# Catholic Record.

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

## VOLUME XX.

### LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898:

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I went to the Throne with a guivering I went to the Information soul. The old year was done Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me, I have spoiled this one. He took the old leaf, stained and blotted And gave me a new one, all unspotted And into my sad heart smiled, "Do better now my child." -John Larmer.

The Best of It.

Give ever man his share Of sorrow or of glee And he will wonder where Theother part can be. If pain be half his lot If the tries to make a jest of it, It serves to warn him not, He wants to know the rest of it.

Give woman haif a hint Of how the scandal goes And she will never stint When telling what she knows. One tells the story straight. Another what she guessed of. The others watch and wait They want to know the rest of it,

And so the story goes Through all the alphabet No evil, or science throws A light upon it yet!-The problem's in our hand We ought to make the best of it, But still, you understand, We want to know the rest of it. -John Lar

REV. MR. MADILL IN TROUBLE.

Rev. Mr. Madill has incurred the displeasure of his brethren. They have not only reproved him for conduct unbecoming a minister, but even withdrawn him from discharge of his duties. How times have changed ! He was once a burning light-a vali ant crusader against Catholics, an exponent of "free thought." His thoughts could be very free with his Catholic brethren and his language have the glow of liberty unbridled and unmeasured. But he had to handle tenderly the people under his charge. One fatal day he resorted to his favorite tactics-he imagined he was dealing with his enemies-and behold his superiors swooped down upon him like an eagle upon its prey, and Rev. Mr. Madill's career was ended.

" His friends, the A. P. A., will give him a decent funeral-that is if they have not gone off to sloughter the Spaniards.

#### AN INSTANCE OF BIGOTRY.

The Protestant denominations, we are told, have requested the President of the United States to expel the religious orders from the Philippine Islands. The request comes strangely from the gentlemen who in the interest of liberty have clamored for the present war.

What does it mean ? It means that these ministers are dyed-in-the-wool bigots. If the religious orders were guilty of the crimes laid at the door of Spanish officialism we should be slow to pen a word of condemnation, but we are informed by reputable witnesses that the friars have done much to

was assailed by His enemies with the most contradictory charges so is His Church. His words are literally fulfilled: 'You shall be hated by all men for my name's sake. The disciple is not above his master.'" Are halfway houses on the road to Heaven."

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

Had you lived in Cambridge fifteen or twenty years ago it is quite likely that you would have claimed as a personal friend the sunny-tempered, tender hearted, gray-haired man who loved you all, and wrote a great many beautiful things for you to read and enjoy, and who was a general favorite posed to have built in Newport among young folks and often entertained them at his home. One day a friend coming to him, told him that a little girl had come to see where he lived, and hoped to catch a glimpse ef him through the window. The door of his heart as well as of his home at once opened wide, and the little girl was right royally received. Thus in deed and in word this genial man was constantly saying of children :

"Ye are better than all the ballads That ever were sung or said ; For ye are living poems, And all the rest are dead."

Surely you all recognize this man as the poet Longfellow ! Thousands who were never favored to know him personally have joined with the " blue eyed banditti " of his home

" Grave Alice and laughing Allegra And Edith with golden hair," in their raids upon his Sanctum, and who were quite ready to be

"Put down into the dungeon In the round tower of his heart."

Children of all ages were dear to him. The lines in "Weariness" indicate with what' tender feeling he looked upon

# "Little souls as pure and white And crystalline as rays of light Direct from Heaven, their source divine."

" The Castle Builders " shows that he well knew how to tell stories to eager listeners at his knee. As the girl-"A smile of God thou art" grew older he penned for her the poem "Maidenhood" that blends sympathy with her half-timid longing while

"Standing with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet," and whispers gracious words of counsel-

"Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth In thy hand the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth.

For the boy he recalls his own babyhood, and pictures its haunts, reading meantime a chapter in our country's history as he refers to the " sea fight far away." His own youth is not so " Lost " but that he still knows

The gleams and glooms that dart Across the schoolboy's brain ; The song and the silence in the heart That in part are prophecies, and in part Are longings wild and vain."

The simplicity of his poems and the common subjects with which they so ympathetically deal render his works

Are you interested in history, read when all this is done to our best and utmost, we find that there is something 'Paul Revere's Ride," "The Courtship we desire far more than to see and of Miles Standish" and the tale of we desire far more than to see and speak with Him. We want to know His thoughts, His Heart, His Sacred Heart. And  $\bigcirc$  we approach that school of knowledge in the Church, "Evangeline." Often at twilight you will be reminded of the lines

" Silently one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget me-nots of the Angels."

In "The Skeleton in Armor" you will read the tradition of the Norseman who in Longfellow's time were sup-

'The lofty tower Which to this very hour Stand looking seaward."

"The Rainy Day" will teach you contentment, and "Excelsior "drives cowardice from our hearts, and makes us obedient to the cry that comes ringing to our ears-Higher. "The Ladder of St. Augustine " reminds us that "The heights by great men reached and

kept Were not attained by sudden flight. But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night." "The Builders" likens life to the

work of an architect and the helpers-" For the structure that we raise, Time is with materials filled : Our to days and yesterdays Are the blocks with which we build."

Of Longfellow's personal friends we can learn much through his verses. "A Gleam of Sunshine" and "Footsteps of Angels " are tender references

The Being Beauteous Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me."

The books Longfellow read often called forth lines such as "Travels by the Fireside," Chaucer, Milton, etc. Not unfrequently as he read, his desire to share with others what he enjoyed led him to translate from the Latin, Italian Spanish and German. Thus he gives an excellent description of winter and spring from Charles d'Orleans. The song "Beware" and the "Bookmark of St. Teresa," with its inspiring words "Moriture salutamus" seems to forecast a gloomy strain, but rather it is full of cheer for the young students at Bowdoin, and of encouragement for his classmates of fifty years before, whom

' A ze is opportunity no less Than youth itself, though in another dress.'

ne assures that

Come to know him intimately and he will sing all bitterness out of your heart. He will make you better, nobler, more content and courageous. His "Excelsior" will resound ever in your ears, but better than all he will teach you to view men and things by the light of a kindly heart.

John Larmer.

THE HEART OF JESUS PLEADING. Sacred Heart Review.

little lamp, to find the small lost coin

of the Good Shepherd, going forth into

lift with bleeding hands the straying

sheep to safety on His bosom, and bean

forth shadowings of the hunger and

the fold. These are only faint

by rough ways

not.

The month of June is the month of the Sacred Heart. On Friday of last

met Him, have spoken with Him, have DR. EGAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF McMaster would probably have disapworked and prayed beside Him. JAMES A. MCMASTER.

An Answer to the Question: "Was James A. McMaster an American Monarchist ?'

There seems to be a fortunate re vival of interest in the life of the late James A. McMaster, due no doubt to governed by no less a teacher than the Holy Ghost Himself, wherein the mysthe publication of some of his most characteristic and tenderest letters, by tics are taught how to teach us these the Carmelites at Niagara Falls ; and the efforts of our historical societies to foster a regard for all things Catholic and American. McMaster deserves to be better appreciated. "Now that the be better appreciated. smoke of battle, "-of the many battles he waged,--" has cleared away," it is just that the real figure of the man should be made to appear as it was,great, loyal, rugged and fulgent, at the same time kind and gentle. There was no doubt that he was a good hater, and that he believed all his hatreds to be righteous hatreds ; he was, too, an ardent lover and the firmest of friends ;- only those who hate can love, was one of his axioms; and, if he mixed sometimes the person with the principle he hated,

he discovered that he was wrong. He was a Scotch Highlander still, in spite of a generation or two between him and the Gael, and the highest spirituality never, until death began to cast its shadow, quite eradicated the old fight ing desire to strike the head of an opposing clansman whenever he saw

To the world he offered the aspect of a warrior, for he hated the world. To the little circle of which he was the centre, he was the gentlest and most considerate of men. A glance only at the letters, recently printed in The Carmelite Review, will show this.

McMaster's heart was always vulner able; his piety intense and mystical. Towards the end of his life, his his favorite book was Grignon de Monfort's. As he advanced in years, -he died at the age of sixty-eight,-he be-Mother of God. But let us follow the came more and more sympathetic and Church's history as the centuries pass away. It is not three hundred years but he could find excuses for those since, to one who bore the name of who differed from him ;--this he found He said to her these memorable words: "Behold this Heart that has pressed it, with all the fervor of St. To much loved men." She heard Him also say that He wanted "love for believed in Catholic education to the love." And now, this very month, the death. Politically, he never gave up League, founded since then to honor the doctrine of state rights, but as the that pleading Heart of Christ, places memory of the wrongs he had en-before us assthe special intention of our dured faded, he began to find some prayers for June: "Dovotion to the Blessed Sacrament." Extended a second second

Thus it says to our listening souls that the same Lord is really there in the tabernacle, Who lay on Mary's man's Journal, was entirely forgiven. oreast, and toiled at Joseph's side, and He believed in The Freeman's Journal went after the wandering sheep into the wilderness, and hung dying for vs upon the shameful tree, crying: 'I thirst." It says that the same Lord is written by himself, in which he did there, Who spoke to Blessed Margaret Mary in the Visitation convent, be-seeching us to give Him love for love. Out of the tabernacle does no voice were proven to be wrong,-but it was speak to us also in the silence, telling difficult to put him in the wrong.

The death of his wife was a terrible us that the interior dispositions of Our Lord's Heart are still the same, and epoch for McMaster ; it left him utter that He loves and longs for the hearts ly lonely, but deeply resigned. leader on this occasion, and that writ-When we kneel there next before ten on the disapproval of The Free-

Him, let us for a while forget our-selves and our own special needs ; let

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proved of it. He was heart and sou against centralization ; and he would doubtless have looked upon the annexation of Spanish colonies colonies as a grave danger in principle and as the furtherance of corruption in practice ;- in fact, considering the mixed races involved - as a sort of miscegenation. An imperial policy would doubtless have struck him as a subject for fierce denunciation. No man knew better how to distinguish between his personal utterance and those dicta which he repeated as the echo of the Church, and he had no desire that anybody should confuse them. That he believed his mission to be the directing of public opinion is true,-that he used every effort to fulfill that mission is also true, but that he ever intended that his strong personal predilections, -often prejudices exaggerated from principles-should be taken for the pronouncements of the Church, is not true

Politically, McMaster detested Lacordaire ; but he admired him as a man of piety and genius :- ethically, he hated Lord Byron, but he was never tired of quoting "Childe Harold," with many apologies for having, when young and a heretic, learned it by heart. He believed that Washington and Jefferson were autocrats, and that the germs of aristocracy lay beneath all the formulae of the founders of this country ; but because Washington posed the American admirers of Camille Desmoulins, it does not follow that he was in sympathy with a possible mon-archy on American soil. McMaster bearchy on American soil. lieved in what he held to be legitimate nonarchy in Austria, France and Spain. For his own country, he was one of the most stringent opposers of centralization that can be imagined.

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#### THE POPE AND THE ITALIAN RIOTS.

There is a disposition on the part of some friends of the reigning family in Italy to lay the blame for the recent riots in Milan and elsewhere at the door of the Vatican. The London Times has a characteristically cowardly article on the subject in which it intimates that the Pope, notwithstanding his public utterances, was in some degree secretly in sympathy with the rioters. And all this in the face of the fact that His Holiness has taken pains to express formally not only his regret for but his positive disapproval of the disturbances. Writing to the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan the Holy Father said : "We should have desired that it had been possible for your eminence to be in your beloved Milan as a counsellor of peace and minister of consolation in the critical hour. But the fact that occasion has been drawn from your absence to pour a torrent of insults on the head of the annointed of the Lord, and to drag through obloquy a member of the Sacred College, who is attached by a special bond to us and to the Holy See, is something which cannot but inspire indignation in the mind of every who possesses any Christian civiliza-The

tion It is quite characteristic of the present dynasty to lay the blame for the evil results of their own folly and rime upon the Church. two purposes. It affords justification for new cruelties and for fresh acts of oppression levelled against the minisers of religion. Harold Frederic. cabling on last Saturday, said: "Private advices from Italy confirm the published information that Rudini's new cabinet is contemplating severe measures against the Pope and the Catholic Church. If it carries them out its policy will be suicidal. Indeed, the persecution of the Church on such imperfect and biased evidence as the Government now has at its disposal could have but one result. It would rouse moderate men to anger and de stroy not only the makeshift cabinet now in power, but endanger the stability of the throne itself. There is, indeed, no sober proof that the Pope imself or his advisers, or any body of men whom he immediately controls. have joined the late forces of the revoution directly or indirectly.

deep and inner things that possess such special charm. The first Christian mystic was none other than Mary, the Virgin Mother of Christ. " She only knew Him, she alone Who nightly to His cradle crept; And, lying like the moonbeam prone, Worshipped her Maker while He slept."

She held His beating Heart to her hers; the lovelight of His eyes first gentle. heart ; He drew His human life from dwelt on her ; His first low word-that wondrous first word of the eternal Word of God-was spoken in her enraptured hearing, and thrilled her with a sweetness beyond all possible songs in heaven. The brush of a Murillo has shown us the longing in the Child's eyes for His Heavenly he was ready enough to distinguish if he was ready enough to distinguish if Father ; the brush of a Raphael has shown His intense, world-wide, longing vision of the myriad souls of men. If genius, illumined by faith and

prayer and love, saw this, Mary the Mother saw deeper and saw more. She saw the prophet's dreams fulfilled. She knew, by angelic an-nouncement, that the world's Redeemer had come ; yet she saw Him looked upon by their neighbors as only a Hebrew boy among other boys in lowly Nazareth ; and she saw the omnipotent Creator working with plane and chisel at a carpenter's trade. But,

underneath all, she read His Heart. It was a life of continual prayer and self-oblation, offered to Gc1 for souls. We do not doubt these things in re-gard to the Blessed Virgin Mary,

Mary, our Divine Lord appeared, and it hard to do in the earlier days.

elevate the natives of the Philippines. They were teaching them to respect their neighbors and to worship God long before the ministers came to the United States. We do not claim that all the monks are paragons of every virtue. If, however, we find some not up to the standard, shall we condemn them all and demand their explusion ? Would it be reasonable to say that every preacher is an infidel because some of them have cut adrift from Christianity ? But what would they do if the President granted the request and gave them the Philippines as their [exclusive camping-ground? Would they wean the natives from the pernicious errors of Rome ?

Their past history of missionary effort may enable us to give an answer. They have since the seventeenth century been sending out missionaries, and they have never succeeded in enlisting a nation under their standard. They have had bibles by the shipload and dollars by the thousand-and they have failed. More than this, their senseless scattering of the Bible amongst the illiterate has brought contempt and ridicule upon it and robbed it of its dignity and sacredness. Even their own writers attest this, as may be seen by a perusal of Marshall's exhaustive work on "Christian Missions."

If the leaders of our separated brethren would confine themselves to the preaching of truth there would be soon "one fold and one shepherd." At all events the foulness of calumny would not befoul lips set aside for other things.

But as Father Oakley says :

"One of the most striking marks of the truth of the Catholic Church is the fact that she is scribes the inheritor of the reproaches heaped on her Divine Founder. Just as our Divine Lord

delightful reading from early childhood. He tells again in pleasing rhyme many a story that has come down to us from the olden timelegends that are not unlike the stories you often think out for yourselves. If you have younger brothers or sis-Heart for the souls of sinful men. ters they will enjoy with you that story of "Hiawatha." Its rhythm has a magical charm. The red man's interpretation of the wonders of nature and the poet has told us that "The and the strange stories of lost piece of money He will seek for and find." We have pictures, also, adventure are enchanting. You will feel at home with "Hiawatha" where you read of his familiarity with and through thorny thickets, stooping pityingly, and all-forgetful of self, to the robin, the rabbit and the squirrel. You will find that he

Learned of every bird its language, Learned their names with all its secrets, How they built their nests in summer Where they hid themselves in winter."

thirst of the Heart of Jesus after the How easily in imagination will you souls of men, ever felt and ever ex join "Hiawatha" in his hunting of the pressed in the League of the Sacred sturgeon Nahma. We suppose every boy Heart by the motto which is the watchword of its members : " Thy kingdom holds contests with imaginary giants armed with weapons almost as powerful as "Hiawatha's " magic mittens. And your tears will flow as you read of the sorrow that came to "Hiawatha's happy home. We hope the remembrance of these scenes will make your hearts all the more tender. When a stormy day shuts your windows, and you are wanting some means of entertainment, turn to the account of the "Skipper and his Little Daughter" who

suffered so sad a fate off Cape Ann, on the reef of Norman's Woe ; or read the threefold story connected with the building of the ship. "The Bell of Atri '

" Pleads the cause Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws." And the "Birds of Killingworth" dethe

come. There is a method of studying the life of our Blessed Lord which has peculiar interest for devout and reflective minds ; the study, namely, of His "interior dispositions," as they are called, His motives, wishes, aims, The prayerful plans, and loves. student of these matters must quickly discover that the glory of God, and His most holy will, together with the salvation and sanctification of souls,

storm and darkness,

were objects that Our Lord and Master kept ever before Him in His earthly Yet, during the first thirty career. years of His mortal life, what was His way of carrying them into effect ?

Referring again to His outward life, we look at the Babe in Bethlehem, and the Child in Egypt, the Boy in Nazar eth, the Young Man in the carpenter's shop, the marvellous Worshipper in synagogue. We picture to our-

selves that face with its heavenly ex

week, the Church celebrated with joyus lose ourselves in the infirite abysses ful devotion the great annual feest of that blessed Heart. Only in the the Sacred Heart. Now, on this third darkness, when all earthly lights are vanished from us, can we hope to see Sunday after Pentecost, in the touching parables of the lost sheep and the that thorn-encircled, cross crowned, lost piece of silver, the gospel for the day displays to us the intense and inand fiery Heart of love. Ever peace fully athirst now for souls It beats there, pleading sweetly with us: "Satiate My Heart ! Satiate-satiate veterate craving of the Redeemer's Th artist's brush has drawn for us the My Heart, that bled and broke for picture of the woman sweeping diligently her floor by the light of ber

and the souls of men ?

What reply shall we make to It but that strong cry of the League, unceas-ingly repeated now the wide world "Thy kingdom come, sweet lesus ! Thy kingdom come !'

Let us indeed cease thinking what we want, and think what He wants. He wants neither wealth nor fame nor worldly success. He wants our love, our loving, faithful, holy hearts ; and He wants to have the lost and wandering sheep brought back to His blessed fold. How is it that we can set our minds on lesser things, that must pass away like smoke, yet we dare to weigh them in

the balance with immortal souls and the thirst of Jesus Christ? Alas ! I know We could help Him-we, poor abject beings, could help Almighty God to win souls to His yearning Heart. Is it possible that it shall ever be said of

that we went on choosing selfishly to please ourselves, when, of our great Exemplar and Our Saviour, an apostle, inspired by the Holy Ghost, tells us 'Christ pleased not Himself."

TSCHING-TA-JEN. Some of our separated brethren

who have been brought up on missionary stories about the ignorance of Catholic converts to the faith, and their descendants in China, will be surprised to learn that the new Chinese ambassador to France is a Catholic, and that lic instinct as "Henry V." was de-b's ancestors have been Catholics for lightful; but he did not claim the

over two centuries. may think he is an Englishman or an of state rights. A monarchy American of English ancestory in dis-guise we give his name. It is Tsching. from a monarchy here. As to "im-The street musicians of the heavenly city pression ; we pleture to ourselves that ta-jen. There is nothing Auglo Saxon perialism," in the sense in which it is heaven would find that a windo the would but whose habitations in the tree-tops even dear Redeemer as we would fain have about that.—Sacred Heart Review.

they show two noble aspects of the man. It has been observed that McMaster's paper was personal. It never pre ended to be anything else, and when he laid his heart bare in that pathetic editorial on the death of her he loved best of all earthly things, he spoke, not to the world, but to his little ennot to the world, closed city of readers, -- each of whom was his friend. To be a subscriber to The Freeman's Journal was to be a friend of McMaster ; and his readers, learned or unlearned, were his, -literally his.

At one time he was a devout admirer of Don Carlos, and of the late Comte de Chambord ; naturally, his admiration of Don Carlos was communicated, in Italics and capital letters, to the readers of The Freeman. He used to show with pride a letter written by a devout miner in California, who had enclosed six dollars in gold. And the letter ran

"Hurrah for Dan Collins,-I don't know who he is,-but as McMaster's with him, he's all right, and here is my money !"

His support of these two pretenders and his opposition to Kossuth have, no doubt, occasioned the revival of the rumor that he was a fiery imperialist, us that we would not? Shall it be said and the quoting, among Protestants, his certain utterances of which seemed to voice Catholic sentiment in regard to monarchy. Politically, McMaster never intended to represent Catholic sentiment. He did his best to control that sentiment, but he did not assume to announce it as if he had the right to commit his brethren to it. It was his fixed opinion at one time that, in the Count of nambord, lay the salvation of France. Similarly, with Don Carlos lay the ope of Spain. According to McMaster, Thiers was as repugnant to Catho-

But the London Times, which is ever eady to aim a cowardly blow at the Church, promptly jumped to the conlusion that the benign Pontiff was at

the bottom of the revolution which broke out prematurely in Milan. It knows better. It knows that the Italian Government is decaying gradually but surely of its own rottenness It knows, as every intelligent person in Europe knows, that the cause of the uprisings was the discontent of the people because of excessive and exorbitant taxes. It knows that the ministry is tottering to its fall, that the treasury is on the verge of bankruptcy, and that the corruption in high places has been simply enormous. But it is desirous of shifting the responsibility from its proper place and diverting attention from the real sources of the discontent This may help Humbert and his ministers for a time, but the whole truth must come to the surface soon. Meanwhile the Pope's position For fear that they same relation for his favorite doctrine will be not only understood but appreciated. - Boston Republic.

Many a man would find that a window in moven would soon open if he would but stop