

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 MAINSTAYS OF "YELLOW JOURNALISM."

A certain individual who sent \$1 to an enterprising firm for information as to how to make money without working for it was told, "Fish for fools as we do." The scribes who furnish the public with reports that Leo XIII. is about to grant a divorce in this or that case must reckon a great many simple people among their readers. They are well aware, many of them—and we know this on good authority—that their copy is beside the truth. Yet they persist in concocting sensational yarns for simpletons—the individuals who are the mainstays of patent medicines, religious freaks and irresponsible journalism.

ITS VICTIMS.

We may console ourselves with the thought that persons of education are not numbered among the victims of the imaginative reporter. Truth to say, however, greenhorns abound in all ranks of society, and are catered to by nearly every grade of publication. Some time ago, for instance, The Contemporary Review published an article in which appeared the statement that a Spanish Prime Minister, General Azaraga, refused to meet his Church-censured colleague at a Cabinet Council until his confessor allowed him to do so, on condition that when the meeting was over he would have the apartment blessed by a priest, sprinkled with holy water, and fumigated with incense.

The General says, in a letter to Cardinal Vaughan, that the story has not the slightest foundation. A careful editor would have held the article for definite proof before sending it to press. But the Review man, we presume, knows his public and sees no reason why he should refrain from providing it with childish and stupid fabrications. And we, they would have us believe, are getting more and more enlightened. We like to hear it, but we fail to see any grounds for it. In fact it strikes us that we are becoming more and more credulous. We read so much that we have no time to investigate. So many scraps and bits of information and ready-made opinions have been crammed into us that we have lost the power of thinking for ourselves. Educationists have dickered so long with our mental machinery that it is warped and out of gear. It is no wonder that we are the prey of bucket-shops-get-rich-quick schemes of the palmist, and of the myriad kinds of charlatanism that are in the market.

GUTTER DRAMAS.

It is strange that Toronto should have to be censured for its partiality for dramatic productions which tend to vitiate the moral sense of both young and old. It has so often exulted in the title of "good," its editors have manifested, on paper at least, so much antipathy to aught degrading that we must needs wonder at its wandering from the path of rectitude. But such appears to be the case. The "Saturday Night" bewails the deplorable condition of things in the dramatic circles of that city. It is evidently bent on a crusade against indecency on the stage. We wish it success, but we have not the slightest hopes that it will be realized. A cry of warning is heard from time to time, but that it is unheeded may be seen from the state of the billboards and the pecuniary success of the dramas in Toronto within the last few weeks.

We take it for granted that the people who patronize the unsavory play have ideas about elevating the moral life of the community. But it is a pity that they should give us reason to doubt it. If they are sincere in this matter why do they contribute their quota towards the degradation of the community? Their patronage of gutter plays tends to enfeeble the moral pulse of the people. They may be, as the critics inform us, some of the best people, but this does not alter the case; nay, it impels us to condemn them all the more. When individuals who are supposed to give good example squander time and money to wallow in putrid messes, it is about time for us to cease our chatter about our culture and superiority. When persons of religion and refinement find delight in this species of drama there must be something seriously wrong with their religion and refinement. It is not the religion and refinement that every normal-minded

citizen has been taught to appreciate. The religion we respect is not the one that begins and ends with externals. The refinement we admire is the one that looks with horror on anything tending to befoul the soul, whether it be portrayed by a talented actress or not. And we have nothing but contempt for the men and women who applauded and wept at the latest dramatic productions in Toronto. Think of men and women applauding a production that should stink in the nostrils of every respectable citizen!—and the tears from the matrons who perchance grind their servants, and from fathers who stand dry-eyed before want and misery! It was certainly a manifestation of sickly sentimentality and they can get any pleasure they like from it. But if it is an index to their refinement or taste or Christianity the Saturday Night has indeed a task before it.

THEATRE-GOERS RESPONSIBLE.

It is of little avail to berate the managers of theatres. They are our servants, and are willing to give us the service we need. If Toronto people desire dirt he has no scruple about supplying it. He is in the business for money and the play endorsed by him is the one calculated to touch our pockets. He sizes up the public and governs himself accordingly. So let us be sincere enough to admit that we are responsible for the exploitation of indecency. Once we have grace enough to value our soul's purity and to understand our duty to our neighbor the end of the problem play will be within hailing distance. It all rests with ourselves. The moment that the manager finds that we are averse to any old thing fished out of the mud he will strive to keep the stage clean and wholesome. But so long as we allow him to rate us cheaply, and to be convinced that we do not care for representations of the seamy side of life, so long also shall we have a theatre into which no citizen can enter with impunity.

AN HONEST CRITIC WANTED.

Yes, we know all about art and technique and artistic grace and the other things that fall glibly from the lips of the gentlemen who do the drama. We have heard it all before, and it is all rot—unmitigated rot. It is but the silly chatter of critics who are too dishonest to enter a protest or too degenerate to recognize coarseness and vulgarity. An honest critic can do much, but he does not appear to have a berth in any newspaper office that we wot of.

TWO COMPANIES.

We remember that some ago an actor of eminent ability was billed to appear in a certain Canadian city. His repertoire did not include any gorgeous dresses or nauseating theories of life as some people live it. His advance agent had no fish stories about the stars. And the city, according to the citizens themselves, was crammed full of art-loving folk. But did they turn out to see this actor? No indeed. His kind of drama was too decent—or rather too indisputable for them. But a few weeks after they scurried to welcome a "bum company" with a few con songs and ladies whose artistic talent was about as visible as their apparel.

PUBLIC OPINION.

One word to the Saturday Night. Do not be satisfied with attacking the Star Theatre. Train your guns in the play-houses frequented by the "best people." Try to insert the idea into the heads of those fathers and mothers who are better able to look after puppies than boys and girls that the problem play is not the best breeder of manhood. You may have irate letters to deal with, but right-minded sentiment will be with you. For—thank Heaven!—there are individuals hereabouts who do not believe in paying to see actresses juggle with the commandments and who have a suspicion that the talk about art in this direction is merely to hide depraved tastes. If, as Bishop Spalding says, a nobler race is to spring forth in this new world all the influences that are active and potent in the national life must conspire to form public opinion, by which in the end we are all ruled—a public opinion which shall be favorable to pure religion, to the best education, and to sound morality.

O my Creator, my Eternal Love! O my heavenly Father! Weary yet full of trust, worthless but truly loving Thee, on earth still and very far from Heaven, my home and my rest are still in Thy Fidelity.—Father Faber.

AN INTERESTING NON-CATHOLIC MISSION.

Since writing of our Kelly Island mission we have been roughing it at Put-in-Bay in truly missionary style. Even Roosevelt would call it strenuous. Being booked for a lecture Sunday night at the Bay town hall, we were looking for a day to cross without too much danger. But the weather remained miserably open, preventing safe sleighing over the ice, and making the use of the boat doubly difficult. On Saturday the Islanders were horrified when the mail boys came in with the news that the carrier to Put-in-Bay had gone down; man and boat alike went through the "thin ice," and were swept away beneath the frozen crust, most likely never to be recovered. His companion was also in the water but managed to get out on the ice and pick his way, freezing as he was, over two miles of its creaking surface, to bring his terrible tale home to the Bay.

Naturally enough we shared the gloom which the tragedy cast over the island. We had to get to the Bay the next day ourselves. Some people came in Sunday morning after Mass and urged us not to attempt the journey. The young men who were to take us across on their ice boats did not show up. One ice boat had ventured out Sunday morning and was turned up in a track of open water. We approached the mail boys, who finally agreed to make the trip in their mail boat, which is a combination of sail boat, row boat and sleigh.

This arrangement was well worth what it cost, for it proved our salvation. A dense fog hung over the lake when we left the west bay at 2 p. m. Most of the distance of eight miles was good ice, barring an occasional crack of three or four feet which the boat was long enough to span. Soon we were lost in the fog and could see land in neither direction. Happily the captain had the instinctive direction and kept dragging the boat toward the Bay.

When we were about three miles from our destination, I had my first experience with the dreaded "thin ice." I shall not seek its repetition. Suddenly, as the carriers hurried along dragging the boat with the ropes, I heard the ice crack beneath their feet. In an instant they had fallen back, one on to the bow of the boat, the other into it with ourselves, and none too soon, for the same moment we were through the ice, the boat swinging in the water. The man at the bow, leaning his weight on the boat, stamped a path through the thin layer of ice, walking, as it were, on the very water, while we three in the boat seized the pike poles and by striking them into the ice ahead, moved the boat along, till we again reached ice that would bear its weight. It was so thrilling a situation we had not time to realize its danger, which young Robert had found so fatal. Twice again within a couple of miles the same scene was gone through, and we thanked God when we finally set foot on the firm earth of the island.

The Catholics of Put-in-Bay had prepared for the mission with an encouraging spirit of the "Lay Apostolate." The town hall was secured for the first lecture and the series well advertised by neat dodgers. We found that the one minister on the island had announced his intention of preaching on the death of the mail carrier, which event had impressed the Islanders, who are like one family, more than city people can realize. Out of regard for this memorial service, which would attract many more than the usual congregation, we postponed our service half an hour. The minister heard of this and announced it to his audience, who came over in a body to the hall nearly just in time for the lecture. Meantime Father Schoendorf had been busy with the much larger crowd who had come directly to the hall. So the mission began full of promise and good feeling.

Monday night the crowd made the step of coming to the Church, some for the first time. As the edifice is in a most out-of-the-way field, the step was doubly difficult. Tuesday it rained and froze all day and night. We bravely faced the storm but not the crowd. Only about thirty ventured out. Wednesday the wind blew over the island a mile a minute and we began to wish it could blow us home to Cleveland, but to our surprise the church was crowded with two hundred or more people who continued to come to the end. The weather also improved. The work closed Sunday evening. It is necessary to have lectures of the sort in winter as the Islanders make their hay only during the pleasant seasons. The mission was received better than was anticipated. It has stirred up thought and tongues, if not feeling. Most of the six hundred inhabitants do not go to any Church. The Episcopalian chapel rejoices in an attendance of fifty or so faithful families. Sad to say, most of the rest are families that should have belonged to the Church. Almost all are people of mixed marriages, who have abandoned all Church. We visited a number of these. Some claimed to be good Catholics yet, in their faith, though their marriageable children were still unpaptized. Some of these spiritual orphans were among our best listeners. Two young Protestants are now studying the catechism with their Catholic spouses.

Our strenuous life did not end with our getting these. We lodged at a hotel a mile from the church, and for meals "boarded around" with the parishioners. In the intervals, between the pastor's daily catechism class and pastoral visits, we found the necessary two minutes to fly on the ice boats to the neighboring islands as also to visit

the Catholic home of the one family of Green Isle, with a dog and sleigh.

We took our Sunday dinner with the Brick family, in whose house Bishop Rappe said Mass fifty years ago and who have been faithful to the Church ever since. We might mention other good families nearer the Church whose worthy children give good promise that the faith will not die on the island. Some of these were received into a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; and as they also constitute the very presentable choir, they are in a way to work for the Church.

The pastor dreamed that it was already next summer and the Knights of Columbus with their fair ladies were making the island a poem of chivalry. When they saw his pretty little church away back in the fields they all took hold and helped him pull it out to the electric road. Amen.

C. A. M.

"A STRONG MAN ARMED."

No sane and thoughtful person expects to succeed in life without preparation and endeavor. Whatever our will is set upon, whether it be social success, worldly honors, high attainments in the arts or sciences, the lasting friendship of those we prize, we know well that to gain any one of these desired objects we must labor, and take the pains, and deny ourselves. Even the world of fashion and folly, with her little low aims and her shallow anticipations, must curb her self-will often and in various ways, if she would be reckoned as a woman of society at all; she must go through a certain amount of discipline and study and training, if she would be really "a leader" in the worth of wealth, luxury, extravagance, and of competition for the highest social position.

It is not always by easy endeavor and sudden flash-lights of illumination that the crowns of inspired genius itself are won. The law of work and suffering is active, even here; while, with the ordinary scientist, artist, musician, author, in whatever rank of talent, it is earnest work that makes for real success, and, very often, it is severe trial and acute suffering that have edged the plant tool in the workman's hand. The finished task, that looks so easy and so fair, has resulted, time and again, from weary toil, protracted study, and then a swift brain-process that has taxed the life-strength of nerves and brain and heart. Shall we suppose, then, that the processes of the spiritual life will differ from these? The gospel answers us: "When a strong man armed keepeth his court, those things are in peace which he possesseth. But if a stronger than he come upon him, and overcome him; he will tread upon all his armor wherein he trusted, and will distribute his spoils."

Two warnings are given us here—we are to be as a strong man armed, and, nevertheless, we are not to place our trust in our armor. Do what we will in our spiritual life, if proud self-confidence be there, it will be for us what the heel of Achilles was for him—our vulnerable and fatal spot, whereby an enemy, stronger than we, will overcome us. We must indeed put on the whole armor of righteousness; and then we must trust with all our might in the hand of God, without Whom our own strength is naught.

Here, then, is one great use of our Lenten penance and prayer—we are to find what our weak points are and how we can strengthen them. Our feeble and cowardly souls are to be aroused and fortified by the steady discipline of these forty days. These days bring us face to face with ourselves, and demand of us: "What are you doing, and what have you done, for Jesus Christ?" They call us away, out of the deafening noises of the world's amusements. We are Catholics; we would think that we ourselves false to our name and to our fathers not to receive the ashes, and kiss the crucifix, and crowd the churches for sermons and the stations. Here we see at once what the habit of self-denial, penance, prayer, for century on century, has done for Catholics. It has made men firm in the open practice of their religion, despite fierce persecution and biting ridicule, and in spite of the dull, cold level of the religious life around them, with its slient influence for lukewarmness and neglect.

But such outward practices are not sufficient to make us, individually, "strong men armed," even though they have worked a great work in the Church in all the Christian years. What each one has to do, individually, is to probe himself, and to be honest, not trifling, with God and his soul's salvation. This is the great lesson Lent teaches us,—the cost of our souls. It shows us Jesus Christ fasting and tempted in the desert, Jesus Christ agonizing in the garden, Jesus Christ scourged and thorn-crowned, insulted and spit upon, denied, forsaken and blasphemed; finally, nail-pierced and spear-pierced, and dead on a shameful tree. And it tells us that all this infinite anguish was for us. Now surely, since this is so we must, in our turn, do something for our Lord. And just here lies the true test of a Christian's armor;—earnestness, thoroughness, devoted faithfulness, these give the true ring to the weapons, tempered and tried like steel.

It remains for us, then, to face courageously ourselves and our deficiencies—to find out, without flinching, what we lack to make us whole-hearted in the service of Jesus Christ. We have to discover our besetting faults and failings; we must discipline and deny ourselves in those things that make our daily lives mean, inglorious, unelastic, torpid and pitifully unlike our Lord's life on earth. Especially we should select one, individual, constant, nagging

temptation, which we know is ours, and try to conquer it, or at least to wouid it sharply, ere this Lent is gone.

Let us name it to ourselves bravely, whatever it may be, whether pride, or temper, or uncharitableness, or worldliness, or that dangerous habit of being careless about "little things" that we know, on reflection, can not quite please our Lord, and that take the bloom of the exquisite loveliness of a Christian's spiritual life. The habit of "little sins" will grow, unless uprooted by the habit of self-denial, true love of God, and earnest prayer. That habit acquired, together with much prayer and trust in God for help and guidance, will put the needed touch to our armor. We shall be then as the strong man armed, who keepeth in peace those things which he possesseth, not trusting in his armor, but in his God.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE JOY OF THE LORD.

A prominent feature in the make-up of the Catholic Church is, despite its prominence, not brought before our minds as often as we should bring it. Yet it is a very important ingredient in the complex and marvellous elements that—leaving aside for the moment the thought of her divine Lord's promise of her unalterable continuity—help to form that matchlessly vital, unceasingly active, and supremely potent Church in the universe, that the Catholic Church is to-day, and was yesterday, and shall be till time is done. This element is her perennial and unstinted flow of unearthly joy.

We begin Advent with the marvellous sound of the sonorous trumpets resounding in our ears, announcing with dread solemnity the judgment-day; and the gloom of a possible doom of endless anguish fills our souls. Then—suddenly—comes the third Sunday in Advent, and it is a joyous Sunday, and the Church bids us rejoice and sing. Lent comes, and the scene of the temptation confronts us, the shadow of the cross darkens the sun; we follow our Lord in His sorrows. But again, suddenly, it is Laetare Sunday, and the Church bids us sing and be glad. The infinite tragedy of Holy Week is broken by the ecstatic joy of Holy Thursday, with the unearthly loveliness of those Eucharistic shrines where our sacramental Lord is hidden; while it seems impossible for us to call them "sepulchres," when we know that within is the throbbing Heart of Him Who was indeed once dead for us, but is alive now forevermore. The Forty Hours Devotions may occur in any week of the year, with its great delight and beauty; while, constantly, unvaryingly, the lament of our requiem Masses is changed into ecstasy by the Sanctus and Hosanna.

As a French prelate has said: "The Church, full of the Holy Spirit, labors only to make men happy. She is always singing. What other society does so? What other society ever imagined or undertook to do it; and what other society could ever have done it? For nineteen hundred years the Church has been thus singing, and she will continue thus to sing to the end of the world."

How should this be otherwise, when she has always within her the Divine Spirit Himself, Who is essentially joy, and when she possesses Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, Who shall be our eternal joy in heaven? This is what makes earthly joys little, or gives them their true radiance; this is what can make in the Christian soul a deep, underlying happiness, even when trials fall heaviest, and we seem most alone.

Spiritual joy, then, is something to be asked for earnestly in our prayers and cultivated in our lives, but not those raptures and ecstasies that lift a soul to the third heaven—leave them to God to give as He sees fit. They are not for such as we are to expect. But what we need is the joy that is a real, true normal gift of His good Spirit; such a joy as those may expect who are God's children, trying to serve Him day by day. Joy comes to us through the earthly ties He makes for us, our friendships, our family connections, our prizes, our honors. Of course, then, it comes, and higher and sweeter, through a life hidden patiently and faithfully with Christ in God, a life such as God's faithful servant, and loyal friend, and loving child should live for Him.

MONKS AND NUNS.

A PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP ON THE FRENCH ATTACK AGAINST THEM.

"In France, a revival of the persecuting spirit of a revolutionary anti-Christian age has, of late, manifested itself against some of the religious orders, in deeds of intolerance and cruel injustice, animated, it would seem, by that inveterate dislike which the ungodly world always had, and always will have, against those who seek to follow their Lord in unworshipful, neglecting (and some would say neglecting and unduly) things temporal for the sake of things eternal."

(DR. CHINSEY HALDANE, at Oban, in Scotland, on Jan. 29, 1903.)

SYMPATHY WITH THE POOR.

Every demagogue who has ever gone out to stir up the masses of mankind to the sin of coveting their neighbors' riches, has pretended that his heart bled for the poor. But when he was asked to give a practical proof of his sympathy with them, he clutched his pocket-book and hid away. He lost interest in the cause when it asked some of his money.

The Catholic Church, while urging the poor to refrain from covetousness, has always been their friend and has never shrunk from spending out of its poverty large sums in their behalf. Look around to-day on the orphanages, the hospitals, the homes for the aged poor, and the other charitable institutions that it has built and that it maintains. It spends its money for their benefit. Moreover, the Catholic Church advises workmen to better their condition, to learn, to become skillful, to be thrifty, to have an ambition for a competence, to strive to own a home and to give their children a thorough education.

Besides, the Church admonishes employers that they must pay just wages, that they have duties above those of business toward their hands, and that they should consider the needs of the destitute before they hoard superfluous profits. When the advocates of new labor theories and new systems of economics have themselves done as much for the poor as the Catholic Church has done, they may be listened to when they denounce it as an enemy to the poor because it will not at once adopt their impracticable, unjust and noxious plans.—Catholic Columbian.

LIES AND QUESTIONS.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Rev. Minot J. Savage, of New York, says (in a speech in his pulpit recently): "The Catholic Church is endeavoring to do one of two things—either to get the public schools open to distinctively Catholic teaching, or else get public money for the support of distinctively Catholic schools."

And in the same speech the Rev. Minot asks: "What right have they to tax a Jew a Buddhist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Unitarian, an agnostic, to teach and spread the Catholic faith? Why should money be taken out of my pocket to accomplish ends which I not only do not believe in, but which I do not approve and which I believe to be detrimental to the public welfare? It is injustice, it is robbery, it is outrage."

The statement in the first quotation is false and Rev. Savage must have known it to be false when he uttered it. The Catholic Church is endeavoring to do neither of the "two things" set forth. It is not endeavoring, it never has endeavored or asked "to get the Public schools open to distinctively Catholic teaching." It is not endeavoring, it never has endeavored or asked "to get public money for the support of distinctively Catholic schools." In making the assertions quoted this gentleman therefore fully qualifies himself in a character that may be summed up in one word of four letters, which it is needless to print.

As to Rev. Savage's questions, we may answer them by in our turn asking: "What right have they (Protestants) to tax a Catholic to teach and spread the Protestant faith by the reading of the Protestant Bible in the Public schools, as it is read every day in the Public schools of New York, which are supported by taxes paid by Catholics as by Protestants? Why should money be taken out of our pockets (the pockets of Catholics) to accomplish ends which we not only do not believe in, but which we do not approve and which we believe to be detrimental to the public welfare, viz., the teaching of Protestantism in our public schools? Is not such teaching at Catholic (as well as Protestant) expense an injustice to, a robbery of, and an outrage on the Catholics?"

In his next pulpit speech on the subject, or on things in general, perhaps Mr. Savage may answer these questions, should they have the fortune meanwhile to catch his eye.

THE INFLUENCE OF A SAINT.

The public demonstration that has taken place year after year in this city, and that in some form or other has taken place in Ireland for centuries past in honor of St. Patrick, conveys a lesson distinct from any local or national lesson it may convey. For the honor that is bestowed yearly upon the memory of the saint is no more than the honor every man shows to one who unites within himself love of country and love of God. A saint is usually looked upon as an eccentric being, as one who is of such an ideal character that it is impossible for ordinary human beings ever to approach him, much less imitate the perfect character of his life and works. The result is that, in ordinary life, the saint is relegated to a position entirely inconsistent with the one he should occupy. But, in the case of St. Patrick, the human qualities of the man are clearly seen, not perhaps historically but at least from the traditions that have accumulated about him. Those traditions make him the ideal patriot, the man who set out to bring the people of his chosen land to a higher knowledge of their destiny. That he accomplished this none can deny. That he still lives in the hearts of all who honor the memory of a good patriot and of a good man is equally undeniable. It is the influence of a saint acting on modern life and it is an influence that will never die out as long as the Irish race continues to exist.