

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov. 14, 1903.

FEDERATION.

Over two years ago we advocated the Federation of the Catholic Societies of Canada. Our articles excited some comment at the time, and we were informed that Federation would be a fact at no distant date. But the years have passed and Federation is as yet but a possibility. Still we cherish the hope that the officials to whom this subject did appeal may be induced to take it under their protection and to place it before those concerned in some definite form. We believe that it would be productive of good inasmuch as it would provoke an interchange of thought and aspiration, a welding of interests, and an increase of enthusiasm for all things pertaining to the good of society and the Church. We might then know better what our brethren in other parts of Canada are doing and to learn much from them. We could compare methods and results, and devise, perchance, some better way of achieving success. We might also be stimulated to greater exertions by the story of their work. For the fire of enthusiasm is fed by the example of others, and many a colorless life becomes beautiful when brought near to energy that is not wasted on trifles, but pulses through actions that tend to make men better. It is easy, we know, to wax melodramatic on this matter. It requires no effort to dilate on the value of self-sacrifice though we may be chary with our proofs of it. But there is need of it, for it must be a potent factor in the work of sweetening the atmosphere that is surcharged with selfishness and of replacing before our eyes the ideals that have been lost sight of in the mad chase after the dollar. Blood is the price that the world pays for freedom. And they who doubt our assertion should question our pastors. They will tell them that hundreds of men do not belong to any of our organizations and are afforded day in and out every opportunity to go to the devil.

OUR BROTHERS.

We may, of course, say that these men will ever be welcomed to our societies. True, but how is it that they give us but seldom a chance to extend them that welcome? Does it ever strike us that they hunger for sympathy? They are but children—disfigured if you will by constant battling for bread; but, like children, they are honest and ready to follow the lead of anyone who cares to help them. They are cooped up in factories or working around at odd jobs. They are environed by influences which make for their degradation and ruin, and against these they, humanly speaking, fight, when they fight at all, with bare hands.

Again, we may contend that they can combat all this successfully. True but would not a word of sympathy hearten and enable them to front life with a greater assurance. They can understand and appreciate the utterances of a brother. It is as precious to them as is a flower to the city-bred gamins who have never seen but the stones of his street. But he who undertakes to clasp hands with the dwellers in tenements must himself be a man. For they do not take kindly to sham, nor do they relish being talked at. Pious platitudes will not hold them.

AN INSTANCE.

About two weeks ago, we happened to be present at a talk by an individual who though earnest enough adopts a method which to our mind is unconvincing and unnatural. The men who thronged the building—a ramshackle affair mis-called Opera House—were laborers of the ordinary type and they were there to listen and to learn. The lecturer was very big, but he failed to make any impression upon his auditors, and the reason was that his talk was devoid of the human element. It never stirred a heart string, and the men went home convinced that they had been cozened into giving their time for nothing. If the lecturer had but dropped his cant and talked naturally; if he had shown that he looked upon them as his brothers and not as an inferior class of the human being, and came not only to dispense the charity of his eloquence but to give them the benefit of a friend's counsel, he would have scored. But he never got anywhere, or, as a man sitting near us, growled: "Why can't that dude with the boiled shirt play ball?"

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

We say this unhesitatingly because we have observed, for instance, the Salvation Army at work and noted how they obtain results. We may laugh at the Army with its drums and noise, but it does get near the hearts of some people. Its quaintly garbed women find a hearty welcome in many homes because they manage to put a gleam of brightness into the lives of the inmates. And the socialist—he who feels that the forces of wealth are massed against the right—has many an enthusiastic auditor in stuffy rooms throughout the city. We have doubtless many an article and essay as ammunition against such, but the men to whom the socialist speaks have not these things to hand, and they are led to believe that some day there will be a fair deal all around. We who have comfortable homes may smile at all this and brand it if we will with all manner of epithets. But let us put ourselves in other's places. Suppose we were shackled to labor that promises nothing but a safeguard against starvation and saw our children—for this cannot be helped—exposed to sin that flammets itself unabashed, what would we say? Suppose that we were dazzled by the vision of clean homes; of parks in which the children might romp and play; of halls for amusement and instruction, of the day when fair Charity and not ruthless Competition would hold the reins in the car of Progress, would we turn aside from the teller of these marvels to come? We may laugh at them as day dreams. But all the same there are hundreds who believe in them with all the intensity of their souls.

LEAST OF ALL.

And by the way, the good people who have always had a fence around them to prevent them straying into forbidden pastures should restrain their "Oh Mys" when they happen upon what seems to them a case of terrible depravity. Hunger, we know, can account for something. And it is not at all improbable that if these well dressed slummers had had to run the gamut of temptation their moral plumage might be ruffled. At all events it is well to heed the advice of the Imitation: It will do you no harm to place yourself least of all. It will harm you much to prefer yourself even to the least.

PRACTICAL WORKERS NEEDED.

But how are we going to reach those who do not belong to our organizations? We must reach them, for, as the great Archbishop Ireland says, "he who holds the masses reigns." What of the thousand and tens of thousands who seldom or never open the church door? What of the uncounted and unkennt—the tenant of the cellar and alley—nay, the mendicant and the outcast. We are doing our little best for these people, but we think that with our societies federated we could get from their combined knowledge and experience a programme or scheme that would aid us in our labours. And if this programme were in force in every city of Canada many a loss would be spared to the Church. At present the one barrier between many and despair is the priest. But his duties are manifold. Here, then, is an opportunity for the testing of Catholic spirit.

We can form our own Salvation Armies, we can have workers in tenement districts. We can offset false principles by Catholic teaching and show our brethren that our love for them is not based on temperament nor on caprice, but on truth eternal. A determined and concerted movement to this end would be productive of an immense amount of good. And if every year or so we could assemble in some Canadian city to hear words of cheer and counsel from our leaders, the work would be taken up with renewed vigor. It would be systematic and business-like. Not a spasmodic effort here and there, nor one man trying to do the work of ten, but organized action.

AN INVALUABLE ALLY.

When we brought up this question we were told that it would be regarded as an attempt to form another political party. We suppose that it would be misunderstood in some quarters. We grant also that to those among us who are so prudent as to do nothing it might have a fearsome aspect. But we think that it could be a partisan politics. There would be danger of it falling into the hands of the wire puller and of the gentry who are out for the stuff, but this danger could be obviated by con-

servative leadership, backed up and dominated by the members of the various societies.

We cannot see one reason why Federation should not be a success. Each society preserving its own government and officers would be under the direction in some particulars of a central board. However we shall not trench on matters of detail. Suffice it to say that in our opinion the cause of Catholic truth, the welfare of the Church, the rights and duties of citizenship, the prosperity of our truth societies would find an invaluable ally in Federation.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Since opening our house here at Winchester it has been our wish to work among that large and scattered population which lies outside town and city—a people early intelligent, kindly natures, and in everything, to whom, however, a priest is a curiosity, ceremony a circus, and Catholic Doctrine the chain that binds and fetters.

To change all this a noble achievement; yet the tired missionary, carrying upon him the dust and scars of a ten months' campaign, on a field that spreads from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, and from the Cumberland to the Rockies, has scarcely enough strength or daring to make a summer attack on the alert natives, alone and unaided.

Early in July two students from the Boston Seminary joined us. These young men left their homes, and the rest and ease of a summer by the sea, to spend their vocation as missionaries, giving their days to tramping along the lakes and by-ways, seeking, for no money, and their nights to teaching them, in the rather poorly ventilated rural school house.

It is zeal such as this that helps and inspires.

Thus re-enforced, we opened the campaign.

The Moinette school house on Sunday, July 19th to the 20th; the Baker school house from July 20th to the 21st; the Liberty school from Aug. 2nd to 9th; and the Balvidore school from Aug. 9th to 26. These were the battle-grounds and the dates of engagements which were to occupy some of our spare summer hours.

The plan of action was this: To advertise our meetings with a catchy poster, headed: "Preaching by the Catholics. Come and hear them." At the probable that if these well dressed slummers had had to run the gamut of temptation their moral plumage might be ruffled. At all events it is well to heed the advice of the Imitation: It will do you no harm to place yourself least of all. It will harm you much to prefer yourself even to the least.

And you seldom need wait long for the denizen of the rural South to "clear" for action. He is a good and an appreciative listener, while you are firing from the heights, or wield the sword of question above his head; but the short stroke engagement which follows, you must take as well as give. This part, it would seem, has a type peculiar to itself. Usually those who do not attend some particular church will immediately disclaim a fixed belief in the tenets of any denomination. With perhaps rare exceptions, they will you first, hence they have no church, no religion, the Cumberland mountaineer, however, is different. He will tell you of his church in the first moment, and argue for its exclusive right from sun up to down, and he will even suggest a whole day's discussion of the relative claims of his church and yours; yet he rarely ever goes to church, and seldom has the faintest idea of the teachings of his church, or sect. But he does not discourage every protracted meeting "by his presence and his interest, from the Mormons to the old colored Baptists. He is a regular "meetin' bird."

The first and most difficult thing to drive into him is the sense of obligation. This done, you have him.

We had a real grand opening. That first night at the Moinette school house is not easy to forget. An hour in advance a reserved seat was packed. When the meeting opened the passage-ways were blocked; the little platform on which the speaker stood was pressed down and overflowing, and the entrance was no entrance at all; every window-sill held at least three, and outside of each clustered a small battalion; while the green sword on either side was held by the reserve, who stretched in the moonlight, satisfied to be within easy distance of the firing. It was the first preaching by the Catholics, and every neighboring house was emptied. After the lecture an old man past seventy, noted for this; that, living within half a mile, he had never attended a meeting, elbowed his way to the front. Shaking his head, he by the hand, he declared: "I bought new shoes to come to see you and hear how you preached."

At the Becker school a new feature was added—explanations of the Mass, following the five-cent Prayer Book, published by the Catholic Book Exchange. Copies of these were handed to those interested. In the lectures and answers to questions that might learn of our beliefs; now we wished them to know something of our worship of his character, its simplicity, its directness to the Mass is the chief worship of the Church, it must furnish the best key to the character of that worship. A good old lady, who wanted to buy one of "them black books," thanked us for explaining to her "why that bell was rung under the preacher's tail."

As usual, the old order of questions came into the question box: "Why

don't priests marry?" "Why do you priests drink all the wine, and give none to the people?" At the Liberty school, however, we had a brand new question: "Why do Catholics catch pain-water on Fridays to make Holy Water, and then use it for medicine?" This question was written in a clear, legible hand, with correct spelling and punctuation, all indicating that the asker is some one above the average intelligence.

WHY TO DARKEST AFRICA?

One night, on approaching the "meeting house," we came in full view of the mountains. Always beautiful in their green and rugged eminence, singularly carried that night, for up the side, directly in front of us, a bright, leaping blaze—a mountain fire—a bonfire, perhaps, or the last of some old unused house. We admired; reached the meeting house, preached to a large, tranquil audience, and thought no more of the mountain fire. Next day we heard something of that fire. Two men, neighbors, had approached the school house, and one of them, an aged life-partner. They were alone; the men carried guns, and his aged life-partner. They talked with old Simon on his porch for some moments; then asked him to show them his potato patch. He readily complied. After entering, one dropped behind, placed his gun at the old man's back, and emptied both barrels. The other rushed back, shot the screaming, terrified wife three times, and then fired the house and departed.

What we saw was the cremation of a harmless old housewife, within sight of her shot-torn husband, who must lay all night in his gore between two potato rows. These men were hired for \$5 each to do this deed. They are ignorant and illiterate, though living but a few miles from the school house where we were preaching. That they were conscious of the enormity of their crime may be doubted; for while awaiting trial their chief concern was this: to institute legal proceedings against their accomplice, since he had paid them only 25 cents, of the price agreed upon for the killing of Simon Becker and wife. These men could not be tried at once; there were five murder cases before this.

Now as to the work done? First answer: Thirty-two lectures were given; questions innumerable were answered; and two hundred and seventy-five Plain Facts were distributed. But how many converts? Thus far only one, with forty or more earnest inquirers. Our endeavor was to form an inquiry class at the close of each meeting.

Among certain results may be numbered: The instruction of hundreds who had never before known the "sweetest of Truth"; the creating of a healthier and kinder feeling between Catholics and their non-Catholic neighbors; and the leveling down of mountains of prejudice. These little missions were the seed-time rather than the harvest. Missions and missionary work may do much, but the seed must be sown. For this important work no hand can equal that of the right kind of a Catholic layman. A missionary has said: "Give us an earnest, zealous Catholic laity, whose lives are above reproach, and America is as good as converted." Our little experience would lead to a like conclusion.

Our first mission field live four Catholic families. For years they have discussed religion with their separated brethren and had disturbed a limited amount of controversial literature. On leaving that field we had a place one Catholic family—next place one Catholic family—next place one Catholic family, considerably removed from place of meeting, result—an inquiry class of two; last meeting, no Catholics; result—though many were interested, and we circulated much reading matter, no inquirers at all.—The Missionary.

THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE.

WHAT IT MEANS TO HAVE THE BLESSING OF THE CHURCH.

By Rev. John F. Nell.

It has always been the teaching of theologians that when God calls a person to any state of life He is ready so to dispose and arrange things that they will work together unto that person's good unless the person himself by want of caution makes himself unworthy of such a favor.

Now matrimony is such a state of life; hence if God has called you thereto, He will lead the way to a happy marriage for you, providing you will let Him have more to do with it. He will direct the choice and see that you get the right partner, if you pray to Him for this, and by a careful life dispose yourself for the step from which one cannot recede, and the hundreds of thousands of unhappy homes in our own country ought to make the young more careful about picking out a partner for life. But many young people are so blinded by inclination and passion that they do not see danger ahead. They forget that just as the call to the marriage state comes from God so upon Him must they rely for all that will make their marriage happy, which includes, of course, the sending of the right partner.

By reckless company keeping, etc.; these youths turn God against them; then the devil has his way. He is shrewd, and having experimented with the young for centuries, knows by what bait they are best drawn into an un-And all remote history show how generous our Lord is of His grace to the people who are generous to the destitute souls for whom He died.—Bishop Ullathorne.

as to shut God from their mind, over them the devil has power."

In advising young Catholics then, who feel themselves called to the marriage state, I would call their attention to another utterance of an inspired writer: "We are the children of saints, and we must not be joined together, like heathens, who know not God." (Tob. 8:5.) I would remind them that "a good wife shall be given in the portion of them that fear God, a man for his good works." (Eccles. 31:3), and that "a prudent wife is properly from the Lord." (Prov. 19:14.)

To make sure that your partner will be "from the Lord" I would ask you to pray and consult your pastor (and parents) just as you would do in case you felt a call to the religious life; then do not pick on those who are evidently not "from the Lord," but from the devil, such as an enemy of your religion, a person of bad habits, etc. Above all things pray to the Most High that He may direct thy way in truth." (Eccles. 37:19.) "My son do nothing without counsel, and thou shalt not repent when thou hast done." (Eccles. 32:24.)

Just as the ceremony at a mixed marriage is the simplest and the oldest that the priest ever officiates at, so the ceremony by which two good Catholics are united for life is one of the most solemn in the Church's ritual. The Catholic marriage, in the words of St. Paul, is "a great sacrament," and hence the ceremony is performed in the church. Moreover, as the marriage state is one of the three states of life to which the parties are called by God, and in which they do to serve God together till death, like the reception into the religious life, marriage is entered into before the very altar.

Instead of being "joined together as the heathen who know not God" (Tob. 8:5), before two good Catholics speak the word which makes them one, they by a good confession remove from their souls everything that might prevent God's presence at their wedding; and by putting themselves in the state of grace, they dispose themselves for God's blessing on their wedded life. Now God looks down upon them with the same loving eye as when the cleansing waters of baptism made them His adopted children. He sees the light of faith and the beauty of His own image resplendent on their souls. As their hearts become one, so does grace marry grace and faith marry faith.

No sooner are they united in marriage than the holy sacrifice of the Mass is offered from them with special prayers for God's blessing and protection on their lives and for His powerful help to enable them to perform their new duties well. The Church even allows an interruption at this Mass which is not permitted to the priest at any other time. During the principal part of the sacrifice, whilst Christ is personally present on the altar, the priest leaves of the Mass, invites the newly-married couple to approach the altar, and then turning to Christ, the priest asks Him again to grant them a long life, a happy life, a life so blessed and replete with good works that it will be a sure way to the Heavenly Banquet. A few moments later the Son of God becomes their first food that morning and thus unites Himself more closely to them than they are united to each other.

Could God's blessing be withheld from a marriage, thus prepared for and thus entered into? Is not there an unspoken difference between the cold, sad, mixed marriage and the solemn, joyful Catholic marriage?

Are you now surprised that the Church inveighs so strongly against mixed alliances?

After such reflections will any who reads this enter into marriage without prayer, without its preparation? Will they allow themselves to be led into an unhappy marriage by an enemy of their religion, by a person of bad habits, etc.? How could they do so, with these terrible words uttered by the Holy Ghost ringing in their ears? "They who in such manner receive marriage, as to shut out God from their mind, over them the devil has power." (Tob. 6:17).—Kind Words From Your Pastor.

"THE SCHOOL OF GENEROUS HEROES."

"I believe that our own future will be blessed with increase in proportion as we, with earnest faith, send help to them who cry to us, as we have cried to others and received their help. I believe it because it is the disposition of our heavenly Father greatly to help those who do such works of faith and charity. I believe it because there is no charity greater or more blessed than that which cooperates with God in sending His servants forth to spread His light, and minister His grace, to the nations afar off who sit in darkness and alienation of soul from their Supreme God. I believe it because the mission to the heathen is the school of generous heroes whose works of faith and sanctity will bless the country that sends them forth. I believe it on the word of our Blessed Lord; 'Give and it shall be given unto you again, full measure, and heaped up and overflowing in your bosom.' All facts show the operation of this heavenly law of charity. The great missionary nations have been the flourishing and enduring churches. Our Lord's history show how generous our Lord is of His grace to the people who are generous to the destitute souls for whom He died."—Bishop Ullathorne.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

In the fourth petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," we beseech God to grant us those things necessary to sustain life. But it also contains an admission of deepest significance. For while we pray that God may give to us each day food, raiment and habitation for the body, by doing so we proclaim God to be the Giver of all gifts, the Dispenser of all needs and our sovereign Benefactor.

The measure of our prayer is to secure the needs of the day. And this much we can always feel certain to receive if we pray with proper spirit. For the glory of God and our own good this much is sufficient. If more be added it behooves us to examine whether it comes from God's bounty or our own dishonest contriving. If the former, then should we return our thanksgiving. If the latter we should remember that it is not ours. Neither does it come from our sovereign Benefactor.

Furthermore, the words of this petition teach us the folly of praying for wealth. Riches are no part of our daily needs. God has not promised these, which too frequently are gotten by most questionable methods and often lead the gatherers away from God. Conditions in the world to-day furnish confirmation of the fact. While scarcely proper to discuss their acquirement here we may say that riches are not the result of repetition of the Lord's Prayer.

Another most important lesson taught by this petition is our great need for God's assistance. From Him comes all life and upon Him each moment of our existence depends. How necessary, therefore, to invoke His help for all our needs. How necessary to ask that He give us this day our daily bread with the greatest devotion, not as with the greatest distraction and indifference.

There, perhaps, we may find the solution for many to whom daily needs are denied. Casting themselves upon their knees for their morning invocation of aid, the words of the petition are hastily muttered while their mind has already gone out to their avocations. In lounging attitude they perform the act of adoration and supplication to their Supreme Benefactor without fervor or reflection. They have not prayed for their daily bread, but rather made of their petition a mockery. Hence it is not surprising that we meet with many in need of daily bread.—Church Progress.

CONVERTS IN ENGLAND.

A NUMBER OF THEM CAME FROM THE HOMES OF FARBONS.

The Tablet has had some very interesting remarks arising out of the conversion of the Rev. R. H. Benson, son of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury of that name. He is only one of several converts who have come to the fold from the homes of Anglican Bishops and their families. For instance, Mr. Algar Theobald, during his father's tenure of the See of Westminster became a Catholic, and another Bishop of Winchester, Samuel Wilberforce, encountered the same kind of unintended but inevitable opposition when his daughter, Mrs. J. H. Pyle, took that journey to Rome, which three of her uncles likewise made. A grandson of Bishop Wilberforce is counted among the English Jesuits, and at Woodchester, where he was received, Mr. Benson, son of an Archbishop, is likely enough to have some very interesting exchanges of thought with Father Bertrand Wilberforce, A. P., the nephew of another Anglican prelate. Again, Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury (of whom his wife jokingly said that he believed all Catholic doctrines but the doctrine of the clergy) had a brother-in-law among the converts to the Catholic Church—the Rev. E. B. K. Fortesque himself, provost of St. Minian's, Perth. Another convert, Father Harper, S. J., had a brother among Anglican Colonial Bishops, Bishop Ryder, who entered the Catholic Church, and a daughter who became a nun. In Father Ryder, of the Birmingham Oratory, that Bishop has a grandson. Miss Mary Stanley, a fervent convert to the Church which she served diligently by her labor and her fortune, was a daughter of Bishop Stanley, of Norwich, and a sister of the Dean of Westminster. Archbishop Wheatley, Newman's old antagonist, supplied a nephew to the Catholic Church, afterwards known as Father Pope. Lady Charles Tynne was a daughter of Bishop Bagot of Bath and Wells. Father Coleridge, S. J., had a brother-in-law in Bishop McKerness of Oxford, and Dr. Pusey gave a great-nephew to the society and two great-nieces to be enrolled among nuns. Another instance given by The Tablet is worthy of note. It is that of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, who amid the thousand cares of managing that great engine of social amelioration, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, may find time to remember that he has a son in the clergy list of the Catholic Directory.

The Catholic Church was made for the whole world. It was so formed as to get along under all governments, among all races, for all time. It is not Italian, or foreign, or national—but universal; the one pervading Church of Christ.

Hope is the Christian's guiding cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night. By it he walks peacefully in storms and trustfully in contrition. By it he enters the gates of death without fear. It is a little of the light of Paradise sent down in advance to lead men to the eternal day.

BER 7, 1903.

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John, N.B.

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