

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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Quarant Ore.

I knelt before the hallowed shrine
(While every flower breathed sanctity.)
And, pleading with the Heart Divine,
I pray'd for thee—I pray'd for thee!

And just as surely as I loved
The fragrance of each blossom there,
I know the Sacred Heart was moved,
And heard my pray'r, and heard my pray'r.

Content, I leave thee in His hands,
Whose wisdom is made manifest;
Content, I say, "He understands
And knoweth best, and knoweth best!"

—A. Maudsley Hicks.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

In the death of "Pat" Rooney the stage has suffered no serious loss. He was no creator of character, no teacher of moral principles. He was a low, coarse imitator, who sought, from instinct, low parts and low ideals. With him the type of Irishman which he exhibited has virtually gone out of existence. Mr. Rooney insulted the Irish people and the Catholic Church by his vulgar and debasing portrayals. He posed at times privately as a Catholic, which he was not; he was buried from an Episcopal church.

The characteristic religious trend of the age in which we live is decidedly in the direction of scepticism and doubt. Unfortunately, this trend is not confined to those who make no profession of Christianity. It pervades every denomination of Protestants as well, and the disastrous effects of this scepticism and doubt are as manifest as they are widespread and deplorable. A careful and candid enquiry into the cause of this really sad state of things, we think, must convince any unprejudiced mind that it is the legitimate development of Protestantism. Scepticism is the opposite of submission to authority. Christianity is a religion of faith. There can be no true Christian faith without certainty, and certainty depends upon an infallible authority.

A Parliament of Religions is to be one of the features of the World's Fair. Representatives of all faiths are to be invited to come together "for the manifestations and developments of religious fraternity, to show what and how many important truths the various religions hold in common and to deepen the spirit of true brotherhood among the religions of the world." But they are not to meet "for controversy, for worship, or for the passing of resolutions." Now we shall hold our Catholic Congress then and there—a Congress that was provided for at the Baltimore reunion held in 1889—and we are ready to greet men of all other religions and, as persons, fraternize with them; but we can hardly be expected to take part in any Parliament of Religions that would put on the same level Christianity and Buddhism, Mahomedanism and Mormonism. If we could make an apology for the Catholic claim, the opportunity would be pregnant with inestimable graces. But controversy being barred for fellowship, the Catholic Church must be counted out; it has no fellowship for falsehood.

The great question of the time is, What is the Church? Is it a divine organism or a voluntary association for religious purposes? Catholics maintain the former, Protestants generally the latter. Protestants are consistent in their reasoning because they have abandoned the divine organism of the Church and are really nothing more nor less than a conglomeration of voluntary associations of persons who profess to think alike, and who have combined for purposes of religious worship and instruction. Catholics, on the contrary, claim that the Church is necessarily a divine organism, representing and embodying the revelation which God has given us, and imparting to us the new and divine life of grace which our Lord Jesus Christ came to impart to all who should believe in Him and be united to Him in the way of His appointment. Our Protestant friends hold that conversion imparts the life of grace to individual believers, and in coming together in what they call their Churches each contributes his portion of that life to the common stock; and as each one has a right to interpret the Revelation in which they profess to believe there is no need of any external teaching authority. Now, we maintain that the very idea of a divine revelation implies the necessity of the divine organism which we call the Church. The question is really between such a revelation and natural religion. The grand central principle of Christianity is the Incarnation of the Son of God for the redemption of mankind. Christ, the God-Man, came not merely to teach a new doctrine but to impart a new life, to reconcile man to God and to elevate the race to the divinity—to re-unite man to God by a real, substantial union by which he should receive divine strength to do the will of God and work out his salvation.

Antigonish Casket.

A certain Rev. Dr. McDougall, of St. John, N. B., who was formerly a Presbyterian minister, has, after traversing the *via media* of Unitarianism, announced himself as a thoroughgoing "secularist." In itself this would scarcely call for comment; we call attention to it as adding one more to the rapidly increasing number of Protestant pulpits from which infidel doctrines are openly and freely

preached by men claiming to be Christian ministers. Halifax has a Protestant minister who is doing all that in him lies in the pulpit and the press to destroy Christian faith. These men are doing the devil's work, but it must be admitted that they are consistent. They are simply applying the Protestant principle of private judgment in matters of religion. That principle practically proclaims the right of the individual to reject God's teaching if it does not commend itself to his views. The so-called "orthodox" Protestants apply the principle to a portion of Revelation; the Universalists, Unitarians and other infidels apply it to all. And why should not the principle apply to the doctrine of the Incarnation as well as to that of the Real Presence? to the inspiration of Scripture as well as the infallibility of the Church?

Buffalo Union and Times.

An English police inspector has absconded. His name was James Black, and he was the means of sending Michael Davitt to prison twenty years ago. Dr. Gallagher nine years ago, and two men, Egan and Daly, who received life sentences for dynamite conspiracy. His power was great because of his ability and supposed probity, and until a short time ago, in spite of numerous attempts to discredit him with the authorities, he held his position. Then it leaked out that he was a vindictive blackleg, a blackmailer, a perjurer, and an all-around rascal. He had but one opponent in his career, an old alderman of Birmingham, who in spite of the opinion of his official brethren maintained the rascality of Black and sought to prove it. He has at last been successful, the villain has fled, and a Government inquiry will be made into his private life and into the convictions he secured. Among them is the life sentence of Messrs. Egan and Daly, in whose garden he planted a bottle of glycerine and swore to the finding of it. Both men were innocent. Another was the case of a man named Sweeney, whom he had sentenced twice, once for a term of five years, again for a term of ten years, for burglaries he never committed. Mr. Black loved the scent of Irish blood. Whatever conscience he may have had in other criminal affairs, he had none in the pursuit of an Irish victim. This seems to have been the secret of his success. He never permitted failure of conviction through squeamishness over perjury. He was a pure bloodhound.

The lineal descendants of William of Orange and the Witch of Endor, the Orangemen of Ulster, had a convention in Belfast last week and went into ecstasies of enthusiasm over what they would do when an Irish Parliament sat in Dublin. They would never, never submit to its rule, they would fight Home Rule to the bitter end, and when the fight was over and the law declared that Dublin should have its parliament, they would arm themselves with guns and dynamite, destroy the Irish M. P.'s with lead and the legislative buildings with bombs and die themselves if necessary in defence of their anomalous position. It is possible the battle of the Boyne may have to be fought over again. This time the lineal descendants will find themselves with an English army on the opposite side. The Irish will not be in it. And all they have to fight for will be an anomalous position. They have no country. Ireland detests them, England despises them. They must go to war to hold their anomalous position, they must write battle-hymns in its praise, they must cheer for it while charging the enemy, and they must crimson the Boyne for it with their blood. But it is an awful drag on the spirits of an army to go into battle shouting wildly, Hurrah for the anomalous position!

London Universe.

The incorrigible Johnson of Ballykilbeg boasts that he never wears a shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. Heaven be thanked for even that small mercy! Is it because the Orangeman has too much respect for the emblem of the Irish Apostle to discredit it by his contiguity, or because he does not think it seemly in one who is going to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne—some day, some day!

Sir Bernard Samuelson, Bart., M. P. for Banbury in Oxfordshire, a Protestant, but a sound Liberal, lately had an audience of the Pope in the Sala degli Arazzi. The aged and dignified Englishman created a favorable impression at the Papal Court. He made a profound inclination to the Head of the Church, and said in a voice audible to all present, "Your Holiness, although I am a Protestant, permit me to unite my thanks to those of the entire world for your sublime Encyclical on the workmen's question." Leo XIII. answered with kind words, and entered into a long discourse on the difference between the English Government and Ireland. The sympathies of His Holiness naturally were with the weak and ill-treated island.

Boston Pilot.

The movement of a large body of Episcopalians towards Catholic practice is becoming steadily stronger. Three years ago it compelled the American Protestant Episcopal Church, in convention assembled, to certain official acts, among them the restoration of the "Magnificat" to the Book of

Common Prayer. Says the *Churchman* hereupon: "The restoration of the Song of the Blessed Virgin to its place in the Evening Prayer has given more quiet satisfaction to more people than any other single result of the late revision. If its use has not yet become universal, it has been chiefly because of the inconvenience of its not being yet printed in the prayer-book, a hindrance which will cease after next autumn." Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is more than tolerated now among the Episcopalians. In a moderately "High" Church one will find a picture of Our Lady in the vestry; while she is openly honored in the Ritualistic wing, and at least one very "High Church" in Boston has a society, "The Little Sisters of Mary," instituted under her patronage. The thoughtful Catholic looks on these manifestations with a divided mind. It is true that in many cases Ritualism has been a stage in the progress of earnest souls into the fulness of the truth. But, on the other hand, it has proved a dangerous soporific to the souls whose spiritual stumbling-block is the pride of life, by holding out what looks and sounds very like Catholicity, and can be had apart from the risk of association with the poor and humble, who are so unpleasantly prominent in the real Church Catholic.

Catholic Columbian.

If Andrew Carnegie would pay better wages to his workmen, so that they could all own their own homes, he would build a better monument to himself than all the libraries and gymnasiums that his millions could erect.

We heartily wish that the Catholic Church of the United States had a "Book Concern" such as the Methodists have, an official press that would supply popular controversial works and good books of enlightenment and instruction on Catholic doctrine, at prices that would enable Catholics to distribute such works among their Protestant friends. The establishment of an enterprise of this kind would be an eminently practical move in the line of the Apostolate of the Press. The Columbus Press of the Paulists should take up the work.

Catholic Citizen.

A casuist is one who resolves cases of conscience. An unfavorable sense in which the term is used applies to those who have a facility for making their own misdeeds square with their consciences by nice reasoning and pious turns and twistings. Good people are usually most intolerant of any criticism directed against themselves. They have formed the habit of justifying themselves continually in their own minds so that they are deeply irritated if their perfection is in any manner called in question. Now there are a great many ignorant casuists who resolve cases of conscience off hand without the first elements of a moral training. If they are in debt "it is legally an indebtedness but morally not." If they have committed a wrong against a neighbor they cultivate a good intention to repair it sometime in the distant future and then they live upon the unctious of being good enough to cherish such an intention. If they murder the good name of a fellow-Christian they select some useful motive to ascribe the act to. If they have occasion to "do" their brethren in business it is in some manner reasoned out to be for the glory of God. No one should feel safe in resolving cases of conscience even for himself unless he has a license from some ecclesiastical authority. The ordinary law-abiding citizen is a plain sinner if he ever has a case of conscience to resolve. Our transactions should be so straight and simple that an instant sense of right and wrong should settle every case presented. If there is a doubt take the safer course. Keep your standards so high that you do not have to call in casuistry to justify yourself. Do all equities that the case demands. Pay the debt if it has any fair semblance of being due and cultivate more careful business habits next time. Repair the wrong without boasting of a mere intention to repair it. Let the Almighty take care of your neighbor's character. If you have played the highwayman in business admit the fact to yourself at least, if you do not proclaim it to justice. No man gains anything by throwing dust in the eyes of his own conscience.

Boston Republic.

Archdeacon Farrar contributes an article to the *Review of the Churches* on Cardinal Manning, in which he praises unstintedly the Christian virtues of England's great ecclesiastical prince. "Most Englishman," Dr. Farrar asserts, "admired and loved our great Cardinal for his largeness of heart, the glow and earnestness of his humanity, and for his true Catholicity. He was an ascetic who lived in the utmost personal simplicity. He did not regard luxury and ostentation as necessary to the maintenance of his position, but lived in a bare house on meals which would make ninety-nine servants out of one hundred give notice after a day's trial." It is the fond hope of the Catholic world that his successor will follow in his footsteps and deserve when he is called to his reward the praise of classes of Englishmen which has been given so generously to Cardinal Manning.

CLOSE THE RANKS.

Professor Brophy's Advice to Ireland's Friends.
N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

We present to our readers this week an admirable, powerful and eloquent address delivered at the great Irish-American Home Rule meeting in Cooper Union on Monday evening of last week by Professor Brophy. Presuming that it will be highly entertaining to our readers, we give the speech in full below.

A few years ago I was walking with a friend one moonlight night along the beach of a New Jersey resort, when our attention was attracted to a small craft some distance from the shore. We stood for a few moments watching the vessel plough her way through the watery waste. "That is an odd looking schooner," said my companion. "She carries four masts." "Four masts!" I replied. "You must be mistaken. I see no masts at all; she is a small-sized steam coaster." He insisted that he was right. I wouldn't acknowledge that I was wrong, and so the contention went on; but finally, remembering the old story of the two knights who had once met in deadly conflict at the sign of the silver and golden shields, we wisely concluded to let the matter drop. On returning to the hotel, however, my friend related the occurrence to my wife, who, with womanly prudence and tact, advised us both to consult an oculist. We did so, and what do you suppose was the result? Why, to our amazement, we found that each one was right, and yet that each one was wrong; for, after the usual tests, the oculist informed us that the eyesight of both was defective—one being afflicted with myopia and the other with diplopia.

At a matter of fact, said the oculist, the vessel must have been a schooner carrying two masts, and your contention arose from the fact that one of you can see hardly anything without spectacles, while the other has the misfortune always of seeing things double. Thus, for the first time, we learned that all our lives each one had been afflicted with imperfect vision.

Now, that little incident taught me a most salutary lesson. It taught me to be less tenacious of my own opinions, and to be more tolerant of the opinions and actions of other men. And it seems to me, my countrymen, that it conveys a moral which we should all take well to heart this night. When I hear men discussing and contending and disagreeing on questions of the day, I am reminded of that little incident on the beach, and I ask myself: How is it that these men—all honest, all patriotic, all earnestly striving for the best, all intensely anxious to uphold the right and to cast down the wrong—how is it that these men take such diverse, such opposing, views of things, unless, indeed, we are all afflicted, more or less, with a mental strabismus which causes men, thoroughly honest, thoroughly sincere, thoroughly patriotic, to see things in such different lights? And so, in every country, among all classes of people, and in all walks of life, do these conditions prevail, and whenever obtain, and wherever such conditions obtain, the only safe rule to follow in political life is the wise old American plan—take the consensus of opinion and let all abide by the decision of the majority.

Doubtless there are in this vast audience to-night men who differ radically as to the manner in which the Irish question should be treated at the present time. There are, no doubt, some who believe in one policy, some in another; some who would follow one line of action, some another; but I know that there is no Irishman here this night who is not in his own way and according to his own lights, honestly, sincerely and intensely devoted to the Irish cause—not one who is not willing, anxious and ever ready to do what in him lies to strike down the tyranny that has so long enslaved our mother Ireland, and to raise up her prostrate form into the bright sunshine of life, liberty and happiness—to endure, please God, forevermore.

For myself, I must declare that my sympathies have ever been with those of my countrymen who have cherished and exemplified the memories of '98, of '48 and of '67. Whether the feeling be in me a virtue or otherwise, I cannot help. I took it in with my mother's milk, and it shall go out only with my expiring breath. I can well understand the spirit of hatred to British oppression, the spirit of revenge which fills the hearts of Ireland's sons, for in my own day and in the old land I have witnessed scenes that "would stir a fever in the blood of age," and "cause the very stones to rise in mutiny." And, sir, moralize as you may.

"The flesh will quiver where the pluckers tear,
The blood will follow where the knife is driven."

But, sir, it were painful to dwell upon this painful subject. That Ireland has suffered bitter, burning wrongs, even her harshest enemies have been forced to confess. The momentous questions for us here and now are: How are those wrongs to be redressed? In what manner can we best do our duty in this cruel hour?

In the history of nations, as of individuals, there comes a time when the tide, taken at the flood, leads on to

victory, but, the opportunity neglected, the nation's hopes and aspirations are wrecked and stranded upon a barren shore. In my soul I believe that the tide of Ireland's destiny is now upon the turn. The crisis is at hand; the solemn hour draws near; and the dread alternative is forced upon us: Shall we meet this crisis as one solid phalanx of brave, devoted, unselfish, united patriots, or shall we sulk or quarrel or lie supinely upon our backs and let the golden opportunity go by forever? Men feel and feel deeply. Men differ, and, unhappily, some of us have been hasty and indiscreet, but, oh, my countrymen, the air is throbbing with the clarion call to action, to fulfillment of duty, to an earnest union of heart and of hand. Yes, men of New York, the pregnant hour has come at last, and upon your shoulders there hangs this night a heavy weight, for upon your action here and now may depend the future freedom or the deep disaster of the old land; upon your action may depend whether Ireland's cause shall go down in dishonor and defeat, or whether Ireland shall cast off the habiliments of woe and take her place once more—the first among the foremost of the nations of the earth.

In the far off Indian lands, there is a poisonous reptile, long and slimy, which of all its species is the only one dares to invade the haunts of man. It is known by its uncontrollable thirst for milk, and for its ferocity in attacking man and beast. On one occasion, the warriors of a certain tribe had departed on a hunting expedition leaving behind none but the women, the aged and the little children. In a few days the expedition returned, and the women, and the old people, and the children, went forth to meet the warriors returning from the chase. The first—the chieftain's mother—was missing from the throng. Alarmed by her absence, the chieftain and his attendants ran hastily to her abode, and there, upon the floor, lay the poor woman in the last agony of despair, wrapped in the coils of a huge cobra, which was slowly squeezing the life blood from out her helpless form. Frenzied by the sight, the chieftain raised high his sword to cleave the serpent's head; but, knowing from experience that the cobra when struck would thrust his venomous fangs into the vitals of his victim, the attendants seized and held the chieftain's arm, dissuading him from striking, while others dispatched with all haste to fetch a tub of milk. Placing this tub upon the floor, the attendants drew his hold, unwound his loathsome form, and darted for the milk. Once freed from the reptile's power, the woman was borne to a place of safety, and was soon restored to consciousness and strength.

Oh, what a terrible ordeal! What a period of excruciating agony for that living soul! Had he yielded to his first impulse, had he struck the hasty, fateful blow, his mother would have been a corpse; but by heroic sacrifice, by the triumph of prudence over rashness, the reptile was destroyed and the mother's life was spared.

To you, my countrymen, and to you, in a special manner, O men of the "old guard," I appeal in God's name to reflect seriously, calmly, prudently, upon the dread responsibility that rests upon the head of every man of the Irish race, in this pregnant hour. Prostrate and helpless lies your mother Ireland. The cobra of oppression has coiled its loathsome length around her lovely form, and year by year, and hour by hour, her life-blood is oozing away.

The sight is agonizing, and I can well appreciate the frenzied longing of the devoted sons who would gladly leap to death to save their mother Ireland from the cobra's clammy clutch. Yes, men of the "old guard," I know your loyalty, your steadfastness; I know the sacrifices you have made and are ever ready to make; I know the disappointments and deceptions of the past, but is there no other resource but the disastrous blow? Is there no way to spare the mother and to crush the tyrant?

There is, my countrymen, there is, thank God! a way, if we can but restrain our impetuosity, if we can but conquer for the moment the natural feeling of vengeance that wells up in our souls, if we will but let prudence go hand in hand with fortitude.

We have to-day at our command two of the most formidable weapons ever wielded by a people struggling to be free: two weapons before which corruption quails and tyrants tremble; two weapons which in a few short hours can create a revolution such as armed battalions are powerless to achieve; two weapons unknown to former times and ancient civilization; two weapons which in the hands of freemen, can, without hurting a hair of the freeman's head, change the face of the globe, hurl the despot from his height, the tyrant from his throne—the two great twin blessings of the nineteenth century—an untrammelled press and the sacred sovereignty of manhood suffrage! O, what power in an unshackled press, and the secret ballot!

Yes, my countrymen, "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war;" victories achieved by the press, the palladium of liberty, the sleepless guardian of the people's cause—victories won by the secret ballot, the ballot

which combines the dignity of the sceptre with the potency of the sword, "That potent rod
Which executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God!"

Some sixty-five years ago there sat in the great hall of Eton College, in England, a party of 500 students who had gathered to commemorate some event of college history. In the course of the banquet, and when hilarity was at its height, some one proposed a ribald toast, and called upon the assembled students to rise and drink with him to the vulgar sentiment. Instantly all were on their feet—all but one. One young man there was who turned down his glass and refused to rise. Hoots, jeers and yells were powerless to shake his high resolve. Calmly he withstood the storm of ridicule, of jibes and jeers, the solitary one in that great throng with sufficient manliness and grit to prefer principle to popularity. The young student of that eventful night is now on the verge of the grave. He has reached the highest rounds in the ladder of fame; he stands among the foremost of statesmen of the world; in his official career he has made some cruel mistakes. Like Paul of Tarsus, he was once a persecutor; but like that great apostle, and with the frankness of a mind truly great, he acknowledged those mistakes, and now makes herculean efforts to undo the blunders of the past. That young student, who, for the sake of principle, manfully withstood the jeers and jibes of that college mob, holds the power of Great Britain in his hands to-day. He has fearlessly proclaimed that, with God's help, his last years on earth shall be devoted to retribution for Ireland's wrongs, and he calls upon Ireland's sons the world over to stand by his side till the enemy is vanquished and the victory won!

My countrymen, to heed that call, to take an independent position beside that Grand Old Man, to be an ally in the cause of freedom, is no denial or abatement of Irish right, for we are all agreed that the old spirit must be ever kept alive; that there must be no acceptance of the shadow for the substance, that the old flag must be kept forever to the fore, that there must be no abandonment of one jot or tittle of the God-given, inalienable right of the Irish people to be governed by their own laws, made by their own representatives, in an Irish Parliament, and upon Irish soil.

In the rotunda of the Capital at Washington there is a group of statuary, placed there by the Fathers of the Republic as a warning and a lesson for the generations to come. There stands the giant Hercules, with body bent, arms stretched and every muscle strained, in the vain attempt to break across his knee a bunch of slender reeds that are tightly bound together. At the giant's feet sits a little prattling babe, gleefully breaking with his tiny fingers the reeds which, when united in a bunch, not even the giant Hercules could break or bend.

Oh, my countrymen, what a world of wisdom for us in this artistic group! Our people, taken one by one, are at the mercy of every petty satrap. Bind them together with the cords of patriotic affection, and all the Ballouts in Victoria's realm can no longer hold them beneath the heel of the oppressor. I know there are difficulties to overcome; but, my friends, where there's a will there is always a way. We must enter upon this contest in the spirit of self-sacrifice, the people must rise in their majesty and their might, the cries of discord must be silenced, the American idea must be carried into Irish politics.

Yes, my countrymen, this is the remedy, the only remedy, the one unfailing remedy for the present troubles that agitate and distract our people. We must Americanize Irish politics!

Ireland has the blessed boons of a patient press and the secret ballot. In the exercise of the inestimable right of suffrage there must be no coercion. Leave the people free; let them elect whomsoever they please; let there be no pledge but the pledge to be true to the Irish cause; let all agree to abide by the decision of the majority. Then will you have a mighty balance of power that can shape legislation as it will; then will you have a potential union of heart and of hand; then will you have unified and solidified a movement whose onward swell shall prove as irresistible as the mighty waves that break upon your shores.

One thousand years ago there were two parties in Ireland. Taking advantage of the unfortunate division, the freebooters of Northern Europe determined upon Ireland's subjugation. At first appearance of the foreign foe Brian and Malachy forgot and forgave the differences of the past, shook hands in brotherly affection and love, led their combined forces to the field of Clontarf, routed the invader, and swept Danish powers and usurpation, at once and forever, from Irish soil.

Oh, my countrymen, let this be to us an inspiration and a hope! Let us, in God's name, join hands the world over in fraternal affection; and then, indeed, may we look forward with confidence for the speedy coming of that glorious day, when Ireland, casting off the cements of the sepulchre, shall arise once more, radiant as the evening star, resplendent as the joyous sunrise of an Easter morning!