

REV. FATHER BURKE IN GLASGOW.

A LECTURE

"The Catholic Faith the True Perfection of Man."

Father Burke [O. P.] delivered a lecture on the above subject in St. Alphonsus Church, Glasgow, on last Sunday evening, the proceeds of which are to be added to the building fund of the very reverend church at Tullaghan. The fact that the rev. father would lecture was only made known three days previously, but notwithstanding the brief announcement, the church was crowded to the door on Sunday evening.

Father Burke addressed the expectant congregation as follows:—My dear friends—I never feel so happy as when I find myself, as at this moment, addressing a congregation of Catholics, most of them my own kith and kin and Irish blood, and addressing them on a subject so dear to them and to me as that of our own Catholic faith; for, I feel every word I have to say in defence, or in illustration, in description of that faith, will be understood by you. I feel that no argument I can use will be too deep for your comprehension, and that every illustration I may have to produce of the fruits of that divine faith will go home to your very hearts.

Let us see, our Divine Lord said, "As God the Father sent Me, so do I send you; go you, therefore, in My name, and teach all nations, teaching them all the things I have taught; and I swear to you I will be with you even to the very last day of the world." Elsewhere He says to the same Apostles:—"Go ye into all the world, and teach all the people; I will send My Spirit to you; and He will come down and dwell with you, and lead you into all truth, and remain with you until the last moment of time; therefore, I say I have built My Church upon a rock, and the gates of hell—viz., the spirit of error—shall not for one instant prevail against her."

THE MEN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. have done things that our grandfathers believed to be utterly impossible! They have annihilated space; they have taken the two elements that were supposed to be most hostile to each other—fire and water—and combined them together, and from their union have created the offspring steam—the greatest power in the physical world of to-day.

Two professions, namely—first, that man is capable of attaining to the perfection of his being; and second, that he cannot attain to it without the holy Catholic Church. In order that I may be able to explain and prove to you what I assert, it is necessary that I should first ask you to consider what is this Catholic faith of which I speak, and then we will consider the perfection of man. Well, what means the Catholic faith? I answer, the Catholic faith means three things. It means, first, knowledge—no opinion, no matter how deep the opinion may be; not human opinion, but absolute knowledge. Secondly, the Catholic faith, in addition to knowledge, is law—a law that prescribes not only what we are to believe,

but what we are to do and what we are to avoid. And thirdly, the Catholic faith is an influence or power that enables us to accept what it proposes to us, and to fulfil the law it commands us to observe.

CATHOLIC FAITH IS KNOWLEDGE. My dear friends, God is like an infinite knowledge; man is beholding to revealed, certain, proofs of men, certain truths that man could only attain to by his own study, by the labour of his intellect. But God demands that all those who are His, and whom He has created, should have the knowledge of Him; and the absence of that knowledge is one of the greatest curses that could fall upon a people. "There is no knowledge of God in the land," says the Scriptures, "and cursing, and lying, and theft, and adultery has prevailed, and blood has touched blood, because the people no longer know God."

WHAT IS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THESE CENTURIES WHICH SHE CLAIMS?

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THE PILL OF PROTESTANTISM

Into the soup. Well, we took the soup sometimes, although we found a bad flavor in it. (Laughter.) Nothing, I say, astonished converts more than the singular fixedness and ease of the people as to their religion. They regarded them with surprise. Nor did our people understand them. The converts with their strange way, would simply say, "We only wish you to read your Bible; take your own conclusions; form your own opinion of religion." "Opinion!" "Opinion of religion!" the Catholic people exclaimed. "We know the Church and what it teaches. We have no opinion to form on religion! What! you ask us to change our faith for opinion, which is not knowledge? No," they said, "we will not; and they packed every man of them out of doors, and sent the soup flying after them!" (Laughter.) As one poor creature said, "Sure I'd rather go up and rap at the gates of heaven and ask St. Peter to let me in with a hungry belly, than go down to hell with the Protestant soup!" (Renewed laughter.)

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS. That is a sin that enslaves man, that creates an increasing necessity for the gratifying of the base desire; that shakes every nerve in him; that palsies his hand that ought to be strong and steady to labor; that stiffens his mind, that ought to be free to think great, and holy, and noble thoughts; that robs him of his very speech, and makes him mute, and drags him down below the level of the beasts of the field, for they reverse at least whatever perfection of nature is in them. The drunkard loses every vestige of bodily power, and destroys all the perfection man may attain to. I hold the true perfection of man is the preservation of his faculties unimpacted and unstained by sin; that by the control of his passions he preserve his bodily strength, and will be able to perform that labor which, causing the sweat of his brow, brings honest bread to his hand; and thus living, he continues until a green old age, as you, my friends, have seen, and I have seen, in the old land from which I come. The grand, holy old man of Ireland! I remember crossing the Wicklow mountains to see the last representative of a family that was royal—the O'Brien's of Wicklow. He still had proof of his royalty, for he owned five or six acres of mountain land, and they belong-

ed to his father before him, and neither he nor they ever had a landlord! (Laughter.) I found that old man working in a field. He lent on his spade to speak to me. He was upwards of six feet high, hair white as snow, fine open face, and his body as straight as a water-lance. This was a grand old man, who from his boyhood practised his religion, frequented the sacraments, and controlled his passions by the holy influence of the Catholic religion! He told me his age was 85; and he was performing a hard day's work, and doing it well! Passing from the body to the soul, what do we find in man? We find an intellect, created to know; a heart, created to love; and a free will which Almighty God prescribes in man, that he may determine his actions. Now, the perfection of man's intellect is knowledge; for that intellect was created to know, but it is knowledge of God only that can make the intellect perfect. There are men living to-day, stored with knowledge, to whom the history of all countries is as an open book; men who can explain all the laws of nature; men who can soar aloft and describe the orbs of heaven; men who can measure the sunbeam in its flight, and can tell the power and strength of the ocean wave when it rises in its fury! [All this is grand; it brings that human intelligence to a great perfection. But I ask you now, what man, who knows what I just allude to, must confess that all that human knowledge dies with the man? It is a pity, truly. "O, how much knowledge perished with him!" But it perished, and it would avail him nothing when he stood alone in the presence of that Judge who was to judge him. With Him there will be no question asked as to whether a man has a knowledge of geography, history, astronomy, mathematics, or electricity; the question that will be asked there will be the divine and eternal truth of God; the question that will be asked is—Has this man fulfilled the law of God? Has he a knowledge of this law, in addition to his knowledge of other laws? Without this knowledge man will never attain to the perfection of his being, for his knowledge of human science will never gain him a knowledge of God.

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE. is vain without the Divine. Man must bow down his proud intellect, and accept the mystery of Christ, and then, indeed, he has entered the intellect to the full perfection of his being, because he has infused into it a knowledge of his Creator. The heart of man was created to love, and such is the nature of the heart of man that no amount of human love, no matter how tender and true it may be; no amount of human enjoyment, no matter how intense it might be, has ever yet satisfied the cravings of the heart of man! The Psalmist spoke truth when he said, "I shall not be satisfied until thou in Thy glory, O Lord, appear to me!" A great poet, a man of this century, a man who pursued pleasure as far as he could pursue it, a man of unlimited resource, who went into every land pursuing vice, and never refused his heart anything that heart craved, that man before he was thirty-two years of age wrote these words:—"My life is seared with the yellow leaf, The fruits and flowers of my life are gone; The thorns, and briars, and grief, Are mine alone!" O, what a sad utterance for a young man so endowed with intellect, so kind of heart, as Byron! The Catholic Church alone can offer a man sufficiency of love upon this earth by proposing to him the highest object of love—the presence of God upon His altar, by asking him to sanctify every action of life, by consecrating its members, as when the Catholic young man and woman come to the altar to receive in the great sacrament of the bond that unites them, the grace to keep ever faithful to each other to their old age! The affections of the father and mother are consecrated; their offerings are holy! Well do I remember the grace expressed in the most tender words of love and endearment which a poor old mother, above her eightieth year, poured on her husband, who had turned his nineteenth year, as he lay upon his bed of death. They loved each other down into that low valley of years as truly and pure as when they first embraced, because they loved each other in God! Behold the crowning truth that the Catholic Church fills every heart craving for God! See the thousands of priests at the Altar devoted to the service of God! See the thousands of nuns consecrated to God! See these thousands of men and women so satisfied with God as the only object of their love! So completely are their hearts filled with the pleasure of loving God, that they withdraw themselves from the pleasures of the world and tend, but the poor and love but God, and whose hearts are filled with this highest love, the love of Jesus Christ! And this is to be found in the Catholic Church only! Finally, the human soul has free-will. The freedom of the will is the greatest distinction of man. But the freedom can be very easily lost. Any one passion indulged in enslaves a man, and takes from him the most glorious of the attributes of his divine origin. When the habit has become a necessity! The impure man cannot free himself from his lusts once they have grown on him!

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH—THE CATHOLIC FAITH—can preserve the freedom of man's will, by the holy and sacramental grace she deals out to her children! She alone can restore the virtues lost—she alone can renew to a state of grace the drunkard and the impure man. If, then, the perfection of man be the preservation of his body from unseemly corruption and vice—which is done by the Sacraments; the acquiring of the highest knowledge which is taught by the Catholic faith; if these be the perfection of man, then I have proved my thesis—That the Catholic faith, being in itself knowledge, law and grace is the full and entire perfection of man. What wonder that those who possess it love it, treasure it, and are prepared to die rather than part with it? When Henry VIII. 300 years ago, drew the sword of persecution, and declared that the Irish people would do until the land overflowed with their blood; that they should lose property, and liberty, and life unless they gave up their holy Catholic faith, the Irish people rose up like one man, and answered their persecutor—"Yes, we are prepared to die a thousand times rather than give up our faith, for we never will renounce one iota of our Catholic faith!" The trial was repeated from time to time. Henry's daughter, Elizabeth, of un-savory memory—(laughter)—tried what Irish Catholics were made of. She put thousands and thousands to death! In ten years she put to death 450 Dominicans, men wearing this habit (pointing to his habit.) When she began her reign there were 600 in Ireland, and ten years after when we came together, like an army after the battle to count our losses, praise be to God, there were out of the 900 Dominicans only 150 left! That gentle queen—and I greatly fear she is paying for it to-night—(laughter)—sent destruction all over our land because she would not part with our holy faith. Never once would they surrender it, notwithstanding

ing the fierce and cruel persecution. Although I am not an old man, I remember the days when famine spread over the land and the faith of the people were tried. Oh, the scenes of that time! I never could forget them in a thousand years! I have seen strong men dying in the streets, of Galway of hunger, when they might have saved their lives if they would but give up their faith for the cruel kindness that offered them the bread, offered it on the condition that they would give up their religion! But no, thank God, they would never for one moment surrender one iota of that faith!

A good Protestant lady came to relieve the people of my part of the country. She had a basket with her, and in the basket was bread and beef. What day of the week do you think she selected for her mission of charity? Why, of all the days in the year, Good Friday! (Laughter.) She found the poor old people (laughing) in their cottages, and the cheeks of the young was from want—She came up to them in a nice manner, and discoursed very pleasantly. And she quoted St. Paul. [You remember, my friends, a certain person at one time quoted Scripture to Our Saviour in the desert!] (Laughter.) And there she stood, and the people looked as if they would like the contents of the basket. At last one young girl came up to the lady, and asked would she give her a loaf and a piece of beef.—What a consternation there was among the people! They all cried "Shame upon you!" and the girl's own mother tried to get her to strangle her. The lady with a smile gave the girl a loaf and a piece of beef. The girl told her friends they need not be so excited, and turning to the kind lady she made her a courtesy, and said, "I'm much obliged to yer ladyship, I'll eat this, with the blessing of God, on Easter Sunday morning." (Laughter.) And now, my friends, you who are children of these martyrs; you who are the offspring of those who suffered persecution and hunger for the blessed faith, it depends upon you to preserve it. It was the only inheritance our forefathers left us. Wealth they had not; their land and property were taken from them; nothing was left them but that which was the most precious thing of all—the grand old Catholic faith of Ireland, illustrated by so many saints, and sanctified by so many martyrs, and carried by her sons into every land! And need I ask you, Catholics of Glasgow, to preserve and cherish that faith which cost your fathers everything—cost them their very lives? Your lives may be a living argument to convince every man that sees you that you have imprinted the stamp of divinity in you, that the Lord Jesus Christ has found a dwelling in you. And thus, my friends, shall we honor God and bring glory to our holy mother the Church, and shed lustre upon the graves of holy old Ireland, where many a martyr lies unknown to the earth, but bright in the acknowledgment of God and in the enjoyment of eternal glory!

PRESENTATION.

A HANDSOME TESTIMONIAL TO FATHER CADIGAN. St. Patrick's Hall last evening was the scene of one of the most pleasant gatherings which have taken place in that section of the city for a long time past. It will be remembered by most readers of The Citizen that a few weeks ago the Rev. Father Cadigan, of the Basilica parish, was removed from Ottawa and the diocese of Ottawa to the township of Onslow and the newly constituted diocese of Pontiac. The removal of the reverend gentleman was much regretted by his many friends in Ottawa who were well aware of his personal worth, his energy in all charitable works and his truly Christian spirit. The reverend Father being for a few days on a visit to the city, some of his old friends and parishioners requested his presence in the hall where they presented him with a highly complimentary and well deserved address which, together with the reply of the reverend gentleman, went of space prevents publication in full. The address was accompanied by a purse of \$300.—Ottawa Citizen.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

If lemons are rolled for a few minutes before cutting them, the juice can be squeezed out easily, and not a drop be lost; be careful not to break the skin when rolling them.

FRUITAGE.—Take one quart of stewed tomatoes, one egg, one small teaspoonful of soda, stir in flour enough to make a batter like that for griddle cakes. Have some lard, very hot, on the stove, drop the batter in, a spoonful at a time, and fry.

AU GRATIN.—Cut half a dozen tomatoes in halves, and fill the insides with a mixture of bread crumbs, grated Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt in the proportions, place a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and lay them close together in a buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven about half an hour and serve.

TOAST.—Run a quart of stewed ripe tomatoes through a colander, place in a porcelain stewpan, season with butter, pepper, salt, and sugar, to taste, cut slices of bread thin, brown on both sides, butter and lay on a platter, and just as the boiling rises for tea on Sunday add a pint of good sweet cream to the stewed tomatoes, and pour them over the toast.

QUICKEN PIES.—Dress and stew the meat as for a baked pie, when tender season the same way, then pour off a part of the gravy and add a pint of water to the meat. Roll and cut the dough (prepared the same way) into biscuits, lay them in the pot on the meat and against the side, cover tightly and boil without removing the lid. The secret of having the crust light, is for the gravy not to boil over it.

CHICKEN PIE.—Divide the chicken at the joints and boil until tender; season with salt and pepper, make a nice rich biscuit dough, and roll to an inch thickness, and line a shallow pudding pan, letting the crust roll down over the edge of the pan, put in the meat and a part of the gravy, adding butter generously and a slight dredging of flour. Roll the top crust the same thickness and spread over the top, add butter and dust with flour; cut places for the steam to escape, cover, press the crust well over the edge and leave untrimmed until baked.

BLUE VOR COTTON.—For five pounds cotton goods, four ounces of copperas, pulverized, then dissolve in two pails soft water, in which boil the goods 26 minutes, lifting from the dye occasionally, then drain and wash in a strong suds. Heat two pails soft water and add prussiate potash, one ounce, oil of vitriol, three tablespoonfuls, and boil the goods in this half an hour, rinse thoroughly and dry. A good color for carpet tags is cheap and easily made by heating soft water hot enough for the hands to bear and diluting with bottle bluing until of the shade desired, dip until evenly colored and dry. Neither of the above colors are changed by light or heat.

It is proposed to erect a monument in Montreal to the memory of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee. 'Tis well. McGee was one of the most gifted Irishmen of modern times. Poet, journalist, lecturer, historian, there was no subject he touched that his genius did not adorn; he surely loved poor Ireland; and the cowardly manner in which his brilliant life was snuffed out all over our land because he would not part with our holy faith. Never once would they surrender it, notwithstanding

THE FARM. Millions of pounds of honey go to waste for want of bees to gather it. Vegetables make good feed for hogs, and they ought to have all they will eat. Experience shows that the farmer who raises his wheat, his corn, his mules and pork at home succeeds better than the one who raises only one article. Probably no fruit is more certain or more easily grown than the plum, if the slight labor of tarring the trees and destroying the curculio is faithfully attended to. Double glazed windows are nearly as warm as a brick wall. The glazing must be done on a clear, dry day, so as not to inclose moist air, which would cause mistiness. Take a little time to round and look after the solons that were set last spring. The sprouts need clipping off, and now is the time to attend to it if it has not already been done. A good preparation to mark sheep without injury to the wool is said to be thirty large spoonfuls of linseed oil, two ounces of litharge and one ounce of lamp black, all boiled together. Thin out sprouts from trees where new branches are not needed, especially on the trunk or near the ground. The injury to trees from leaving such sprouts till fall is considerable. Cut away promptly on the first appearance any limbs or shoots of the pear and plum affected with diseases. The pear may not be cured, but excision will do no harm; the knot may be kept off the plum with entire success, if promptly attended to. The Live Stock Record says colic in horses is often brought on by feeding hay passed through cornstalk-cutters, mixed with meal middlings or bran, then wet up. The horse eats this food thus prepared so rapidly that it is not masticated, and consequently becomes so clogged in the stomach as to cause indigestion, followed by colic, more especially if directly after eating he is allowed to drink heartily of water and the cooler this is so much more so it liable to bring on colic. If from any cause the spring seeding of grass fails, it is a good plan to re-plant or thoroughly harrow and reseed the grass. The proper time to do this is in the middle of August to the middle of September. If this is done and at the same time a sowing of barley goes in, there will be a fair crop of green, sweet feed that can be cut and fed late in the fall after the grasses have lost their virtue. Try a piece of late barley. Late-sown barley and late cabbages are very valuable as late forage crops.

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CHICKEN PIE.—Divide the chicken at the joints and boil until tender; season with salt and pepper, make a nice rich biscuit dough, and roll to an inch thickness, and line a shallow pudding pan, letting the crust roll down over the edge of the pan, put in the meat and a part of the gravy, adding butter generously and a slight dredging of flour. Roll the top crust the same thickness and spread over the top, add butter and dust with flour; cut places for the steam to escape, cover, press the crust well over the edge and leave untrimmed until baked.

BLUE VOR COTTON.—For five pounds cotton goods, four ounces of copperas, pulverized, then dissolve in two pails soft water, in which boil the goods 26 minutes, lifting from the dye occasionally, then drain and wash in a strong suds. Heat two pails soft water and add prussiate potash, one ounce, oil of vitriol, three tablespoonfuls, and boil the goods in this half an hour, rinse thoroughly and dry. A good color for carpet tags is cheap and easily made by heating soft water hot enough for the hands to bear and diluting with bottle bluing until of the shade desired, dip until evenly colored and dry. Neither of the above colors are changed by light or heat.

It is proposed to erect a monument in Montreal to the memory of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee. 'Tis well. McGee was one of the most gifted Irishmen of modern times. Poet, journalist, lecturer, historian, there was no subject he touched that his genius did not adorn; he surely loved poor Ireland; and the cowardly manner in which his brilliant life was snuffed out all over our land because he would not part with our holy faith. Never once would they surrender it, notwithstanding

Advertisement for Violin and Piano. Includes text: "Violin and Piano. Celebrated for fine tone, finish, Italian strings, etc. Price \$175.00. Paganini Violin. Price \$125.00. Send stamp for literature. G. H. W. BATES & CO. Importers and Manufacturers, 106 Sullivan St., New York."

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