

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, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

NO. 685.

A Heart Blossom.

Dear Lord, among the many thorns
One blossom bright to-day,
I've culled with pain and weariness
At Thy dear feet to lay.
Thy only clad, cheerful smile,
That hid the wounded heart,
Bestowed on one whose bitter words
Caused blinding tears to start.
A pleasant smile for one who crushed
My haughty spirit low;
And what it cost my shrinking soul
Thou only, Lord, canst know.
O Jesus, take it! Pity me!
My only hope, Thy heart,
Then hide Thy weary, wounded child
Safe, safe within Thy Heart.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Ave Maria.

In a new department of the London *Tablet* called "Gossip of Letters," we find the following extracts, set side by side, of the instructions respectively given to Garibaldi and the Prince of Wales on their investiture as Grand Masters of Freemasonry (33rd degree). In juxtaposition, these extracts have a peculiar significance, as the *Tablet* remarks:

TO GARIBALDI. — One ritual will prevail the Revolution in you now Freemasonry, a permanent enemy tends to inspire sprays against politics in all the purest moral and religious des. . . to recommend the poison, does not trick devotion to the law, itself out with absurdity to rulers, the zeal decorations, through and devotion of plian which priests and thep, and in a word, priests play in public to teach all the domes the parts they have in the social virtues, ston and respect. . . Missouri sets out Man is the one time to make of a man a God, Pontiff, and King being essentially in himself. . . Freemasonry, by virtue and God, the Pontiff, and the King of Humanity.

Boston Republic.

The growth of liberality of thought in this latitude is well illustrated by recent events at Harvard College. Chief Justice Dudley, a bigot in his day and the prototype of Fulton and the Committee of One Hundred, bequeathed to the university a fund, out of which were to be defrayed the expenses of an annual lecture before the students on the "errors, idolatry, tyranny, superstitions, usurpation, heresies, and crying wickedness in high places of the Church of Rome." For thirty years, it is stated, the injunctions of the bequest have not been complied with. Indeed, they have not only been absolutely ignored, but a Roman Catholic Bishop, Right Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D., of the Catholic University, at Washington, delivered a lecture, last year, under the auspices of the trustees. An effort has been made of late to revive the old custom of stirring up hostility to the Pope by renewing the Dublin lectures. . . .

Boston Pilot.

Poor W. J. Florence, the actor who died last week, was a kindly, humorous and withal shrewd philosopher. He did not profess to be a teacher, but there was a world of wisdom in the following letter:—"My Dear—, One gallon of whiskey costs about \$3, and contains about 65 15-cent drinks. Now, if you must drink, buy a gallon and make your wife the bar-keeper. When you are dry, give her 15 cents for a drink, and when the whiskey is gone she will have, after paying for it, \$6.75 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money should be put away, so that when you have become an inebriate, unable to support yourself and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave."

Catholic Columbian.

Some of the women of Kent, Ohio, cleared that town of objectionable pictures the other day. A theatrical company had lithographs of actresses in immodest dresses hung up in many of the store windows. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. decided to put a stop to the nuisance. They visited the shop-keepers and requested them to take out the indecent show bills. This was done in nearly every instance. Three cheers for the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Kent!

A telegram from Mrs. Florence, wife of the lately deceased comedian, made that lady say that she desired her husband to be "buried in the Catholic faith." It is a good thing to die in the faith, but at times a trifle difficult to be buried in it. There is nothing like dying in that faith as Melancthon, one of the "reformers," told his dying mother, "My son," said the dying woman, "now that I must soon appear before God, tell me, as you value your salvation, whether I should die in the Catholic or the 'reformed' faith?" "Mother," answered the reformer, "our new faith may do very well to live in, but it is better to die in the faith of the old Church."

One of the strong points of Glad-

stone's character is his religiousness. From childhood he has been God-fearing, high-minded and conscientious. Even as a boy at school, he detested whatever was not pure, and once, at a feast, he turned his glass upside down when a course just was proposed. "At Eton," said the late Bishop of Salisbury, "I was thoroughly idle, and was saved from worse things by getting to know Gladstone." Others, too, experienced the benefit of his restraining influence. The same characteristic remained with him through his distinguished public career. Once, some one related to him an anecdote of Lord Beaconsfield, which depended for its point on baseness, cynicism and sharp practice. "Do you call that amusing?" was the indignant comment of Gladstone; "I call it devilish." In his presence, no vile stories are told. He hates them, and despises the men who tell them. His heart is clean, and he will not suffer it to be contaminated.

Baltimore Mirror.

The danger of Catholics joining Masonic lodges is illustrated in the case of the late Lawrence Barrett and William J. Florence, the distinguished actors. Both were born and baptized Catholics, neglected the practice of their religion, and, at the hour of death, had little time to repent. Indeed, it is doubtful if Mr. Barrett was in his senses when the summons came, but we will trust in the infinite mercy of God that he was saved. Mr. Florence had a better chance, and undoubtedly made what amends he could. So heaven rest his soul! The newspaper report says that the Philadelphia Masons claim that when Florence entered their order he had given up all allegiance to the Catholic Church, and his participation in his obsequies was an interference tolerable only on occasions of grief. The Roman Catholics retort that Florence was at heart a faithful Catholic, and joined the Masonic order without knowing that he was going contrary to the rules of the Church. He renounced Masonry when he received absolution in Philadelphia, and that reinstated him as a Catholic.

THE ADVENT SEASON.

Ave Maria.

The Liturgical Year is divided into five periods: 1st, the time of Advent; 2nd, the Christmas season; 3rd, Septuagesima and Lent; 4th, Paschal time; and 5th, the Sundays after Pentecost. These periods present, as it were, a tableau of the principal mysteries of the life of our Divine Saviour. Advent is preparation for the great festival of Christmas, and reminds us that the coming of the Redeemer was preceded by a time of expectation, during which the patriarchs and prophets sighed for Him who was to come. Christmas and the Epiphany show us the Infant Saviour, and the mysteries connected with the early life of the Messiah. Septuagesima is a preparation for Lent, which in turn prepares us for the mysteries of the Passion and death of the Son of God and His glorious Resurrection. Easter Day and Paschal time are devoted to the celebration of this great mystery, and this period includes Ascension and Pentecost. Thus, as Dom Gueranger says, the cycle of the holy liturgy ends and the successive series of mysteries finds its completion. The Church is established; we have but to recall its teaching, which must be the guide and light of souls until the end of time. This is the thought impressed upon us during the period from the first Sunday after Pentecost to the last, when we are reminded of the judgment which one day awaits us all.

Advent, then, is a season of preparation—a time set apart by the Church during which she seeks to prepare her children for the celebration of the great Christmas solemnity. The word itself *Adventus*—means a coming or an arrival, and was at first applied to the day of the birth of Our Lord, or Christmas Day. The four Sundays preceding the feast were then called the Sundays before Advent.

At the present time this holy season includes the four Sundays preceding the festival of Christmas, and consequently covers a period of three full weeks and a fourth week at least. It begins on the Sunday which falls between the 27th of November and the 5th of December. Formerly Advent, like Lent, consisted of forty days. It began on the 12th of November, the day after the festival of St. Martin, and was called St. Martin's Lent. It was then a season of fasting; in some countries it was fast of obligation, in others it was only of devotion. St. Perpetua, Bishop of Tours, about the year 480 prescribed for his diocese three days of fasting each week from St. Martin's Day to Christmas. The Council of Macon in 581 decreed that this fast should be kept on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; the custom became general in France, and gradually extended to England, Italy, Germany and Spain.

In the ninth century the season was limited to four weeks, and the old customs continued only among religious. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the fast was modified and changed into abstinence, and in 1362

Pope Urban V. dispensed with abstinence in favor of the laity.

The institution of Advent dates back to very early in the fourth century, when the festival of Christmas was established under its present name. In the ages of faith Christians realized that no festival could be fittingly celebrated without some special preparation. And as Christmas was the most solemn festival of the year after Easter, the preparation for it should be in proportion to its importance. The earliest record in regard to Advent is the regulation made by St. Perpetua, to which we have already referred. Evidently the mandate of the Bishop of Tours supposes the season of Advent as already established, and simply determines the manner in which it should be sanctified. St. Gregory the Great seems to have ordered an office proper to the season, and the Gregorian *Sacramentarium* (590-604) contains five Masses for the five Sundays which then formed the Advent season. In the ninth century these were reduced to four, so that the Office of Advent in its present form has had an existence of upward of one thousand years.

Advent is a time for penance and of prayer. For this reason the priest at the altar wears violet vestments; the *Gloria in Excelsis* is omitted, and *Benedicamus Domino*, instead of *Te Missa est*, is said or sung at the end of Mass. There is a great analogy between the offices of Advent and those of Lent. As both are times of penance, the Church removes from her offices all joyful hymns and canticles, such as the *Gloria in Excelsis* and the *Te Deum*. In Advent, however, the *Alleluia* is retained, because in this holy season there is still a joyful note pervading the aspirations that spring from penitential hearts, as they long with eager expectation for the coming of the Son of God. As Dom Gueranger remarks: "These vestiges of joy, thus blended with the holy mournfulness of the Church, tell us, in a most expressive way, that though she unites with the ancient people of God in praying for the coming of the Messiah, thus paying the debt which the entire human race owes to the justice and mercy of God, she does not forget that the Emmanuel is already come to her, that He is in her, and that even before she has opened her lips to ask Him to save her, she has already been redeemed and predestined to an eternal union with Him. This is the reason why the *Alleluia* accompanies even her sighs, and why she seems to be at once joyous and sad, waiting for the coming of that holy night which will be brighter to her than the most sunny of days, and on which her joy will expel all her sorrow."

It is also in accordance with the spirit of the Church that during Advent, as in Lent, special instructions be addressed to the faithful. And this custom has a very remote antiquity in its favor. We have the two Advent sermons of Maximus of Turin, and the sermons of the Doctors of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, especially those of St. Bernard. Advent reminds us of the time which elapsed before the coming of our Divine Redeemer. We are reminded, also, that there are three comings of Jesus Christ: the first which has taken place in the flesh, the second which takes place in our hearts, and the third which will occur at the last judgment. "The first," says the devout Peter of Blois, "was at midnight, according to those words of the Gospel: 'At midnight there was a cry made, Lo, the Bridegroom cometh!' But this first coming is long since past; for Christ has been seen on the earth, and has conversed among men. We are now in the second coming, provided only our dispositions are such that He may thus come to us; for He has said that 'if we love Him, He will come unto us and will take up his abode with us.' So that this second coming is full of uncertainty to us; for who, save the Spirit of God, knows them that are of God? They that are raised out of themselves by the desire of heavenly things know indeed when He comes; but 'whence He cometh or whether He goeth they know not.' As for the third coming, it is most certain that it will be, most uncertain when it will be; for nothing is more sure than death, and nothing less sure than the hour of death. 'When they shall say peace and security,' says the Apostle, 'then shall sudden destruction come upon them, as the pains upon her that is with child, and they shall not escape.' So that the first coming was humble and hidden, the second is mysterious and full of love, the third will be majestic and terrible. In His first coming Christ was judged by men unjustly; in His second He renders us just by His grace; in His third He will judge all things with justice. In His first a Lamb; in His last a Lion; in the one between the two, the tenderest of Friends."

The object of the Christmas festival is to commemorate the first coming—in the birth of Jesus Christ. According to the chronology received by the ancients, four thousand years passed away before the Redeemer came into the world. The four Sundays of Advent remind us of that time, during which our Lord was the object of the eager expectation of the patriarchs, the prophets, and the people of Israel. The Liturgy is especially adapted to

recall the sighs and aspirations of the patriarchs of old, who waited with sad longing the coming of the promised Redeemer.

But, as St. Bernard says, if the Son of God came upon earth, clothed in a body like our own, this first coming had been designed to prepare for His coming into our hearts; and if He enters into our hearts, it is that we may be ready to receive Him with joy when He shall come at the end of time, with all the majesty and glory of the Sovereign Judge and Lord of heaven and earth. This is the thought to be kept prominently before the mind, in order to realize the significance and profit by the lessons of the offices of the holy season of Advent.

PLACES HALLOWED IN MEMORY.

A Visit to Dr. Newman's Church at Littlemore, Graphically Described.

Catholic Columbian.

Although off and on for many years writing for the Catholic weekly press, I was never given nor offered one cent for my contribution until you, for whom I had never penned a line and who were an utter stranger to me, proposed that I should send you a weekly series, and *mirabile dictu!* put my own price on the articles.

This was astonishing, of course, but at the same time gratifying, for the reason that I was and an occasionally bothered with the suspicion that I am unwise in writing at all. See how the clergy of the United States in general emulate the solemn bird of Minerva. Poe's Raven said one word at least, that has reached and will still be heard in the haunts of American literature; but the owl, who says never a word at all, has been accepted by our forefathers as the very type of wisdom. Therefore, of course, who would be held wise must keep his mouth shut, and much more, fling away his goose-quill.

And yet! and yet! Look at Manning, how he writes! Look at Wiseman before him! At McHale, Cahill, Hecker, Gibbons, Hewitt, not to mention every single Jesuit that has any ability at all in this line.

Ah, but you are not Manning. Thanks! I know what you would say. It amounts to this: I mustn't go into the water till I know how to swim. I am convinced that Manning would never have "got there" if he acted on that most silly of axioms, that paragon of absurdity.

How queer that at the date of this letter, in a Church of ninety Bishops and between eight and nine thousand priests, one of the latter feels the need of apologizing for violating the manner of his cloth by appearing in print! And yet now the Apostolate of the Press is one of the chief ways to influence the world. Because the congregations of forty years ago did not read newspapers for the reason that they couldn't read at all, perhaps, and, therefore, there was no use in writing, it is to be inferred that the Catholic public of to-day is equally ignorant and uninitiated, and that the priest would but waste his labor and time in writing for them? Out on the thought!

But you will disturb their faith! What is the value, in American citizens, of that faith that cannot bear enlightenment? Better for us to instruct them than let them be perverted by infidels, for light they must and will have. Is Faith intended only for the stupid and ignorant? Who can enter his pulpit next Sunday morning with any feeling of courage or satisfaction if such an idea enter his mind?

I hold that Faith is the highest exercise of the intellect, and is grandest in the most learned. I don't believe in that so-called French system of concealing unpleasant truths of history as possible, for the disenchantment has resulted in making France the native land of infidels; nor do I believe in that prudish manner of educating youth as if they were to die in their fifteenth year and be transplanted into the Garden of the Lord, instead of having to live and fight, and pass from their parent's roof into a world filled with danger and sin. The result of this has been that so-called "French morality" has come to mean immorality, that adultery is the plot of all those novels and dramas our society justly condemns under the general name of French.

However, this is not what I intended to discuss when I began, and if you allow I will devote the remainder of this column to an account of my visit to the building named at its head.

On Sunday, August 23rd last, after assisting at High Mass at the St. Aloysius' Church, Oxford, I strolled along the delightful streets of that famous old Catholic town, past its alienated Cathedral and its score or more of renowned colleges, and over one of the several elegant hotels, over one of the several bridges that span the many channeled Isis, and then out and down the hedge-fenced lane with its numerous cottages and its neighboring emerald-green meadows, its roses, its hawthorn bushes and its vistas of oak and elm, its glimpses of hill and dale, of towers and mansions, of mild blue sky and gleaming water, until I came to the very small hamlet known as Littlemore. O, but England is fair! And when I thought

of the arid plains, and the dried-up river beds, and the scorching winds, and the blistering sun that I had but a few days previously experienced in Spain I was charmed with England, especially on this Sunday, so devotional, so quiet such a Sabbath, a rest of the Lord, in a climate and a landscape that smiled their very best in homage to their Creator.

Very few and common cottages, but tastefully embowered in the ever-present hedge of hawthorn and holly, and each one embraced by that "grand old plant the Ivy Green," composed the dwellings on the one short street of Littlemore. I don't think that I could give an idea of one of those English villages unless by a photograph. You must see them, as you must the towns of Spain and Ireland, in order to realize what they are. The next best thing, perhaps, if you may not cross the Atlantic, is to visit the settlements of the Irish, English and French races in Canada.

Inquiring, I was told where the minister lived, but there was to be no service that "evening," as he was away. The minister's or rector's house adjoins the church, only a hedge lying between them. I thought better under the circumstances to visit the place alone, and asking for the key, was informed that the door was open. So I found it.

The church is very plain and small, such as you see in our New York country districts or the little chapel at Mechanicstown near our college, very plain, undecorated Gothic, with gable end towards the street, and a little bell-tower. It is of stone, and under the influence of the moist climate looks already old, although not more so than fifty-five years. Its interior measures perhaps 70x25 feet. It has a little pulpit about 8 feet high in front of the chancel (sanctuary rail), although the roof-tree is not higher than 30 feet in the centre. The English, however, like most Europeans, are extremely conservative, and must have all the usual attachments, even though the space be very limited. So they had a little recess, such as we call a sanctuary, about fifteen feet deep and ten in width, flanked by little stalls for the clergy, and for the choir boys, as the children are called who sing the service, and on one side by a small organ. This is the proper Catholic way. We in the United States have fallen into the absurdity of the organ loft with all that it implies. . . .

Each *Ave Maria* of the Holy Rosary is like a spiritual flower, the perfume of which is pleasing to the Sacred Heart of Mary and to her Divine Son. The following anecdote may edify and encourage our readers to persevere in the devout practice of the Holy Rosary. In Germany a criminal condemned to death would not allow a word to be said to him about confession. A holy priest made use of every possible means to convert him. He wept and threw himself at the prisoner's feet, but it was all in vain. At last the chaplain said: "I shall only ask one thing from you—that is, to recite a decade of the Rosary with me." The criminal, in order to rid himself of the priest's importunity, consented to do this, with the condition that he would then leave him alone. But scarcely had he commenced the prayer than he felt himself touched by a profound emotion. . . . He endeavored to conceal this. . . . But this soon became impossible, and, bursting into tears, he asked to be allowed to go to confession.

After having made a good confession, he received Holy Communion with sentiments of the most edifying piety, and went to the scaffold reciting the Rosary, which he held in his hands.

Contrasting a Suicide with John Boyle O'Reilly.

The American Israelite writing about a Russian suicide, Edward Polykofski, who had been banished to Siberia, and escaped to this country, says: "There is something in Polykofski's career up to the time of his landing upon the American soil that recalls that of the Irish patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly. The latter had a more hopeful disposition or a stronger physique, or possibly both, and lived to become a successful man in the country of his adoption, beloved for his genius and broad humanitarianism by Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Christian alike, while poor Polykofski never recovered from the shock of the horrors he endured, and the memory drove him to his untimely death."

O'Reilly had something more than a hopeful disposition, or a strong physique. He had Christian faith and hope, pretty strong safeguards against suicide.

The Santa Bazaar.

We are much pleased to note that the bazaar recently held by Father Bayard in Scrivia was a very successful one, nearly \$1,000 having been realized. The holder of ticket No. 26 won the boat and No. 103 got the oil painting.

The O'Hart Testimonial Fund.

Hon. Edward Murphy, Montreal. \$25.00 Subscriptions sent to the Hon. Edward Murphy, Montreal, will be duly acknowledged and remitted to Mr. O'Hart.

Send 25 cts. and get a copy of Ben-ziger's Home Almanac for 1892.—THOS. COFFEY, London, Ont. Also to be had from our travelling agents.

taught him. Here he wrote those Tracts that fired all England. Here God enlightened his brilliant mind and touched his sweet heart.

In the modest dwelling hereby, he and his friend, Ambrose St. John, were one night baptized by Father Dominic in a simple basin of water, and the Prince of English letters, the gem of English thought, began his visible membership in Christ's Church.

While indulging, as I did for a considerable space, in these absorbing thoughts, I chanced to take up a book in the plain, unadorned pew. It was the Old Testament in the Hebrew! Curiosity led me to take up another; it was the New Testament in Greek!

I laid them down and passed out, lingered for a while reading the inscriptions in the grave yard round the church wherein Cardinal Newman's aunt perhaps and the "trade forefathers of the hamlet," slept, and turned my steps again toward the city of learning, thankful that I had been privileged to visit one of the spots hallowed by the memory of one of the greatest glories of the Cardinalate in our time, of the man whose heart, according to his motto, "spoke to all hearts" (*Cor ad corda loquitur*), because he was sincere, honest and frank. These are the all-conquering qualities in a man.

Now, Mr. Editor, I don't want you to think that this letter is the first of the series you asked me to write, because it is not. I write only when I please, because I have not time, and because I don't need to write for money. Nevertheless, as you want me to set a price on my contributions, I want five dollars for this. If you can't afford five dollars you can have it for nothing, in acknowledgment of your enterprise in offering anything at all. At the same time I suggest that if every Catholic editor would only act likewise on business principles, instead of borrowing (without credit, I mean,) entire columns from secular papers or depending on the alms of good-natured people, the Catholic press would rapidly rise in the estimation of the public, its circulation would increase and its Apostolate be vastly more effective.

EDWARD McSWEENEY.

Oct. 28, 1891.

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