

# 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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## WAITING FOR THE MAY.

For the Catholic Record, Father Russell, the Jesuit poet-editor of the *Irish Monthly*, writes that if he were to make a collection of samples of Irish poets, the following "lyrical lyric" would be selected from Denis Florence MacCarthy. He calls it "MacCarthy's Best." It first appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for May 1818, and its charm, like Father Russell, he critics who cannot, like Father Russell, be suspected of bias on account of national sympathy.

Ah! my heart is wearily waiting,  
Waiting for the May—  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,  
With the woodbine alternating  
Scent the dewy way.  
Ah! my heart is wearily waiting,  
Waiting for the May.  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May—  
Longing to escape from study,  
To the young face fair and ruddy,  
And the thousand charms belonging  
To the summer's day.  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.  
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May—  
Sighing for their sun returning,  
When the summer beams are burning,  
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying  
All the winter lay.  
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.  
Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May—  
Throbbing for the seaside billows,  
Or the water-wearing and in sobbing  
Where the streams away.  
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May—  
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,  
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings,  
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
Life still ebbs away—  
Man is ever weary, weary,  
Waiting for the May.

Shortly after the death of the poet, his beautiful lines were echoed by his gifted daughter—Sister Mary Stanislaus, of Sion Hill Convent, who inherits her father's gift—in the following elegy:

All his patient life he waited,  
Waiting for the May—  
When the airy heights he builded,  
When the golden beams that gilded,  
Fading from his pinions,  
Left it cold and gray—  
Still with trustful heart he waited,  
Waiting for the May.  
Oh, his heart was made for gladness,  
Made for sunny May—  
Like the joyous songbirds singing,  
Like the tender flowers springing,  
Nought should have known of sadness  
All along life's way—  
Yet what human heart has had less  
Of the joys of May?  
Now at least his eyes elated,  
Gaze on his own May—  
All his long-sought hopes have found him,  
With his darling treasures round him—  
All his weary longings satisfied,  
There he lies, he waits,  
Ah! he sees 'twas well he waited—  
Waiting for the May.

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

Irish World.  
Lord Macaulay's prophetic warning of the dangers threatening the social fabric from the barbarians in the midst of civilization is recalled with new force by the series of murderous outrages being committed in various parts of Europe by red-handed and bloodthirsty anarchists, whose avowed object is the overturning of society and all Christian civilization and the reduction of law and order into black chaos and savagery. How any human creature endowed with the power of observation and reason can harbor any feeling of sympathy with that school of destruction can only be accounted for on the plea of insanity or deliberate perversity and thirst for blood natural in the tiger or the bloodhound, but essentially savage and contrary to all human instincts. That the overthrow of authority means the overthrow of liberty for all except the destroyers is as apparent as that the liberty of the wolf means the peril of the lamb. But, after all, is it not the logical result of the teachings of atheists of Colonel Ingersoll's stamp, who delight in making a mockery of the most sacred convictions of Christianity, and with the fool say in their hearts, "There is no God." "When I believed in no God," said Orestes Brownson, "I believed in no Government." This is the only logical deduction, and anarchists are simply a development of the school of blasphemy which seeks to relieve man of all moral responsibility by telling him there is no Eternal Judge to hold him to an accountability. They assume a fearful responsibility who preach such demoralizing doctrines for profit, or who encourage them by listening for entertainment.

Antigonish Casket.  
The Presbyterian *Witness* undertakes to defend Rev. Dr. Parkhurst's action in entering disguised a house of ill-fame in New York and hiring five of the inmates to go through a performance in his presence which was not less sinful than shameful. True, Dr. Parkhurst's object was to secure a development of the school of blasphemy which seeks to relieve man of all moral responsibility by telling him there is no Eternal Judge to hold him to an accountability. They assume a fearful responsibility who preach such demoralizing doctrines for profit, or who encourage them by listening for entertainment.

case of Dr. Parkhurst, that one may do evil that good may come of it, or, in other words, that the end justifies the means. The *Witness* next goes to Scripture to find a precedent for Dr. Parkhurst's course—and finds it! "It was like Gideon spying the camp of the Midianites." May the Lord forgive thee, brother Murray, this perversion of sacred Scripture! Truly has Shakespeare said:

"What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?"

Boston Republic.  
An Orange lodge in Montreal has settled a long disputed question in a very prompt and summary manner. It has resolved that the Roman Catholic Church can in no way be considered as a part of the Christian Church, and that the Pope of Rome is identical with the anti-Christ of Scripture. Now, if this omniscient body will declare by resolution what particular form of Christianity is adorned by Johnson of Ballykilbeg, the infamous De Cobain and the Orange thugs of Toronto, it will do a great service to the cause of modern research.

N. Y. Catholic Review.  
In spite of his ownership of the *Tablet* and of his aristocratic family connections, the new Archbishop of Westminster will be found not hostile to Ireland's aspirations for justice. It was his advice that finally influenced the appointment of Dr. Walsh as Archbishop of Dublin, and for absence and rack-renting landlordism on one side and tyrannical coercion on the other, he has only feelings of opposition. He is a man after Cardinal Manning's own heart in love for religion, in loyalty to the Holy See, in favor for the poor; and the great diocese to which he has been called will soon be convinced that it has in him a great Archbishop.

Another "crisis" is reported from official Italy. The Ministry has resigned with the exception of Premier Rudini and another set of officials have taken hold of the government. The country is bankrupt, yet the last ex-Minister of War and the last ex-Minister of the Navy wanted larger appropriations than ever for repeating rifles, artillery and new war ships. Rudini is considering the advisability of imposing a tax on flour. The Italians are already oppressed with taxes on everything except light and air and macaroni, and now the last must pay tribute to the powers that be. No one can tell how long the wretched people of that misgoverned land will endure the drain that is impoverishing them, but the end must come before long, and it will be then—Good-by to the monarchy, for the day of the Carbonari republic will have come!

London Catholic News.  
On the ninth anniversary of the death of Louis Veulliot, the valiant Catholic writer, a few lines from his writings were reprinted in the *Univers*, and they would seem to have been written for the present time: "It is not the Medal, the Crucifix, or the Rosary that our enemies hate, it is simply and solely the Catholic religion. If we make our Catholicity as silent, as timid, as hidden as we possibly can, they still will never learn to suppress our processions, they will bid us silence our church bells. When these are hushed, the bell towers will displease them, let us pull them down, the churches will have to follow; and when every church has been razed to the ground, wherever a priest or an altar remain, our adversaries will still protest. Therefore, as by keeping silent we cannot obtain even a precarious and dishonorable peace, let us speak out boldly and defend our Faith. In every land and through all ages the Christians and the Church have given us this example, and we cannot do better than follow it."

Catholic Columbian.  
In the opinion of Mr. H. C. Filler, who is superintendent of the Franklin County, O., Infirmary, seventy-five per cent. of the inmates of almshouses are through the use of intoxicating liquor. That opinion is held, also, by others who have studied the careers of paupers and criminals. They concur in the belief that alcohol is an enemy to health, to prosperity and to virtue.

As some persons, mostly young women, do not seem to know why the contribution box is carried around at Mass, we wish to break the news gently to them by saying that it is put before them to receive their weekly offering for the support of their pastor and the needs of their parish church. If this explanation should lead them to drop a dime or a quarter of a dollar into it every Sunday from this out, this item will not have been written in vain.

The general intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for May is the cultivation of the young by the sacraments. Without them there can be no supernatural life for our children. Without them, their souls are dead. From Baptism and Confirmation, the frequent reception of Penance and the Eucharist are most useful as a means of making them good. When they are old enough to discern the Body of Christ and approach the Holy Table with the proper disposition, then the oftener they receive Holy Communion the better. Once a month is becoming

a general practice; may the Lord hasten the day when they will open their hearts to the Sacrament of Sacraments once a week!

Boston Republic.  
Miss Cusack, formerly known as the Nun of Kenmare, is still crusading against the Church in England. Her recent performances indicate either a mental collapse or an acute aggravation of her propensity to falsification. During an Easter meeting at Folkestone, this demented person made the absurd statement that while lecturing in America a Jesuit Father came to her, saying: "We know you are pretty hard up; and, producing a roll of dollar notes, he continued: 'If you will promise to give up all the money you want.' Then she heroically replied: 'There is the door.' Of course no names are given, nor is any intimation furnished touching the localities. Those who have followed Miss Cusack's career in America will hardly believe this yarn. The chief aim and object of her existence while in this country was to make money. She joined the Protestant Church for this purpose. The *Republic* is in a position to state that even after she had begun to backslide she was endeavoring to raise funds in Catholic circles. We had numerous appeals from her for aid, and we rejected several manuscripts which she requested us to publish, urging as justification for her importunities that she was in dire need.

## A GREAT SERMON.

The following is a full report of the beautiful sermon preached by Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., on the occasion of the consecration of the Bishop of Brooklyn on Monday of last week, in St. Patrick's cathedral, New York:

To-day we are assembled in this glorious temple for the consecration of another Prince of Holy Church; it is the festival of St. Mark. And to-day every priest has repeated in his matins the story of how Mark was the disciple and interpreter of Peter and wrote a gospel according to what he had heard Peter narrating, which the Apostle approved and gave to the Church, stamped with his own authority; and taking what he himself had written, Mark went to Alexandria, establishing the Church with so much learning and so much holiness that all were constrained to follow his example.

There is a peculiar fitness, I think, in the coincidence here recorded with the consecration of to-day.

St. Mark could not have been sent to found the Bishopric of Alexandria, unless he were an interpreter and disciple of St. Peter, and the fact of his being so careful an interpreter and so faithful a disciple, is sufficient to explain the importance which Alexandria subsequently acquired in the Church of God.

For to be the interpreter of St. Peter was to be the echo of Jesus Christ, and hence from the time that the Chief of the Apostles stood up in the Council of Jerusalem till to-day when the voice of Leo is commanding the attention of a world, he stands as the oracle of the truths which men need to know.

"Happy Church of Rome," says Tertullian, "on whose soil the Apostles wrote their doctrine in their blood, and where the death of Peter was so like that of the Lord."

"Amid the clamor of contending factions," exclaims St. Jerome, "I cry out: Who belongs to the chair of Peter is for me. Therefore do I implore your Beatitude by the Cross of the Lord and by the necessary glory of our faith, the passion of Christ, if you who follow him in merit, if you are to sit in judgment with the twelve on the throne, if you are to be girded like Peter in your old age, despise not my soul which Christ died for, but tell me with whom I am to communicate in this strange and barbarous land."

"Tossed to many tempests, I have come late to this venerable synod," says the Apostle legate at the Council of Ephesus, "and have heard the holy acclamations of this august body greet the letters of our Blessed Pope. Read then the decrees which you have made that we may action what you have imposed."

And so it has been in every age of the Church, and in every battle which the Church has fought. The appeal has been always to one man, and only one who could speak with the voice of Him who conquered the world. His place was in the centre of the world's civilization, and it is by the faith which He taught that the Son of God has conquered—and conquered with an irresistible force—that made Tertullian exclaim: "We are only of yesterday and have filled the world!" *Hesterni sumus et impetimus omnia.*

It is that faith which has made idolatry a condition of soul which never occur again; it is that faith which was uttered like the creative word over the chaos of Paganism, and which said: "Let there be light," and there was light. With it the Holy Spirit moved over the void, and multitudes of every race rose up to testify of the holiness of their lives and the shedding of their blood to the truth of

its teaching. That faith taught the world to be free, not only from the thralldom of passion, but in what affected the soul, made it independent of the greatest powers that ever wielded an earthly sceptre; and it emerged from the first great struggle to see its symbol glittering on royal diadems, and the rulers who had persecuted it accepting its mandates with veneration and love.

In the great disaster that fell upon the civilized world when the invading hordes of Vandals and Huns and Goths descended in a whirlwind of fire upon Europe, what was it but the faith of Peter that made the world anew? It is one of the commonplaces of history how he met those unfamed spirits in their wild career, sent the ministers of peace back with them into their northern fastnesses, bent their necks to the yoke of the gospel, built them up as nations and made the thrones of their rulers bright with examples of royal sanctity.

Hence it is that Proudhon was forced to say: "Theology is at the bottom of our laws." The dogmas of the gospel formed for centuries the bases of the jurisprudence of Europe, the Episcopal body held the highest place in the national assemblies, the profession of faith was deemed essential to legitimize the possession of power, and the ruler sought and received a religious consecration. As with David of old, the Prophet of God poured the oil upon his brow and made him sacred, imparting the divinity which "did hedge round the king." Among the nations the Father and the Sovereign, habituating them to the ways of peace and averting bloodshed by the veneration he inspired and the awe with which his anathema was regarded. So that if Europe to-day is not the blighted wilderness of Asia and Northern Africa, once the splendid in the glory of their civilizations, it is because there has reigned in its centre for centuries a power that has always been and will ever be the champion of human liberty, the defender of the oppressed, the light, the guide and the inspiration of all that is elevated and pure, noble in the individual, the family and the State.

Not only is this true of Europe, but of our own country as well, which has borrowed its legislation and derived its traditions from the same source. And though it is slightly beside our present topic, it may not be amiss now that the thoughts of the world are engaged with the anniversary of the great discovery to call attention to what you are aware of as well as I, that the faith of Peter has put its stamp upon our country, centuries before the birth of the nation.

It was the hand of the Pope that traced the line across the globe to mark the course of the early discoverers. It was as the honored ambassador of sovereigns, whose proudest title was that of "The Catholic," conferred on them by the Sovereign Pontiff, that Columbus set sail in his "Santa Maria" to spread the faith in these and other lands. The first religious ceremony in our country was the solemn Sacrifice of the Mass offered under the shadow of the cross. The most daring and successful voyagers were priests bound by a special vow to the See of St. Peter. There was sacerdotal blood mingling in the waters of the Mohawk when the Dutch were entrenched at the Battery and Fort Orange was only a stockade. Priests were preaching to the Indians in Maine before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and were consecrating the soil of Virginia by their martyrdom long before the Cavaliers entered the River James. From Pascua, Florida, to the St. Lawrence, from St. Mary's Bay in the Chesapeake on San Francisco on the Pacific, there are everywhere on our lakes and rivers and mountains and cities, towns which can never be effaced and claims that can never be disputed, that the Catholic religion sent apology to any one in this land, but is above and beyond all others to the manner born and native to the soil.

But times have changed since Catholicity was an official power in the assembly of nations and since Catholic navigators set sail with the blessings of the Pope on their caravels. The great religious revolt of the sixteenth century, which was in fact mostly a political rebellion against the See of Rome, has effected a disintegration which promises to be as disastrous as that which swept away the last vestiges of the earlier civilization of Europe. For what is the condition of the intellectual world outside of the Catholic Church to-day?

"A little careful memory," says a recent writer, who knows whereof he speaks, and who is not a Catholic, "a little careful observation will reveal a spectacle that indeed is appalling, and the more carefully we examine it the more shall we feel agitated at it. There has been a gradual dereligionizing of life, a slow sublimating out of its concrete theism, and at present a denial of religious dogma, more complete than has ever been known." Nor could it be otherwise. For the enemy that assailed the Papacy meant the destruction of Church, the rejection of all authority, civil and religious. And now, under the teachings of Positivism, Agnosticism or Pessimism, or what-

ever the new evangel may be called (and they were all hailed as such), is making God Himself only a reminiscence, and the spirituality of the soul only one more of the delusions that have drifted away into the past. And the Will follows soon where the Mind points to evil, and from a widespread denial of religious belief comes a widespread moral depravity and corruption. For why?

"Am I to be overawed  
By what I cannot but know  
Is a juggler born of the truth?"

Men have ceased to be overawed and the "juggler born of the truth" is making sad havoc with the fierce passions of the soul.  
In the matter of personal purity what awful strides have been made in the feelings and words and methods, both public and private, from the reserve and delicacy and restraint of a few years ago. Vice is brazen in its publicity, and the literature of the day (which is a fair test of morality) has sounded depths in not only what is called realism, but in what claims to be refined, that even the blasphemous Renan has felt himself called upon to deprecate with horror and dismay.

Look at the family, outside of the Church, how it is waning and disappearing. Divorce no longer forms a ban in society, nor brings a blush to the cheek of woman. The consequence of this and other things connected with it are so disastrous as to threaten the very existence of nations. And the governments of the world? Whither are they drifting? Drifting? They are driving, and like Jehu driving furiously over the dead they have strewn in their pathway. They are all seeking, professedly or thoughtlessly, not only to ignore but to eliminate the memory of everything they understand in their executive actions, in their legislation, in their schools, in their very hospitals, and on their battle-fields with the dying and dead. Take France as an example, which is foremost in the mad race. "One hundred years ago," said Clemenceau in a recent debate, "we said to the Tiers Etat: 'What were you yesterday?' Nothing. 'What will you be to-morrow?' Everything. To-day we reverse the question and ask of the Church: 'What were you yesterday?' Everything. 'What will you be to-morrow?' Nothing. We cannot destroy you, for you are a spiritual power but in all we do you shall have nothing to say."

And the governed. What of them? For the answer to that, listen to the anarchist dynamite exploding in church and court, and legislative chamber, from Madrid to St. Petersburg. What are the thoughts of the famishing multitudes escaping from bankrupt Italy? What is the meaning of the rattling sabres in the streets of Paris and Berlin, of the angry murmurs, and the fierce unrest of the toilers in every land? What is the purpose of the mighty armies taken from the labors of peace and waiting for a signal or an accident to bring ruin upon the civilization of to-day. More complete than did the Huns and the Vandals of other times? They were disorganized hordes, but their successors are trained for destruction. They were freebooters, but the very priests to-day are dragged from the altar to the barracks, and the sad sight is presented to this age of man's work in the enforced slavery of military life and another begging for bread.

Religion blaspheming, tells her sacred fires,  
And unawares morality expires.  
Lo! thy dread Empire, restored,  
Lies in ruins before thy uncreative word.  
Thy hand, Great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,  
And universal darkness buries all.  
Who is the one who is to deliver us from all this? Who but the one who did it before. Leo confronted the wild Attila when he was burning the cities of Europe, making his track a wilderness; Leo and his successors can alone avert the disaster, and if salvation is refused, and the end comes, can construct another civilization out of the ruins, if indeed there is to be another.

Listen to his words, addressed to the infidel governments of to-day: "If the State refuses to give God his right, it will refuse its citizens theirs," and that by the very fact, implies self-destruction. And as an echo of this warning, scarce a month ago, in the columns of the *British*, as if in mockery of its name, *The Right*, under the name of the Pontiff is held in defiance comes the exhortation to the people to use their knowledge of the chemistry of explosives to destroy the governments which they cannot overcome, and the governments themselves are now in consternation as each returning May-day once comes freighted with clouds foreboding ruin. And so it must always be. Where God is not there is ruin.

It is precisely this exclusion of God from the State that so alarms the Catholic mind; it indeed on every point where this conclusion is exercised, but most of all, in that question so agitated to-day—the education of youth. There, if anywhere, it must enter or the State will infallibly perish. It is an alarm prompted by the purest patriotism and the plainest wisdom, for it can be said without fear of contradiction that there are no true patriots, and none with a clearer vision for such dangers, than those who are in

touch with the teaching of the Catholic Church.

Whose voice is it that speaks to the world of the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage tie, so recklessly disregarded outside of the Catholic Church? It is the successor of Peter, who, while he points to the evils of the most awful kind that flows from its violation, reminds the world that around it revolve all that is pure in man or woman, all that guards the innocence of sweet childhood, and makes the home even of the poorest an earthly paradise. It was the successor of Peter who raised above this adulterous generation the beautiful figure of the Immaculate Mother and Virgin, and made the world see in her what is truly worthy of love and honor in man and woman-kind.

It is He who speaks to the toiler of to-day, and points to Him who was Himself a toiler—Jesus Christ. And finally, with a special reference to the needs of this age of bewilderment and doubt, did he promulgate the doctrine of his own infallibility. It started the world indeed, and so did the pillar of fire startle the Israelites in the desert, but it led them to the promised land.

It is through such as you, Right Rev. Father in God, by calling you to such a distinguished position in the illustrious hierarchy of the Church in America, that the successor of St. Peter preaches this Gospel of salvation. Like St. Mark, in the early day, you are His disciple and interpreter. You are going, not like him of Alexandria, into a strange land, but into a great Church which a noble pioneer of the faith planted and strengthened into a territory that has scarce a cross on a spire when he raised his crozier above it forty years ago, and now, after a lifetime of toil, continued till the very end, when he lay down in his coffin with the royal robes of poverty about him, having given all to God, he hands it over to you, rich in his magnificent churches, strong in his splendid charities and schools, with a large-hearted, devoted and generous clergy, who, with him, share the merit of the work, backed as they are by a flock of now more than a quarter of a million, all on fire with zeal for the glory of the Church of Christ.

All this, I know, only fills you the more with consternation. But there are many things which seem like bright harbingers of a great and happy episcopate.

It was to you that almost the last words of the dying prelate were unexpectedly addressed, giving to you for a moment almost episcopal power. Perhaps at that solemn hour it was vouchsafed him to penetrate the darkness that was closing round him. Why should it not be so, for the one who had stood long before the mystic veil of the altar of sacrifice?

There has come spontaneously from every side evidences of the warm and enthusiastic welcome, increased by the quick honor of your elevation, and who can doubt but that it is a prophecy of the future, and that the brightness of to-day will remain with you, not merely as a memory, but as a widening and deepening reality through the labors and difficulties of your new and great career. It is the realm which alone you care to live in, and the sweetness and gentleness of your own nature will reflect the sunshine even more abundantly than it is bestowed.

You are leaving a most honored and beloved prelate who is tenderly attached to you, but who finds consolation, no doubt, in the thought that the white spires of St. Patrick's will hail with delight the towers of the Immaculate, as they rise heavenward to be together perpetual reminders in sunshine and storm, to the millions that look up to them, that it is the faith which they represent, and it alone which can strengthen the walls of the social fabric, giving dignity and freedom to the individual, honor and perpetuity to the family, protection and stability to the State.

Your diocese lies upon a beautiful island, with the life and action and freshness of the mighty ocean around it. On both sides of its long expanse, the wealth of all the world is brought in stately ships; the travelers from every land first gaze upon your city, when the mists of ocean lift from their eyes. With the great metropolis bound to it, not only by its mighty bridge of iron, but by the ties of kinship and religion, the influence that must be exerted upon the Christian Church, is almost defies calculation. Greater is the number of Catholics, more gigantic in the work of evangelization, more cosmopolitan and consequently more Catholic than any other religious centre upon our hemisphere, their united voice must ever command the greatest attention, their course be noted with the greatest concern and their action invariably followed by the most stupendous results. May we not rest assured that like the Church of Alexandria, both doctrine and holiness will ever distinguish these mighty Sees, the Mother and Daughter who sit by the shores of the ocean, and that the waves that break at their feet will ever bear to the Rock upon which the Church is built, the Gospel of Peter, the glad tidings of Christ, brought into the souls of man, into the sacred circles of families and into the destinies of our great and glorious nation.