

# The Catholic Journal.

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## THE LAND OF THE SUN.

IN GUADALAJARA WAY.

The progress of the party around the court finally ended in the cor cordium of the stately pile—the curia. Admirably adapted by architectural design for the position it occupies as the centre of the vast building, it is in form a perfect Greek cross, the four wide arms of which meet in a central space, forty feet in diameter, over which rises the light, elegant dome, a hundred and twelve feet in height, supported by eight columns and four noble arches, throwing the changing colors of its stained glass upon the shining pavement below. The altars of this beautiful sanctuary are worthy of it, and here hangs a very fine portrait of the founder, his ascetic yet benign Spanish face looking out of its canvas at the perpetuation through generations of the good work he originated.

Passing out of the church by another door, they found themselves in a second court filled with carefully tended flowers and trees, a paradise of tropical verdure, color and perfume, a very garden of delight, with the sky like a great vault of lapis-lazuli above, and no sound save the sweet notes of birds among the flowering branches to break the spell of stillness. Opening upon this charming place, than which no royal palace contains anything more beautiful, are the refectories—that on the right for girls, on the left for boys. These immense rooms, with the delightful outlook, are as cool, airy, and miraculously clean as are all the other apartments, or as the great kitchen with its glazed surfaces everywhere reflecting the light into which they looked, and from which they carried away a perfect genre picture of half a dozen slender girls, under the superintendence of an older woman, preparing dinner, and of immense piles of fresh, green vegetables lying on dark-red, shining tiles. The dormitories, with floods of glorious sunshine pouring into their spacious lengths on delicately tinted walls and rows of pure white beds, made an equally charming picture. There were the work-shops where trades were taught, such as weaving, printing, binding, shoemaking, and where all the work of the house was done by its inmates; the department where tiny children rose up in their cribs and smiled at the intruders, and yet another where old people sat sunning themselves with an air of tranquil content. Court followed court—there are twenty in the great building—each with its surrounding apartments forming a world in itself, and altogether making a true Hospice, or House of God, in the old mediæval sense, where from the infant castaways of human society to the aged travelers of life for whom the world offers no other home, all who needed help might enter and find not only shelter and food, but such beautiful and stately surroundings as only the great ones of the earth command elsewhere.

"It is a noble—a most noble charity!" said the general impressively, after they had been through all its various departments. "That old archbishop had a great conception, and greatly carried it out."

"What I like best of all," said Travers, "is that he did not think that charity must necessarily be associated with ugliness. If I ever found an institution of the kind, this shall be my model. I shall house my paupers in lofty, frescoed apartments opening on spacious courts filled with flowers."

"It all springs from the Christian conception of the people," said Russell. "They look upon the poor as the representatives of Christ on earth. We regard them as criminals to be put out of sight and condemned to all things cold, hard and ugly, because they have fallen in man's first duty—that of amassing money. Our boasted civilization may well come to Mexico to learn more than one lesson."

"I shall never forget it," said Dorothea, pausing at the door to look back over the orange-shaded court, at the farther end of which rose the noble facade of the church. "It is a poem of charity—a palace indeed for the poor ones of God."

When the booming stroke of o'clock roused the city from its mid-day siesta—that trance of suspended activity, which, like enchantment, overtakes all its busy life for three hours every day—when the doors of business houses unfolded and street cars resumed running, the party, including Miss Gresham and Philip, set forth from the hotel to take the first car leaving the city for San Pedro. Mexican tramways, as a rule, are admirable, and, when practicable, it is better to visit suburban points by tramway rather than by carriages. The lively, active mules, driven tandem fashion, gallop along at a fine rate of speed, the cars are clean, open, and divided into first and second class, and there is an exhilarating sense, impossible to connect with tramways in any other part of the world, in being whirled through busy city streets, while the driver's horn announces to all whom it may concern to clear the way, and in being borne with smoothness and rapidity along a picturesque country road.

Very picturesque is the road from Guadalajara to San Pedro, a distance of about four miles. The broad, white highway along the side of which the tramway has been laid, is lined with magnificent fringes (a variety of ash), their immense trunks, their gnarled

roots, and broad green crowns of foliage, rivalling in beauty the most kingly oak. Underneath their mighty shade and along the wide road, six inches deep in finely powdered dust, a stream of wayfarers constantly pass—men bearing great packs upon their backs, their white calzones rolled up to their knees, showing lean, brown, sinewy legs; women hardly less heavily laden wrapped in their Oriental drapery; troops of patient, plodding burros; cavaliers in picturesque silver-laced riding dress, on small fiery horses that show in every line their Arabian blood, and now and then a handsome carriage filled with a bevy of ladies. It is an epitome of the life of the country that flows along this broad avenue lined with its noble trees.

The ascent to the ridge on which San Pedro lies is very gradual, the view over the wide plain to the azure masses of distant mountains most beautiful, and the town when reached reveals itself as wrapped in a quiet extraordinary even for a suburban village—the quiet of a watering-place out of season. Except in summer few people of the better class live here; and there are whole streets of houses closed and deserted. Quite unsuggestive are the blank walls and barred, shuttered windows of these houses; but seen in the season when the whole place is filled and alive with gaiety, they are found to contain beautiful courts and gardens, and, without any pretensions to state-lines, are very attractive.

But if this little "summer town" of the elite of Guadalajara is known beyond its narrow borders, it is a spot toward which the steps of the tourist invariably turn, the cause must be found in the very remarkable work done by some of the humblest of its inhabitants. Here are modelled the wonderful and delicate little figures in clay which may be seen from the City of Mexico to El Paso and San Antonio. Marvellous is the plastic art which they display, these studies of the life of the people in all its picturesque phases, wrought with a fidelity to nature and a perfection of workmanship which would be remarkable if they came from the hands of trained and accomplished sculptors, instead of from the fingers of uneducated peasants, pure Indians, whose genius and skill, handed down from father to son, have not raised them above the poorest of their class. In their art there is nothing of imagination; it is all the purest realism—but such realism! On a bit of clay no larger than a man may hold in his hand the modeller falls to work, and lo! there starts to vivid life the treader in his most spirited and graceful attitude as he springs before the bull, or the agudador with his water-jars, the lonador with his faggots, the cargador with his great pack upon his shoulders, produced with startling exactness to life and an artistic instinct which is never at fault. Not only is every detail of anatomy perfect in these miniature figures, every fold of costume and badge of trade, but the expression of the tiny faces is simply marvellous. No one who knows anything of art but must stand amazed before them; for there is no more artistic work of its kind in the world than is executed by these Indians of San Pedro.

"It is only one manifestation of the remarkable genius of the people," said Russell in reply to the surprise expressed by his companions. "I know of no other people who possess anything like the same genius in such universal degree. From the vessels which are fashioned in remote villages for the common uses of the household to the stone-carving and frescoing which adorn the churches, all their work has an artistic value; and the deep, untaught artistic spirit shows in many ways of which as yet you have seen nothing."

"We have seen enough to excite wonder and admiration," said Mrs. Langdon. "Nothing, I am sure, can exceed this work in delicacy, skill, and fidelity to nature. It is marvellous that sculptors such as the world has not seen since the days of the ancient Greeks have not sprung from a race so gifted."

"Education is all that is needed to produce them," said Russell. "And that will come. Meanwhile, turn from the figures for a little time and look at this beautiful ware. Here are some perfect examples of the famous Guadalajara pottery."

They were indeed beautiful the jars and water-bottles to which he directed attention. Ashes of roses in tint, this ware is soft-baked and unglazed, but polished and elaborately decorated in color, gold, and silver. Absolutely trifling in cost are the finest specimens; and the temptation to purchase overpowered the party to such an extent that Philip finally suggested that if a halt was not called a freight-car would be necessary to convey their luggage. "You know," he said, "that you must have all this stuff packed by the people here. They understood how to do it. But if you attempt it yourselves—especially if you put any in your trunks—you will have only fragments when you reach home. The figures in especial are very fragile."

"There is one thing we must not forget," said Russell. "Panduro, the most noted of these artists, models like these admirably. Give him a sitting, and he will produce for you a miniature, but absolutely perfect in features and expression. Who will test his skill in this manner?"

"Papa," of course," said Dorothea promptly. "He will be a very good subject. People of strong character always come out best in sculpture."

"In most other things also," remarked Travers, who was standing in contemplation of a wonderful realistic figure—a burro laden with charcoal sacks, and his accompanying carbonero, a boy with ragged sombrero pushed back from such a face as Murillo loved to paint, whip in grimy hand on which one almost seemed to see the charcoal dust, and sandals on the bare, brown feet. "I must have this also," he said, as if to himself. "That urchin is irresistible. Were you not observing, Miss Dorothea, that only people of strong character are good subjects for modelling? Who, then, could be a better sitter for Panduro than yourself?"

"Do you really think that I am a person of strong character?" asked Dorothea with an air of innocence. "I wish I could agree with you; but I fear there is no doubt that I am neither a person of strong character nor yet a good subject for Panduro. Papa now, or Margaret—"

"Or Miss Gresham," suggested Philip, glancing at that young lady's faultless profile.

"What does one have to do?" asked she doubtfully.

"Only sit still and be looked at," said Travers. "Something to which you are too well accustomed to find disagreeable."

Russell meanwhile turned to one of the attendants in the shop, and asked if Panduro could be seen.

"He is at his own house, señor," was the reply, "but we will send for him. In a few minutes he will attend upon you."

A messenger was therefore dispatched for Panduro, while the obliging shopman brought forth chairs and begged the ladies to be seated. Miss Gresham at once sank into one, making a charming picture in her perfect toilette against the background of the dark little shop, but Margaret was still too much absorbed in examining the multitude of quaint, fragile figures, with which the shelves were filled, to accept the courtesy, and Dorothea declined. She stood a moment in the open door glancing irresolutely up and down the street, then her eyes fell on Philip standing by Violet Gresham's chair, talking and gazing with the most open admiration into her upturned face. A slight flush rose into Dorothea's cheeks, she turned abruptly, and to his extreme surprise, addressed Mr. Travers, also lounging in the doorway.

"I suppose it will be a long time before that man comes," she said, "and then they will have to talk and make appointments, and—I am tired of all this! Can't we meanwhile go somewhere?"

Mr. Travers, concealing his surprise in a manner which did him credit, replied that all San Pedro was before them. "I don't suppose there is much to see," he said; "but of course there is a church or two, and you always like churches."

"I don't feel in a mood for churches this afternoon," she answered. "Let us go over to the market under the arcade yonder. That may be a little interesting." They had only to cross the street to find themselves among the vendors of fruit and other commodities established under the portales where the tramway arrives and departs. But Dorothea for once looked at the scene with an abashed air, and it was she who presently turned into a large hollow square, enclosed on all sides by arcades, wide tile-paved, freshly frescoed in light, delicate colors. In the centre was a pavilion for music, and it was easy to fancy throngs of gay promenaders here in the evening of the rainy season. Golden sunshine was streaming into it now, however, and, save by themselves, it was wholly unoccupied. Dorothea gave a little sigh of relief when she perceived it.

(To be continued.)

Life Everlasting. The saints tell us that one grand way of securing heaven is to long for heaven, and that, putting grievous sin out of the question, the reason why many souls have so long a Purgatory to undergo is because they have not desired to look upon the Face of God. And it is true our faith and intelligence may tell us that heaven is happiness inconceivable, but for all that our hearts too often remain cold. Pleasure as we know it seems different to the pleasure that is promised. The interests, the occupations of eternity, described as they are in human words, seem to forbid us to expect to find when we are at the feet of God those things which undoubtedly occupy us and interest us here below. There are pleasures and satisfactions that our fallen nature is too easily content with, which are incompatible with the very idea of the Beatific Vision. But that is after all only a temptation. The least reflection will show that God cannot deceive us, and that if He promises beatitude, beatitude we shall have. We may not understand how, but we must trust Our Heavenly Father. We know that we shall be changed. Our immortal souls will be in their proper sphere, no longer subject to the passions and the frailties of fallen nature, but strong in their angelic strength, ruling as they were born to rule, and with fair play for their development. Moreover, they will be transformed by the supernatural gifts of God into beings whose every throb and instinct will be in harmony with the holiness of the Divinity.

The man who makes no mistakes is not loved by many people. Trials do not weaken the Christian. They only show him that he is weak.

## A RABBI'S EULOGIUM.

The Catholic Summer School as Seen by a Jewish Pastor.

Rabbi Veld of Montreal Gives a Glowing Account of the Work of the School—He Was Made More Than Welcome, Notwithstanding His Creed.

One of the most interesting sights in Plattsburgh, N. Y., during the sessions of the Catholic Summer School was the appearance of a Jewish gentleman, his wife and family, all wearing conspicuously the tasteful badges of the Summer School, consisting of a bow made of the Papal and American colors entwined. This gentleman was the Rabbi Veld, the pastor of the Temple Emmanuel, the oldest, wealthiest and most influential of the Reformed Jewish congregations in Montreal. An Englishman by birth, with a face distinctly Hebraic in its cast, the rabbi dresses much in the fashion of a Catholic priest or an Episcopalian clergyman. Notebook in hand, he was a daily attendant at the lectures, and followed closely every subject discussed.

A reporter called on Rabbi Veld for an expression of opinion with regard to the Catholic Summer School. To the question, "What induced you to attend the Summer School?" the rabbi said:

"I have been a lifelong student of philosophy, mental and social. My congregation is a body of progressive men who have always encouraged me in my endeavors to keep abreast of modern thought. Last year I followed the courses of psychology at the McGill University. Being an intimate friend of ex-Mayor McShane of Montreal, my attention was called by Mr. McShane to the printed syllabus of lectures issued by the Catholic Summer School. I was struck with what seemed a very ambitious course of studies, and resolved to run down to Plattsburgh to look in on the school for a day or so and see for myself whether the reality corresponded with the prospectus. After listening to a few of the well-considered and striking lectures of the Rev. Father Doonan, S. J., of Boston College, and of Father Lahm of Notre Dame University, I made up my mind that I and my family would remain for the entire session. The favorable welcome extended to me by the authorities and students of the school strengthened my resolution."

"What do you think of the actual work of the school?"

"Although in its infancy, the Catholic Summer School is doing work of a distinctly higher intellectual character than is attempted in other institutions of a similar nature. Here the work is entirely of a university type, and as you see, Plattsburgh has taken on for this summer, at least, the appearance of a university town. I found that the lecturers, especially the Jesuits, were profound thinkers, who had made a thorough study of their respective subjects, and apparently were animated with the single purpose of enlightening their hearers, irrespective of their creed. The subjects were treated in a clear, conversational, yet scholarly manner, that proved immensely interesting, and caused me often to regret that the lectures could not be extended."

"I was particularly impressed with the very practical treatment of the difficult, and, to my mind, all-important subject of ethics by Father Halpin of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. Dismissing for the time being supernatural revelation, he established clearly that man was created for a specific purpose and that happiness on earth could only be obtained by compliance with the laws imposed by the infinite will. He never propounded a difficulty without giving a logical and conclusive solution, and he was always ready to consider and answer the knotty problems asked him by the students. In many respects he surpassed Prof. Clark Murray of McGill, whom previously I had considered the ablest expounder of philosophy in the English language. In listening to Father Lahm's exposition of the relation of science to revealed religion I frequently said to myself that the Messianic period is not only at hand, but we are almost in the midst of it. I could see how critically Father Lahm had examined many of our old Hebrew authorities, especially the Talmudists."

"What impression did such close intercourse with Catholics produce on you?"

"Everywhere I was treated as one of them, and I received every opportunity of getting the information I sought. Although the atmosphere of the school was intensely Catholic, the clerical lecturers always wearing their cassocks and the sisters of the religious communities their various habits, yet every one was courteous and considerate toward my family and myself. While here I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Gabriels, a learned and genial gentleman. With the president of the summer school, the Rev. Dr. Laughlin, Chancellor of Philadelphia, I have had many friendly discussions over the Hebrew texts of the Scriptures. In a word, I found the authorities and my Catholic fellow students far more liberal and tolerant than those who travel on a platform of avowed liberalism and professional toleration. I was not surprised at my treatment, since, historically this is what I should look for. In the past the Roman Catholic Church has always been the protector of Jews. Nowadays it is Protestants, Germany and Holy Russia that mob and persecute my unfortunate co-religionists."

"How do the views of the congregation you represent coincide with the Catholic teachings of our duties in this world and our destiny in the next?"

"Well, that is a very broad question and difficult to answer. With Father Halpin I have very much in common. Death can never be the end all to me. Man is under the dominion of law, and the operations of that law are not confined to the material things of this world. I do not believe that there is any death in the spiritual order. With the strong, enduring, and never slumbering desire for life, and the irrepressible repugnance to death which all men feel, to say that the grave closes in forever that magnificent thing that we call a soul, intelligence, mind, is to utter a sentiment that all that is best within us repudiates. The cry for never-ending life is the cry of universal intelligent nature, and springs from a desire that is implanted in every breast by the author of nature; and, in my judgment, it is a longing which the great framer of earth and sea and sky is bound to satisfy."

## THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGION.

An Interesting Interview with Bishop Keane at Washington.

In the course of a recent interview Bishop Keane, Rector of Washington Catholic University, was asked:

"Have you not been sharply criticised for your connection with the great congress of religions?"

"The criticisms will not stand," said the Bishop with energy. "That I have anything to do with it is owing to the decision of the Archbishops at their meeting last Fall. I was deputed to look after Catholic interests at the congress. I am certain we shall make a very creditable appearance at the most interesting gathering of men this country and century have seen. Just think of it. For two weeks and a half the earnest representatives of many forms of religious belief will explain to their audiences the relation which their creeds bear to man and the great problems of life."

"It is not controversy we are seeking but comparison. All religions claim to be able to explain man's destiny and to aid him in attaining it. But it is one thing to make this claim in favored temples before believing crowds and another to maintain it before the doubting world. Catholics have much to hope from a full and fair explanation of their belief to the audiences that will assemble at this congress. There is the historic Church, and no other has greater power for good at this moment or greater willingness to use it for the people."

"See," said the Bishop, warming to a favorite theme, "what a programme has been made out. For seventeen days these representatives of noted religions from all parts of the world will discuss religion as they understand it in its relation to man and all the problems that follow him. They will listen with interest to all that is said, and they cannot help making comparisons. A good many absurdities will be destroyed and foolish dreams come to naught. The result cannot but be helpful. It used to be thought that the comparative studies of religion hurt the faith of believers. The contrary has been proved."

"Then you do not apprehend that your own form of belief will lose any of its dignity by appearing in this congress?"

"I am satisfied that it will gain instead. My time is taken up almost entirely in preparing for the Catholic share in the congress. I am even neglecting other important interests, such as the Summer School at Plattsburgh, and my own university. Of all the noted gatherings at the Fair the Parliament of Religions is second to none."

## Then and Now.

There was a time when the truth and grace which went out from Canterbury and York cathedrals spread throughout the whole of England and bound it together in a perfect unity of faith and communion of Christian intelligence and Christian charity. There was but one jurisdiction reigning over all the people of England, guiding them by a divine voice of changeless faith, and sanctifying them by the seven Sacraments of grace. But then the grand old churches were the majestic tabernacles of the Word made Flesh. Jesus dwelt there in the Divine mystery of the Holy Eucharist. His presence radiated on every side, quickening, sustaining, upholding the perpetual unity of His spiritual body, the Church. But now the light of life has gone out of them. There is no Holy Sacrifice offered morning by morning. The Scriptures are read there, but there is no Divine teacher to interpret them. The Magnificat is chanted still, but it rolls along the empty roof, for Jesus is no longer on the altar. They stand like the open sepulchre, and we my believe that angels are there ever saying, "He is not here."

Blessed is he who does not speak through hope of reward, who is not always ready to unburden himself of his secrets, who is not anxious to talk, but who reflects prudently on what he should say and on the manner in which he should answer those who address him.

Every man is set upon an ascending line of human life. You never find God calling a man downwards, diminishing the volume of his manhood, checking his aspirations, putting him down in the scale of his being. All the Divine movement is an upward move-

## SLOWLY DECREASING.

The Jansenists of Holland Gradually Dwindling Away.

Old Customs of a Once Powerful and Always Memorable Schismatic Movement Carefully Kept Up—Votaries of the Schism Remarkable in One Way.

The Jansenists of Holland, the only living representatives of a once powerful and always memorable schismatic movement, carefully keep up their old customs. Whenever they have a Bishop consecrated they send a notification of the fact to the Sovereign Pontiff, who replies with a solemn excommunication. Last year they selected as their Archbishop of Utrecht a certain Rev. Gerard Gul, and he was consecrated by a schismatic Bishop. With what appears like arrogance, they officially notified the Pope of this sacrilegious consecration.

His Holiness, by a letter directed to the real Archbishop of Utrecht, has just lately declared that he has been looking forward with hope to their return to the bosom of the Church, but that he now feels compelled to pass upon them the sentence of excommunication. This punishment is then formally inflicted not only on the schismatic Bishops, but on all their followers and supporters.

The Jansenists of Holland are descendants of those Dutch Catholics whom Jansenist refugees from France imbued with their principles in the seventeenth century. In 1689 Peter Kodde, who had been appointed the Vicar Apostolic for the Dutch missions—after the revolt from Spain the Hierarchy was overthrown—championed the Jansenist cause, and in 1702 he was suspended by Clement XI. The schismatic prelate declared that he had been chosen Archbishop of Utrecht by the Chapter of that See, although it had no proper claim to the title of a Cathedral Chapter, and with him fifty-two missions and eighty priests fell away from communion with the Roman See.

The schism has lasted from that time to the present day, and its votaries are remarkable in this respect, that with the exception of their Jansenist errors they are still Roman in their doctrines, liturgy, usages and practices. Their orders are valid, their clergy are celibate, they celebrate the mass and other services in Latin, and acknowledge the Pope as the visible head of the Church. Their prayer books and hymn books are exactly like the regular Catholic manuals of the same kind. But the number of the Jansenists is gradually dwindling, and it is now said to be not quite five thousand. On the other hand, since the Catholic Hierarchy of Holland was reestablished by Pius IX. in 1851, the members of that communion have rapidly increased and multiplied.

## MACAULEY'S PREACHER OUTDONE.

Abundant Prayer Delivered at the Grave of Admiral Farragut.

It was Macaulay who said, in reference to a notorious passage from "The Omnipresence of the Deity," which began with the words "Yes, pause and think," that the irreverence of the field-preacher could scarcely further go. Yet there has scarcely been found the field-preacher who has been found capable of going yet further. It is not often that we find ourselves in agreement with that curious organ, The Illustrated Church News, but with its denunciations of a certain American minister, we cannot but sympathize, says the London Tablet. Time was, it remarks in effect, when the use of set forms of prayer was fiercely denounced as unspiritual. A change has come over modern Puritanism in this respect. It no longer denounces but imitates. If any additional force were wanted to make it wholly discard extemporary prayer in public worship, it would be in the following prayer, which was perpetrated by the side of Admiral Farragut's grave by an American minister. This is how he addressed the Almighty:

Almighty God, Ruler of all nations, we render Thee grateful thanks for the profound sentiments of unity and love here displayed on this auspicious occasion by the presence of our illustrious visitors in honor of the dust of our departed hero. May this union of hearts ever continue while eternal ages roll by, and let the Russian bear and the American eagle shake paw and claw over this grave, and swear eternal friendship until time shall be no more. May we be permitted, after this life is over, to meet on the quarter-deck again in the glorious Kingdom. Amen.

An ordinary sense of humor, if nothing higher, should have saved this minister from such stupidity and folly.

## The Church.

The longer the Church battles with the world the more venerable she seems to become, and her victories of grace more brilliant, and the heavenliness of her ways more wonderful. Time writes no wrinkles on her brow," but adds line after line of glory and of freshness. She seems, because we know her better, to grow more beautiful, more powerful, more bright of face, more sweet of voice, more strong in arm, more mother-like in manner.

The most precious thing on earth or in heaven is God's love.

The man wastes his time who undertakes to reason with a fool.

When our hearts are full of Christ a very little of this world is enough.

Notre coeur can ever become so large as not to depend for life upon its smallest roots. Profession that is all pretense has no influence except for evil.