

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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A FAMILIAR CHARACTER.

The man who remembers the past frailties of his brethren should learn the art of forgetting. The man who remembers them but as arguments that a brother who is down should be kept down is a white-livered cur. We might, but for the strictness of the proof reader, say something stronger, and so we use the word with apologies to decent canines. Perchance our readers have met it. If not they will recognize it by the following description drawn from life. First of all, it is, according to itself, "above board." It says this so often that it believes it. The guileless believe it too because the "above board" animal has the knack of covering up its tracks. Its prominent characteristic is a hatred for those who are supposed to stand in its way. This hatred, however, does not blaze up and then disappear. It is a noisome thing that crawls and skulks, attacks and retreats, now fawning, again arrogant, and always contemptible. It can play the role of spy and fashion with peculiar deftness all manner of lies and calumnies. But its prominent characteristic is a tenacious memory in respect to others. It never forgets what we did in the past and never fails to retail it. "Why yes," it will say, "M— was always a bad egg—always crooked, you know, and untrustworthy. I remember on such an occasion"—And so it goes on spewing the foulness of an envious and cowardly heart on the reputation of its neighbors.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

An esteemed pastor requests us to say a few words about the desirability and usefulness of having a family library. We hardly know how to grant this request. In the first place we have written on this subject in previous issues of the CATHOLIC RECORD. We might refer our readers to those issues, but the average individual is not given to the habit of placing newspapers on file. Then again some people, being sensitive on this score, are apt to write us to stop the paper if we even hint that a family library may be found in a museum of curiosities and rarely elsewhere.

We might, as a starter, deck those columns with the praises of books by those who love them. Their undying charm—their messages vibrant with the harmony of the master mind—the words that strengthen and soften—all this, and more, we might dilate upon to the filling of space, but, we fear, to no practical purpose. And it would be inopportune just now, because championing a family library or otherwise would make indifferent running against the Autumn attractions. Library talk is slow, and, moreover, the young man can pick up a surprising amount of information from the various newspapers which are to be found in barber shops, and when so inclined can turn to the big family bible—which, however, is never handled save when the housewife gives it a dusting.

SOME NOVELISTS.

We are told that a woman novelist in the United States wrote eight books, all sellers, last year and is still at it. This fact is mentioned as a proof of the lady's versatility, of her publishers' shrewd advertising methods, and of the amazing gullibility of the public. But the achievement is of little moment when we remember that Col. Ingram when in his prime wrote one novel per week. Be it said however to his credit, that he did not try to persuade his readers that his nibs and ink-well were devoted to the cause of art. He wrote because it connected him with the Shining Dollar. Hence he was unlike the authors who pose as literary people and who would have us believe that no thought of lucre as a reward for their labors ever enters their minds. For instance Miss Mary Cornelli and her friend Mr. Blaine he of the lofty brow and variegated whiskers, loathe the material and decay it in large type, and, when reporters are near by, as the evil of the day.

How noble of them, cry their admirers. How beautiful to see a lone female bestowing her wisdom and extensive vocabulary on material-burdened mankind! The fact that the ladies utterances are rough-edged betimes may be due to the clouds of disappointment and disgruntlement which overshadow the skies of spinsters. There are, of course, spinsters and spinsters. Some are lovable personalities who make the

way easy for untried and whose ministering angels of happiness are kindly thoughts and deeds. Others are in a chronic state of ill-humor and seek to punish all men for the one man who was coy or who never existed save in imagination. For these, the only salvation is a taste for doing things in Berlin wool: that failing, they either go into literature or become concocters and retailers of acrid criticism. Or it may be that the lady novelist's beautiful soul is perturbed by the thought that her efforts for pure literature are not taken seriously. But if she, Mr. Blaine and others were shut out from the dollar for which they avow contempt we might be able to announce their retirement from the writing business.

We were always under the impression that members of the writing fraternity had a plentiful stock of this world's goods. In fact, allured by the prospect of owning automobiles and a block or two of stock, we were seriously thinking of putting a few little things of our own into the voracious maw of the reading public. But now comes a veteran editor to shatter the illusion. He knows of many men and women who haunt the editorial offices of newspapers and magazines, always in the ragged edge of obvious, and often painful impudency, offering and thankful to sell at almost any rate the literary wares they have produced. He tells us in Leslie's Weekly of an author who has twenty-two books, dealing mainly with travel and exploration to his credit, and yet finds himself at the end of twenty-five years of unceasing literary activity worse off financially than an ordinary mechanic would probably be who had never received a higher wage than fifteen or twenty dollars a week.

It is sad to think that an author has been for years on the literary stage without making a hit. Perhaps he wrote too quickly or failed to observe that readers take kindly to productions that have no wearing effect on the brain tissue. He might make a more cheering pronouncement were he to give us something spectacular—a book for instance resounding with the noise of swords and French oaths, or portraying the various kinds of messes that a woman with a talent for discovering affinities and with no knowledge of the commandments can get into. Better still he might interview the distinguished editor of the Philarene magazine and learn something about self-advertising as a fine art. Meanwhile he should talk about his soul: decorate all things inanimate and animate that do not meet with his approval with red and yellow epithets, cultivate the white impression that his eyes are filled with tears for suffering humanity and he may have a chance of capturing people who like this kind of thing and incidentally adding to his bank account. The only drawback to this advice is that the Philarene editor has the star part in this drama and wants no understudy. Some day perchance he may disclose the secret of his success in a book entitled "Some People I have Met and Dined."

PROGRESS.

Patriotism—not the mere flowering of arrogance and ignorance—is a good thing to have and to talk about on occasion. To believe in the possibilities of one's country—to have a reasonable admiration for its past, and to be hopeful of its future, is the duty of every citizen. But let us not reckon our progress solely by smoke-stacks and warehouses. Neither let us be deceived into believing that we are the only people on earth, or our quick-moving methods have been and are the only factors in the world of industry. The reading of screeds in magazines and newspapers would lead one to believe this, but it is well to bear in mind that the writers are more remarkable for fertility of imagination than for their grasp of facts. We have our successes, but the efforts of other people have not always resulted in failure. The Chinamen, for instance, knew of the circulation of the blood and vaccination centuries before the days of Harvey and Jenner, and can turn out to-day porcelain which defy the skill of our workmen. Our wood carving is distinctly inferior to that done in the Middle Ages. Book-binding as we know it, does not come up to the Venetian standard of beauty. And we think that the merchants of Pisa, Genoa, Venice and France who ventured into Arabia, India and Syria for purposes of commerce are entitled to more praise than traders who have every business convenience that can be supplied by money and science. Travellers, that is when they

can get far enough away from their town pump, admit that not everything good is made "at home." But the fact that many tourists never part company with their prejudices and ignorance may account for the many fool stories on the market.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

IV.—CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC REVERENCE.

To prepare her children for the worthy reception of their Lord in the Eucharist, the Church bends all her energies. All her instructions are directed to this end, all her commandments are enforced, and all her sacraments are conferred that this end may be attained. St. Paul's injunction: "Let a man prove himself, and so let him of the bread and drink of the Eucharist," has been kept constantly ringing in the ears of Catholics in order that the communicant may be prepared both in body and soul to receive this sacrament worthily.

The communicant must be fasting from midnight in order to prevent any one from approaching the holy table after having eaten or drunk to excess, and in order to impress upon him that he is about to receive the food of his soul. The communicant must be clean and neat in his person and clothing, showing his reverence for this sacrament by being above all free from the guilt of mortal sin and adorned with faith and fear and love.

The communicant is reminded that the temple of the Old Law in which God dwelt in the spirit of His power and those temples of the New Law in which He dwells in His sacramental presence are only the types of man's soul, the living temple of God, in which alone the Lord finds His delights. "Ye are the temples of the living God."

"The Most High findeth not His delights in houses made of hand. 'Hollow becometh Thy house, O Lord.' Hence the communicant is reminded that all of the decoration of the material temple is simply employed to incite him to adorn his soul with the virtues necessary to make it a fit dwelling house of Jesus in the sacrament of His love.

If, then, from the appropriateness of its setting we can argue to the value of the gem, surely from the preparation of the soul for Holy Communion we can argue to the real presence of Jesus in the Eucharist. If over a precious gem found a setting worthy of it, certainly our Lord finds an abode measurably worthy of Himself in the soul purified from sin, clothed with innocence, adorned with virtues. Of such a soul does our Lord say: "This is My rest forever, here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."

Just as the wild vine is reclaimed from its bitterness and made to bear sweet grapes by grafting into it the domestic vine, so all the injuries inflicted by sin on human nature are repaired, and all its vicious inclinations removed by incorporating the divine nature with the human in Holy Communion. Belief in revelation enables man's mind to share in the divine intelligence, observance of the law makes the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist can make a man a partaker of the divine nature, can enable him to rise on the last day in the measure of the age and the fullness of the stature of Christ, can enable man to attain that perfection which becomes him who is to occupy a seat with which an angel fell. Thus we see verified through the Eucharist, the words of St. Paul: "Even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption of the sons of God, for the redemption of our body." (Rom. viii., 23.) And again: "We look for the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, who will reform the body of His glory, according to the operation whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

Let us now recapitulate the Scriptural facts concerning the Eucharist. Christ promises the fulfillment of all types and figures, to give men a pledge of His love surpassing anything yet given to them, and Godlike He promises to give them Himself, saying: "And the bread which I shall give you is My flesh for the life of the world." Christ fulfills this promise at the Last Supper, and Godlike He gives us Himself, saying: "This is My body." St. Paul, taught of God, tells us that the Holy Eucharist is worthy of the very reverence due to Christ, that sins against it are the same crimes which Judas and the Jews committed against Christ, saying: "Guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord." "They eat judgment to themselves, not discerning the body of the Lord."

When we thus place one after another the words of promise, the words of institution, the words concerning the use of the Eucharist, we see how naturally they follow each other, how they make clear and confirm the meaning of each other, until the cumulative force of their testimony in favor of the doctrine of the Real Presence becomes simply irresistible.

We may not take up the broken threads of the life that is gone and weave them into a web of joy and hope; but to those who are still left us, who have ears to hear and hearts to throbb with pain and grief, we may be generous and just, forgiving, loving and kind.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

My last report was written while giving a mission in the Cathedral at Dallas, Texas. After that mission I went to a town in Texas to visit some of my relatives. I had been there only a few hours when I was invited by some non-Catholic gentlemen to lecture for them before I left. I told them I had come up simply for a short visit and for a few days' rest, and would talk to them some other time. They continued to insist, and were so evidently sincere that I told them I would talk to them on the following evening if they would find a suitable place. They went away and returned in a short time saying they had procured the most commodious building in the town. I asked what it was. They replied that it was the Campbellite Church for me and I would deliver the Bible for me and I would do the rest. The Bible was brought, and then they asked me what I would speak about. I said, I suppose you all know but very little about "Confession" as taught by the Catholic Church, so I will talk about that. They then went away to the printing office, and at their own expense had several hundred handbills printed and distributed through the town. When I went to the church to deliver the lecture it was crowded to overflowing. They listened for the first time to a Catholic priest. The lecture lasted for nearly two hours, and I never had a more attentive or respectful hearing. A number of preachers were there, and after I had finished, three preachers sought an introduction, and invited me to return again. At this place I found a young woman who had attended a convent school some time before. I went to see her. Her eyes were filled with tears as she said she had wanted to be a Catholic in her younger years, and the same feeling had now returned with increased intensity. I gave her a catechism and told her to study it till I returned, at which time I would baptize her—which I expect to do on my return to Texas.

In passing through another town, on my way to give a mission, I was invited on my return to stay over a night and deliver at least one lecture. A Catholic gentleman of the town went to the Baptist brethren to see if he could get the use of their church for me. Some of the trustees told him that there would be no trouble about it, and that he could have it for my use.

He then had several hundred circulars printed for distribution. But before they were distributed trouble arose in the Baptist camp. The Baptists got together and condemned the action of the trustees, so the trustees who had given returned to the Catholic gentleman to whom it was given and told him that they were very sorry that they had been overruled in the matter, but under the circumstances it would be impossible for me to use their church. The Catholic gentleman stated that he was very sorry too; that he had ready several hundred circulars for distribution, stating that I was to lecture at the Baptist Church. Then they offered to pay for the printing of the useless circulars, which was declined by the Catholic gentleman saying that he would pay for them himself.

The Methodist brethren, who do not revel in a wealth of affection for their Baptist neighbors, came forward at once to the rescue, said they considered the action of the Baptists an outrage, and tendered, with the greatest alacrity, which was accepted. The church was filled to the doors, with part of the audience on the outside. My subject was "Purgatory." I concluded after a talk of an hour and a half. Many came up and shook hands, expressing astonishment that I had proven a doctrine from their Bible which they had been taught all their lives to ridicule. I was warmly invited to return, which I expect to do in the future.

It was growing warm, and I was arranging for my summer vacation. I was gathering everything in readiness to go to Denver, Col., Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, California. One day I went for my mail and found a letter post-marked Port Henry, N. Y. On opening it I found it to be an invitation from Very Rev. M. W. Holland, pastor of that place, to spend the summer with him. This was a pleasing surprise, having never met him. I had thought about the matter several days, and the current of my original purpose was entirely changed, and I determined to accept the invitation and spend the summer in the East. I went, and am indebted to Father Holland for one of the most pleasing and delightful vacations I have ever spent. A arrangement was made for a mission at Port Henry, after spending some days in Port Henry I went to Plattsburg, a guest of Father Kelly, pastor of St. John's. He made everything most pleasant for me, and is one of the most companionable men I have ever met. He took me for a trip to Burlington, Vt., and later on to Montreal, Canada, which I greatly enjoyed.

While at Plattsburg I visited the Cliff Haven Summer School. Here I was invited to address the Summer School, which, at first I declined to do, as I had come with no purpose of saying anything. Besides, it was out of my line, and I did not want to take chances of making a failure. They insisted, and I reluctantly promised to do the best I could. Sunday morning I preached the sermon at High Mass in Plattsburg, and that evening was to make my talk at the Summer School. There were bishop and priests and people from all the principal cities of the East. I managed to get through very well. A Texas attendant at the Sum-

mer School wrote the following, which was published in the Southern Messenger, our Texas Catholic paper:

"The little group of Texans at Cliff Haven have been rejoiced this week by the presence of one of our priests, the Rev. P. P. Brannan, the celebrated Texas Missionary, who, in an address at the Auditorium Sunday night, captured the entire Summer School. Father Brannan had been invited by the directors to give some of his experience in the missionary field, and was flatteringly introduced by the Rev. J. J. Mullany, of Syracuse. In his own unique and indimitable style Father Brannan proceeded to tell some of the actual experiences of his labors in Texas, interspersed with witty stories, and in a few moments it became evident that he had his audience most intensely interested. In fact, he was interrupted so frequently by applause that an hour and a half slipped by before his hearers were aware of it. Father Brannan concluded his remarks by reading his verses, 'The Dead Pope,' which recently appeared in the Southern Messenger."

A little later on I began the mission in Port Henry. An account of this mission was furnished the Messenger by a gentleman who has been a school professor, a political campaigner, and a fine talker, who is now a deacon and will be ordained a priest next Christmas. I think I can safely say that he will do great work for the Church a little later on:

"The feeling of every Catholic who heard the eloquent priest during the mission just closed is that he has been greatly benefited spiritually and strengthened for the spiritual warfare, which Father Brannan so clearly, so forcibly, and yet in such simple language showed that we are engaged in carrying on while in this world. His instruction to Catholics was simple, touching and impressive. He not only reached the heart of every Catholic listener, but he increased the fervor, zeal, and the love of the heart so the zeal and the love of our Holy Mother the Church. So that all the Catholics of our parish who were able to avail themselves of the opportunity of attending the mission certainly feel they are strengthened and fortified in their holy religion, and that their devotion to the Author of our Blessed Mother are correspondingly increased. To the non-Catholics who witnessed the arguments presented by the Reverend Father seemed what they were—incontrovertible, and some of them so acknowledged. For, from the Protestant Bible, mutilated as it is, he proved that the doctrines as taught by the Catholic Church to-day are the self-same doctrines delivered to the Apostles by Christ, Who established the Church on earth. His closing lecture proved the infallibility of the Church, even from that same Protestant Bible. In a style courteous, clear, forcible, impressive, logical, he marshalled in so masterly a manner such an array of scriptural argument from the authorized version of their own Bible that they were forced to admit that his argument was so thoroughly convincing that it could not be denied. However, though the Reverend Father could not be disproved by any non-Catholic present, yet perhaps none of them will be found ready to believe. Their intellect may be convinced, but their will hinders them from entering the door of the true Church, which they see so clearly is the place for them to enter. Though the eloquent priest was earnest, forcible, pungent as in his lectures to non-Catholics, yet he was at all times courteous to them in his utterances and very careful not to wound the feelings of any one who conscientiously held views consonant with the so-called creed or doctrine of the denomination to which he happened to belong."

"ONE WHO WAS THERE."
Port Henry, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1903.

From Fort Henry I went to New York City, where I had the pleasure of being the guest of the Paulist Fathers for a few days. During my stay there I had the pleasure of seeing the largest Sunday School I ever saw—about sixteen hundred children, under the direction of Father McMillan. He makes catechism easy, attractive, and pleasant for the children, instead of irksome, onerous and disagreeable, as it very often is. Many pastors would do well to imitate his methods. I had the pleasure of addressing these children. I asked all who were willing to be assistant missionaries with me in my work to say Mary every day. I asked all who had at least one Our Father and one Hail Mary every day. I asked all who were willing to do this to raise their right hands. It was a most pleasing sight to see sixteen hundred hands go up. Some raised both hands to make it even more emphatic.

From New York I went to Baltimore. Dr. Dyer, the President of St. Mary's Seminary, had returned from Rome a few days previously. I found the seminary in retreat preparatory to their coming work. I was invited to address the seminarians. I did so, and also asked their co-operation, by their prayers, in my little work.

I am now spending a few days at the Catholic University with my old-time friend, Rev. H. M. Chapuis, Treasurer of the University. Took tea last evening with Fathers McSorley, Elliott, and the other Paulist Fathers, and dinner to-day with Father Duffy, in charge of the Sulpician house of scholastics.

To-morrow I leave for Winchester, Va., and a little later on I shall go to Kansas. A little later still, I expect to do some work in Maryland, the District of Columbia, and New York State. REV. P. P. BRANNAN, in the Missionary.

DR BRIGGS' ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The American Journal of Theology (Chicago) has a remarkable article on the Catholic Church, written by Prof. Charles Augustus Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. It is entitled "Catholic—The Name and the Thing." Dr. Briggs, some years ago, severed his connection with the Presbyterian Church, and joined the Episcopal Church. He took this step because certain views of his were condemned as "heretical" by the Presbyterian Church.

In the article which appears in the American Journal of Theology, Dr. Briggs uses historical arguments to prove that the Catholic Church is the only church that has a claim to the name Catholic. Speaking of the Roman See, he says:

"Rome was the martyr church above all others. In her two chief Apostles, Peter and Paul, suffered with a great multitude from all lands in the dreadful blood-bath of Nero, which is the undertone of the Book of Revelation. In her Ignatius, of Antioch; Clement, Hippolytus, Justin and a host of Christian heroes suffered and died for the faith. In her St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, and a multitude of matrons and virgins offered up themselves in loving sacrifice to Christ. The Roman Church has its foundations in martyrs' blood, and this more than anything else makes her pre-eminent and perpetuates her pre-eminence. In Rome one feels close to the martyrs, in touch with original Christianity."

Dr. Briggs scents the claims of the Protestant Churches to the name Catholic. He points out that these claims have no basis on which to stand. Here is what he has to say on this subject: "Geographical unity has been lost by the Protestant Churches—the Church of England more than any other; for the Church of England is so strictly a National Church that she is confined to the Anglo-Saxon race. She not only has no communion with the Roman Catholic Church, but she also has no communion with the other National Churches. . . . The Reformed or Presbyterian Churches have always made more of catholicity in its geographical form than the Church of England. One looks in vain in the 'Articles of Religion' for any conception of a Catholic Church. But in the Westminster Confession it is very prominent. . . . The Westminster divines conceived of an ecclesiastical council of Reformed Churches. Their chief purpose was to reform the Church of England in accordance with the teachings of Holy Scripture and the example of the best Reformed Churches of the Continent, and to enter into closed union and fellowship with them. But the Church of England held aloof, content to be simply a National Church."

This language sounds strange, coming as it does from one who is outside of the Catholic Church. Dr. Briggs declares that none of the Protestant Churches can rightfully assume the name of Catholic. Like thousands of others, he yearns for the re-union of Christendom, and still he remains a member of one of the numerous sects that were born of the Lutheran revolt against the Holy See. He thus rebukes those of his co-religionists who would be known as Catholics, while still remaining Protestant.

"Unless the name corresponds with the thing, it is a sham, and it is a shame. Many earnest Christians, not only Anglicans, but men of every name and denomination of Christians, are under the influence of a Catholic reaction and are sincerely desirous of being truly Catholic, and especially of regaining the Catholic unity of the Church. When we have regained the name of Catholic, we may with propriety call ourselves by the name. . . . The greatest movement now going on in the world is the Catholic reaction; it is too great a movement to be guided or controlled by any leadership. God's Holy Spirit is breaking the way for the revival, the re-catholicization and the re-union of Christendom in holy love."

We have quoted at sufficient length from Dr. Briggs to show that he feels no more at home in the Episcopal Church than he did in the Presbyterian Church. He seems to be one of those whom Cardinal Newman thus describes in his sermon on "Invincible Ignorance and Anglicism."

"There is one set of persons in whom every Catholic must feel intense interest, about whom he must feel the gravest apprehension; viz., those who have some rays of light, who have some sense, and who seem to be closing their eyes upon it, or those who have actually gained a clear view of the nothingness of their own Communion and the reality and the divinity of the Catholic Church, yet delay to act on their knowledge."

Drink Plenty of Water.

Many persons, especially middle-aged lapse into a state of chronic poisoning simply because they do not take enough water to wash impurities through the system. Although water should not be used to bolt unmanicured food, experiments prove that gastric digestion is more rapid when the stomach contents are moderately diluted, so that if little fruit and little or other beverages are taken, a glassful of water should be sipped at the course of each meal. A glassful between meals, one at night and one before breakfast completes the quantity of water needed daily. But the water to be of benefit must be pure.



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