS AT ST. BASIL'S.

The evening service at St. Basil's on Sunday last was of a more than ordinary character. Vespers were sung by the really fine choir of the Church and a charity sermon preached by the Rev. Father McBrady. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the service to a close. Father McBrady chose as his subject "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," and we regret that space forbids us to publish in full what we consider the best sermon on Devotion to the Sacred Heart we have ever had the privilege of listening to. The preacher was most eloquent, one of his chief charms of style on this occasion was that he spoke from his own heart straight to the hearts of his audience.

The solos and concerted passages were rendered with excellent effect by the following members of the choir: Mrs. Moure and Mrs. Warde; Misses Janes, Bonoy, Crowe, and Malloy; Messrs. Miller, J. D. Warde and H. The following summary of a remarkable sermon will be of interest to our readers.—McNamara.

In 1765 Clement XIV. and again in 1865 Pius IX. commended to the faithful the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart. There is in the human heart a craving for love and it is its peculiarity to mingle the human with the Divine, as it is for human nature to rest in the human in seeking the Divine. The human heart seeks a centre for its life. This centre may be true or false; if true, the heart finds peace and happiness; if false, disappointment and misery. Thus we meet the psychical phenomenon of Anthropomorphism or the idealizing of God in the form of man. A weakness it may be, but a weakness recognized and provided for by God by offering his human heart for the love of humanity. So that love of the Sacred Heart makes Divine love human and satisfies the human heart, because it appeals so strongly and sympathetically to human feeling.

Once our Divine Lord allowed a human soul to look into His Heart and the woman is that soul, Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, became the apostle of the Sacred Heart, the devotion to which has spread to such a marvellous extent, beautifying and sweetening religious life.

Suffering wins love through sympathy, and the Heart of Jesus endured all the sufferings of humanity in the Garden of Gethsemane. This experience of suffering so common to humanity, attracts hearts to the Heart of Jesus. But the human heart is not content or satisfied with the merely human; it just as naturally seeks the Divine. It even seeks the Divine without knowing that it is doing so, because it wants something to worship and adore. This is apparent in purely human or earthly love. The heart strives unconsciously to deify the object of its devotion, before yielding itself to love. It deifies in a measure, then loves. The modern novel exemplifies this phase of human love, which is one of the greatest dangers to the spiritual life; for to seek the Divine in the in the midst of the human is simple Only the Heart of Jesus is worthy of love and adoration. Here then, in the Sacred Heart may be found all the requisites for the complete satisfaction of the human heart. Purely human object is finite, fleeting; the heart of man wants more. It craves the everlasting, which can only be found in the Heart of Jesus.

It is because of the shattering of the false idols which human love makes for itself that there are so many hearts in the world shipwrecked, so many souls in ruins. Those shipwrecked men and women built themselves what they fancied to be a paradise of delights; the paradise changed into a barren wilderness, in which they still yearn for the love that is everlasting.

For those who had made this sad mistake there was yet hope and comfort requisite to be found in the Sacred Heart; while for those who had chosen the true centre of the spiritual life there was peace and perseverance. The Rev. Father closed his sermon with a simple, but earnest appeal to the charity of the congregation in behalf of the children of the helpless poor who were so dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

THE REASON WHY.

A Scottish congregation presented [illegible] a sum of money, [illegible] to the Continent for a holiday. A good man just back from the Continent met a prominent member of the congregation and said to him, "Mr. Stubbs, I must say your minister is looking very ill. He does look as if he needed a rest."

"No, sir," said the church member, "it wasn't him, it was the congregation that needed a rest."