

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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Letting Down the Bars.

Twilight falls from out the sky,
And the moon-her, sad and lone,
Sits aloof her dismal cry.
As I drive the cattle home,
O'er the moors her voice is calling,
Sweet inflections, rising, falling,
“Neb the promise of the stars,
And twist a moor and meadow lands,
By the rustic gateway stands
Jessie, letting down the bars.

Fairy fancies faintly fall
In the chambers of my brain,
In my heart I hear her call
O'er the moorland hills again,
Through the toll, the noise, the strife,
All the cares of busy life,
Through the prizes and the scars,
In my dreams I seem to see,
With her brown hair floating free,
Jessie, letting down the bars.

Jessie kissed the Prince of Death,
And he bade her silent lie,
But the sound of memory's breath
In my heart can never die.
When I bring my flock of years—
Gilded hopes and faded fears—
To the City in the Stars,
I shall see my darling wait,
I shall see within the gate—
Jessie, letting down the bars.”
—Arthur H. Quinn, in *Edford's Monthly*.

CATHOLIC FAITH.

Protestant and Catholic said to live in two different worlds.

We commend to our readers the following able and instructive article from the pen of George Parsons Lathrop, a famous scholar and distinguished convert to our Church. This latter fact makes the article doubly interesting.

It has been said that Catholics and Protestants live in two different worlds, and this, as you all know, is in some sense true.

The world of clear, coherent faith: of serene insight into the supernatural and the divine, and the world of mere opinion, of individual, private judgment which leads always to difference and indifference, which professes to divorce belief from reason and ends too often in helpless, naked rationalism—these two worlds of men certainly cannot be one and the same. Yet this fact does not necessarily prevent us who dwell in humble but direct communion with Him who is called “Wonderful,” “God,” “The Prince of Peace,” from coming directly into relation with those—our neighbors, acquaintances and friends—who dwell just over the border, in that dazzling but somewhat beguiling region which may be termed the debatable land, or the land of endless debate.

In fact, we do meet and converse with them every day. We trade and fraternize with them. We can understand perfectly all that they think and feel. But they cannot understand us. There's the pity. And there, too, is the problem. How shall we lead them to understand us and the simple, yet sublime, truth to which we are loyal? At this mere question, as though by a word of magic incantation, the barriers between the two worlds of thought arise and interpose themselves like a solid wall. It can be penetrated, only one of mist. It can be penetrated.

I HAVE BEEN A PROTESTANT.

And now, happily for me, I am a Catholic—that is, a Christian in the true, uncompromising faith of Christ. Therefore I know something about the two worlds and a good deal about the barriers between them.

It seems to me that the most practical thing I can do is to give you very simply, in the light of my own observation, a few instances of the way in which the non-Catholics of New England regard Catholicity and its adherents.

In the first place, they are brought up with an indescribable dread of it, which they imbibe in childhood with their earliest associations, and before they are even conscious that it is being in them. This indescribable dread—when you come to enquire and try to analyze it—turns out to be also indefinable. It is like the hobgoblin of the nursery. Every one of the scared nurslings is confident the hobgoblin exists and would like to hurt them if he could, but no one of them can explain just what he is, or why he should wish them harm. The terror of those people has no logical beginning that even the most patient search can trace, and it always, when investigated, falls back upon an absolute defiance of logic.

For example, I have a Congregational friend with whom for years I have discussed every topic that came into our ken exhaustively and with the freest comparison of views, not at all in the manner of dispute, but simply for the profit of candid intellectual interchange. We had often spoke of religion, and many times ALLIED TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. On this last subject he appeared to have prejudices which I did not share, and I frequently told him so, giving him my reasons, although I did not then dream that I should ever become a Catholic. When, at last, I was received into the Church, it was natural to suppose that he would be the first and the most eager to obtain my views on this, as on all other matters, and I told him I would gladly answer any questions that might occur to him. But on this one topic he promptly said: “No, we had better agree to disagree. If I thought as you do, I should be where you are, and if you thought as I do you would be where I am.” The utter platitude and vacuity of that reply almost paralyzed me. “But,” I said, “I know you have certain ideas about the Catholic Church which I never thought were correct, and now

that I am in the Church I can show you and assure you that they were entirely wrong.” He answered: “Oh! those who are inside the Church don't always know about it. Several converts in England have just left the Catholic Church.” His inference, of course, was that, since they had abandoned it, they were the ones who really understood and knew all about it. But, since they had been inside, and since they held that those inside could not know the truth concerning the Church, how did it happen that these particular apostates thoroughly knew the Church and were to be trusted, while I, as a faithful convert, could not know what I was talking about? If I had retorted upon him with his own argument, I would have said this: “You declare that members of a religious organization, for example the Catholic Church, do not really know what that organization is, what it means and what it aims at. You are a member of a religious organization called the Congregational Church; therefore you do not necessarily know what it means. You assume that those who secede from the Catholic Church are the only Catholics who understand that Church. Therefore, you, who are now a Congregationalist, do not understand your own Church, but if you seceded from it you would then understand it. Hence, no one understands any Church unless he is outside of it.”

He would have been convicted by his own absurdity. Yet it is just THIS SORT OF ABSURDITY that we have to encounter. To this same friend I remarked, later on, that he had conspicuously avoided talking with me about my faith. He replied: “Oh! you may speak freely of it.” I answered: “Very well. But it isn't likely that I am going to sit down and expound it all to you without inquiry from you. You have always wanted to know what I thought about every other thing. But on this you seem wholly indifferent.” And then he said: “Oh, I never want to talk with a man after he has made up his mind.”

So, then, the conclusion would be that there is no use in an interchange of views when a man has any settled and definite views to express. According to this, the Protestant ideal would be a state of perpetual indecision, a state that might be described as general mindlessness, of universal absence of mind.

And yet this friend is a very bright man in all other ways, a man in active business, who is also an author. If I were a Buddhist, a Mohammedan or a Mormon, he would be intensely desirous to hear what I might say in explanation of my tenets. As I am only a Catholic Christian he throws reason and logic to the winds in his anxiety to escape the possibility of talking with me about my faith, although he is still perfectly ready to converse on any other subject under heaven without let or hindrance.

In this case, though, as in many others, I recognize a tacit admission of the intense, overwhelming power of Christ's teaching as embodied and presented by His Holy Catholic Church to-day. The general Protestant fear of the Church is inherited and traditional, based on long continued misrepresentation and prejudice. But in the individual Protestant or non-Catholic that fear is especially the dread of a vast idea.

AN INFINITE TRUTH.

which, if they permit themselves to look into it, may engulf them in its immensity. They recoil at the mere chance of surrendering their small individuality to this immensity of the eternal.

It seems to be as hard for them to acknowledge, sincerely and thoroughly in their hearts, their exact relation to it, as it would be for them to jump off from the edge of the earth. There is a mental attraction of gravitation which holds them down. Yet, in recognizing the vast truths of astronomy, they surrender themselves willingly to the infinite of space. They admit that the whole solar system is visibly progressing through space to some goal that no one is able to sight by the human eye, or by the telescope, or by private judgment. All this, they concede, is going on according to one great principle, one fixed order of logic and law. Yet when it comes to consideration of the moral and spiritual infinite, which also moves towards a great unseen goal, they cannot bring themselves to admit the same fixed order of logic and law and supremacy in one all-embracing truth of religion. In this department—or rather in this aspect—of the universe, they would persuade themselves, the truth is, e., the principle of things—need no longer be single and unvarying, according as it is interpreted by different men and groups. It is this inconsistency of theirs that we must first gently make plain to them, before they can comprehend us or grasp Catholic verities. Meanwhile it will continue one of the most perplexing among barriers, because by its very nature it obliges them to shift ground constantly, and try to escape from logic by a variety of excuses or side issues. Nevertheless, the non-Catholic dread is, at bottom, an admission that holy Church is the earthly representation or portal of the Divine Infinite.

It has also happened to Mrs. Lathrop and myself that Protestant friends, and even simple acquaintances, who never broached the subject before, have written to us—since we became Catholics—asking us to pray for their dead, their departed kindred. Of course, they would not dream of petitioning for such prayers in their own churches and denominations. Others have sent to us—as I have—prayers for someone of a family undergoing illness or surgical operations involving great danger. In all the years that we were outside of the Church they never made such a request, although they were as sure of our friendship then as they are now.

ASK OUR PRAYERS.

There is another sad and touching evidence of the fact that Protestants feel, if they do not perceive, some peculiar virtue in the Catholic Church. They turn to it instinctively, in these cases, as meeting the needs of the heart and soul with a supreme efficacy not found in their own organizations—a power that they may oppose, yet inwardly realize.

A Presbyterian teacher of high standing, intellectual, accomplished and of considerable renown, said to me heartily that, in becoming a Catholic, I had taken the noblest and truest attitude a man could take, and that he wished he could do the same. A friend who has suffered much told me that he often went into the Catholic church—as it was open every day in the week—and simply sat there meditating. He knew nothing of Catholic prayers and could not pray; but he always came out feeling purer, better and stronger. A lady of Puritan descent wrote to us that the Catholic Church was the only one she ever could join; yet that, if she ever found herself inclining that way, she would instantly buy and read all the books against the Catholic Church that she could obtain. This was another form of tribute to the strength of Catholicity. So, too, was that of a distinguished scientific man, who said to me that for a year in his youth he had gone to early Mass every day, without ever inquiring or learning anything about the service and sacrifice, but simply because it made him feel “good.” He now—still omitting to inquire—scorns mildly at the Church; but, with a large experience of Protestant denominations and pastors, he says: “I have known Catholic priests, and they are the best men I ever knew.”

If I look for negative or passive tributes, what better can we ask than these? They show that the non-Catholic Yankee mind, and, in fact, the American mind, is in search of a religious truth which it has not as yet found. It gropes; it dimly guesses at a

REVELATION FROM GOD.

present in the world to-day, which it has not been able to lay hold of in evangelical bodies. The American mind, all through the United States, contains a foundation element of strong and earnest religious feeling. Religious reading and inspiration occupy much of its attention. This may be seen from the character of some of our most widely popular novels and other works of current literature; also from the prevalence of meetings and movements based on natural religion, or upon a partial, fragmentary perception of perfect and supernatural religion. Great numbers of people—the most American of Americans—from the very beginning of our national history down to the present day—have perceived and loyally accepted the divine truth of a supernatural and universal religion, as set forth by the one true and Catholic Church. The non-Catholic American mind in general is really ripe for this divine truth; yet it is clouded still by misapprehension, indifference and careless custom. Millions of Catholics contribute to the support of the Public Schools under an un-American system of taxation almost without representation, since they are so little represented on the school boards, and still show their sincerity by voluntarily maintaining schools of their own besides. Catholics were the first settlers in this country—the bringers of civilization. They were loyal to the American revolution when many, and perhaps most, Episcopalians and Methodists, were on the Tory side. Many scores of thousands of Catholics have laid down their lives in war for the upholding of American institutions and liberty. Catholics are absolutely loyal to the constitution, laws, government and spirit of this Republic to-day, and they prove it in every way that it is possible to offer proof, by act and conduct. Yet all this seems to count for nothing when the prejudices above mentioned come into play. If so brilliant a man as Gladstone, in England, could so misapprehend

THE VATICAN DECREES.

as to imagine they might sap the loyalty of Englishmen, what are we to expect from the ignorant here? It will not do to dismiss them by saying that they are too dense to be enlightened. We must find a way to reach them, and to make them see and know us as we actually are. Am I, whose ardent and steady patriotism no one doubted before, whose family of Puritan origin has produced a line of evangelical ministers and has been solid American for two hundred and

fifty-eight years—am I at once transformed into a disloyal citizen when I become a Catholic? An eminent man said to me: “You have turned your back on your own countrymen.” I replied: “No, sir. I am now the best kind of American there is.” And with entire modesty—for the merit is not mine—I believe this to be true.

For what can make a man so good a citizen as the religion which teaches him the oneness of truth, fidelity to God, to his country, to marriage, to conscience, and applies itself directly every day to strengthen those forces which conserve or purify society and exalt the soul?

It is this that we must bring home to their minds. I believe that the next century will see a tidal wave of conversions sweeping the majority of our countrymen into the holy Catholic Church. At the Epiphany season how shine the words of Isaiah: “Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for the light is come!” Those words the prophet uttered seven hundred years before the Incarnation of Christ, yet he saw the event so clearly that he spoke of it as already present. We American Catholics of to-day do not need a title of prophetic power to declare to our countrymen that their light is come and will presently bathe the land in splendor.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S JUBILEE.

It is very natural that the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Roman Catholic diocese of Toronto, occurring coincidentally with the Silver Jubilee of His Grace Dr. Walsh, should be regarded as a most felicitous event. There are several reasons why this should be so, the first and most important of course being that many of the achievements of His Grace, both prior to and since his elevation to the episcopal rank, have memorably associated his name with the progress in this city of the Church in which he has been honored with such distinguished rank. It must, therefore, be no small source of pleasure to himself and gratification to the Catholics of the archdiocese that their lot should be cast together at such a happy time—and, if we say it—in such a pleasant place.

Forty years have not fully elapsed since Dr. Walsh saw Toronto for the first time, and those forty years have certainly marked a growth in the diocese which he now governs that has steadily kept pace with the giant development of the general community. That a retrospective glance over this comparatively brief period should force itself forward now by way of commentary in connection with Dr. Walsh's personal relations with the diocese, is inevitable, no matter how complimentary the conclusions arrived at may be to the venerable Archbishop. Whatever may be thought of the bestowal of much praise upon anyone to his face, at all events during the celebration of this Catholic Jubilee, where, to a certain extent, the acknowledgment of a certain amount of knowledge, it cannot be received otherwise than with pleasure. Indeed, an occasion ought not to be allowed to pass which so peculiarly appropriate for the payment of well deserved compliments to one who stands so high in the estimation of citizens of every denomination, and that Dr. Walsh will to-day be the recipient of hundreds of honest favors from the clergymen and members of other Churches goes without saying. He is not alone an ornament to the Church to which he belongs, but is also a noble presence in the society in which all the future years of his useful life are, we trust, to be spent. Dr. Walsh is a man of rare breadth and generosity of views, whilst his ripe scholarship and great gift of oratory are too well known to be more than named. With these fine qualities and accomplishments he, however, carries the features, bearing and attractive dignity of a generation of priests whose number—and more's the pity—is rapidly diminishing.

The history of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada will be enriched by the biographies of some of them gone, of this ideal order, some of them gone, for the sake of their remaining. For the greater part their lives have been passed in hard missionary work. Such was Dr. Walsh's early experience in Canada. Ten of the not least arduous of these years was spent in this city, and their work survives to this day. Dr. Walsh was consecrated in St. Michael's cathedral on Nov. 10, 1867, and from that time, down to his return to Toronto two years ago, he was performing what his admirers in Western Ontario delight to refer to as the greatest task of his episcopate. The brilliant success with which he accomplished that task—the paying off of a vast diocesan debt and the erection of a handsome cathedral building—was a certain characteristic of his energy and his almost magnetic power of inducing the enthusiastic co-operation of his people.

Since his return to Toronto Dr. Walsh has done wonders of the same character, and already several new churches and chapels, in addition to the extensive and admirable alterations ordered by him in St. Michael's cathedral, testify to his zeal in this city, for which it is well known he has a warm liking.

But monuments even such as these are inadequate to the veneration in which he is held by the Catholic people of Toronto; and this feeling, we make bold to declare, will be reflected on this morning of his Silver Jubilee by well-wishers who represent all our religious denominations without exception.—*Empire*.

CHARITY SERMON.

London Free Press.
St. Peter's Cathedral was filled with one of the largest congregations that ever assembled within its walls last Sunday, when Rev. Father Walsh, of Toronto, delivered a charity lecture in aid of the funds of the Children of Mary. The reverend Father in the course of his lecture dealt with the influence of the life of our Lord Jesus Christ here on earth, and the lesson of love that He taught. Christ knew more of the sorrows and burdens, the joys and griefs and aspirations of the human heart than any man that ever lived, and that wisdom resulted as all true wisdom must result, in love for the race. His love for mankind surpassed all other love, and was the mainspring of all good and charitable actions. Not only did He teach the law of love by His words, but by His example. He went about doing good. The savage state of the world at the time of the coming of Christ and its cruel neglect of all who were weak and helpless were pictured, and the preacher went on to show how the Church had in every age of its existence devoted itself to the carrying out of the Divine commands to preach the gospel to all nations, to show forth the love of God to men, and to succor, help and comfort all who were in necessity and tribulation. He appealed to the history of the Church in all ages, no less than to her standing to-day, to prove that in all noble charities, many great educational enterprises, and every good work, she had faithfully endeavored to fulfil the law of Jesus Christ. In this city look at the work of that noble Sisterhood of St. Joseph. What was it but the spirit of God that bound these ladies together in devotion to the sick and the orphan and friendless? In Toronto the other day the Medical Health Officer applied to the Archbishop for assistance in nursing the patients in the diphtheria hospital. No sooner was the need made known to the Sisters of St. Joseph than each and every member of the Sisterhood volunteered for the work. His appeal to-night was in aid of the funds of the Children of Mary, an organization to which was committed the duty of caring for the poor of the city. He made a strong appeal to the congregation for generosity in aiding to keep the spectres of want and cold from the doors of the poor during the coming winter. Were any of his hearers any poorer, he asked, for what they had given to charity? Had they ever known a man driven to poverty by liberality to the poor? No, no; drink and luxury, gambling and extravagance would account for many losses of fortune in this world; but generosity to the poor, never. God's reward was sure, for even the cup of cold water given in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ will have had its reward. In concluding the reverend gentleman referred to his last address to this congregation three years ago, the changes that had occurred in that comparatively short time, and the faces of old friends that he missed, the faces of those who had passed before the judgment seat of God.

HOME RULE.

Hon. E. Blake was present at the banquet of the Anchor Society of Bristol on the 15th and responded to the toast of the “Government and the Liberal policy.” Mr. Blake said his Liberal policy, was in sympathy with the Liberal party. In public and private, no matter what trade measures he advocated, his first object had been to achieve a solution of the Irish question. Any alliance between Ireland and England must be cordial, and that must be emphasized by attention to the legitimate aims of the Irish party. England's differences with the United States had largely been the result of the Irish question, and the same might be said of Canada. It would not do, Dr. Blake went on, to have no regard for the monstrous absurdity of having a country's local laws interpreted by another community. The minority in the respect of schools should be officially protected. He spoke as a Protestant with profound respect for the rights of minorities.

A cross-sectional National Federation meeting was held in Dublin on the 16th, when a majority of the McCarthyite members of the House of Commons were present. The meeting adopted resolutions favoring the immediate introduction and steady prosecution of the Home Rule Bill, and denouncing Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Balfour's “impudent attempt” to discredit the Evicted Tenants' Commission before its investigations were well begun, which showed that the Unionists feared the result of the inquiry. Resolutions in favor of a liberal measure of amnesty and continued support of the claims of evicted tenants were also passed.

T. P. O'Connor said that the grand convention before which he spoke proved that the unity of the country was fairly established. He declared that the attitude of the McCarthyite members toward the Liberals was bound to give Ireland a parliament worthy of the acceptance of the Irish, who in return would assist in passing great measures of English reform. Michael Davitt said that Lord Salisbury and his allies were relying for support of their cause on the spirit of religious bigotry.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.

On Sunday, the 20th, in the convent of the Sacred Heart, in this city, Mother Emile Kammerer breathed her last, surrounded by her Sisters, fortified and sustained by all the helps of Holy Church. Madam Kammerer was born in Gmund, Wirtenberg, in 1833, and was one of those religious in Germany who were expelled from the country by the Mosaic Law of 1873.

She offered herself for the American mission, and was sent to the convent of the Sacred Heart in this city, where for the past nineteen years she has devoted herself to her many music pupils with a zeal and self-forgetfulness which will never be forgotten by those who owe her so much. In the little chapel of other days, when only a simple harmonium served for the religious services, she brought forth strains of such rich, deep melody, that one often longed to hear her at some grand church organ more suited to her rare talent of improvisation.

Turning all to God, and viewing everything in the supernatural, she recognized her talent as a heaven-born gift, and was most devoted to Saint Cecilia, the Church's patron of music. Those who love her rejoice to picture her to-day keeping that dear saint's festival amid heaven's harmony. Throughout the breadth of Ontario are scattered her many children, whose prayers will gratefully follow their humble Mother, hastening for her dear soul the dawn of Eternal rest. Of her, as of that Sister in religion whose death we chronicled just one year ago to-day, may it not be said:

Now from her quiet chamber, borne on His Heart of fire,
From His earthly house, His cherished spouse,
He leads to a heavenly choir,
From her willing hands, He takes the work,
Their love of Him begun,
Folds them in rest—on her faithful breast, with the tender words: “Well done!”

On Tuesday morning Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel for the repose of her soul. The celebrant was Rev. M. J. Tiernan, Fathers Walsh, of Toronto, and Kennedy, of the Cathedral, London, acting as deacon and sub-deacon. His Lordship the Bishop of London occupied the throne, assisted by Rev. N. Graham. The ceremonies were both impressive and touching. As the last loving prayers of Holy Church, “jealous of death, guarding her children still,” were said over all that was mortal of a noble servant of the Sacred Heart, and as the community took a last loving farewell of their dear Sister, holding lighted candles in their hands, fit emblems of the glory opening out to the saintly departed one, many silent tears were shed, and many fervent prayers went beseeching to our Heavenly Father to open the portals of eternal glory to the soul of one who throughout her long life endeavored to walk in His footsteps.

Peterborough Business College, Peterborough, Ont.

Parents who desire to educate their sons or daughters in the shortest time, and at the least expense for successful, useful men or women, and middle aged men who have three or four months time at their command, are earnestly requested to investigate the claims of the above college for a thorough business or shorthand education. Write to Mr. Blanchard, C. A., Principal of the college, for full particulars.

Death of a Prominent Toronto Citizen.

We learn with regret of the death of Mr. Lawrence Coffee, commission merchant, an old and very much esteemed resident of Toronto. The sad event occurred at his home in that city on the 16th inst. He was seventy-two years of age; he was a staunch Catholic and a patriotic Irishman; and his many good deeds will be long remembered by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. To his surviving relatives we offer our heartfelt condolence.

From Guelph.

A considerable change has been made in the business of Mr. J. E. McDermott, of the Noted Tea Store. He has admitted to partnership Mr. A. E. Crae, whose many years' travel for Davidson & Hay, Toronto. Mr. Crae is a five business man, endowed with energy and push, and will undoubtedly bring new life into the already large trade which Mr. McDermott has carried on for the last twenty years. He served his apprenticeship at the grocery business with Mr. McDermott, which is a guarantee that he received a thorough training. His partnership will date from December 1st, and will be styled McDermott & Crae. Mr. H. Loch will succeed Mr. Crae as representative of the Toronto firm.—*Guelph Herald*, Nov. 26.

Silence is often the wisest antidote to unprofitable or dangerous contention. There is no other way of obtaining light and intelligence but by the labor of attention.

Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.—*Dr. Johnson*.