

The Catholic Record.

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

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SKEPTICAL YOUNG MEN.

It is our misfortune to encounter now and then young men who profess to have serious doubts as to faith. In fact they rather pose as skeptics of a mild type. They are a bit censorious, as is the fashion with youth, and have schemes, and to spare, for the reformation of many things. But as no practical results are the outcome of the schemes, we imagine they are but a way of taking mental exercise. And we have noticed that the individuals who have doubts and misgivings are very often playing fast and loose with the Commandments. The devil generally works upwards.

LAY CO-OPERATION.

The strong words of Bishop O'Connell on lay-cooperation have been quoted from the East to the West. "We have passed the days, and passed forever, when we quietly stole unnoticed to our humble chapel and were grateful for being ignored." And, as the Catholic Transcript says, by the laity is meant not the pious female sex, nor the octogenarian, nor, we might add, the simpering effeminate individuals who are in class by themselves, but the robust and able bodied members of the present generation. When our laymen get in line some of our slick politicians will put on their thinking caps.

OUR SOCIETIES.

One word to those who wish to have new societies established: Don't. We have enough. Let us support the ones in existence and endeavor to make them more efficient. Some of them, we admit, are not exactly ideal, but it takes a long time now-a-days to convince young men that proficiency in billiard and card playing is not the corner stone of a successful organization. Pastors all over the country are trying to uplift their organizations into higher attitudes—to convince the members that they cannot be children always, and that a Catholic society is intended for other purposes than the advancement of sport. But they are met mainly with heart-breaking apathy and indifference, and we believe that but for fidelity to duty and faith in human nature they would long since have relaxed their efforts to help men who do not want to be helped.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Mosher's Magazine for July contains an article on "Church Music." The author regrets that the musical classics have been supplanted by Marzò, Wiegand, etc., and that street tunes, popular ditties, opera airs, worn out love songs, are utilized by so called Catholic authors; and, he blushes to state, by many a religious community, upon which to hang a sacred text. For this lax state of affairs he blames the authorities of educational institutions, who confide the musical education of their children to incompetent pedagogues. He deplores also that the St. Cecilia Society established by Pope Pius IX. has not received the recognition it deserves, and should have. And whilst recommending the teaching of music by those of approved taste and judgment, he bids us to no longer ignore the positive and binding laws of the Church which compel us, under the pain of sin, unless there be insurmountable physical and moral obstacles, to perform every part of the Mass as it is contained in the missal—including introit, gradual, offertory, communion—all in either Gregorian chant or becoming figured settings, instead of in the shape of a cheap concert consisting of trashy music miserably performed.

"THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE."

In one or two of the current magazines we have read eulogistic references to the latest production of Dr. Haeckel. The book is entitled "The Riddle of the Universe," and has had a large circulation in Germany, where it was first published. It will doubtless find its way to this country and be accepted as a classic by those who do their thinking by proxy, and who imagine that any pronouncement from a man of

science must needs be received gladly and unquestioningly.

Dr. Haeckel, we are told, is a brilliant professor, a peerless scientist, and a theologian we suppose who has just evolved an up-to-date soul-satisfying system. Dowie and Eddy are both in the business, but they have no attraction for the individuals who believe in facts and in anything, no matter how unsupported, when formulated by a distinguished scientist. The theory may be destructive of religion and morality, but that does not prevent writers from growing maudlin over it. They plume themselves on their emancipation from dogma, and all the while they are obeying blindly the behests of a scientist with a case against Christianity. And the wonder is that a man like Dr. Haeckel—who is an authority when dealing with phenomena and their laws; who knows, or ought to know that, as Bishop Spalding says, all physical science rests upon assumptions which cannot be scientifically proven and that the inability of the human mind to adequately understand evidence that faith is an essential element of man's knowledge—must needs devote himself to the task of trying to convince us that, microscope in hand, he has weighed and sifted all things, and examined and decided all questions.

Father Coppens flashes a critical search-light on this production of Dr. Haeckel and lets us see the naked skeleton of his worthless argument. After reviewing its misstatements and specimens of bad reasoning the learned Jesuit states that Dr. Haeckel's solution of the great "Riddle of the Universe" is what he calls "monism," which is only another name for pantheism and equivalent to atheism.

Dr. Haeckel informs us that freedom of the will is not an object for critical scientific enquiry, for it is a pure dogma based on an illusion and has no real existence; and by doing so gets rid of all moral philosophy and all religion.

Dr. Haeckel, further, assures us that there is no soul distinct from the body of man and surviving the body. The atheist who abandons science for metaphysical speculation is ever an expert in the formation of theories, and Dr. Haeckel is no exception to the rule. To say that the true elementary organs of the soul are in the ganglionic cells is quite another thing from giving some proof for the assertion. But those who followed Dr. Haeckel do not want any proof. They are prepared to admit anything that a tyro in Catholicism can demolish without undue exertion and to embrace any theory that tends to convince them that the great truths on which civilization is based are but figments, or, at best, but relics of discarded superstition.

But it may be asked, says Father Coppens, even in their attacks on religion and morality, do not many of their leaders protest against Haeckel's views of "The Riddle of the Universe"? They object to his blunt and offensive statements of doctrines and arguments which it is the fashion to insinuate and imply, but not to proclaim from the housetop. Dr. Haeckel is just now the enfant terrible of the infidel school of scientists. In his talkative old age he has given away the secret of the craft, and there is, of course, indignation against him. That secret is that the teachings of infidel scientists are not logical conclusions drawn by induction from well-established facts of nature and that therefore they are not science at all.

SUFFERING.

So true is it that suffering purifies and refines, if it does not always beautify, in a vulgar and sensual meaning, that the fact itself has become one of the universally admitted facts of mankind. Women are said to be naturally more exalted and beautiful of spirit than are men because of the sharper suffering of their lives. There is no discipline towards any great end of character or accomplishment that does not involve sufferings of the heart, body and mind. Who has not traced the effects of such suffering in the refined and lovely faces of the many orders of Religious in the Church? Were there a thousand and one acts of obedience learned without suffering? Did not the suffering endured play the subtlest part in the hands of the Divine Artist in shaping those Madonna lines of matchless truth and beauty in all the lives of truly saintly souls? In fact are not the Scriptures full of this lesson?

Nevertheless, no suffering seemeth joyous for the present but grievous, but afterwards it worketh the peaceful fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby.—New World.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCEISM.

(8) We will now consider further Christian Scienceism as explained by Mr. McCrackan. He says: "Viewed merely as a therapeutic agent Christian Science goes one step beyond homoeopathy. The latter in its high potency phase administers medicine in which the drug can be no longer detected, even by the subtlest chemical test. As a foremost homoeopathic physician once said, 'There is nothing left but mind.'"

There is something left of the drug or there is nothing left of it. If something is left you have matter; if nothing is left you have nothing, and nothing cannot be an agent or a means to health. Christian Science teaches that there is nobody to be sick and no drugs to use as curative agents. In this you go one step, and a big one, beyond homoeopathy. The fundamental principle of homoeopathy is *similias curantur*—like cures like. Any method of cure that is not in compliance with this principle is not homoeopathy. Now holding that there is no such thing as disease, that disease is an error of the mind, a delusion, the principle of "like cures like" requires you to apply error or delusion, in some degree of density or attenuation, to the deluded mind in order to set it right. This you science does not permit, unless you admit it to be a huge delusion which you administer in homoeopathic doses to your patients. As you do not admit this, homoeopathy does not help you in the least. You cannot utilize in favor of your science the dictum of the learned physician you quote, for you hold that drugs are not real things, that they are nothing, or at most a delusion. And you will not go so far as to say that truth or health can be arrived at through a high attenuation of nothing or of a delusion. It may be possible to erase one delusion by the use of another that is more attractive and seductive, but your science forbids you, at least in theory, to use delusion of error as a curative agent.

(9) "Christian Science heals by an understanding of Mind,—not of the human mind, which modern psychologists have laid bare with pitiless perseverance—but the One Mind or Spirit, which is God."

It is the human mind, suffering under the error or delusion called sickness, which you propose to set right or disilluse. This you propose to do, not by understanding that mind, but by understanding another mind that is infinitely different. In other words, you propose to cure a mind illused or in error by getting as far away from it as possible.

But passing that, and assuming for argument's sake that your mind has an understanding of "One Mind or Spirit, which is God," how do you apply that understanding of yours to the mind of the person you propose to cure of his delusion? How can that understanding or concept to God in your mind act as a curative agent in the mind of another? How do your administer it? Suppose you begin by telling the sick man, agonized by the pain of a cancer, that he has no cancer because he has no body to have it on, that the cancer is only an erroneous idea existing in his mind. In view of his agony and the testimony of his senses, he will evidence of his consciousness, tell him ask you on what authority you tell him he has no body, no cancer, no pain. If he has no body, no cancer, he certainly has the right to ask that question and the right to an intelligible and reasonable answer. What answer have you to give? You will say, "A proper understanding of the nature of God." He will go further, if pain and patience permit, and ask, "Where I can find this proper understanding?" You will have to reply, "The proper understanding is that of an aged lady up in New England." The sick man goes on, "What evidence do you give me that her understanding of the nature of God is any more proper than the understanding I myself have of Him?"

All these questions of the sick man are reasonable, and as a rational being he should not accept your teaching, or he should not accept your teaching, until he receives answers that satisfy his reason. To accept your understanding of Mrs. Eddy's understanding of the nature of God without inquiry with a view of verification would be an act of extreme credulity. The first tribute he would have to pay to your science is an act of unreason, a sacrifice of reason. No true science can require such a sacrifice.

Suppose the sick man asks you to state your "proper understanding of the nature of God?" You tell him, "Christian Science teaches that God is Spirit or Mind."

"He replies, 'You give me no information. I have always believed that God is spirit or mind, infinitely perfect, eternal, wise, loving, true and merciful. Such is my understanding as a Christian of the nature of God, and you have told me nothing new.'"

"But God is Divine Principle." "I have always believed that He is the divine, independent and free supreme principle and cause of all things," says the sick man.

"He is incorporeal," you continue. "So I have always believed, as a Christian. You see that you have given me no new knowledge of the nature of God. Assuming now that you understand the nature of God is the same, and correct, how do you propose to administer it to me as a curative agent?"

We will let this victim of cancer talk again, and he will ask some more questions.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

RESTITUTION.

Confession not Sufficient Where Harm can be Done.

A parish priest in another country sends us the following narrative, the publication of which will emphasize the importance of restitution in cases where another has been robbed of making good names. The obligation of making amends as far as possible when one's neighbor has been left thus poor is frequently lost sight of; and the too common practice of sliding over the sin by confessing "uncharitable conversation" often misleads the confessor as to his duty.

Mrs. G— was a lady of position. Among her domestics were two maids whose mother was lodge keeper. On all three the lady had the utmost reliance, and felt the highest respect for their character. And the confidence was well deserved. The greatest devotion was manifested to the lady's interests, her servants being devoted to her young children and showing all manner of loyalty to herself.

A man who had previously been in the lady's employment came to her on one occasion with a report against the widow and her daughters. It was more than he could bear, he declared, to see what was being done behind the lady's back, and he could hold silence no longer. He then gave a detailed account of certain articles that were stolen, naming the days when the thefts were committed and the means employed by the culprits.

The lady knew this person to be attentive to his religion; she was not aware of any ill-will existing between him and the widow and her daughters; and, on the other hand, having known these servants for a long time, she could not believe anything wrong of them. So she replied, promptly and straightforwardly that she did not credit what had been told her. "At the same time I must confess I was staggered," she said to me; "though I could not and I would not believe it, and I meant to act as if I had never heard the report. But, somehow, the affair got wind and caused great disturbance about the place. Strange as it may seem, it seemed to me the woman and her daughters never said a word, never complained or cried out or seemed in any way concerned over it; but went on with their business just as usual—silently, carefully and attentively."

Things were disturbed for a year or so, but at last the incident began to be forgotten, when one morning the mail brought a letter from the man who had made the complaint. He wrote that he had been attending a mission by the Redeemptorist Fathers, one of whom preached strongly about injuring a neighbor's character. The man went to confession, but the priest refused to give him absolution until he should write to Mrs. G— to tell her the whole truth, and to restore the good name of the poor widow and her daughters, whom he had so cruelly—but as it happened, so impotently—belied.

There was a good confession; and the confessor, of course, was simply discharging his plain duty in requiring his penitent to retract the calumny. It is just possible that this point is not sufficiently insisted on in catechism classes, though detraction is often a more serious sin than theft.—New World.

REMARKABLE WORDS.

Prayer was the subject of a recent article in the London Spectator, contributed by some one who must certainly be rewarded in the near future with the gift of the true faith. In fact, it is rather strange that one possessing such notions of the efficacy of prayer should not already be worshipping in the Catholic fold.

When a man, says the writer, by pure living, high purpose and resolute self government, prays unselfishly for the good of another, not himself (except that he may become stronger), that prayer is most undoubtedly and that unexpectedly very often fulfilled. That is not science, that is wisdom; and the man who reads these lines, who has experienced these thoughts, knows that they are true.

This fact of self-government, or at least this ideal of self government, set before the Roman Catholic clergy—put it briefly, chastity and self-abnegation—is the cause, to my thinking, of the wonderful continuity of the Catholic religion, of the touching devotion shown by Catholics to the person and teaching of the priests and of the

AS TO RELICS.

The sectarian papers, with an assumed tone of intellectual superiority and high enlightenment, comment on the veneration which many thousand Catholics have recently manifested for the relics of St. Anne, mother of the Mother of Christ, which are preserved in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York city. The feast of St. Anne occurred on July 26, and was the occasion of unusual solemnity and devotion. All of which, to the superior enlightenment and all comprehending intelligence of those sectarian editors is rank and grovelling superstition.

The sectarian (Presbyterian) begins a short editorial in the basement of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste in this city was filled the other day with crucifixes, trusses, supports and braces discarded by poor sufferers from various infirmities who had departed from the church declaring that they had been cured at services held in honor of St. Anne."

It seems to us that these facts ought to suggest to an intelligent observer very serious reflections; particularly a Presbyterian observer, for as they do not take place in Presbyterian churches, they ought to strike them as strange. And being strange and new to his experience, it is natural that he should set himself to discover some reasonable explanation of them. To this end he should purify himself of sectarian bias and become pro tem, an investigator, free from the thrall of preconceived opinions.

The facts are not disputed. How account for them? There are ways.

First, by attributing the cures to the intervention of divine power exercised in response to the pleadings of a saint in heaven, near and dear to God.

Second, by attributing them to mental energy intensified by faith and a desire to be cured, or by hypnotic influence.

Third, by supposing sickness to be a hallucination or delusion out of which the patient is shocked by more intense emotions in some other direction.

To Christians who believe in a merciful God who is always near to us, Who, while incarnate on earth healed the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the paralytic and the leper, the first way above noted is reasonable and admissible.

If our sects and esteemed contemporary will explain the sudden cures witnessed at the church of St. Jean Baptiste in the above way there is no need for further discussion; and there is no superstition.

But if it insists on accounting for them in the second or third way, it must confront the following difficulty, raised by infidels and other disbelievers in the Divinity of Christ and His Apostles: They will imitate the example of the Observer, in its account of modern miracles, and say that the cures effected in the time of Christ and His Apostles were the result of mental energy intensified by faith and a desire to be cured, or the result of hypnotic influence; and that therefore the cures were the result of natural causes, and not miracles or evidences of the intervention of divine power.

And that not being miracles, they were not proofs of the divinity of Christ or of the divine origin of the Christian religion.

Now, if the Observer commits itself to an appeal to natural causes to account for the cures that took place at the Shrine of St. Ann, as attested by the discarded crucifixes, trusses, supports and braces, and the declarations of those who went away rejoicing over their recovery, how will it meet the objection of the scoffing infidel, that the cures in the time of Christ and His Apostles are to be attributed to like natural causes?

Why may not the infidel catch the tune from the Observer's tuning fork and say, "All those cures were the result of gross superstition and delusion, and the poor deluded victims of such hallucinations were to be pitied. While here and there a hypochondriac many have temporarily received benefit from such a mental shock or stimulation of the will power, no lasting good effect can possibly ensue from superstitious exercises of this sort"—tune from the Observer's tuning fork and say, "All those cures were the result of gross superstition and delusion, and the poor deluded victims of such hallucinations were to be pitied. While here and there a hypochondriac many have temporarily received benefit from such a mental shock or stimulation of the will power, no lasting good effect can possibly ensue from superstitious exercises of this sort"

All this the infidel may sing, having learned the tune from the pious Observer (Presbyterian).

But how can a relic of St. Ann, who died over two thousand years ago, have any effect on the living sick to-day? We suppose it is in the same manner that the mantle of Elias divided the water of the Jordan when by it in the hands of Elisha: "And he (Elisha) took up the mantle of Elias that fell from him, and going back he stood by the bank of the Jordan. And he struck the waters with the mantle of Elias that had fallen from him, and

they were not divided. And he said: "Where is now the God of Elias? And he struck the waters and they were divided hither and thither, and Elisha passed over."—4 Kings II, 13, 14—Protestant Bible 2 Kings.

How did this relic of Elias divide the waters? It is enough that it did it; and it did it if you believe the Bible.

Take another case from the same book of Kings, 19:21. It is in reference to the same prophet, Elisha: "And some that were burying a man saw the rovers, and cast the body into the sepulchre of Elisha. And when it had touched the bones of Elisha, the man came to life and stood upon his feet."

How did these dead bones give life to the dead? It was evidently by the power of God. And why may not the touch of the bones of a dead Saint by the same power heal the sick? Is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob dead or has He lost His power or His interest in mankind? What says the Observer?

Here is a bit of misinformation for which the Observer is responsible. It says: "At the dedication of the new crypt a piece of the bone of one of the many forefathers of the Virgin known to Catholicism was displayed."

If our contemporary knew anything about Catholic theology it should know that Catholics believe that the holy and immaculate body of the Mother of Jesus Christ was taken up into heaven after her death. Such being their belief, how does the Observer account for its "many forefathers of the Virgin known to Catholicism?"

After mature deliberation we have arrived at the conviction that the Observer ought to be ashamed of itself, for its having tuned the infidel's sack-but, and for its ignorance of Catholic belief. But this much must be said in its favor: It is no worse than some of its sectarian contemporaries.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

AND THEN?

A young man came to an aged professor of a distinguished continental university with a face beaming with delight, and informed him that the long and fondly cherished desire of his heart was about to be fulfilled, his parents having given their consent to his studying the profession of the law.

As the university presided over by his friend was a distinguished one, he had repaired to its law school, and was resolved to spare no labor or expense in getting through his studies as quickly and ably as possible. In this strain he continued for some time, and when he paused, the old man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness gently said:

"Well, and when you have finished your career of study, what do you intend to do then?"

"Then I shall take my degree," answered the young man.

"And then?" asked his venerable friend.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage; shall attract notice by my eloquence, and wit and acuteness and win a great reputation."

"And then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then?" replied the youth, why then, there cannot be a question, I shall be promoted to some high office in the State, and shall become rich."

"And then?" pursued the young lawyer, "I shall live comfortably and honorably in wealth and respect and look forward to a quiet and happy old age."

"And then?" repeated the old man.

"And then?" repeated the youth, "and then—and then I shall die."

Here his venerable listener lifted up his voice and again asked with solemnity and emphasis:

"And then?"

HE GOT HIS ANSWER.

Among the passengers who were travelling one day not long ago on an express from London to Brighton were a commercial traveler and a Salvation Army girl. The traveler began teasing the girl, and asked her if she believed the story of Jonah and the whale. "I don't know," she said; "but when I get to heaven I'll ask Jonah if it occurred." "But," said the funny man, "supposing he isn't there." Then said the girl, promptly, "You can ask him."—Chicago News.

Discontent.

Was any existence ever so bright that discontent had no place in it? Was any human soul ever without those strange longings for another life than that which God has given? Was any heart so happy that it has not beat against its cage, yearn for better wings wider flight? Was any took up so sunny that it did not turn from the brightest around it, to the bank of the Jordan. And he struck the waters with the mantle of Elias that had fallen from him, and

spot of happier light?—Christian Reid