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The Catholic Record.

Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen.—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1900

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The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1900.

AN UNWORTHY PLEA.

A woman was lately convicted at Sudbury of the murder of the infants of her two daughters and sentenced to be hanged on the 24th of November next. Deplorable as the act undoubtedly was and lamentable as is the position of her who ought to have guarded these young lives we would not refer to it at all were it not for an article in The Quebec Chronicle dated Sept. 28. So far does the Chronicle go in sympathy for the murderers that it boldly announces: "If the sentence on Mrs. Robinson—the woman in question—were carried out it would be a judicial murder far more heinous than the crime of which she had been convicted. There are cases," continues The Chronicle, "in which a verdict of justifiable homicide is returned." So we cheerfully admit. But to claim that there is such a thing as justifiable infanticide, however revolting the exciting cause might be, strikes at the very root of morality. Surely the crimes of others are not to be visited upon the innocent thus. What protectors have those speechless little ones except their family and the State? This was indeed a distressing case—enough to drive to desperation those akin to the debauched slave of passion. But why wreak vengeance upon the victims—now doubly victims? Society cannot stand for that low rectitude. Once start to justify infanticide, virtue departs, and the helpless children of God cry for vengeance, since none are around them to save them from the impulse of pride and human respect.

GAMBLING.

The Toronto Globe has entered with zeal-armed cap-a-pie, upon a crusade against gambling. It limits the campaign too much to suit us, or really to do away with the worst forms of gambling. Until the Globe will have rooted out of the heart its ever unsatisfied cupidity for wealth this vice will prevail. It may by law be less public and more limited—driven beneath superficial veils which shelter its dangers without hiding its evils. In fact it is the characteristic weakness of legislative reform. Having no authority over the principles and motives of human action, it fails to accomplish its purpose, however desirable that purpose may be. No one denies that betting is an increasing evil, whose snares are spread wider and wider for the young and the unwary. Why single out horse-racing when other worse forms have offices by the score and advertisements by the hundreds? Is "the bookie" more to be condemned than the bridge fiend or the speculating broker? Gambling in stocks is a far greater evil than betting with tips upon the races. One wrong does not justify another. True, but if there is to be a crusade let it be aimed at the evil, under whatever form it appears. Money has much to answer for. Perhaps its worst action nowadays is to corrupt the relaxations and amusements of society. It is a hard thing to keep money in its place. So dependent are we upon it for individual happiness as well as the common good that we can hardly imagine it possible to have sport without it. From the parlor game of cards to the base-ball in the park and the horse-race on the track money is the ghostly form at them all. What temptations it superinduces, what crime it initiates, what habits it inculcates into the life of young men we know to our sorrow. Money has ruined sport. It has expelled real pleasure from the humbler walks and has enslaved labor so that it has nothing to give its children for pleasure which the little ones cannot find without money. Books of every form and color—racing, stock-gambling and all other kinds—should be the objective points of the campaign. Something remains afterwards. Life cannot be turned into a penitential house of all work and no play. Sport should be still provided for and encouraged. To return to our starting point: we scarcely appreciate the Globe's zeal. It looks too much like a straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. The Toronto journal would do better to force the rich and the fair to examine their conscience, should they have any, and see if they set an example to the younger and less wealthy members of society. For our part we should be only too glad if we saw the chance to do away with all forms of gambling whose evils are so widespread.

THE RANOK.

Calumny is not going to have its own way. Father Roche of The Catholic Church Extension Society charged that the Ranok was a disgrace to decency. The Rev. Dr. E. D. McLaren, secretary of the Home Missions, has called for proof. What to us seems illogical in Dr. McLaren's position is the defence of the Ranok and at the same time the disclaimer has any other intention than mere education. If the Board did not wish to make these Ruthenians Presbyterians why stand by The Ranok? That sheet can be no more to the Home Missionary Board than The Catholic Register. When, however, Dr. McLaren, on behalf of The Ranok and in the statements in question, admits the relationship, he must therefore accept the consequences. These consequences are not very pleasant. As methods for making Canadian Christians, they are unjustifiable in themselves, unpatriotic in purpose and unsuccessful in attainment. They will make neither Canadians nor Christians. What such means will make beyond pharisaical hypocrites we leave any candid citizen to judge. To defend the Ranok is not so easy—at least taking ordinary standards into account. A Presbyterian Home Missionary Board is too condescending altogether. Its aim is to make the Ruthenians Canadian Christians—nothing more. Let the Board turn over its funds to the Church Extension Society, whose purpose is definite, to keep these people Canadian Christians. We do not suppose that Dr. McLaren will do that. His aim is beyond his own statement. There are two elements in it—one negative and the other positive. The latter he conceals; whilst to attain the former he is prepared to employ any means which inventive proselytism will suggest. He will not have these Ruthenians Catholics. Rather than that should he, he will spend all his missionary funds and publicly defend a foul journal which is "a disgrace to decency." The positive element in his wish is that he desires to make them Presbyterians. This is no doubt the objective point. The game has been a double one. His agents in the Northwest have been running with the hares—pretending all sorts of things to these people, acting a part, playing with sacred practices. Down in Ontario Dr. McLaren himself has been hunting with the hounds. It is all over—at least for the present. Father Roche has done good work in bringing this matter before the public by showing the Presbyterians of this Province how some of their money is spent.

THE CHANGES in the tariff have prompted some of our esteemed contemporaries to claim that there will in consequence be a diminution of the spread of literature. This applies more particularly to the United States. In the rearrangement of tariffs newspaper men of course should be treated with fairness, if not with liberality. We may be all wrong, but the conviction forces itself upon us that if we had one half the newspapers at present in existence, and if the other half were to confine themselves to legitimate news, met for publication, and keep their reporters out of the scandal market, there would be a much healthier tone in both public and private life. We have now in mind more particularly the New York abominations, the greasy vulgar colored Sunday productions of Hearst and Pulitzer. We are amongst those who think the invention of the type-setting machine was not an un-mixed blessing. It has given us a mountain of literary rubbish, commonly called yellow papers, and magazines, the reading of which leave a bad taste in the month. A couple of generations ago the people were for the most part readers of good books. Too many now give almost their entire attention to papers and magazines that will not increase, but decrease; their capital stock of useful information.

FATHER JOHN TALBOT SMITH of New York wields a vigorous pen. Mr. Hearst, the newspaper desperado, who publishes a syndicate of vile sheets in some of the American cities, represents the people of Spain as superstitious, ignorant, bigoted, half-starved slaves ruled by a half idiot king and government. Father Smith truly says that this is a vile attack on Catholicity in Spain, but there is one thing more vile, to permit this offence to go unpunished and unnoticed. Mr. Hearst, he who would be governor of New York and president of the United States, is a very undesirable citizen and his enterprising bode ill

for the future of a certain class. Father Smith has taken a new method of dealing with such publishers. He does not enter into an argument with them, but simply advises the Catholic subscribers and advertisers to cut loose at once from Mr. Hearst's greasy abominations. The same rule might with good effect be employed in regard to some papers in Toronto. The Catholic who would allow into his home a publication that would revile his faith is wanting in self respect. There is nothing that will bring a bigot to his knees so quickly as a diminishing subscription list.

WHEN THE NEXT SESSION of the Dominion Parliament opens we would suggest to Dr. Sproute, Sovereign Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Association of British North America, and champion of civil and religious liberty, the advisability of calling the attention of the Government to a couple of cases of Presbyterian aggressiveness. Questions might be put in this way: "Will the Prime Minister cause to be laid on the table any correspondence which may exist in regard to an immoral paper published in the Ruthenian language, and circulated amongst the emigrants of that nationality in the North-West, said paper being bonused by the Presbyterian Mission Board. Also, what object had said Board in circulating 'Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress' amongst said people. Furthermore, will the Prime Minister cause to be laid on the table any correspondence in the possession of the Government having regard to the distribution in St. Mary's Catholic cemetery, Winnipeg, amongst a large number of people therein gathered, on the 18th of Sept., a pamphlet, of which the Hon. S. H. Blake is the author, said pamphlet containing denunciations of Catholic doctrines in language painful to Catholics?"

AT A DISTRICT meeting of the Methodist body held at Exeter a few days ago a resolution was moved, seconded and carried unanimously, respectfully urging upon Hon. Chas. Murphy, Secretary of State, the necessity of cancelling, at the earliest possible moment, the charter which he granted to the Metropolitan Racing Association. This resolution makes it quite evident that our Methodist friends at this particular meeting are neither lawyers nor statesmen. In granting the charter referred to, Hon. Mr. Murphy was simply carrying out the law. To make sure of his ground he consulted the department of justice before taking action and was advised he had no other course. We are entirely in sympathy with our non-Catholic neighbors in their efforts to put down the gambling and all manner of rascality which has become attached to the race track, but the reformation should be gone about in the proper manner. It is not the administrator of the law who is to blame, but the law itself. We should like to see our Methodist friends out north imbued with a little more of what it is the custom of our American neighbors to call "horse sense."

PROF. THOMAS of Chicago University is what Artemus Ward would call an "amossin' cuss." Mayhap he wears long hair and a faraway look as becometh a man who finds it difficult to carry all he knows in one small head. The Standard Oil Professor tells us that were the Whites and Indians to intermarry they would produce a strain of manhood hard to equal. In the early days in Canada there were thousands of such marriages which gave us what is known as the "half-breds." Amongst these same half-breeds, we doubt not, would be found many very good people, but it were ridiculous to say that the manhood of the half-bred is hard to equal. There are professors in Chicago University who have gone to seed. Their intellectualty carried them up in an aeroplane, but they have, as Dickens would say, "flopped." They may have read many books but their common sense is limited, reminding one of the bargain day counter on a Friday evening. The Professors of Chicago University are excellent advertising agents.

AND NOW the Christian Scientists are enjoying the luxury of divisions and sub-divisions. Prominent in this cult is Mrs. Della M. Gilbert. She has started a brand new Christian Science church which will have no connection with those who are doing business under the old firm name. Mrs. Gilbert will be its high priestess. She is willing, however, to take Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health," as her otheism. But this may lead to trouble. Mrs. Eddy's book

which an old-fashioned printer would call "pi," is Mrs. Eddy's property and she may in some way prevent its use by the secessionists. There is a mystery about Mrs. Baker Eddy which perplexes most people. She has not been seen for a long time, at least by anyone who would give the information to the papers. And Mrs. Della M. Gilbert says she is either dead or a mindless puppet. We pity the charless brain work of these poor people. They are sailing upon a sea of doubt far away from Peter's barque, vainly hoping to reach a harbor of safety.

THE PEOPLE who supply ready printed sheets to country newspapers should exercise greater care in the selection of their matter. We noticed lately in one of these publications a statement that Tetzel, the great adversary of Luther, sold an indulgence to commit robbery to a young man, who thereupon robbed Tetzel himself by virtue of the indulgence he had purchased. Articles such as this have a very false impression in the minds of non-Catholics in regard to the Catholic faith. The whole story is a fable, the invention of a hater of the Church. We are sorry to notice that some of our Catholic exchanges give their readers matter fresh from the type foundry. First class journals do not use plate matter. Quite frequently it is of a most objectionable character.

IN THE DEATH of Mr. Justice J. J. Curran, Montreal, a notable figure in Canadian life has passed away. From an early age he was recognized as a remarkable man and pointed to as one who would have a most honorable and distinguished career. This was realized to the fullest extent. As a barrister at law, as a politician and as a justice of the Superior Court, as well as in his private life, he was a man who deserved and received a full measure of the esteem of his fellow Canadians. Besides this he was recognized as a platform orator of rare gifts and was equally eloquent in both the English and French tongues. A host of admirers in Montreal will miss the genial and high-minded Justice Curran.

ESPECIALLY in cities and towns should heads of families be careful not to admit into their homes literature, sometimes of the vilest character, left at their doors by patent medicine vendors. These fakirs make pretence of curing certain diseases about which a doctor of repute should alone be consulted. The pamphlet we have presently in mind comes to us from Toronto and is issued by an individual who claims he can cure consumption in all stages. Our advice is that when these productions are left at the house they be torn up at once and consigned to the rubbish heap or the stove. It is unfortunate the criminal authorities do not take some action in matters of this kind.

AT A RECENT concert in Dublin, the great singer Caruso ended the first week of his remarkable concert tour, which is to last a month and for which he receives \$40,000. Speaking of the Irish as a musical race he said that the great achievements in English music usually had an Irish ancestry, unless it happens to be Welsh or Scotch. This is not surprising; considering the wealth of Irish traditional music, and Caruso has recently seen a collection of eight hundred Irish airs published by the Irish Royal Antiquary Society. He declared that he was completely fascinated by the charm of the melodies, and that a nation which produced such treasures of song must be musical in a wonderful degree.

IN NEXT week's issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD we will begin the publication of a charming serial story entitled "Will Shakespeare's Little Lad," by Imogen Clark. It will be found a tale of absorbing interest, and will be all the more appreciated because told in the chaste language of the Shakespearean period. We have made arrangements for its publication with the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York.

A DOGMATIC "INQUIRER."

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has for some years past been recognized by a large number of people as a sort of agnostic Pope, who speaks to the world ex cathedra through the columns of the New York Sun. The marks of his infallibility are supplied by the double-leads with which his various briefs, allocutions and encyclicals are invariably honored, so that there can be no doubt of the binding quality of those utterances. Moreover, these utterances possess all the other marks requisite, being for the most part on matters of faith and morals and being essentially dogmatic in their character. It would be a fascinating

study, did time and space permit (and were it worth the doing) to extract from them their syncretical content of defined doctrine; such is not the present purpose. I aim but to take one point for discussion, a point which the venerable professor has several times himself emphasized. I find it in his most recent encyclical, published in the Sun on September 6th, entitled (the headlines are undoubtedly the editor's) "Materialism and Spiritualism." The concluding words of this document are as follows:

"What seems clear is that for our salvation we must trust not to faith, which too often means suppression of conscientious doubt, but to honest inquiry. If there is a God He surely is a God of truth. Let me emphatically say once more that I have spoken as a learner, not as a teacher, joining a large body whose published position was the same."

Now this has always been a favorite protestation with Professor Smith. He has always (doubtless in entire sincerity) professed to be a seeker, an inquirer for ultimate religious truth. He has always ex professo disclaimed authority to teach. "How is this?" you will say, "an infallible Pope disclaiming teaching authority? Where is his dogma?"

No one knows better than does Professor Smith the value and importance of words. His dogma is that there is a matter of arrangement of words. His faith is that there is and can be no faith. In these matters he is as the complete sceptic in philosophy who, when driven back to the innermost chamber of the citadel, says he is certain that he cannot be certain of anything—which if you examine it, is about as bold a dogma as anyone could wish. It is all a matter of arrangement of words. The learned professor states his dogmas merely negatively instead of positively; thus they become anti-dogmatic dogma and leave the dogmatist in the dress and pose of a humble inquirer. Here, for instance, is a specimen:

"Owing to the long suspension of free inquiry by belief in the inspiration of the Bible and the Church texts, the most fundamental questions are at this late hour pressed upon us. We are abruptly called upon to prove the existence of Deity, its nature, the law of its government, and the survival of the soul after death."

Merely pausing for a moment to note the abyss of ignorance disclosed on the part of the professor as regards dogmatism, let us observe the tremendously dogmatic character of this innocent utterance of the "inquirer" after religious truth. With a majestic sweep of the pen he dismisses the ages gone before as void of thought and puts before us the world "at this late hour" envisaging for the first time the great problem of the universe. Listen to this, also:

"Further complication has been made by the Athanasian creed, threatening with everlasting perdition those who cannot believe what it is impossible to conceive, including the procession of one of two co-eternal beings from the other." (The italicization is ours.)

You shall not believe what you cannot conceive! [It is clear that when the professor says "conceive" he really means "imagine."] Here is the rock on which Herbert Spencer's argument went to smash. Has Professor Goldwin Smith never suspected the great distinction between "thinking" and "imagining"? How shall one then ever believe in God?

Peradventure thou wilt comprehend the steps of God and wilt find out the Almighty perfectly? He is higher than heaven and what wilt thou do? He is deeper than hell and how wilt thou know?"

Thus Sophar the Naamathite to Job. You cannot believe in God because you cannot "imagine" Him. But how if He reveals Himself to man? This may not be, according to our undogmatic professor, because—self-revelation of the vast diversity of primitive mythologies, evidently the products of tribal and local fancy. . . . Which settles that question, of course!

Thus speaks our "learner," our "inquirer." And so—seek and you shall not find, knock and it shall not be opened to you, doubt everything except that you do not believe, and in this you shall find salvation, maybe—provided that you have a soul to be saved!

"Popular science" is the fit daughter of "Popular philosophy"—there can be no question as to that!—Thomas F. Woodcock in America.

While We May.

The hands are such dear hands; They are so full; they turn at our demands So often; they reach out With trilles scarcely thought about So many times; they do So many things for me, for you— If their fond wills mistake, We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips That speak to us; 'Pray if love strips Them to discretion many times, Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes

We may pass by; for we may see Days not far off when those small words may be Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear, Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—foot fast or slow, And trying to keep pace—if they mistake Or tread upon some flower that we would take Upon our breasts, or bruise some reed, Or crush some hope until it bleed, We may be mute, Not turning quickly to impute Grave-fault; for they and I Have such a little way to go—can be Together such a little while along the way.

We will be patient while we may, So many little faults we find, We see them! For not blind To love, we see them but if you and I, Perhaps remember them some 'y and by They will not be Faults then—grave faults—to you and me. But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less, Remembrances to blessing, Days change so many things—yes, hours, We see so differently in suns and showers.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Catholics of the diocese of Cambrai, France, have re-opened 310 schools to take the place of the 443 primary schools closed by the Ruling Congregations' law.

The Oberammergau Passion Plays will be given next year from May 11 to September 25. The burgomaster has issued a notice reminding the men that they must now let their hair grow.

Mgr. Moriconi, the oldest bishop in the world, has just died at Squillace, Catanzaro. He was born on the 22nd of October, 1811, and became Bishop of Gravina and Monopoli in 1855. In 1858 he was transferred to Squillace.

The monumental new Cathedral of St. Louis, Mo., which is rapidly rising may be America's highest art representative. Its scheme of Mosaic decorations and other embellishments may cost, it is said, \$10,000,000.

In order not to conflict with the Eucharistic Congress that will meet in Montreal next year, it has been decided to postpone the proposed Pan-American Missionary Congress, at Boston, until 1911.

The clergy will welcome a new decree of the Holy Father empowering them to dispense from diriment ecclesiastical impediments and thus validly marry persons who are in danger of dying before a formal dispensation could be obtained from the Bishop of the diocese.

Again this year the King of England lunched with the Abbot of Tepl, who is the ground landlord of Marienbad, and who has received the honor of a knighthood in the Royal Victoria Order. The Abbot has been a Commander of the Victorian Order for several years.

Rev. Herman J. Goller, president of Gonzaga College, of Spokane, Wash., has been selected as provincial of the new province of the Jesuit order, with jurisdiction over twenty-six colleges and residences in Southern California, Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming, with headquarters at Portland.

The French Episcopate has issued a pastoral letter warning Catholic parents in France that the teaching in the public schools jeopardizes the faith of their children. The letter condemns especially co-education, saying that the "mixture of the two sexes is contrary to morality and unworthy a civilized people." The letter forbids the use of a score of public school text-books, principally histories, and appeals to parents to unite in protection of the faith.

The Pope received as usual last week many people, among whom was a man of the name of Montreal, sixty-eight years old, and an old crippled woman who was wheeled into the presence of the Pontiff in a wheelbarrow. Both pilgrims came from Modena, the man walking and pushing the cripple in the barrow. They took seventeen days to make the journey. The Pope received them most cordially and thanked them for their great proof of attachment.

All the convents of the great order of the Sacred Heart in and near Paris are now closed. The command to close the last house left open in France, one in Brittany, went into force on Sept. 1, writes a correspondent of the Irish Catholic. On the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, the famous convent at Conflans was shut, the present mother general remaining there to the last, like the captain who leaves the sinking ship without hauling down his standard. She remained to close the door herself.