

The Catholic Record.

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

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OVERWORKING IT

Imagination may be the director and incentive of energy and it may also be a source of delusion. When it becomes superheated, as in the case of some clerical individuals, we have weird stories about the Church. We wonder why they do it. We presume that they are able to read and disposed to be fair minded. Yet with a wealth of information at hand they persist in gathering the discarded floss and jetsam of controversial waters. They pin scripture tags upon it and forthwith exploit it as an argument against the Church. The other day, for instance, we heard a statement to the effect that a Catholic cannot be a loyal subject of Canada. Despite the fact that this charge is very old, a derelict abandoned by common-sense and experience, it was welcomed into port by the good man and exhibited as a prize to, let us say, the Orangemen who worship loyalty Lodge-made and of the yellow variety. This type of clergyman is allowed at large because he perpetrates prejudices and is useful to the vote seekers whose way to Parliament is lighted by the fire of religious bigotry. They would be silenced or at least have their area of operation very much restricted if the respectable Protestant, who, according to report, frowns upon such methods, would give his frown energetic expression. Unnameable to argument they could however be forced to understand that the antics of a buffoon and the language of groundlings are incompatible with a serious profession.

ANOTHER VICTIM

Another victim of perverted imagination is General Richardson of the Ulster volunteers. After the war he is going to "relegate Home Rule to the devil." There is his idea of loyalty. Drunk with hatred he would rather see law and order swept away than obey any mandate that does not harmonize with his ideas. While Catholic Irishmen are going to death for the Empire, this brave warrior is beginning a requiem for its death. While Catholic Irishmen are dying this soldier is flaunting his Orange insolence in the face of the Briton and getting ready for a bed in a psychopathic ward. Perhaps Earl Kitchener will give him the medicine he needs so badly and without delay.

THE DREAMERS

Just now we have astrologists, crystal-gazers, etc., discussing the war, and making solemn pronouncements as to the results. They are given much attention because, we presume, they touch on and flatter the feelings and prejudices of many people. They remind us of the members of the "Anglo-Israel Association" who not so many years ago worked out a theory much to their own satisfaction and to the unquestioning belief of their readers. The theory was that the history of the British people began in the very twilight of known records. Queen Victoria was the lineal descendant of King David. The three lions on the royal standard were the lions of the tribe of Judah. The Coronation Stone at Westminster was identified as the stone which served as a pillow for Jacob's head. England was the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, that smote the feet of iron and clay in a tabulated series of victories from remote times down to Waterloo. This theory once widely popular is a classic example of the easy credulity of times past. And to-day, despite the Carnegie library and an enlightened generation, the dreamer and the prophet have many followers.

FALLEN OUT

Carranza and Villa, who play the principal roles in the Mexican tragedy of sordid lust, robbery and murder, are no longer friends. Carranza charges Villa with the killing of U. B. Benton, regardless of international consequences. He condemns him for crimes against religion, etc. Perhaps our friends over the border who were disposed, judging from their apathy, to regard accounts of Mexican atrocities as exaggerated may

awake and bring into play the influence of which they boast. Carranza, who ought to know, tells them what is happening at their doors. Others have told them of unspeakably vile outrages against nuns and priests. True, they have "whereas and resolved" without, however, checking the tide of horror and misery that rushes over Mexico. Are we to infer that they are in the Republic on sufferance only or esteemed so little by the authorities that outrages against Catholics cause never a ripple in administrative circles. We venture to say that if Protestants had had suffered a tithe of the misery which has fallen to the lot of Mexican Catholics action with a business end to it would have been taken ere now. The newspaper would flame with indignation and from all over the country would come protests reminding legislators of their duties to their constituents. This has been done before and with prompt results. But so far, with the exception of articles in America, the protest of the Federation of Societies and a feeble bleat from a few newspapers, we have heard nothing. Perhaps they don't wish to embarrass the Government or are too persistent in devotion to Job, their patron saint

THE CRITIC

We have just read a criticism on the "Glories of Mary," a book written many years ago by St. Alphonsus Liguori. The critic regards it as too florid in style and devoted to the championship of idolatry. So far as idolatry is concerned we may say that prejudice obscured the vision of the critic. What he thought was the text was but merely the reflection of his preconceived ideas. Others before him who were not afraid of the charge of controversial dishonesty, have also, by distorting sentences and wresting them from their context, made the saint a champion of idolatry. As to style St. Alphonsus wrote his book for the simple and imaginative and hot blooded people of Southern Italy. He wished to make them love the Immaculate Mother whose chivalrous Knight he was during all his years. He sought to make them realize her dignity, her prerogatives, and he succeeded because his methods were suited to the temperament of his readers. And national temperament affects, as our critic will admit, not only literature but also its mode of religious expression. But when a critic measures Italian books by his temperament he is apt to engender a suspicion that his critical qualifications are inadequate. He may not like it any more than people who feed on rag-time like Bach or symphonies, but his dislike is not an irrefutable argument against this little book. It is merely a sign that he is not keyed up enough to appreciate the music that came vibrant and hot from a saintly heart. When Miss Mulock in her "Fair France" says that "in Scotland they stand and are prayed at, in England they sit and are prayed for, and only in Catholic churches old and young, rich and poor, kneel down and pray for themselves," she gives our critic a portrayal of national temperament.

SPIRITISM

To a correspondent we beg to say that the Church has had to do with spiritism from the very beginning. Modern spiritism when it is not fraud is necromancy and is forbidden in Deuteronomy 18, 10-11: "Let there be not found among you any that consulteth pythonic spouts, nor fortune tellers or that seeketh the truth from the dead." It is sometimes difficult to distinguish manifestations produced by trickery from those produced by the demons. But there are tests by which the distinction is made reasonably sure. When we see, for instance, an inanimate object rap on by indicating letters of the alphabet an answer to a question a sensible man will conclude that an intelligent being has communicated its power to the object that appears to give the answer. To suppose otherwise would be opposed to the principle which forms the basis of all sound reasoning, viz., that the cause includes the effect. The people who amuse themselves in this wise are wont to say that the manifestation given by the "Ouija"

or Planchette are due to magnetism or to electricity. That they know little about electricity does not trouble them. But no conceivable development of the power of electricity can make an inert body move itself or cause a piece of wood to answer questions.

We have heard it said that the spirits who speak through mediums are the souls of departed friends. Catholics of course understand that the souls enjoying the beatific vision cannot be torn from their bliss by a medium for the amusement of those who do not believe in the existence of the devil. "Demons," says St. Thomas, "frequently pretend that they are the souls of the dead to confirm in their error the Gentiles who entertained this belief." This is the greatest delusion about Spiritism and the most fatal because it is the most attractive. "When the clever demons," says a writer, who by their fall have not lost their superior intelligence, and other gifts essential to their nature, counterfeit the ways and manner of a deceased friend of those who invoke the spirits, they bind the unfortunate victim of their deceit to their service by bonds that seem almost hopeless by any instruction or argument ever to loosen."

Learned priests in Europe have told me Catholics thus seduced seem to be absolutely incurable.

THE CHURCH'S LOVE OF HER DEAD

The Rev. Kenelm Digby Best, who died some weeks ago, wrote in the Irish Monthly, (Nov., 1911) with great tenderness of the love of the Church for her dead. He spoke of the Protestant denial of assistance to the dead as unchristian—"for it is so opposed to all our Saviour did and said." He continued, speaking of our Lord: "He gave not only consolation to mourners but pity and tears to the dead. He is the 'same for ever.' He is the Resurrection and the Life: but He hides His time, and is in no haste to restore to vigor those wearied, worn out limbs, nor will He bring back the look and color to that marble countenance, nor awake from its rest that sleeping body which in meek and submissive decay returns to the dust from which it came. 'Till the Day of the Resurrection of the body, He delays His promised raising up. But for the soul—the living, suffering soul, that loves Him and is loved by Him, that is a bride soul espoused unto Him in eternal love—Jesus has pity and compassion. This Lover of souls from the beginning has understood and felt the harm and evil caused by sin to His dear ones. He and He alone had the remedy for such guilt and pain. . . . By His cross He redeemed the world. On the cross He expired, that by His death we might be born to a new life, a life of grace to be followed by a life of unending glory. King, though death may be, Jesus, the Kings of kings, has conquered death, deprived him of his victory and the grave of its sting. . . . On the cross He offered Himself for all—the living, the dead, the future generations of the human race; and He applies by means of the holy Mass this same offering to the souls of men throughout the ages. Thus, the 'prisoners of hope' are not forgotten. . . . It is from the Sacred Heart of her divine Spouse that the Church has learned to love her dead children and offer Masses for the repose of their souls. In the Mass of Marriage the Church showers spiritual favors and blessings on her children on their wedding day; in her administration of the last Sacraments she is loving, watchful, prayerful; 'but when the soul is gone does she consider her duties as an end?' Oh no! 'She has been given power to reach and help the departed soul wherever it may be, so long as the hands of God hold it.' The very body of her dead child is specially honored. 'Are the dead to be carried off and hurried away from the home of their life to the cold earth and the grave-digger's dismal lodging?' 'Not so! Bring them to me. Suffer your dear ones to come to me.' The Church exclaims, and at the door of her dwelling she receives her dead: Then begins the Sacrifice itself—the Mass of Requiem. The ministers are clad in black mourning—not as subjects of Death, for he is vanquished, his reign is over; the vestments by their color express sympathy with sorrow, and emphasize the repentance that is calling out of the depths. The hand of the celebrant signs not himself, as is usual, but the dead before the altar. Meanwhile the Church's magnificent music of mourning breathes forth melodies with which even the boldness of musicians have hardly dared to tamper. No Gloria, no words or

signs of gladness; nay, a certain abbreviation as if to hasten the relief. And in the selection of Epistle and Gospel what tenderness is shown! Of course, on All Souls' Day, in Epistle and Gospel there is a ring of victory, a trumpet sound of hope and triumph, an assertion of the Resurrection, a proclamation of the coming of Christ our King to judge the living and the dead. But, take the Epistle of the Mass for the day of death or burial; it promises that we shall meet them again, that thus we and they "shall be always with the Lord," and it bids us to "console one another in these words."

The Gospel of the same Mass tells us what the Master said to comfort and console not Martha alone, but all those homes that are invaded by death: "Again, on the anniversary day, the Church does not forget her dead child; and, as though an excuse was needed for her tender faithfulness, she repeats in the Epistle of that Mass the words from Malacchias: 'It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.' And from the Gospel, to testify to her confidence, that they are safe, she repeats those solemn words of Jesus: 'This is the will of the Father Who hath sent Me; that of all that He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again in the last day.' In the Mass of Requiem for daily use, what beautiful and consoling sentences do we find: 'Blessed are the dead, The Spirit saith they rest from their labors.' 'He that eateth my Flesh hath eternal life, and I will raise him up in the last day.' At the very time of the consecration the choir may sing softly and plaintively the 'Jesu, salvator mundi, exaudi preces supplicum.' And throughout, the priest sings his own part in notes that are in harmony with the sadness of a funeral. The 'Agnus Dei' is changed: as though we asked nothing for ourselves: 'we implore the Lamb of God to give to our dead the peace of eternal rest. The Church, after the Mass again pays honor to her dead, and treats with respect 'the temple of God' to which the Holy Spirit will return at the Resurrection. The Libera me Domine is chanted, the Absolutions are given—'Her last blessing on that last departure from the church in which so many sacraments were received:'

Meanwhile, what has the Lamb of God done for His poor Prisoners of Hope? 'Remember, Lord, Thy servants who are gone before us, and rest in the sleep of peace.' Thus have we besought Him to hasten to their aid. And doubtless, with His corn and wine. He has appeased their hunger and slaked their thirst by shortening the term of their imprisonment. Nay perhaps they are released and speed away to the bosom of Jesus at the very time when that sweet Lord enters under the roof of His priest, and consummates the Sacrifice for the living and the dead on His humble servant's heart! Let others, then, give their flowers—they know no other, no better way of testifying grief and affection—but we can feel assured that our dead expect from us that which St. Monica alone asked of her priest-son, St. Augustine, Requiem Masses at the altar of the Lord.

THE LEPELERS' FRIEND IS DEAD

FATHER CONRADY, WHO HAD ASSISTED FATHER DAMIEN AT MOLOKAI, DIES IN CHINA. News of the death of Father L. L. Conrady, in charge of the colony of Chinese lepers at Sheklung, China, reached this country, Father Conrady died among his lepers on August 24. He was seventy-four years of age, and was ill for the greater part of his time in Sheklung, but he struggled heroically, always praying that, if he were to die before his purpose was accomplished, it might be from leprosy, a martyr! But though he handled the lepers daily through the years that he worked among them, he never contracted the disease. Father Conrady was ordained to the priesthood on June 15, 1867, and four years later became a missionary. It was during a visit to India in 1871 that he became impressed by personal observation with the horrors of leprosy. This led him to offer his services to Father Damien, then working among the Molokai lepers. At that time the latter was in good health, and as he had only a small number of lepers to care for he advised Father Conrady to postpone his coming until later. In 1887, however, when the dread disease attacked him, Father Damien was glad to accept the kind offer of help, and summoned Father Conrady to his side. He went and attended the "Martyr of Molokai" during his fatal sickness, and at his death succeeded him as head of the leper mission, where he remained until 1896. Father Conrady went from Molokai to Canton, China, intending to devote the remainder of his life to the Chinese lepers, but at that time, owing to lack of funds, he was ob-

liged to give up the idea. Accordingly he returned to America and studied medicine in Portland, Ore., from 1896 to 1900, and in the latter year received his medical diploma.

The determination to devote his life to the lepers was never given up, and after years of patient waiting his services were at last accepted, about five years ago, by Bishop Merel of Canton, China. Shortly after his seventieth birthday, which occurred two years ago, rumor had it that Father Conrady had at last contracted the dread disease, and the good priest had the unique experience of reading the announcement of his own death. He remarked on this occasion to one of the Sisters: "No, I am not dead, nor do I wish to die. I want to live as long as I can for the sake of my poor lepers. When my time comes, I am willing to die for them—it is my fondest wish—but may the day be as far off as possible!"

Few are of the heroic mould of the aged French priest, who, when he had passed the age of what has been sometimes called the limit of usefulness, undertook the arduous task of rescuing for the Lord thousands of Chinese lepers, for whom no one cared and whom most of their own loathed. Father Conrady was one of the heroic band that joined Father Damien, the leper martyr, in Molokai, where he worked as the companion of Father Damien for twelve years. In 1896 he went to Canton to offer his services to the Chinese lepers, but it was only in 1906 that he finally succeeded in starting work on the Island of Sheklung, where, amid trial and tribulation, he fought the battle of the leper. Harassed by brigands, who stole his supplies and ransacked his island, and by floods that destroyed his trees and his homes, he toiled bravely, always trusting in the Lord to give him the strength to see his purpose accomplished. His prayer was answered, for, before his death, he saw two assistants established on the island, on which seven hundred lepers are cared for by them and a number of Sisters which he secured for the work. Father Conrady alone baptized thousands of lepers, who later died in the Faith.

And now our Lord has called him to his well-earned reward, after allowing him to see his humble beginnings blessed with success, for the Chinese government has entrusted to Bishop Merel the entire leper settlement of Canton, containing about one thousand lepers, of whom two hundred female patients have been placed in charge of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Montreal.—Omaha True Voice.

K. OF C. AID SOLDIERS

WILL PAY INSURANCE FOR MEMBERS KILLED IN WAR

At the quarterly meeting of the board of directors of the Knights of Columbus held in New York recently, it was decided to pay insurance to all members of the order who lose their lives in the European war. None of the fraternal or old-line insurance policies covers the loss of life in war, and the Knights of Columbus is the first order in America to make such a liberal ruling. The announcement is taken as an evidence of the excellent financial condition of the insurance department of the society.

Quite a few members of the Knights of Columbus are in the European armies, so that the order is liable to have to pay a number of insurance claims. They are mostly men who came to this country and became American citizens, joining the order, then went back to aid their mother countries when the war broke out.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE PATHETIC DEATH OF A PRIEST SOLDIER

The Pope has written to the Archbishop of Cologne to express his gratification that the German Emperor has ordered that French priests who have been taken as prisoners of war shall be treated as officers. There are at present some 20,000 French priests serving as privates in the ranks of the French army. The conscription law makes no exception in favor of those in Holy Orders. If they are of the proper age and physically fit for military service, they must shoulder a rifle and take their place in the ranks. Lieutenant Granier who has just died of his wounds in the hospital of Beauchamp was one of these conscripted priests. He was leading his company when he was hit on the hip by a bursting shell. In the Catholic Press Association account of his death we read: "Newly ordained a priest, they found on his breast, when he was undressed in hospital, a scrap of paper on which was carefully written the formula of absolution, which he had cherished in case any of the precious words should escape his memory, a pathetic suggestion of the young career. His greatest happiness when dying was that he had kept, even through the hard days of fight-

ing, the undertaking he had made at the commencement of his studies for the priesthood—namely, to say daily the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary." It was a pathetic ending of a noble life which had been consecrated to the saving of souls, but which was doomed by an atheistic government to end in the act of trying to kill others.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CARDINAL URGES PRIESTS TO RETURN

TELLS THEM SUCH ACTION WILL INDUCE BELGIANS TO COME BACK TO HOMES

London, Oct. 28.—Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, has circulated a letter to his priests, scattered throughout France, Holland and Great Britain urging them all to return to their parishes, as the roads are open and public security is everywhere guaranteed. He says that their return will induce the Belgian refugees to seek their homes again and thus assist in the resumption of normal life.

The Cardinal adds that the German Governor of Antwerp has authorized him to declare that the young men need have no fear of being taken prisoners into Germany, either to be enrolled in the army or employed at forced labor; that the general population will not be held responsible for individual infringements of the police regulations, and that both German and Belgian authorities will take all possible steps to procure food supplies for the people.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PORTABLE WIRELESS WINS PRIEST FAME

(Special Cable Despatch to the Globe)

Milan, Nov. 4.—Professor Dominico Argentieri Abruzzi, a priest, whose recent claim to have invented a small portable wireless telegraph apparatus capable of receiving messages from high power stations at even 1,250 miles distant has raised a storm of controversy in Italy, to day triumphantly demonstrated the genuineness of his invention. At the British Embassy in Rome, in the presence of a large gathering of public men and scientific experts, including Sir Rennell Rodd, he gave a series of astonishing experiments without bobbins or receiving poles or other stock-in-trade connected with radio telegraphy.

A simple switch, attached by ordinary domestic electric cord to his pocket apparatus, was what he used for intercepting the wireless communications transmitted by the London Foreign Office. He also picked up others from Paris and from the war vessels out at sea. Some of the messages were in cipher, and their accuracy has been rigidly verified by French, Russian, and Japanese military and naval attaches, who also witnessed the experiments.

A TRIBUTE TO THE NUNS IN HOSPITALS

A special correspondent of the Times, (London, England), at Nancy, in a long article on hospital work in France, writes: "The Civil Hospital, at present a civil hospital only in name, is another wonderfully well-equipped and well-offered institution, with the same spirit of devotion and self sacrifice for the good of the nation running through it, and the same high level of surgical and scientific attainment among the members of the staff. The nurses here are largely Sisters of Religious Orders, and the affectionate care with which they all tend and mother the poor wounded men is unspeakably touching. And the men—*mes garcons* they call them—just love their nurses, and are as eager as they to show you their wounds, because they share their pride in the cure of them. War and wounds certainly have the effect of putting the human body in its right place and of doing away with all the false shams and prudery with which we are so apt to surround it. When these thousands of men are well and strong again it hardly seems possible that they can ever forget the frank purity of those sweet-faced, tender-hearted Sisters of Mercy, or can ever forget the lessons of the dignity of the body and of life that they have unconsciously learnt from them. One day I saw some of them on their knees in the little chapel in the hospital grounds. The choir was singing some kind of a litaney, the burden or which was the words 'sauvez la France,' repeated over and over again. It was one of the days when the sound of the guns, from some trick of the wind, as well as from their actual nearness, was more than usually loud and close, and each time that the three words of the prayer rang out through the open door they were followed without a moment's pause by the booming roar of the heavy shells. And of the two, of the cannon that had shattered their limbs or the kneeling women that soothed and tended them, there was not, I think, much doubt in the minds of the wounded men as to which was the finer force—and the stronger.

CATHOLIC NOTES

At Bellgrade, in Serbia, the government has never permitted the erection of a Catholic church, although the city has 3,000 Catholics. The recent concordate will probably remedy this. In the current issue of L'Illustration, of Paris, France, there is a beautiful picture of Franciscan nuns of the Chatelets, near St. Brieux, at work in the harvest field in their white robes and wide flowing veils. They are cutting wheat, and stacking it in place of the young peasants who are engaged in the war.

The attention of the Secretary of War and the Postmaster General has been called to a letter showing that American soldiers are suffering from a flood of immoral reading matter circulated by stealth. The Rev. Franz J. Feinler, Catholic chaplain at Tokyo, Japan, and formerly with the First U. S. Infantry, has received complaints from a soldier friend of the circulation of this evil matter.

A movement has been started in New Zealand to raise a memorial monument over the grave of Thomas Bracken, a Catholic Irishman, whose work as a journalistic writer and poet gained him an affectionate place in the hearts of New Zealanders. One of Mr. Bracken's poems "Not Understood," has become well known throughout the English speaking world.

Among the list of killed in battle printed in Paris, recently, are the names of three priests and a Christian brother who were serving in the army. They are a priest named Beau, who was a sub-lieutenant in the Alpine Chasseurs; Brother Jourlin, head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, a sub-lieutenant, who met his death during the bombardment of Longwy, and two other priests, Sergeants Manent and Beckenmeier.

A statement lately appeared in a New York paper attributing to Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe a declaration that no Irish leader has any right to pledge Irishmen's support to England against Germany. On learning of the statement, the Bishop at once telegraphed to New York saying that the statement attributed to him was "a concoction from beginning to end," and adding—"I work now as hitherto with the Irish leaders in their difficult task."

The Manchester Guardian, in an appreciative article on Mr. Benson, recalls the fact that he was the first English Protestant since Toby Matthews who, being the son of a Protestant Archbishop in England, had joined the Church of Rome. It says that, like Newman, he wrote English with distinction, and that his influence in literature might have been more considerable had he been less concerned with literature as a means and more concerned with literature as an end. His latest book—a book of prayers for soldiers in the war—will shortly appear.

It is interesting to learn that China was represented in the Catholic episcopacy as early as 1885. The first and as yet the only Chinaman to be raised to the episcopacy was Gregory Lopez. He was born in 1818 at Fokien, became a convert of the Dominicans, studied at their college in Manila and later joined the order. After his ordination in 1864 he returned with a party of his colleagues to work for the conversion of his countrymen, and his labors were most fruitful. Pope Clement X. in 1865, appointed him Bishop of the northern portion of China. He fulfilled his duties with the utmost exactitude, and so highly did the Holy See approve of his conduct that he was granted the privilege of choosing his successor.

The University of Louvain, which is located in the city of the same name and which place was recently captured by the Germans, was founded by Pope Martin V. and the Duke John of Brabant in 1423. Students flocked there from all over the world. In the sixteenth century it had 4,000 students and 49 colleges. It was given up by the government in 1834, since that time has been conducted solely under Catholic auspices. Last year it had 2,000 students in attendance. Throughout the various buildings were to be found many carvings, sculptures and bas-reliefs by the old masters. Its library was especially valuable. It contained nearly 200,000 volumes, besides many manuscripts which were priceless.

It will, no doubt, be interesting to our readers to learn that two of the grandchildren of General U. S. Grant, President of the United States, after the war, were received into the Catholic Church during the past decade. These are Algernon Sartoris and his sister, Rosemary Sartoris, children of General Grant's daughter, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris Jones of Chicago. Algernon Sartoris was received into the Church by Archbishop Glendon of New York, in 1906. His sister who married George H. Woolston of New York, in 1906, made her abjuration and received baptism and first Communion at the hands of Father Morris, a Passionist, in Hempstead, Long Island, in 1912. Her death occurred recently at the age of thirty-four.