

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1909.

IT IS TO LAUGH.

The practical politician must have many a laugh at the amateur and parlor politician. He knows from experience that the perfrigid speeches we are wont to hear on abuses, and the resolutions, moved and passed by the representative citizen, the exhibitions of righteous indignation, are merely divers ways of agitating the atmosphere. True, indeed, that the amateurs talk well; but they so expend their energy in voluble utterance as to leave none for action. When the atmosphere is cleared of verbal dust conditions are as they were before, and the abuses, likewise, as visible and undiminished. And when the practical politician cracks the whip, many of the individuals, erstwhile, so courageous in discourse, fall into line and march to the ballot-box to vote in the same old way and for the same old things. And this he may be pardoned for, not being disconcerted when citizens wax rhetorical and indignant over him and his actions.

UNCHAINED ORATORY.

Our readers have heard a few words on our progress. Orators, past masters in the art of verbal painting, make speeches so pulsing with enthusiasm that we must, perforce, admire them, and wonder at ourselves. Time was when the Catholic held the sceptre of science and was throned as king in the world of thought. He upreared imperishable fabrics of stone and marble and made canvas mirror the beauty and purity of the soul. All this we know. But that time is gone. Its trophies are for emulation but not for idle boasting. We are glad to know that we are progressing even if we cannot discern that we are advancing as rapidly as our friends would have us believe. We cannot see, for example, that the average Catholic is imitating his forbears in support of our colleges.

And yet the college is the most necessary work of any diocese. It transcends everything else in importance. Its need is greater and its utility far more reaching and beneficial than any other agency. As a help to both State and Church, as a home wherein our young may be fed with the bread of sound doctrine and vocations developed, it should enlist the energetic assistance of all within the fold. But while the secular institution flourishes apace our college, in too many instances, ekes out a miserable existence. Never far from penury it is kept alive by hard-worked and poorly-paid teachers and by the few who dole it out alms. Neither censure nor speeches will put it in the forefront. Without an up-to-date equipment in every respect it stands as a reminder of the niggardliness and indifference of the Catholic to the dearest interests of the Church. To provide trained teachers, laboratories, etc., may entail self-sacrifice on the part of the people, but if we are to make our way in this country or to retain what we hold, this self-sacrifice must be made. We have opportunities, but they will never be grasped until we cease talking about the past. The present is ours to squander or to strike into coin that shall be current when we are dead.

NOT CENSORIOUS.

We are not playing the censor. To be critical in a Catholic weekly savors of the heterodox in the eyes of the good people who believe that our energy can find ample scope in bazaars, eueches and divers other things that demand more muscle than brains. But we should wish our orators to go aside from their admiring friends and to look at our progress by the light of facts. Numerically we are strong. But are the English-speaking Catholics of the Dominion as concerned as they should be about our colleges? Are the Catholics of Ontario factors of consequence in the world of intellect? Are the Catholics of the Maritime Provinces satisfied that their young have within Catholic walls all that is necessary for this development on Catholic lines? We ask some of our readers to answer our query in regard to Ontario. So far as the Maritime Provinces are concerned we have no hesitancy in declaring that, with the sole exception of Antigonish, our colleges do not number among their assets the enthusiastic support of Catholics. Antigonish, however, is alive. Catholic to the core, it does not neglect the things which this generation demands and must have. And because the laity and clergy are willing to make

sacrifices the Catholics there have an institution which, officered by competent men, is a source of light, of inspiration, of strength, and is, thanks to its sagacious and broad-minded methods, destined to play no inconsiderable part in the development of Canada.

A CRYING NEED.

In other sections of the Maritime Provinces the Catholics are content to step along either indifferent to the future or certain that a miracle shall save them from social and commercial bankruptcy. While waiting for the miracle let us ask them what are the results garnered by the slip-along policy? Are they really being whirled along the highway of progress? Were we dowered with a super-heated imagination we should answer in the affirmative. Or are they in the ruck, among the many who cheer the wagon of prosperity as it hustles by. Is it not true that in some places we have lost ground, and, despite our boasting and inability to see things as they are, behind our fellow-citizens. We admit that this must not be ascribed solely to ignorance. The mixed marriage and liquor have contributed their quota to this state of affairs. But if we had had in the places to which we refer a college wherein vocations would have germinated and bloomed and men equipped to be our standard-bearers in every department of life our position to-day would be strong enough to elicit the praise of the discriminating. Honied words will not serve as a remedy. We ought to pray for sight to see how foolish and suicidal is the slip-along policy. We need not orators but men who realize that it is not only an honor but a duty to open the pocket-book for the cause of education.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE SALOON.

The workingman sees now that T. V. Powderly was not far wrong when he said that the liquor traffic is responsible for nine-tenths of the misery among the working classes, and the abolition of that traffic would be the greatest blessing which could come to them. And the Archbishop of Montreal exhorts workingmen to exert their influence over their fellow-workmen. Keep them away from saloon where they ruin their health, squander large sums of money which they could devote to much nobler purposes and where they only learn to contract the most pernicious habits.

A SUGGESTION.

Perchance some day the ministerial brethren who cry much and often at the caricature which they are pleased to call the Catholic Church will adopt some other method to attract the public. If they must rage against us they should try to get new terms of invective and vituperation. The wearisome monotony of their addresses is as severe a tax on our nerves as upon those of our separated brethren. We ask the good man, who but recently declaimed against the aggression of Rome, to consider our suggestion.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. THE VOCATION OF A PEOPLE.

By D. A. Casey, author of "Pen Pictures of a Munster Village," etc.

On the deck of the "Campania" a group of young priests are chatting together. It is Sunday morning in early October. Way up on the Cathedral-crowned hill, the people are going to the morning Mass. The tender that brought its complement of passengers out to the great liner is ploughing its way back through the rain-swept waters of the harbor. All too quickly distance and the rainy haze is blotting out the last glimpse of Erin. The black smoke of the engines floats out over the waters—and Ireland is no more.

The priests are still chatting on the deck. There are tears in the eyes of some—for they are young—these soldiers of the Cross; and youth feels all too keenly the pang of separation from all that loves and is loved. Then when the last faint outline dips below the horizon and naught remains save the great abyss of waters, they turn and descend. Home and country exists for them no longer. They are Christ's now.

Day by day as we sped over the pathless deep, I saw this little band of self-exiled levites; and often as they passed the deck or sat together in the comfortable deck chairs, the merry jest and careless laugh was borne to my ears—for the pure heart is ever gay, and those who sorrow with Christ taste always something of the hundred fold that is promised. The darkness of Gethsemane has its Easter dawn. There was one—a fair-haired, blue-eyed, delicate looking young fellow—gayest of the gay he was, no one could laugh like him, no one could tell a story or point a joke so well as he. He hadn't a care in the world, you would say. "And I suppose in a way he hadn't. But when the darkness of night crept down in the wide ocean, and the stars shone faintly through the murky gloom, a silent figure in black stood by the stern looking out over the shining trail that told of the great Master's trail through the dark waters. And the pale face

was sad, and the blue eyes were suspiciously moist. For beyond was Ireland and Tipperary and the hearts that he loved next to God. But high above the stars there looked down upon the scene One Who understood and Whose promise never fails.

And that Promise! what will it not mean on that last day for the children of Ireland! "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, and come into the land which I will show thee. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and magnify thy name, and thou shalt be blessed." Clearly the promise rings down through the ages, and confidently may Ireland look for the reward. Fifteen hundred years ago when Patrick on the slopes of the Holy Mountain by the western sea prayed for the gift of deathless faith for his children, the angel victor brought the answer to his prayer. It would indeed be as the great Apostle wished—more than that, his children would be themselves Apostles, they would carry His faith, His teaching unto the uttermost ends of the earth.

"Nations far in undiscovered seas
The kingly ermine of her faith shall wear."

That was to be Ireland's destiny. A light to the revelation of the Gentiles, a nation of apostles, the advance guard of the army of Christ. Many a windy blast has surged through Patrick's hoary summit since Patrick thus prayed for his people. It is a long call from the fifth century to the twentieth. Yet here on the ship's deck we have the embodiment of the angel's prophecy. Here are the descendants of a long line of apostles going forth as Columbus and Virgilius and Gall went forth to teach the world the way that leads to life. God's ways are not our ways. He has strange ways of compassing His ends, and nothing shows this more clearly than the story of Ireland. In those early days of new-born faith He selected Ireland to be the mission ground of the world. And how was she to be prepared for her vocation? Even as He Himself prepared. Persecution, suffering, confiscation, death, the red hand of war, the black shadow of famine—this was the school in which He was to be trained. Her's was to be the Via Dolorosa; she was to follow closest in the blood-stained footsteps that led up the steep ascent to Calvary, where the king—her king—reigned with the royal diadem of thorns.

And what was to be the reward for this? *Euntes docete omnes gentes*. He said to the apostles on the Galilean hill: "Go, He said to the Irish, go out into the ends of the earth, go into Britain and Spain and Gaul and Germany, go out beyond the more tremendous to fair lands away to the west, and the great islands of the south, bring them the good tidings, tell them of Me and of My love, you are to be My messengers, for I have chosen you that you may preach My word. That was Ireland's vocation. How has she responded to it? History answers. And not only the history that is written in books, but the history that lives in the ruins of Iona and Liodis faone in the hoary Cathedrals of Spain and Gaul and Germany and Italy, in the soaring spires of America, and Australia, South Africa—all this bears testimony to what Ireland has done and is doing for the faith. Widespread indeed is Ireland's influence in the world of the Church. In the Cathedral cities of Armagh, New York, and Melbourne the apostle of this apostolic race is honored as patron. Where is the field in which they have not distinguished themselves? Who sits on your episcopal throne? Who preaches in your pulpits? Who teaches in your schools. Is it not the children of St. Patrick!

In the old days when the fierce barbarian hordes swept down on Western Europe like a swarm of locusts, eating up and destroying every vestige of culture and religion, it was to Ireland men looked to rekindle anew the lamp in the desecrated sanctuaries, and to relight the torch of learning in the dismantled halls of the universities. It was the golden age of the Church in Ireland, when she was the home of saints and scholars and the University of the world.

Then the shadows gathered in the far hills and the bright sun of religion and learning went out in a sea of blood. But Patrick's prayer was potent still—the Eternal Promise would not fail. Persecutors and persecution passed away but the Faith remained. It came forth from the sepulchre of centuries immortal, eternal as the God it served. And now there was new work for Ireland. The Great British Empire had to be evangelized. And forth from her green shores went the standard-bearers of Christ to plant the good seed in the great American continent and far away beneath the Southern Cross. Driven forth from their own land by famine and eviction, they carried with them into strange lands the living faith of Ireland, and as Patrick lit the paschal fire on the hill of Slane, so out on the American prairie, and deep in the solitude of the Australian bush, these faithful hearts kindled the lamp of faith that has shone with a steady effulgence down through the years. Poor they might be, ignorant too, but they had one pearl of great price; they had learned that lesson which surpasseth all understanding, they planted not for time but for eternity. To them the Lord had spoken as He had spoken to Abraham and like Abraham they obeyed. They went out into the desert places of the new world—went like their Divine Master to seek that which was lost; because they hearkened to the voices that came to them over the waters, as of old the children called to Patrick from the woods by the western sea.

To-day history is repeating itself. Else why those young priests here on the "Campania" broad decks on this

October evening. It is from no love of travel that they are here, for they have Irish hearts and Ireland is to them the world. But the divine call has come to them—the children cry for bread and their's is the hand to break it to them. Away towards the East where Ireland lies, there are bleeding hearts this October evening, for there is an absent face, a vacant chair, a void in a mother's heart that cannot be filled. But it is Ireland's vocation.

NEW CHURCH IN BRAMPTON.

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE.—SERMON BY REV. FATHER CANNING.

The ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of the new church at Brampton, Ont., took place on the 4th of November. Rev. Father Williams of Toronto, performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of people. The clergy present in addition to Rev. Father Egan, the parish priest, were: Rev. Father Hand, Rev. Father Williams, Rev. Father Sullivan, Rev. Father Morrow, Rev. Father Gallagher, Rev. Father Walsh and Rev. Father Canning, all of Toronto. Rev. Father Jephcott, of Adjala, Rev. Father Minnehan, of Albion, Rev. Father Whitney, of Newmarket.

Under the stone were placed documents containing the names of the reigning pontiff and the archbishop of the diocese, priests, etc., and a number of the current coins and newspapers. The service was in charge of the Rev. Father Hand, Father Sullivan reciting the litany, the other clergy responding. At the conclusion of the ceremony the sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Canning, Rev. Dr. Roach who had been announced as the preacher for the occasion, being unable to attend.

The church will be of red brick and occupies the site of the old structure. The first Roman Catholic Church was built in Brampton in 1858 and was destroyed by fire about the year 1874. It stood within the churchyard on Centre street and was also a brick building. The members of the congregation then purchased the old Presbyterian church building on John street, renovated and repaired it and it was consecrated about the year 1880. As the building was even then an old one it soon fell into disrepair and a new church became urgently required, the congregation having grown by the addition of several families who recently came into the town. Through the energetic efforts of Father Egan the project was commenced and the rapid erection of the edifice is rejoicing the hearts of the faithful members of his parish who are aiding him in every possible way. It is expected that the worshippers will occupy the new church before the new year. J. G. Sewell is the contractor, the Irvine Lumber and Fuel Company having charge of the carpenter work.

Father Canning's sermon was in substance as follows:

Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church without stain or wrinkle, or any such thing; that it might be whole and without blemish.

Whether it be that we live in an age of inexactitude in words or whether it be due to some other cause it seems to be true to-day that there never was a word more universally misused and more commonly misapplied than the word "Church" is in our day and in our own country.

We read in our magazines and newspapers that the Church should look after social affairs, that the Church should purge politics of their corruption perhaps if the writers were asked what they mean by this word Church they would hesitate for a reply.

It may be that to this indefinite term they attach some such meaning as this that the Church is a body of good men who mean well and who are banded together in order to help along good things and to prevent those things which are not so good.

We often hear it said in the street in these days and in one sense it is a sign that bigotry is dying out but in another sense it is not so good, that it doesn't make any difference what a man believes so long as he is sincere.

But I tell you to-day there never was a more illogical or unreasonable proposition put forth for the consideration of intelligent men.

It does make a difference what a man believes, one religion is not as good as another; it cannot be because one religion is not as true as another. It does make a difference what a man believes because our Saviour himself attached a punishment to not believing. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned."

What did Christ mean by such words "he that believeth not shall be condemned."

Did He mean to condemn a man because he would not accept an opinion or speculation or a guess? No, it would be most unfair and unjust. The rational conclusion is that our Lord meant us to believe the truth. It does make a difference therefore what a man believes.

And yet sensible, rational men will say that it does not make any difference what we believe about the Creator. It makes a difference what we believe because as a man believes he acts and his acts are the fruit of his thoughts.

We believe, therefore, that a Christian must believe the truth about Christ and not believe a guess or speculation or supposition. The stand of the Catholic Church is that there must be a sure way. The stand of the Catholic Church is to-day what it has always been that if Christ came down into this world intending to make His doctrines felt

throughout all time and eternity, intending that you and I living in this twentieth century should know them just as surely as those who lived and walked with Him two thousand years ago. He left some means whereby we should be sure of that doctrine, and if He had not done this He and His missions would have been a tremendous failure. He came into this world, and suffered and died in order that He might teach the truth and, so I say that a thoughtful man to-day cannot say one religion is as good as another. It does make a difference what a man believes. Therefore, there must be a means whereby we shall know the truth to-day as it was known two thousand years ago and if we can not find it out, then Christ has been a failure. One way to reveal the truth would have been for Christ to have written down the truth and the other way would be to leave a living voice whereby we would know the truth.

As to the written word, we believe in the Bible, we believe that it was inspired of God, the New Testament and the Old Testament, we have the utmost respect for the Word of God, yet as reasonable men we say that while the Bible contains the truth every man cannot find it for himself and one proof of that fact is that within the last four hundred years there have been four hundred different religions got out of that Bible and they cannot all be right. They cannot all be true and so the Catholic Church says there must be a means of knowing the truth along with the Bible, side by side with it. We know that for the first three hundred years after Christ died there was no New Testament at all as it is now and yet people knew that Christ died. We say to-day as thoughtful men have said in the past that if that written document were left to us alone that men could not get the truth out of it without an authority to interpret it, somebody to tell the meaning of the word. That is the stand of the Catholic Church to-day. She believes in the truth of the inspiration of the Bible but she also believes that there is a living voice which interprets the meaning of the word and interprets what was the doctrine of Christ and that living voice in the Catholic Church is the Supreme Pontiff. It does not mean that he cannot commit sin. God does not place angels over us to govern us, but men of flesh and blood, but it does mean that all I am to believe about Christ and what I am to do in order to be saved, in all things that affect that the Supreme Pontiff is infallible, he cannot make a mistake when he tells what the teaching of Christ is in these important matters.

That is the stand of the Catholic Church and we place her position before you to-day without a particle of prejudice. She has had her difficulties with the nations and at times, parliament has wished to legislate against her doctrines but at all times she has not feared to say to any government who wished to take away the doctrine of Christ, "Woe unto me if I step aside and am unfaithful to my Master, I must be the eternal guardian of the Eternal Word." And so she is bound to have trouble because she dare not step aside, she is the guardian of the truth. The Catholic religion is the only religion in the wide world that has ever been driven out of a nation and returned again. And so we have the spectacle of the Catholic Church returning again among the English nation, the German nation and the American nation so that it is true that in the Diocese of Westminster alone there is a convert for every hour in the day in England alone and the same thing is true in Germany which more than counterbalances defects in other places. It goes to show that God protects the living voice. The Church has had difficulty with masses of the people, people like the Anarchists and Socialists of the present day who want to take short cuts. There is no short cut with the Church. God does all things slowly. You cannot take short cuts to make a Christian nation. The Church has had her difficulties with individuals, with men noted for their literary attainments and scientific knowledge out the history of the past is strewn with the wrecks of false theories in science which rise every day and are forgotten in a year.

I have given you a fair, plain statement of what the Church stands for. We have a great respect for these church buildings because of what they stand for. We do well to bless its corner stone and to bless this building. Here your children will be brought to be baptized, here you will hear the word of God spoken from Christ Himself, here your marriages will be performed and blessed in order that the nation itself may be blessed; here, last of all, when all things earthly have passed away your bodies will be brought and here the prayers of the Church will go up in a wonderful stream to God that He may spare these souls and bring them to His own light. All these things shall be done here and so I say that this church is a place to be respected because of the principles taught and practised therein.

It is well for us to offer up thanksgiving to God that He has given us the truth, not that we believe those who are not with us shall be lost, for men who are honest in the fear of God and do their very best before God will also be saved, but we believe also there is a truth and that it is the duty of every man to find out that truth, and we are thankful to-day if any light has been thrown upon it, and we are glad with a great gladness that we have this truth and that we will say for the future that we will remain faithful to the Church, and we shall be thankful until we come before the throne of this everlasting God.—Conservator.

A Rhyme of Pure Reason.

A Christian Science Proselyte,
Alone upon a mountain height,
Was pondering upon the vain
Belief in non-existent Pain,
How nervous Dread of any kind
Was an Illusion of the Mind,
When, coming down the mountain
side,
A dreadful lion he espied.
The Proselyte said, "Mercy me!"
And quickly scuttled up a tree.
Next morning at the rise of sun
There came an unconverted one,
Who saw the Proselyte at bay
And drove the hungry beast away.
The Cynic said, "Aha! I see
Your claim has got you up a
Tree!"
"Your judgment," said the Proselyte,
"Arises from Imperfect Sight.
A Lion to a soul refined
Is an Illusion of the Mind."
"If that's the case," the Cynic said,
"Why show these human signs of dread?
Why pass the night secure from
harm
In yonder elevated palm?"
"Friend," said the Saint, "if you but
knew,
This tree is an Illusion, too.
When in a Jungle far from home,
Where purely Mental Lions roam,
It puts me more at ease to be
Up some Imaginary Tree."
"How great is Mind!" the Stranger
cried,
And went his way quite Eddy-
fed.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The number of students registered at the opening of Dunwoodie Seminary this year was 162, the largest in the history of the institution.

A religious procession was attacked at Castro, near Barcelona, Spain, last Saturday. The mob killed the officiating priest and an attendant and wounded fifty-six persons.

Archbishop Blenk of New Orleans, who recently returned from abroad, says that more non-Catholics visit the Holy See from this country than from any other.

Rev. Adrian F. Van Hulst, S. J. aged ninety-three years, and one of the oldest priests in the United States, was found dead in his room at St. Ignatius' College, Chicago. Father Van Hulst was ordained a priest in 1839.

In Connaught, Ireland, a great temperance crusade has just been organized. The six bishops of the province of Tuam have issued regulations for the guidance of the new movement which is to be known as "St. Patrick Temperance League of the West."

Miss Margaret Tully, who died recently in Boston, Mass., leaves the whole of her \$150,000 estate to Catholic charities. Miss Tully's brother, who died twenty years ago, left \$100,000 to the Church. Another sister who died ten years ago, left \$50,000 for similar purposes.

The number of converts from the recent mission to non-Catholics at the Paulist Church, New York city, given by the same Fathers, has now reached the total of 51. These were instructed with particular care, some of them taking a special course in De Harbe's larger catechism.

East Longmeadow, Mass., has a horse that when the church bell rings on Sunday morning, immediately leaves his pasture and canters to the church, says the Catholic Advance. There are many human beings who have not sense enough of their duties to God to obey the church bell summons promptly, but take their time or do not go at all.

English Catholic papers announce that Miss Holmes, daughter of Sir Richard Holmes, for many years librarian at Windsor Castle, and granddaughter to the late Dr. Gee, vicar of Windsor and canon of St. George's has been received into the Church at St. Bernard's Convent, Sloth, by Rev. J. Francis Drake.

An insurance policy on the life of Rev. Edward M. Hickey, who died in Parkersburg, W. Va., will net St. John's Church, of this place, the sum of \$100,000. Father Hickey was the pastor of the parish from 1865 to 1873, and through his efforts its fine edifice was built. He took out the insurance policies in favor of the parish at the time he took charge of it.

On last Sunday 30,000 persons knelt in the open at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in West Side Park, Jersey City. Bishop John J. O'Connor officiated, assisted by priests of the diocese. The Benediction services followed upon the annual parade of the Holy Name Union of Hudson County. There were 15,000 in line, representing twenty-five societies from various parishes.—America.

A noble charity is benefitted by Mr. Charles M. Schwab's gift to the Sisters of Charity in charge of the New York Foundling Asylum. He has announced his intention of turning over to them his estate on Staten Island. The charity is a fine one, and it will give the benefactor joy and satisfaction as long as he lives to reflect upon the incalculable good which the Sisters of Charity will be enabled to do through his munificence.

Catholic societies of Philadelphia have been thrown into considerable agitation by the action of Count Angelo Leonard di Casalino, the commander of the Italian warship *Etruria*, anchored in that port, who, hearing that the Italian societies of the city were to tender to him and to the officers and crew of his vessel a banquet, and that the function was to be held in a Masonic building, promptly and decidedly declined the invitation both for himself and for his men.