

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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HOW A SCHOOLMASTER BECAME A CATHOLIC.

LETTER XII.

Besides being one, holy, Catholic and apostolical, the Church, endowed with immortality, designed for the regeneration of all nations and all ages, and directed in all her movements and solemn utterances by the presiding guidance of the Holy Ghost, must seem, in her voice and bearing towards the world, to have been unflinchingly positive and invidiously exclusive. To the world she must appear singular in her consistency to herself, the ground and pillar of the truth; and this superior isolation would be a sure warrant that she is not a kingdom of this world. As she was instituted to teach the world and would fully understand herself and her mission, she must always have refused to be instructed by the world; she must have rejected with the firmest decision every proposal of compromise with sentiment or doctrine alien to her own spirit and teaching, and so to the world must always have been an object of envy and hatred. "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." (Jno xv. 19.)

In history, then, a continuous struggle between the Church and the world may be expected to have been; detraction and hatred waging continual warfare against winning clemency, but stubborn persistence in the truth. Since, then, she would likely, in conformity with Scriptural teaching, reject "a man that is an heretic after the first and second admonition," and hold aloof from "every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us," there would be nothing extraordinary in her occasional casting from her communion obstreperous or heretical members. These may have clamoured against her, too. In short, her enemies would be of every kind, of every stripe. Should not all this be carefully borne in mind, when we read her history? Has there been, from the time of the Apostles to the present, a visible society of Christians, unbroken in its continuity, that has unremittently striven to keep itself one in faith and government, that has been holy, universal, and apostolical, and which has been branded by the stigma (glory) of intolerance? Consult ecclesiastical history, it matters not whose, and you will find that the Catholic Church, and she alone, has been "the city that is set on a hill" that has preserved from the first her entire, faith, and even discipline; that she has been the constant dispenser of Divine graces; that she has ramified to every corner of the known world and converted all the nations; that she has alone dared to use the word apostolical; and that she has been envied and hated by all outside of her fold. The Catholic Church has been a public witness to the truth ever since her establishment by Christ and the Apostles. Can any other congregation of professing Christians boast of such a long visible existence? It seems surprising that among Protestants, who re-joice in Luther as a father, there can be found those who assert that they have a chain of ancestry who connected Luther to the Apostles! It is one of those absurd statements, begotten entirely of desperation. Even Waddington, to whom every Protestant ought to pay humble homage, destroys it. "In the meantime, we must admit, that he (Bossuet) has, in our opinion, established his two leading positions, viz., that the Protestants fail in their attempt to prove an uninterrupted succession; and that those whom they claim as their ancestors differed from them in numerous points of doctrine." (E. H. p. 553). Show this to a Protestant and he will say: "Ah, but herein is your error; you contend that the Church is visible; the name Catholic has its attractions; it has been arrogated by various schismatical bodies; but none of them have ever been able to give it more extension than something national or insignificantly local. St. Augustine observed in his day that 'all heretics wish to be called Catholic, yet if a stranger ask them, Where is the Catholic Church? not a heretic of them all will dare show you his own church.' These robust upstarts, self-called Catholics, dub Catholics 'Romanists.' It is an old Arian trick. St. Gregory of Tours says that the Arians long, long ago, pointed out the 'Romanists.' 'Romanorum nomine vocitant nostrae religionis homines.' But, what church is to-day in every country of North America, in every state of South America, in every nation of Europe, in Africa, in every part of Asia where a European dare set his foot, in Australia, and in the great islands? There is one and only one; she is the Catholic Church, and the only one that has been Catholic.

done "decently and in order," there must be rules and laws to govern all. The true Church, therefore, cannot but be visible. If these Protestants would read the fifth chapter of Moehler's Symbolism and ponder it well, they would never again speak of an invisible, without a visible Church. They would then see that Luther spoke rightly, when he said, "At first I stood alone."

Only the Catholic Church has been successful in her endeavors "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and her constant text has been "one body and one Spirit;" her unity has been the reproach cast against her by her enemies; her unchangeableness has passed into a proverb. From the first, detachments have deserted from her fold, to set up rival institutions, but their success has always been thwarted by divisions upon divisions; she alone has preserved herself in every age and in every place. If history shows anything, it shows this.

The holiness of the Church may not be so plain to every historical reader. He so often encounters bad characters, too often churchmen, that when he hears holiness applied to the Church, he gets confused. It should be remembered, though, as Pearson in the creed says: "I conclude, therefore, as the ancient Catholics did against the Donatists, that within the Church, in the public profession and external communion thereof, are contained persons truly good and sanctified, and hereafter saved; and together with them other persons void of all saving grace, and hereafter to be damned; and that Church, containing these of both kinds may well be called holy, as St. Matthew called Jerusalem, the holy city, even at that time when our Saviour did but begin to preach, when we know there was in that city a general corruption in manners and worship." (p. 523.) In the Church there were to be wheat and tares together; and the tares will not only be multiplied and exaggerated, perhaps, by the descriptions of the enemies of the Church, but will be the constant concern and trouble of the Church herself. But in reading history we should mind this: "Sin, in some shape or other, is the great staple of history, and the sole object of law; and he (historical) reader must expect, from both the historian and the legislator, to hear more of one turbulent prelate, or one set of factions or licentious monks than of a hundred societies, or a thousand scattered clergy, living in the quiet decency suited to their profession." (Mittand's Dark Ages, p. 34.) Wescott says pretty much the same thing. "Exceptional phenomena naturally occupy a chief place in history. No one thinks it necessary to chronicle what is the normal state of things." (Canon, p. 33.) If, however, abundant historical evidence would be acceptable, to show that the Catholic Church has never been without the most illustrious characters, who by their virtues have shed a lustre on their times, and who stand out in glorious contrast with the few objectionable ones that figure in the annals of common history, let me recommend (hold your breath) for careful reading Butler's Lives of the Saints. You can't expect to find in it! Perhaps not; but Gibbon managed to get through it; called it "a work of merit," and was not above consulting it for information. The Imperial Biog. Dict. says the work "earned the praise of Bishop Wovv, and even of Gibbon." But if you would prefer Du Pin's History of Ecclesiastical Writers, translated by Protestant, try that. Then you will find upon honest examination and consideration that the Catholic Church is the only Church that has brought to any approximation of perfection men that can be strictly called saints. As therefore the Church has always reared saints, has instituted holiness of doctrine, has possessed the means of sanctity, and has enforced the obligation of good works, she has always been holy. Catholicity, or Universality, has by the world been applied to only one Church, and only one Church has constantly called herself Catholic. Only one Church has taught the same faith, administered the same sacraments, and enforced the same discipline during nearly nineteen centuries, in every part of the civilized world; only one Church has been a common mother to all the nations; and the same Church is the same to-day. She is the one, holy, Catholic Church. The name Catholic has its attractions; it has been arrogated by various schismatical bodies; but none of them have ever been able to give it more extension than something national or insignificantly local. St. Augustine observed in his day that "all heretics wish to be called Catholic, yet if a stranger ask them, Where is the Catholic Church? not a heretic of them all will dare show you his own church." These robust upstarts, self-called Catholics, dub Catholics "Romanists." It is an old Arian trick. St. Gregory of Tours says that the Arians long, long ago, pointed out the "Romanists." "Romanorum nomine vocitant nostrae religionis homines." But, what church is to-day in every country of North America, in every state of South America, in every nation of Europe, in Africa, in every part of Asia where a European dare set his foot, in Australia, and in the great islands? There is one and only one; she is the Catholic Church, and the only one that has been Catholic.

Special to the Catholic Record.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN HOLZER, S. J.

We learn from a friend that Father Holzer, formerly Superior of the Jesuit Mission at Guelph, died about three weeks ago, at Georgetown College, D. C. This zealous and learned priest accomplished so much good for religion and education in Canada, that we feel it our incumbent duty as Catholic journalists, to pay our humble and sincere tribute of respect and gratitude to his memory.

The good Father was a native of Austria, and was born about 1817. At an early age he entered the novitiate of the Jesuits and was ordained, after having made the usual course of studies prescribed by that illustrious Order. When the revolution broke out in 1848, he was professor at the renowned University of Innsbruck, and was obliged to fly, in disguise, across the frontier, into Russia, to escape the violence and rage of the furious rabble, whose excesses and crimes are matters of history. Among the companions of his flight were Francis Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria, and his brother, the unfortunate Maximilian, afterwards Emperor of Mexico, who had been students in the University. So far as the writer can remember, Father Holzer arrived in Canada, in 1852, when then formed part of the Jesuit Province of New York. Instructed by his superiors, he attached himself to the diocese of Toronto, which was under the episcopal jurisdiction of Bishop de Charbonnel. That great and illustrious prelate appointed the exiled professor to the pastoral charge of Little Germany, a mission composed exclusively of Germans, about eight miles from Guelph. In this lonely and isolated place, this learned and brilliant scholar and scion of an Austrian aristocracy laboured in his holy vocation with that fidelity and devotion which marked his whole life. After a few years the Guelph mission became vacant. At the urgent request of Dr. de Charbonnel, Father Holzer established himself in the little stone house at "Catholic Hill," and commenced that series of undertakings which excited the wonder and admiration of Protestants as well as Catholics. The condition of things in Guelph when he first went there, were deplorable and disheartening. Without entering into details, which would be painful to recall, it may be mentioned that the church, with the valuable property which surrounded it, as well as the fine farm belonging to the mission, were about being surrendered for a debt which did not exceed \$3,000. The church without a spire, without pews, unplastered and the "little stone house," already referred to, constituted the ecclesiastical inheritance to which Father Holzer succeeded. In less than two years the steeple, furnished with its clear and sweet toned bell, raised its cross crowned summit heavenward; pews were supplied; the walls were plastered; the church was bought, a choir organized; and the debt paid. Nor was this all. Almost within the same period the Church property of about seven acres was tenanted in and planted with trees; the college and Loreto Convent, two fine commodious stone buildings, were erected; a hospital was built; but, more than all, a choir of about fifty voices was laid out and fenced, and the farm of one hundred and fourteen acres was cleared of squatters, weeds and stones and brought into excellent cultivation.

About this time, too, Father Holzer laid the foundation of the Jesuit mission in Guelph, which has been productive of such splendid results for the Catholics of Wellington and the surrounding counties, and which, then, comprised no fewer than forty townships. His first co-labourers in this extensive missionary field, were Rev. Fathers Malaga, Dumortier, Bletner and Gockeler, all of whom, with the exception of Father Dumortier, went from the first, until stricken down by paralysis, in January, 1861, Father Holzer was the Superior of the Guelph community. This great aspiration, for many years, was to build a church which, in its splendor of decoration, would realize his conception of what was due ad majorem Dei gloriam in the erection of a temple for his worship, and what would be a suitable monument of Catholic munificence and faith. Long and seriously did this holy man ponder over the ways and means of carrying out his cherished purpose. His intention was, at one time, to raise the walls some fourteen or fifteen feet above the foundation, to visit Austria, Australia and Mexico, when his friend Maximilian was emperor, at the time, *permissum superiorem*, in order to collect funds to finish his grand undertaking. The corner-stone was laid by the late lamented Bishop Farrell, the Antipodes and Mexico, was on the eve of being undertaken when he suffered the first attack of the disease from which he died. It can be easily understood what affliction and grief this calamity caused among the people, without distinction of creed, who admired and honored his virtuous and noble life and character. It was universally felt and acknowledged that Father Holzer fell a victim to the hardships and superhuman labors which he underwent in the service of his Divine Master for so many years. For more than twenty-seven years he survived an illness [which usually terminates fatally in a very short time, thus showing what a fine constitution he had, and how much he was capable of enduring. This long period of time he spent in houses of his order, in New York, Fordham, Jersey City, and late years, at Georgetown College, near

Washington. He was assigned such duties as his state of health permitted him to perform. His love of literary effort, and his great desire to do good, enabled him so far to overcome the effects of his malady, that he succeeded in translating into English—of which he was a master—some most valuable religious works written by Fathers of his society. It is a remarkable coincidence that one of these volumes was penned by the author, who was similarly afflicted with paralysis as Father Holzer, and who, like the latter, was obliged to use the hand that remained sound to assist the one that was disabled while writing. The profound learning and scholarly attainments of Father Holzer were only surpassed by the humility, simplicity and holiness of his life. His judgment, foresight and wisdom were so clearly and forcibly demonstrated, in all he undertook and did, that the Protestants of Guelph called him "the long-headed priest." Those who are still living in that city and the surrounding country, who remember Father Holzer, will readily realize how feeble and inadequate is this poor obituary from the pen of one who enjoyed the great and happy privilege of his intimate friendship. Requested in part by J. G. M.

Special to the Catholic Record.

FROM MONTREAL.

A FEET AT THE MOTHER HOUSE OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME.

It is only on the occasion of a reception of novices, or by a special permission of the Archbishop of Montreal, that worldly things are admitted beyond the crystal walls of the community parlours. The privilege of seeing any other part of the house is rare, and is therefore highly valued. It was, in consequence, with feelings of no slight pleasure that we accepted the invitation of one of the Sisters to visit the vaults under the church which is in course of erection. Through many corridors and by various turnings we at last reached a spacious and airy hall, where yawned an open trap-door. Down a straight stairway, and we found ourselves in the city of the dead, a strange, weird place, its heavy ceiling supported by massive pillars between which are suspended iron devices, wherein candles are placed, so that when illuminated they form a most striking and beautiful scene. Along the sides of the vaults many platforms conduct to the mausoleums, the rows of graves and the altar. The mausoleums, of which there are two, measuring about twelve feet by twenty, bear the inscription: "Seigneur, c'est en vous que j'ai mis mon espoir. Dieu est mon Dieu et mon Seigneur." In the first years of the residence of the community at Monklands they interred their dead Sisters in these mausoleums, but now it is the practice to lay them in graves along the floor of the vault. Upon each of these graves a simple, but elegant, and the dead is marked by a black cross whereon in white letters we read the family name and religious designation of her who sleeps beneath. Facing the mausoleums is an altar surrounded by mortuary emblems and guarded by a statue of the angel of death, who bears aloft these solemn words: *To day it is her turn to morrow it will be yours!* An interment in that crypt must be a solemn sight, when the tapers kindling into a flame, light up the darkness with their motes and emblems of Christian hope and faith and prayerful charity, and shine down upon the gentle slumberer, who, standing around the newly-made grave, sings the *Requiem* of her who has gone before them into rest. From the crypt we went upward to the church still encumbered with the scaffolding and litter of the workmen. It is a beautiful building, large and of exceeding loftiness and with a character and style different from the majority of modern churches that are so often apt to tire the eye by their sameness. The first mass was said here some time ago by His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, who bestowed upon the church the title of "Our Lady of the Rosary," a most appropriate one considering the association of the Feast of the Rosary with the Venerable Mother Foundress of the Congregation de Notre Dame.

The church, which was built in reparation to the Sacred Heart, received from France a beautiful statue of Notre Dame de la Reparation upon the very day on which the church under the invocation of the Rosary was dedicated, and another coincidence worthy of note is that although the twenty-first of June was the date chosen by the Sisters to invite His Grace the Archbishop to offer the mass of dedication, His Grace found it necessary on account of his engagements to anticipate the day, and the day was closed at midnight, which was a disappointment until the sisters remembered that the sixteenth of June was the anniversary of the day upon which our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary in the sanctuary of Paray-le-Monial.

While gazing in admiration at the elegant proportions of this magnificent temple, my thoughts travelled back to story, written on the pages of history, of the first church erected in Montreal. Take from your library shelf a little book called the "Pearl of Troyes" and read how Sister Bourgoys resolved to erect "a chapel in honor of the Mother of God, which would not only be a monument of filial love, but at the same time a rampart and a stronghold to defend the throne of Ville Marie. . . ."

"This desire could not be realized at that time on account of the Indian hostilities, and for many years a small wooden chapel in the Most Holy, Sister Bourgoys had evidently received a special calling to spread this pure devotion throughout the land, and it would seem that God desired

the realization of this pious design, for she was inspired to lay the foundations of the edifice, even before the arrival of the Sulpicians in Montreal. Having obtained from the Jesuit Fathers, who at that time exercised the holy ministry in the colony, all the special permissions, she set to work in the spring of 1657. Her pious desire found an echo in every heart. All were zealous to share in the good work. Some brought wood, others brought stone, while a still larger number came, with willing hearts, strong arms and mechanical skill. The foundations were dug, the first stone laid and blessed and the little chapel dedicated to 'Our Lady of Good Hope' or 'Bonsecours,' as it is more generally called."

What a change from 1657 to 1888, when on the brow of old Mount Royal ten hundred and fifteen of Sister Bourgoys's daughters, now holy and some of them aged and infirm, gather in one of the most magnificent sanctuaries of this city of churches to recite the Rosary in honor of the Queen of Heaven, who is now, as she was in the days of their saintly foundress, their "first superior."

From the cold air of the church we were grateful to pass to a sunny apartment, where was served a most sumptuous breakfast, of which we were hospitably invited to partake. And then came an invitation to an inner room, known as "the Bishop's parlor," where we were to meet the gentle lady who so worthily fills the place of Marguerite Bourgoys, the saintly and beloved Mother-General. With the friendliness of a sweet society and a cordiality that not even the dignity of her high office can chill, she received her friends of long ago, and while she talked with those who had come from afar, I looked about the room and noted the portraits of many friends of the congregation. It was plain that little apartment; plain, as becomes a convent; its chief ornament being a *calotte* of our late Holy Father Pope Pius IX., mounted richly in gold under a shade of crystal; upon the walls were old oil-paintings of Mr. Deveau, the Bishop of Quebec in the first years of this century, and of Mgr. Lartigue, the first Bishop of Montreal. Photographs there were also in golden frames, of Cardinal Taschereau and Cardinal Gibbons, of the late Archbishop Bourget, of various suffragans of the Archbishop of Montreal, whose bust stood on a pedestal in one corner of the room, and of two good friends of the congregation, Dr. McIntyre, Bishop of Charlottetown, and Dr. Cameron, Bishop of Antigonish, whose dioceses had both been represented in the ceremony of the morning. At last the dinner bell sounded and the Mother-General had to take leave of us, for on that day the newly-made nuns were to have the honor of dining at her table, so we bethought ourselves of our waiting cabin and apologizing for the length of our visit were conducted to the entrance hall amid many *au revoir* and kindly words from the ladies who had rendered so pleasant our visit to the beautiful *maison mere* of La Congregation de Notre Dame.

Montreal, May 9th, 1888.

List of young ladies who received the holy habit on Tuesday, May 15, 1888:

Miss Gingras, in religion, Sister St. Joseph de Leonias; Miss Gosselin, in religion, Sister St. Catherine of Alexandria; Miss Melancon, in religion, Sister St. Edwin; Miss Chablon, in religion, Sister St. Alexis Falconieri; Miss Tremblay, in religion, Sister St. Catherine de la Croix; Miss Couillard, in religion, Sister St. Marie du Saint-Esprit; Miss Toohy, in religion, Sister St. Elphigie; Miss Marcoux, in religion, Sister St. Marie Edouard; Miss Melancon, in religion, Sister St. Ozanna; Miss Bittner, in religion, Sister St. Idoras; Miss McLellan, in religion, Sister St. Guillemin; Miss Edeir, in religion, Sister St. Florina.

ZEALOUS LABORS OF THE URSULINES.

The mission undertaken recently by the Ursuline Religious of Three Rivers, P. Q., at Waterville, Maine, is doing a noble work and surpassing the expectations of the pastor and people who accorded their devoted nuns a most cordial and heartfelt reception on their arrival at their new field of labor.

In September, 1887, they opened their school, with two hundred and fifty pupils, and the number has been constantly increasing, being at present upwards of four hundred.

The Ursuline Order is one of the oldest orders of our holy Church and instituted specially for the Christian education of youth.

While instruction in all that pertains to our holy faith holds the first rank in the estimation of an Ursuline, every branch included in the polite and practical education of young ladies is thoroughly taught by all these able and experienced instructresses.

Though a cloistered order, the Ursuline Religious, with the permission of their ecclesiastical superiors, adapt themselves to the exigencies of the times and new missions. This is evident from the labors of the missionaries of Waterville, who devote themselves not only to the instruction of young girls but also little boys. They are now preparing a class of one hundred and fifty of the latter for first Communion.

They have moreover an evening school for the religious and secular instruction of young girls whose laborious occupation and limited means debar them from attendance at the day school.

May kind heaven bless a hundred-fold the zealous endeavors of these fervent laborers in our Lord's vineyard.

AN OLD PURIL.

THE RED COLOR of the blood is caused by the Iron it contains. Supply the Iron when lacking by using Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine.