

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902

1246

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THE OLD POLICY RENEWED.

It would be hard to find a more ignoble spectacle than that given by France in its propaganda against Catholic schools. Men and women who have given their best to the country are cast out from their holdings, because, as Cardinal Richard said, the instruction given in their school is in keeping with the principles of the Catholic Faith and because the Freemasons declare that every Christian idea shall be eliminated from the education of the young.

Christian mothers are mocked by petty officials. A conscienceless clique takes up the work of Voltaire, not with polished epigram, but with the layonet of the soldier. It is the old policy over again. But it is well to remember that it is policy, which made the mob who would not obey the authority of the Church put up barricades and follow blindly the fortunes of Napoleon, did not realize the hopes of its framers and exponents.

There are murmurs of opposition from different quarters and protests from Bishops. A gallant colonel, De St. Remy, refuses to obey an order commanding him to take part in closing the schools at Blois. French mothers seek to stay the remorseless progress of the Ministry. But it all seems too late. For some time past has the atmosphere been surcharged with hatred of Christianity. Prominent men hoped that the chivalry and faith of France would cleanse and sweeten it, but it is still there, and more menacing than ever. But it may help the Catholics to understand that the storm may break at any moment and they must devise some means of protecting themselves from its fury. Surely the unspeakable shame of being dominated by men who have nothing in sympathy with the things that have made France glorious in history should rouse them into action and organization, and impel them to bring into play their full voting force. It has given them a magnificent rallying cry and an opportunity to show their strength.

A PARISIAN YARN.

We have been sent a screed on the wickedness of Paris. It is written by a Canadian who appears to have taken too much absinthe in his travels. Perhaps the climate played pranks with his gray matter or a too confiding manner incited a Parisian cabby to stoek him with a choice selection of yarns. We might say more, but the weather is hot and moreover noticing the crudities of a deliver in mud puddles is not a pleasant task. However, we are sorry for him, for a tourist from a backwoods district is apt to get perplexed and to acquire information about things that are not so on his first visit to a great city. He should save up and go again and discover that some tourists are responsible for the black marks that are put to the credit of the Parisian.

AN UNRELIABLE WORK.

We take occasion to again caution our readers against purchasing Appletons Cyclopaedia and Atlas. In a previous issue we referred to the article in the Messenger which showed that the Cyclopaedia was, despite its pretences to impartiality, untrustworthy and unfair in dealing with Catholic questions.

Apart from its anti-Catholic animus, it is, we are assured, out of date and poorly revised. So far the Appletons have manifested no desire to have it rewritten. Its numerous errors have been pointed out to them, but it is still on the market. To withdraw it would entail financial loss, but in return they would convince the public of their fair-mindedness—a valuable asset of any mercantile house. Some glib agents may tell our readers that the Appletons were willing to correct errors providing the necessary data were furnished them. This is absolutely false. They could have had all the information necessary, and their assertion to the contrary is merely a cowardly method to get a section of the public to condone their unpardonable fault against accepted standards of scholarship. It should be our duty to see that it does not get into our public libraries.

He who allows himself everything that is permitted, is very near to that which is forbidden.—St. Augustine.

PEDAGOGY.

We are glad to notice that Catholic educators are turning their attention to the subject of pedagogy. True they have done so in the past, but not to the extent demanded by its importance. Outside the religious orders we have displayed but little energy in this matter, and, as a result, have deprived a great many of our teachers of the special training which stands for efficiency and success.

The idea that anyone can teach is disappearing. We are beginning to recognize in a practical way that the upbuilding of character and intellect calls for men drilled in method and observation and discernment of human nature. An untrained teacher, however highly certificated, is a menace to the school-room. Our brethren over the border have been quick to see this, and to guard against it by the establishment of Normal schools and by a renewed interest in the science of education. And, judging by the enthusiasm manifested at recent educational meetings, we may hope to have histories of pedagogy from Catholic pens. In this we have a paucity of material in English. We have works, and to spare, from non-Catholic sources, but they, even when doctored with the approval of critics, are far from being satisfactory.

A BIGOTED WORK.

Take, for instance, Compayre's History of Pedagogy which is enjoined as a text book in some sections of Canada. This work is bitterly anti-Catholic. It is but a bit of special pleading. The idea that Catholic educators are inferior to all others runs through it from cover to cover. The efforts of the Church towards the improvement of the human mind are either unnoticed or treated contemptuously, and, when too obvious to be ignored altogether, are alluded to in words which betray the partizan but not the historian.

THE AUTHORITIES RESPONSIBLE.

The attention of the authorities has been called to this matter—and they have shrugged their shoulders and made vague promises. But nothing has been done to remove it from the list of text-books.

They know, or should know, that Compayre's work is not a history but a bigoted attack on truth and a misrepresentation of facts which attest how much the advancement of intellect owes to the fostering care of the Church. How comes it, then, that the book is retained? Is it in the interests of common citizenship that non-Catholics should be helped and encouraged to adopt false notions? Is it right they should be allowed to become so narrow-minded as to entertain ideas which are not tolerated by anyone who is supposed to be enlightened? Is it just that educators subservient to the cause of bigotry? Perhaps they do not mean it, but if they can see in Compayre's history anything but appeals to prejudice and an inaccuracy which is the badge of the incompetent they have not the sureness of vision which befits educational chiefs. And by permitting it to prey upon the minds of the inexperienced they are recreant to their responsibilities. They may pose as broad-minded, but the retention of Compayre is damning evidence to the contrary. We want justice on this point. We object to any educator lending his cooperation to a crusade of misrepresentation. His duty is to break down and not build up barriers between creed and creed and to keep his school room untainted from the breath of bigotry.

We object to non-Catholics having to see the records of our men of learning through the eyes of a hate-driven Frenchman. We object to Catholics being forced for the time being to regard a congeries of misrepresentations as a history of pedagogy. And, finally, we hope that those concerned will eliminate it from our text-books and so place their broad-mindedness beyond all doubt.

INSUFFICIENTLY REMUNERATED.

Here in Canada we do not offer sufficient inducements to men of talent to enter the teaching field. We are speaking of the Public schools. We give bigger salaries to many civic officials than to our teachers. We may talk, of course, about teaching being its own reward, but so long as coal and gas and food cost money the recruits for it will be few and not of the first quality. It is absurd to ask a man to prepare himself for teaching and to rest contented with a

beggarly pittance. And this is what we do ask. We have no hesitancy in according due remuneration to many who are in our pay, but we grow querulous when called upon to deal justly with the schoolmaster. The wonder is that any man is found willing to assume the onerous duties of the profession. When we consider the importance of its work; the care and patience, the sympathy and attention given it by the conscientious, it is well not to be parsimonious with those who devote themselves to it.

PREPARING FOR DEATH.

"And behold, a dead man was carried out." (Luke 7: 12)

What took place in the city of Naim with the dead youth, will sooner or later also happen to each of us. A day and an hour will come when this frail body will decay and in its life fulfilled the Creator's sentence in Paradise: "Dust thou art, and into dust shalt thou return." And when the bell is tolling for you and the stiffened body is placed in the gloomy vault to be the food of worms, the prey of corruption, what in the meantime will have become of your soul? It has already passed through the dreaded portal of eternity, has seen the countenance of the divine Judge, has heard the sentence, the irrevocable decision for Heaven or hell, eternal salvation or eternal damnation.

Oh, most sacred, most dreadful hour of life! Oh, hour in which our lot will be decided for all eternity! Who would not always tremblingly think of this great hour of decision! Who would not prepare for it in all earnestness of soul, that it may not be a fatal hour! And yet, how many Christians are there, not, who never think of this hour, nay, who even drive from their minds all remembrance of it, so much so that if they would with equal earnestness banish every temptation to sin, they would most assuredly become the greatest of saints!

Truly, were we to know by divine revelation, when that critical hour would strike for us, it would nevertheless be inextinguishably folly not to prepare for it; for according to God's will, every day of our life should abound with merits for Heaven. Still, in this case, we might, even in our last moments, repair by a worthy confession that which we neglected. But alas! death's where and how, the time and circumstances of dying, are for us as unknown to us as the weather of the future. When shall I die? asks St. Francis de Sales. Will it be after many years, or only a few months, this week or perhaps this very day? This is known to God alone. I know only that any moment may be my last.

But if, on the condition of my soul at the hour of death, depends the weal or woe of a whole eternity, a Heaven with an ocean of bliss and happiness, provided I die adorned with sanctifying grace, a hell with its never ending misery and woe, if I depart an enemy of the Most High, in the state of mortal sin—what an important and sacred affair must be the preparation for a happy death! Not without reason does our Lord admonish us on many occasions in the gospel, and impress it on our mind as life's highest wisdom, always to watch and be prepared. Not without reason does He call death a thief, who comes in the night, at an hour when he is least expected. Not without reason does He compare His elect to a master of the house, who day and night keeps his dwelling in peace, that thieves may not take him unawares, let us in the future, not only glorify God's mercy by our filial confidence, but also by our true repentance, by the sincere confession of our sins, by our holy penitential zeal, whereby we repair the past and cancel our purgatorial debts. What will fill us at death with happy consolation and peace? Is it not a rich treasure of virtues, which we practiced, of good works which we accomplished? Well, then, let us gather a rich treasure by a life of innocence and fidelity to God, and the angel of death will be for us not a messenger of horror, but a welcome conductor to our true, eternal home in heaven.

The Book That Most Influenced Him.

Sir Frank Burnand, the Catholic editor of "Punch," who was recently knighted, is, of course, a professional joker. While not a controversialist, he has, in his own genial way, done much to dissipate anti-Catholic prejudice in England. The "Ave Maria" relates, as an instance, that he once wrote a short article on "Books That Have Most Influenced Me," in which he gravely set forth that the book that had most influenced him was one that he had never read. It was a treatise on the Blessed Virgin, purchased by young Burnand without any special purpose. An irate colleague, who appropriated it as an evil Popish thing, and sent the young man to a learned Anglican Bishop to be set right in his faith. The good man expounded the Anglican theory and having finished, said: "Now I will explain the Roman position." "No, thank you," replied Burnand. "I will go to a Roman for that." He called on Cardinal Manning, and was shortly

after received into the Church. And so it was really no joke when Burnand said that the book which had most influenced him was one he had never read.

THE "CHRISTIAN REGISTER" AND MYSTICISM.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Christian Register, has recently made some serious mistakes in trying to treat of the profound subject of mysticism. It asserts that "the mystic does not find religion in its (religion's) forms, and is likely to turn with repugnance from its rituals"; that, "if he is thoroughly a mystic, churchly routine becomes repulsive to him"; that he "puts aside the creed and ritual, is not satisfied with the Bible or any other holy book." It even goes so far as to declare that the mystic "does not accept Christ as all-sufficient, and does not need a mediator between God and himself, when he can hold constant, loving communion with the Father he ever loves and trusts."

In order to correct these serious misapprehensions on the part of our contemporary, we have only to turn to two of the best known mystical writers, —St. Teresa, and her co-laborer, St. John of the Cross. Steps have already been taken to obtain for the latter the special title of Universal Doctor of mystical theology. So far is he from writing aside creed and ritual, that he writes:

"We must be guided in all things by the teaching of Christ and His Church, and thereby seek the remedy for all our spiritual ignorances and infirmities. It is thus that we shall obtain abundant relief, and all that goes beyond this, is not only curiosity, but great rashness."

As to the notion that churchly routine becomes repulsive to the mystic, and that he is likely to turn with repugnance from its rituals, and is not satisfied with the Bible or any other holy book, we must state, on the contrary, that St. John's writings are fairly saturated with Biblical lore; that a daily and integral part of the routine life of St. Teresa's severely contemplative and austere order of nuns is the chanting of the entire Divine Office or Breviary; and that she herself once said that for one rubric of the Church she would willingly lay down her life. We quote, for instance, in this connection, her own testimony as to the value placed by her on holy water, the ordinary object in our Catholic churches and among our Catholic people:

"I have tried it many times. Nothing is like the power of holy water to drive away devils, and to hinder them from returning. The virtue of this water, then, must be very great. For myself, I experience a very particular and very sensible consolation whenever I take it; whole being, and an interior pleasure, which strengthens my whole soul. This is not an illusion, I have experienced it a great many times, and I have made a very serious study of it."

At her saintly death, among her last words were these, that she thanked God she died a child of His Holy Catholic Church.

But what would these heroic and saintly mystics have felt in their loyal hearts so absolutely devoted to Jesus Christ, their treasure and their joy, had so revolting an accusation been made against them as this, that they did not accept Christ as all-sufficient, nor need a mediator between God and themselves? Let us hear St. John of the Cross:

"If thou desirest to learn of God secret things, fix thine eyes upon Christ, and thou wilt find in the profoundest mysteries hidden in Him: 'in whom,' says the Apostle, 'are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'"

And again:—"If thou desirest other visions and revelations, divine or bodily, look upon His sacred humanity, and thou wilt find there more than can ever enter into thy thoughts, for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead corporally."

And again:—"There is no progress but in the imitation of Christ, Who is the way, the truth, and the life."

And once again:—"God Himself is mine and for me, because Christ is mine, and all for me." And St. Teresa teaches:

"Let us take no new untrodden paths in search of repose, but let us follow the old ones traced by our Saviour and pursued by the saints. These are no other than the paths of the Cross and mortification; otherwise we shall not find Jesus Christ. . . . Our works are of no value if they be not united to the merits of Jesus Christ. . . . We shall follow no other path but that of Jesus Christ, even though we be at the pinnacle of contemplation."

We commend these quotations to the Register's careful consideration. It is indeed true that the mystic may at times enter into phases of the spiritual life when all sense even of his own bodily needs, of pain or hunger, or of the presence of any human being, may be lost in his complete absorption in spiritual things. This is, however, only a small part of the most important part. Possibly it may have been through an imperfect knowledge of such phases as these that the Register's misapprehensions have arisen.—Sacred Heart Review.

If a letter should come to you from an emperor or a king, you would not rest until you had possession of it. What, then, are the lives of the saints but the Word of God and a letter which He sends to His creatures?—St. Gregory the Great.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Editor THE CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Sir,—I have little time or ability to write for newspapers, and if I were to fill a column of the RECORD I could not hope to make it more interesting or instructive than it is already. What I have to say to-day is more in the nature of a complaint against the apathy of our Catholic people—young and old, male and female—in promoting the spread of Catholic newspapers, and Catholic literature. One would naturally think that in this land, which is supposed to be cultured and intelligent, that no Catholic house could be found without at least one Catholic newspaper. But, sad to say, how many so-called Catholic families have no such source of enlightenment and instruction.

Pope Leo, the renowned Pontiff, who so gloriously rules the Universal Church, whose every word is a word of wisdom, says the Catholic Press is a missionary throughout the world. What must we think of men and women calling themselves Catholics who turn their backs to the missionary and despise his counsels and instruction? The least that can be said of them, is that they are spineless Catholics, who know and care little for the faith they profess.

Several years ago—I was quite a young man then—boarding in a so-called Catholic family. I was a regular subscriber to that grand old Catholic newspaper, The New York Freeman's Journal, edited at that time by the late lamented James A. McMaster, whose vigorous and learned editorials should be an inspiration to every Catholic. No other Catholic paper came into the house. You will say, perhaps, there must have been a regular scramble for the Freeman. No. I was the only one who read it. The members of the family read all the latest 10 cent novels, and could impart lessons on the latest fashions, dancing, music and etiquette, but they had no use for Mr. McMaster's brilliant writings, and they were contemptuously thrown aside. If we look around us to-day we will find the men and women who never read a Catholic newspaper are weak-minded, weak-kneed Catholics who are continually looking for excuses for their religion, and who have neither voice nor pen to defend the Church, and who are always finding fault with every movement gotten up by the priest for the benefit of the congregation to which they are an encumbrance. We see Catholic young men who think nothing of wasting a quarter or two each day on cigars or something more dangerous, who would feel that they were hopelessly ruined if called upon to pay a dollar annually for a Catholic newspaper.

Do these young men think they are fulfilling their duty to the Church and society. No good can come to society or the Church from "haswood" Catholics. The Catholic who has no use for Separate schools, who never responds to the appeal of his pastor for assistance in promoting Catholic objects and interests, and is always willing to let the other fellow do it—but is generous with his criticism and faultfinding—is generally the one who never supports a Catholic newspaper or buys a Catholic book. The tastes and aspirations of too many of our young men are running in a pernicious groove. They care little for the example they show their neighbor and are seen too often about the street corners, and the saloon. What we want is some influence to rouse them up to a sense of their responsibilities.

Whether this can best be done by the promoting of young men's societies where lectures could be frequently given by the clergy, or by instituting temperance societies on the line so successfully established by Rev. Dr. O'Brien of Peterborough, is a question which I think might be discussed with profit.

Belleville, Sept. 1st, 1902.

AN AWFUL SHOWING.

Repeatedly have we pleaded with parents to have a closer watch upon what their children read. Time and again have we entreated for a rigid scrutiny of their book companions. It is a matter of the gravest importance because of the serious consequences which result. It is likewise a matter which cannot be urged too often or too forcibly. More boys are contaminated to-day by bad reading than by other causes. All who have studied the question will readily admit the fact. Even parents themselves will confess its truth. Unfortunately, however, most of them believe that it applies to all children but their own. And here is where the mistake is made.

No doubt the fathers and mothers of the thirty-one boys under fifteen confined in our city jail last week thought the same way. But how false the supposition. The figures quoted prove it. Think of it. Thirty-one boys under fifteen years of age held in custody of the law awaiting trial on charges of common theft, robbery, burglary and assault to kill. Nearly one-sixth of all the inmates of the jail. Three of them under ten and four only eleven years old. An awful showing!

But how came they there? What is the cause of this wholesale juvenile depravity? Two words tell the story—bad books. Through their influence we are rearing a corrupted childhood. It would be tiresome to count the times we have so spoken. In confirmation of its truth, however, we now have the unimpeachable testimony of a man, whose long official experience with crime and criminals makes all denial impossible. In explanation of this startling increase of crime among boys, Chief of Detectives Desmond thus sums it up:

"Cheap literature, which can now be secured for one or two cents, evil associations and lack of proper training and attention on the part of parents, are responsible." This is a serious indictment, but it is the truth. It is a brief summary of the causes, but it covers the entire field. It is made by a man who stands without a peer in his business and in consequence his opinion carries the greatest weight.

Books, however, are not the only channel through which perversion flows. There is another contributing cause too infrequently considered, but which is also working to juvenile corruption. It is the secular press. Similar results are bound to follow the promiscuous reading of the daily paper. Made up as it is of filthy scandals, a dirtier debauches, murders, suicides and criminal transgressions, told in picture and glaring headlines, what child can read it without becoming contaminated? Yet parents permit their children to devour it with no thought of the terrible consequences. Is it wonder, then, that there should be this wholesale imitation? Is it surprising that our childhood is becoming corrupted and our jails filling up with juvenile desperados? A wise supervision over both is the only remedy for the evil.—Church Progress.

Great Catholic Growth.

In the Evangelist, of New York, as condensed for Public Opinion, Rev. Walter Laidlaw makes a surprising admission by stating:

"Catholicism has greatly distanced Protestantism in growth in New York since 1890. This is true both concerning property and membership. The exemptions of Roman Catholic Churches and institutions in 1901 throughout Greater New York were \$38,774,075, while the total Protestant exemptions were but \$74,687,570. The Catholic Church in 1890 claimed 25.3 per cent. of the population of Manhattan and the Bronx, and in 1901 27.8 per cent. The Protestant communicants in Manhattan and the Bronx in 1890, on the other hand, were 8.9 per cent. of the entire population, and in 1901 are only 8.3 per cent. Catholicism has grown 12.9 per cent. faster than population, while Protestant communicants have grown 6.1 per cent. less than population."

Throughout Greater New York the Roman Church claims 954,602 persons, and the Protestant communicant membership is 332,546. Of the entire population of New York at the time of the federal census, viz., 3,437,202 persons, the Federation of Churches estimates that 1,206,955 were practical or hereditary Roman Catholics; 589,012 Hebrews, the balance actual or potential Protestants, making a potential Protestant population of 1,632,235.

THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

The peasantry of France are clean, tidy, and comfortable, dressed in blouses, strong shoes or sabots, and neatly patched trousers, with an air of natural breeding. In some of the departments the laborers resemble well-to-do farmers; in the mountain districts they are rougher and of a sturdier build, more mistrustful of strangers. The farmer's life presents more interesting points than that of the *hobereau*. Ask him what he thinks of politics, and he will tell you he has nothing to do with tricksters and idiots. He has no respect for the modern woman, nor the idea of her entering the liberal professions. The peasant women are a happy lot, cheerful, pleasant, and tidy, neatly but inexpensively clothed, wearing spotted white caps; not in the least given to fashion. Their pride rather is to dress in the style of their grandmothers. They are indefatigable workers both in the field and in the home. It seems cruel, however, that women well advanced in years should be forced to labor in the fields, as they do very commonly. There is no more pleasing sight than to stop and watch these peasant people when gathered together to participate in their innocent amusements. Their frankness, openness, and great good cheer are refreshing. The thrift and industry of this class is one of the principal resources of the wealth of France; it was thanks to their savings that France was enabled to pay off so speedily the German war indemnity.—The Catholic World Magazine for September.

An Athletic Priest.

The "Avvenire di Sardegna" relates an extraordinary feat of strength and daring, the hero of which was a priest, the Rev. Eusebio Casti, of Villasor, in Sardinia. On the 29th ultimo the reverend gentleman was proceeding from his home to the village church, when he heard loud cries for help from a field adjoining the road. He immediately ran to the spot, and found that an infuriated bull was trampling upon and goring an unfortunate farm hand. Without a moment's hesitation, the plucky priest jumped over the fence, and, renewing the famous episode in "Quo Vadis," he literally "seized the bull by the horns" and held the brute firmly pinned to the ground until assistance arrived. But for his timely intervention, the infuriated animal would have certainly despatched its victim.

What we wish to do for our fellow-creatures we must do first for ourselves. We can give nothing save what God has already given us. We must become good before we can make them good, and wise before we can make them wise.—Charles Kingsley.

We want more than deliverance from sin and temptation; we want to be transformed, transfigured.