

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Vision Dance.

Far from this cold Canadian land, and over  
wastes of sea,  
I view this night, as in a dream, the scenes  
of infancy.  
The shutters of my soul are set, and though  
chill breezes blow  
I stroll through meadows garbed in green  
instead of drifted snow.  
Let North winds howl and West winds growl,  
And dull skies frown demure—  
Oh, what care I? My friends I spy  
Now dancing by the Suir.  
The bright Sun flows from Templemore  
through Thaurles and through Cahir,  
Nor France, nor Spain, nor any clime boasts  
river half so fair;  
With splash and flash it whirls and whisks by  
shamrocked field and grove,  
Then winds in pride through Waterford to  
Ballyteigeal cove.  
The staid boys in corduroys  
Find there for grief a cure,  
Were there but two they still would do  
their dancing by the Suir.  
When evening comes with deepening shades  
that bring respite from toil,  
The lads and lasses of the vale flock out in  
merry file;  
A-down the hawthorn lane they trip: their  
mirth the valleys fill.  
Till sportive echo waits to wake the Gal-  
tee hills.  
For one short hour near that sweet bower  
What would I not endure?  
My hope is still an eve to fill  
With dancing by the Suir.  
Across the starry spangled sky slow steals  
the silvery moon.  
The idler raps his resined bow and plays a  
merry tune:  
"The Wind that Shakes the Barley" makes fit  
strain for Irish feet.  
When by "The Kedrow" followed fast we  
think the "set" complete,  
The girls—their robes—in tiny brogues  
An anchorite would flee.  
If haply he their charms might see  
While dancing by the Suir.  
When "Father Dan," by fortune led, is guided  
He wastes no wonder on the sight, nor censures  
the gay scene.  
But lightly laughs and saith: "God bless  
ye, girls and boys!  
Should there be weddings after this, they'll  
cause me no surprise."  
The God of Love keeps watch above  
Each lad and maiden pure,  
Who strolls away at close of day  
To dance beside the Suir.  
Remembrance brings me many joys, but one I  
hold divine:  
It thrills my robbing senses like deep  
fountains of mellow wine:  
However dark the present care, one fancy  
It makes it bright.  
It is the glimpse I catch of home in visions  
of the night:  
They never fail to calm or gale—  
Those gleams all bliss secure—  
That show to me in memory  
Loved dances by the Suir.  
—Maurice W. Casey in Ottawa Owl.

## THE CARDINAL ON EX-PRIESTS.

They Should Not be Encouraged by Persons Outside the Faith.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons preached at the cathedral on last Sunday. His text was from the gospel for the day: "Which of you shall convict me of sin?" From the eighth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. The theme was: "The morals to be drawn from the calumnies against Christ," in which the Cardinal spoke specially of calumnies against the Catholic Church.

Cardinal Gibbons said, in part: "Christ was the only sinless man that ever lived. He was the only man able to say with absolute truth—which of you can convict me of sin? Yet of all men exposed to public observation, no man was so much criticised, maligned or criminated as He was in the whole course of His ministry."

"If He cast out devils He is charged with being possessed with a devil Himself, and with casting out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of devils. If He gives sight to the blind man, the truth of the miracle is stoutly denied as long as it can be; when the miracle can be no longer denied, the blind man is told not to ascribe the restoration of sight to any agency on the part of Christ. After He had raised Lazarus to life His enemies sought to kill Lazarus, that they might disprove the miracle. When He heals a man on the Sabbath day they call Him a Sabbath-breaker, and His disciples are called Sabbath-breakers for plucking a few ears of wheat to assuage their hunger."

"For uttering the harmless and luminous sentiment that we must render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's, he is charged with being disloyal to the government and an enemy of Caesar. Did those men live in our day they would wrap themselves up, metaphorically speaking, in the American flag, and be ever parading their loyalty, and if they had lived during the Civil War would have probably sent a substitute to the front."

Christ was called a blasphemer and was charged to His face with being a liar, and a deceiver. In a word His good actions were denied, or corrupt motives were ascribed to them."

Cardinal Gibbons then told how Christ went down to His grave dishonored, and how pagan writers who deigned to mention Him, spoke of Jesus with contempt and derision. Continuing, the Cardinal told how Jesus Christ is honored to-day by the whole Christian world, and Pagan, Jew and Mohammedan unite in praising Him for His exalted character. He then related how the primitive Christians shared in the obloquy and calumnies that were uttered against His Master. Every element of paganism was leagued against the early Church. He related how the people at large opposed Christianity, because it sought to check their passions; craftsmen opposed it because it interfered with their trade in the manufacture and sale of idols; it was opposed by civil rulers because paganism was the religion of the State.

The religion of Christ was assailed by Tacitus, Suetonius and other writers, who attacked it with grace of

style and with bitterness of invective. Tacitus calls the Christian religion a detestable superstition deserving the execration of mankind. These writers said: "How dare these ignorant foreigners from Judea presume to teach us polished Romans and heap contempt on our divinities, to whom our poets have paid homage in their writings."

Cardinal Gibbons then continued the review of the bitter pagan opposition to the early Christians, showing how all the calamities of the nation, be they of fire, flood, earthquake or pestilence, were laid at the door of the innocent Christians.

"How true it is that history repeats itself. The same calumnies that were uttered against our Lord and Saviour in His day; the same calumnies that were circulated against the primitive Church, are ventilated to-day against the Catholic religion, her clergy and members."

HOW THE CHURCH IS ATTACKED. "Let me give one instance of a thousand that I might bring forward to illustrate the subject. The Catholic Church is jealous of the honor and moral rectitude of her clergy. It is her constant aim that they should walk in innocence and blamelessness of life. And whenever any of her clergy is known to have contracted any degrading habits incompatible with his sacred calling, he is withdrawn from the active pursuits of the ministry until he has given marks of reformation."

"The Church has too much reverence for God, she has too much respect for the laity, she has too much respect for the clergy themselves to suffer any unworthy priest to minister at her altar. But we find it very hard to please our enemies. They are very inconsistent. If we were to retain a degenerate clergy in the exercise of the public ministry, they would point the finger of scorn at us and say: 'See how low is the moral standard of the Catholic clergy.' If we

DISMISS ONE OF THEM

from the service of the altar, they will forthwith pick him up from the gutter and receive this fallen angel with open arms, they will embrace him as a long-lost brother, and take him to their bosom, and lead him about the country like some strange animal, and exhibit him to the public gaze. He is sure, of course, to malign and misrepresent the Church, for what man ever spoke kindly of the mother he had insulted and dishonored? His masters are sure to dictate the subjects on which he is to speak, which are popular for the time-being such as that of the everlasting inquisition, patriotism, the confessional and the Pope. This is the usual stock in trade. They affect to believe this man in his fall, when they would not listen to him when he was honored in the sanctuary. "If it is a sin to tell even a jocosely lie; if it is a crime to calumniate one's neighbor, how shall we characterize the offenses of those who malign the largest body of Christians in the world? And the calumny becomes still more reprehensible when uttered from a Christian pulpit, which ought to be

THE CHAIR OF TRUTH. "A slander uttered there is an aggravated offense against truth and justice, charity and religion. If a man is charged with a criminal or civil offense, he is tried by a jury of his peer before an impartial judge, and has a lawyer to defend him. But these calumniators are at the same time judge, jury and accuser. 'Throw as much dirt as you can, and some of it will stick,' said some one. Yes, it will stick, but it will not stain a righteous cause. You may cover with mud Washington's and Taney's statues in Mount Vernon Place, but heaven's rain and wind will make them clean again. And God in His own good time will dispel the clouds of calumny and vindicate the truth."

"Now, my brethren, the practical question that confronts us to-day is this: 'How are you to feel and act when your religion and its practices are unjustly assailed, or when you are personally misrepresented and maligned?' On such occasions you should bear a lofty spirit of composure and equanimity, and never permit yourself to lose your temper, or to be downcast. On the contrary, you should rejoice and be glad. These are very strong words, but I will make them plain. Should you not rejoice to imitate Christ and to resemble Him?—If not in facial expression, what is much better in your moral conduct and Christian behavior. Is not this imitation

THE TRUE MARK OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION? Now Christ was calumniated in every step of His life, His most praiseworthy actions were distorted, and He predicted that His true disciples would suffer likewise. The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more those of His household. You should rejoice also, because the patient endurance of slander is a sure mark of divine predilection and predestination. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly, for my sake. Rejoice and be glad for your reward is great in heaven."

"In regard to those who are guilty of calumny you should harbor no re-

sentment or ill-will. They should rather have your pity and commiseration. This is, indeed, a precept hard to put in practice, but on that very account it is all the more meritorious. You have heard that it was said: thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy, but I say to you, love your enemies, do good to those that hate and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that ye may be like the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh His sun to shine on the just and unjust. For if you love those who love you, what reward shall ye have? Do not even the tax gatherers who salute you, what do ye more? Do not also the heathen the same. Be therefore perfect, even as your heavenly father is perfect."

"But you may say to me: Is it not slavish, degrading and unmanly, not to resent an injury. On the contrary it is the highest mark of magnanimity and nobility of character to pardon an insult. Any dog can bark at another. It is natural for man to strike back, but it is supernatural to resist this impulse of nature. When a man retaliates he follows the instincts of his animal nature. It is only God and sons of God that have the requisite heroism to forgive and do good to one's enemies."

"Even pagan philosophers taught this truth, though they seldom practiced it. It is related of the Emperor Aurelian, that he was once besieging a city which for a long time successfully repelled all attacks. The Emperor, at last, provoked by the resistance of the enemy, swore that when he captured the city he would not leave a dog alive in it. The soldiers, inspired by this threat, and in the hope of indiscriminate pillage, fought with redoubled energy and subdued the enemy. As soon as the city was captured, Aurelian gave orders that no human being should be molested. When the soldiers reminded him of his oath, he replied: 'You can kill all the dogs, but you must not injure any man, woman or child.'"

"You, my dear brethren, who possess the treasures of divine faith, you who possess the blessing of divine grace, you who have the well-founded hope of an eternal recompense, can well afford to smile at the storm of words that may assail you as you proceed on your pilgrimage to the City of God. Endeavor so to live that your conscience may be upright before God, and say with the Apostle: As for me it is of small account to be judged by you or by man's day. Neither do I judge myself; for I am not conscious to myself of any thing. Ye I am not hereby justified. But He that judgeth me in the Lord. Therefore judge not before the time until the Lord come, who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of hearts. And then shall every man have praise from God."

## A GREAT ORATOR'S TRIUMPH.

How Wendell Phillips Conquered an Orange Audience.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith in *Donahoe's Magazine* for April tells the story of a wonderful achievement of Wendell Phillips—how that wonderful American orator, by his beautiful eloquence, roused an audience of Orangemen and made them pay a tribute to the memory of an Irishman they hated.

In the winter of 1878, writes Father Smith, the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of Toronto secured Wendell Phillips to give a lecture in Shaftesbury Hall. The subject of the oration was "Daniel O'Connell." It was always a mystery to the American students in Toronto at that time, how the orator came to be invited and how this particular subject was accepted, for Toronto was a peculiar city in its way. It hated the Irish, particularly the revolutionary Irish like Daniel O'Connell; it hated all Catholics of any nationality, and O'Connell had been of the Catholic faith; it hated all Americans and all friends of the Americans, and those abetted by Americans, and O'Connell had been abetted of the Americans. The one love of the citizens, after the natural love for their native soil, was the British Empire.

The result of those sour passions was that, for a student, Toronto became an interesting city to live in. It seemed to be ruled by Presbyterians and Orangemen. Religious and political questions ruled all conversation. The Sundays were enlivened by the number of red-hot sermons delivered against Popery from Orange and Presbyterian pulpits, with an occasional fulmination against the United States. If the Catholics had a religious procession, the Orangemen stoned it. On holidays there was a riot or two on the score of religion or patriotism, and the students were always on hand to cast the impartial stone at any head. When a Home Rule M. P. visited the town, the entire population turned out to stone or defend him. When the Pope proclaimed a jubilee, the Orangemen got their weapons ready for any Catholic that dared to perform its conditions in

public. William O'Brien got a hot reception in Toronto, and the present Archbishop, on entering to take possession of his seat, had the windows of his carriage smashed, while a few of his suite retired from the reception with broken heads. However, there was little blood shed, not even when O'Donovan Rossa, the most exasperating being to an Orangeman on earth, came to give us a lecture. The out-raged citizens swore to scatter his gore over the pavements, and we students were there to see it scattered; but although the fun was immense, and all the windows in the neighborhood were smashed, Rossa escaped without harm.

When the turbulent among the citizens were not scolding and rioting on religious grounds their attention was usually centred on the United States, the hereditary enemy of England and the abettor of the Irish revolution. The American student had to defend his country from his room-mate, his professors, his landlady, his laundress, his clergyman, and his physician. The American question cropped up in the very soup. And no doubt our affected superiority since all the big figures were on our side and went off well in an argument, irritated our opponents unnecessarily. An incident will show the anti-American feeling in Toronto. In some public celebration, probably the Queen's Birthday, the flags of England, Ireland, France, and the United States were hung from the steeple of the Cathedral to the four points of the compass. These flags had been borrowed for the occasion from the consulates, and it happened that the American flag, six times as big as its companions, was blown around the steeple in such a way as to swallow up the other flags, leaving only the American flag in sight. A deputation of citizens demanded the removal of it, as an insult to the country, and for a time it looked as if the burning of the Cathedral would result. The authorities went out to investigate, discovered the rapacity of the American flag, and nailed it in its proper place. That was many years ago, yet Toronto is still sensitive and lively, as the reports in the journals show.

It was to this city that the American orator came with his oration on Daniel O'Connell. It can be imagined with what interest we, who knew the ways of the citizens, read the announcement and how much at a loss we were to account for the wonder. It was Phillips' first visit to Toronto, certainly his first lecture there, and he could have known little of the temper of the citizens. They were Canadian and British sympathizers naturally, and his opening words showed his appreciation of that fact. As he had a good number of set lectures, it looked malicious on his part to have chosen Daniel O'Connell—and such a Daniel O'Connell—for a British audience. Surely, never had orator a worse task than to interest his hearers in the career of a man despised and hated by most of them. For it is plain truth that of the one thousand two hundred who went that night to hear the orator for the sake of his fame, very few regarded O'Connell and his cause with any other feeling than dislike, indifference and hatred. They were drawn by the fame of the speaker, and on the platform with him that evening sat the best known men of the city, judges and other officials, who would rather have sat with his satanic majesty than with the great Irish liberator, whom Phillips loved as he loved all true leaders of men. The American students were on hand, as a matter of course to see how their great representative would bear himself on so trying an occasion.

Shaftesbury Hall was packed in spite of the sleet, slush, and wind of a bitter winter night; it was a respect-fully endured audience for the most part, cold as the winter, but properly appreciative of the greatness of Phillips, who, though an American, unfortunately, had done the negro some service. They applauded him gently as he entered. A judge introduced him in complimentary language, with much warmth in it, too, and a good word for O'Connell. In Toronto, the judge was considered a clever talker. His voice was silvery, his words came easily from the tongue, he was fluent and picturesque; yet his five-minute speech only emphasized the abyss between fluent speech and oratory, when Phillips had delivered his first paragraph. It was Toronto's first glimpse of the American orator, as he stepped to the front of the platform, a tall, bent figure, a wonderful face, power in the easy attitude, every inch a man. How proud we exiles were of him! We could have cheered, but cheers at that moment would have chilled the cold audience into an ice-berg. We wondered, as he began in a dignified, unconcerned way to tell of the glories of O'Connell and the infamies of England, if he yet knew the blunder he had made in the choice of a subject.

His voice was deep, sweet, resonant. The range of it was not large, for any approach to the higher notes resulted in harshness, which invariably sent him back to the lower register. He had a quick ear. The introductory part was simple, but fetching. It fetched that audience, anyway, from the remote corner of suspicion and prejudice in which it had sheltered itself against

the possible fascinations of the orator. The exact words I do not recall, but the sentiment was as follows, Phillips being well acquainted with Quintilian's rules for winning an audience: "It is over two decades since I stood under the folds of the flag which flies over the Dominion of Canada. I remember the occasion well. The war which recently rent my country in twain for a period had not yet begun, and we were struggling with great issues. I had reason to visit the city of Kingston; and as I stepped on the dock and saw before me the citadel surmounted with the British flag, I paused. I had little love for it; it had once done grievous injury to me and mine; great crimes against humanity were represented by its blood red; it had a great history, and millions loved and hated it, but forgetful alike of its crimes and its glories, as I saw it I thanked the God of freemen that on the American continent there was one flag whose domain held not a single human slave."

A thrill shot through the audience, and brightened it as a flood of sunlight might have brightened a glacier; it was so surprising, so flattering, so true, so American! A little apologetic ripple of applause flew over the hall and died away again; but Phillips knew that he had his audience in his next pocket, as it were, and from that moment he proceeded to do as he pleased with them. His big, beautiful voice and splendid presence dominated everything; and were he sounding the praises of Her Majesty, Victoria, the applause could have been only a shade more generous and spontaneous than was given to his apotheosis of the Irish liberator. How he harried the feelings of the audience can only be guessed from a description of the lecture, and a reference to what has already been written of the political sentiments of Torontonians.

Before painting the portrait of O'Connell, he told them he must first give them the background of the canvas, that they might the better understand the man; and then he proceeded to describe with an orator's malice the penal laws enacted by the English for the benefit of Ireland. It was just such a merciless arraignment of English rule as Phillips often made against his own country in slavery days, not sparing American sinners the lash. It can be imagined how thoroughly he laid it on the shoulders of the long line of tyrants that once ruled in Dublin as viceroys or secretaries. No Irish orator could have done the lashing with half the effect; for this orator was perfectly passionate in manner, as cold as the audience he addressed, as indifferent as the corpse of the past which he was there dissecting. He was heard in profound, even painful silence; the sobs of our fathers do not often sound well in the mouths of strangers. Directly in front of me sat the editor of the one Irish paper in Toronto, an every day man of as little enthusiasm as an Irish patriot could possibly hold. He knew the audience and remained silent through the entire lecture; but at the perfectly heart-rendering description of the suffering of the helpless people under the penal laws, he broke forth into muttered exclamations of wrath against the English tyrant, and fairly exhausted the curses and maledictions of the language in the attempt to ease his feelings. Only those about him heard his expletives, which were thought excusable under the circumstances.

When Phillips had finished his background of O'Connell's portrait with an endorsement of some of his statements that "the penal laws could not have been framed by human beings, but must have had their origin in hell," the audience promptly accepted the sentiment by a burst of long continued applause. They might believe in the union of Great Britain and Ireland, but the most patriotic could not stomach the old system which was supposed to sustain that union. And he it remembered that these were the people who afterwards frowned on Parnell's visit to Toronto and stoned from the gates of their city the audacious William O'Brien.

Phillips went on with his portrait of O'Connell in the same unsparing fashion, never shirking a detail that might have spared his audience a pang. He put an extra touch of color on the features that were sure to be offensive: the great leader's dislike and distrust of treacherous England, his devotion to Rome, his scorn for heresy. Yet, so did he mingle the bitter with the sweet, so manifest was his power when he seemed to be offending worst, that his audience never missed the moment for applause, and even laughed indulgently when an Irishman in the gallery gave a Donnybrook yell of delight and defiance at some telling point in favor of his native land. You could see the cold people warming up as the orator hurried to the end; there was no longer any doubt of his power over them; they had seen themselves applauding his denunciations of what they had always favored; he had won them to passing enthusiasm for greatness which they hated; they became conscious that genius was holding its lamp to their blinking eyes, that they were taking part in a great scene; so they threw away reserve and caution.

The close of the lecture was as audacious and catching as the exordium

It summed up in one paragraph the triumph of the whole evening. Phillips went no farther in O'Connell's career than the moment of his greatest triumph, when the Irish leader had a party in the House of Commons, and the Government's majority had so diminished that without the Irish members no Ministry could stand. Overtures from Whigs and Tories made O'Connell the great hero of the hour. "There he stood," said Phillips, "the despised leader of a scorned people, this representative of an extinct nationality, as they thought, this priest-ridden Papist, the agent of a dead religion, this mere Irishman, with the Whigs in one hand and the Tories in the other"—and he raised both arms and looked from Tory to Whig in either hand in amused scorn—"debating to which he would give the government of the British Empire." He stood for a moment thus with his tall figure and great arms extended, then bowed and withdrew from the stage, while the enchanted audience cheered and cheered again, and looked at the door which had hidden him from them, and could scarcely persuade themselves to leave the scene.

And we Americans, being young, were filled with a love for him that yearned to express itself in foolishness. We had seen the impossible wrought by one of ours in the ranks of the unbeliever and, like the fanatics we were, we longed to be the ground that he walked on, or at least, as we do it nowadays, the horses or donkeys in his carriage. These things were denied us, of course, but we were content with the gentle process of "rubbing it in" on our Canadian friends for that winter at least.

## Tories and Redmondites.

The Liberal Government has survived the initial perils of this session of Parliament and, barring accidents, the Rosebery Ministry is safe to last through the Spring.

The Unionists committed a bad blunder in joining hands with the Redmondites, as the impression has been created in the country that a secret treaty exists between Redmond and the Unionist leaders.

The efforts of the Redmondites to defeat the Government are purely factious. They will lose three seats at the next election and will have only six members in the next Parliament. The early liberation of the Irish prisoners has been appreciably promoted by the debate in the House of Commons on the address in reply to the Queen's speech. It was shown that a large contingent of the Radicals is favorable to amnesty. Great importance is attached to the admission by Home Secretary Asquith that the Irish prisoners should have been tried under the same law as the English. The former were tried and sentenced for treason felony, which enabled the judge to give them life sentences, whereas the latter were sentenced under the Explosives Act, under which the maximum penalty was twenty years.

If the Irish prisoners had been sentenced under the same Act as the English their terms would run out in two or three years. It is expected now that they will be released in about that time. If the Redmondites had not made the detention of these men a subject of menace to the Government most of them would have been freed ere this.

## Praying to the Mother of God.

It is significant that not a few Protestant clergymen now recommend their hearers to pray to the Blessed Virgin. One of the innovators is the Rev. Lewis T. Watson, of St. John's Protestant Episcopal church, Kingston, N. Y. In a sermon preached on the Feast of the Purification he declared that, "as Mother of God, the Virgin Mary should be especially venerated. It is time," he said, "to lay aside some of the Protestant prejudices on this subject; and, when we pray, to ask Mary to intercede for us with God." Father Watson argued that if Christ listened to Mary's request at the marriage-feast of Cana, why would He not do so now when she is Queen of Heaven?

The argument of Father Watson is as old as the hills, novel as it may have seemed to many of his listeners; and it is as strong as it is venerable. Unquestionably, it was at the suggestion of His Holy Mother that Christ wrought the "beginning of miracles" in Cana of Galilee; and they have continued ever since. It is time—high time—as Father Watson maintains, for Protestants to lay aside their prejudices. But if it be lawful to invoke the intercession of the Mother of God, how comes it that Protestants have hitherto refrained from doing so? And why, if she deserves to be "especially venerated," have they not always honored her, as the Church does? A change has come over the creed of the denomination which Father Watson represents, but what is true does not admit of change.—Ave Maria.

As only in cases of great necessity we would decide upon giving remedies to a sick man in violent fever, so should we generally avoid reproving any one at the moment he commits a fault.

One Communion is enough to make a saint.—Father Faber.

Things that are done for God should be done very cleanly.—Father Faber.