

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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THE PROLETARIAT.

Some journalists take up a word and work it to death. Just now proletarian is the fashion and phrases such as "our politics and our proletariat" find honored places in the ephemeral literature of the hour. Some years ago Cardinal Manning entered a protest against it.

"There are some people," he said, "who are trying to force into the mouths of Englishmen a very long word—the proletariat. Our old mother tongue has a great many more monosyllables than polysyllables in it, and I love it all the more for that, for I think our old Saxon monosyllables have the strength of a strong race in them. Now, I would ten thousand times rather be called a working man than a proletarian. I will tell you my reasons against the name of proletario. It is pedantry; it is paganism; it is false, and it is an indignity to the working man."

The Cardinal goes on to show that the term belongs to the Roman civilization such as it was before the Christian era and was applied to the Romans who were chiefly slaves, and, moreover, were the greatest of idlers, and the most profligate and the most dependent of the Roman populace.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST.

The preacher in the Catholic Church is always accorded a respectful hearing. Be his intellectual gifts what they may, his message is, because it is the message of Christ, received with reverence. His word is not the word of man, but the Word of God. The marvelous ascendancy, to quote De Maistre, which stopped Theodosius at the door of the cathedral of Milan, Attila on the road to Rome and Louis XIV at the altar rail, still belongs to him. And to-day more than ever perhaps our priests are giving attention to knowledge—the eighth sacrament as St. Francis de Sales used to call it—in order to give a worthy setting to the high and holy truths that fall from their lips. Moreover, the authoritative voice resounding in our churches is not attuned to the tender sensibilities of those who desire the beautiful essays on nothing in particular that one sees betimes in the public prints, nor need he be afraid to ruffle the feelings of his auditors by allusions to the great truths of Christianity. But not so with a great many of our ministerial friends. They have to be wary and judicious in choice of sermon subjects or else the people who fill the pews may send them to other fields. Anent this matter we quote the following instance related by the Missionary as reported in the Church Progress:

A congregational minister said recently to a priest: "My dear sir, we talk about the ecclesiastical tyranny of Rome. Why, there is no domination so tyrannical in all the world as what we ministers suffer from the laymen of our churches. There is no man that is so hide-bound by the trammels not only of a narrow public sentiment, but by the openly expressed dictation from the pews as a minister is. It is only a fiction when it is said that he is free to preach the Gospel of Christ. Let him do so; let him enunciate the truth as he knows it, and he will be very soon asked to retire. If such a calamity happens he is without support, or even the necessities of life, till some other congregation chooses to call him."

"SCIENCE AND HEALTH."

Some time ago we were given Mother Eddy's book "Science and Health," with a request to review it. But from the little we knew of it we decided that life was too short and weather too hot for that kind of thing. However, we looked it over and found it was a unique production, a blend of various heresies, and all, of course, based on the Bible. Some preachers are declaiming against it, whilst others look at it with a feeling akin to reverence, and may perchance press it into pulp service. But they cannot read this Sybill out of Protestantism. She is there to stay until the religious appetites require a change. She professes to have the same right as the Reformers to draw up a new creed, and who amongst their descendants can restrain her wayward fancies. It is a far cry, indeed, from the doctrine once advocated that good works are not necessary, that the grossest sins do not hurt the elect, to the Eddy declaration that sin is a hallucination; but they both show how the Bible, deprived of

the guardianship of the Church, can be made the standing ground for distinct and irreconcilable opinions. But to return to the book. Mrs. Eddy says that "erring mortal, misnamed mind, produces all the action and organism of the mortal body." "Mortal mind" is certainly a bewildering phrase. We do not believe the Boston lady imagines that thought is a secretion of the brain as bile is of the liver, and so, whilst awaiting a commentary, we readily confess that the term is beyond us.

Further, in her assurance that mortal mind has no real existence leads one to devise some explanation as to how it can produce "all the organism and action of the mortal body."

The statement that "mind is all and matter is nothing," is not remarkably new, albeit the cultured ladies and gentlemen who flatter around the "mother" may deem it the fruitage of original thought. It is rather an aged theory, and though Berkeley, Kant and others arrayed it in cumbersome phraseology, and nursed it, and predicted a great philosophic future for it, we rarely encounter it except in metaphysical museums. It is manifestly incompatible with the best established truths of science, and we do not think that any Christian Scientist is enthusiastic enough to claim that the \$3 00 he pays for "Science and Health" have no real existence.

To be brief, the book, with its travesty of Scripture, its jargon, nonsense and marvellous coarseness, shows to what lengths an enthusiast a little exalted, with private interpretation of the Bible as guide, can go.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

But how to account for the popularity of the fad. Some of its adherents, women, especially the kind that have "soul ecstasies" over Ibsen and fall into trances at symphony concerts are Christian Scientists until something else, a parsee or teacher of Zoroaster, happens along. There are some, however, in sympathy with this medley of absurdities whom we cannot dismiss so lightly. Perhaps they are searching for the God Whom they have lost. And just as the men of bye gone days looked with straining eyes into the external world and into their own hearts for some trace of Him, so also they who are dissatisfied with the shadow and longing for the realities of religion give allegiance to passing cult and fad in the hope of obtaining intercourse with the invisible world and of realizing each one for himself the desire of the centuries: "When shall I appear before the face of God?" And this to us is its pathetic side—the cry of the human heart for God. The shriek of the drowning mariner, as Father Sheehan says, the sobbing of lone woman at night, the tears of little children, the silent weeping of strong men—all the "Misereres" that well up in one unceasing Jeremiad from the bruised heart of humanity, are a chorus of "Jubilates" and "hallelujahs" compared with this.

"Mr. Doley says they ought to enforce the law in assault with a deadly weapon against 'th' doctors. He says that if they knew less about plzsn an' more about gruel an' opened fewer patients an' more windows they'd not be so many Christian Scientists. He says th' difference between Christian Scientists an' doctors is that Christian Scientists thinks they're no such thing as disease an' doctors thinks there ain't anything else. An' there ye are."

"What d'ye think about it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I think," said Mr. Doley, "that th' Christian Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christian. It wouldn't make any difference which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse."

LOYALTY.

The Catholic University of Cleveland believes that people who proclaim their loyalty too much, when loyalty should be taken as a matter of course, look too much like repentant rebels. We agree with our contemporary. If the Catholics of the United States devoted as much attention to their school questions as to the composition of patriotic rhapsodies, they might be pardoned an occasional slip over. At any rate they have little cause for jubilation, and no amount of platitudinous gush should shut their eyes to the fact that, despite their signal services, the liberty they enjoy at present is rather attenuated.

GODLESS SCHOOLS.

"Quarry the granite rock or moor the vessel with a thread of silk, then may you hope," says a writer, "with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against these giants, the passion and pride of man." And yet with such instruments modern pedagogues are attempting to fashion the men of the future. They have put God out of the school room, and their programmes for the enlightenment of youth are, though not so professedly, as deadly an enemy to the cause of true civilization as those of d'Alembert and Voltaire. In fact we believe their machinations for the control of the school are more dangerous, because they are more insidious. Voltaire and his crew salled the educational main open and avowed enemies of things Christian, but their descendants are more diplomatic and business-like. They profess a great respect for God and morality, and all the while they are endeavoring—and they succeed too often—to eliminate any love for Him from the heart of the young. But they do not do it openly; and therein is the great danger. If they did and let us have their programmes shorn of bombastic verbiage, we should see that they stand for rank paganism. Then those "liberal" Catholics who are so fond of lauding the advantages of secular training might be constrained to admit the utter imbecility of their attitude. As a result of this kind of education we have all over the country persons of both sexes who have their own notions about God; who may have much esteem for morality when it is unavoidable, and who, heart and soul, are engrossed in the cares and pursuits of the present time with never a thought as to what may happen to them when life's taper goes out. The educators who, without taking any cognizance of God, are trying to fashion character, are doing so at the expense of society. They are building a house that has no foundation and attempting to moor the vessel with a thread of silk. Every Godless school is a menace to civilization.

PREVALENCE OF PERJURY.

Some time ago the President of the Iowa State Bar Association referred to the prevalence of perjury in the American Courts of justice. His indictments may be bewildering reading to the upholders of non-religious education, but it will not strike others as anything to be surprised at. How are you going to expect a man to respect and to fear God when he has been taught during his school days that to respect and to fear God is at best but a matter of expediency.

"Is it true," Mr. McCarthy asked, "that perjury is committed in judicial proceedings? I need take no time for the discussion of this inquiry before a representative bar association."

"Where is there a lawyer who has not seen the guilty criminal pass out acquitted and set free because of perjured testimony? What one of us but has seen the rights of persons and of property sacrificed and trampled under foot, presumably under due form of law, but really and truly by the use of corrupt, false and sometimes purchased testimony?"

"These are the things that begot distrust and disrespect for the courts and for verdicts and for our boasted forms of law. These are the things that produce anarchy, lynching and invite a just contempt as well as a lack of confidence in those tribunals called courts of justice."

"One judge of long experience on the bench writes me that in his opinion about one-half of all the evidence received on behalf of the defense in criminal cases is false. Another judge of equal repute writes that he believes 75 per cent. of the evidence offered in divorce cases approaches deliberate perjury. Another writes that perjury is committed in a majority of the lawsuits, and that it is rapidly increasing. In short, with reference to the prevalence of perjury, the time has come when Justice must wear a veil, not that she may be impartial, but that she may hide her face for shame."

"Some tell us that the crime is committed mostly in the police and petty courts, where, as a rule, the witnesses belong to the vicious classes. But the fact remains that it is committed in other courts and by men professing high station in society, church and State."

It the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.—M. A. Fincker.

A MISSION IN THE ROCKIES.

Buffalo Union and Times.

During the burning heat of a recent week I hid away from the world's busy bustle. Taking the westward-bound train in the early morning I was swept past towers and steeples, grove and meadow, lying asleep in the moonlight. City after city, crowned by flashing lights, passed me; the sirocco like air fanned me with a less scorching breath, and the awaking pulse of returning morn contended with my yesterday's feelings that it was too hot to breathe. The third day of my "hegira" the low-laying thunder echoing along the Black Hills of Nevada gave with a generous freedom the spirit-raising breath of the North. Awakening next morning, an air chill and damp gave evidence that all is not romance in a mountain scene. Through the grey of the rain cloud I could see broad wastes of gloomy purple, then a belt of field and wood, with their grey-green shadows spreading out upon the pasture lands of Montana. Suddenly, with that swift transition known to the wide of the mountains, the splintering rays of the sun lit up valley, hill and ravine; while afar on the western horizon stood the bow of Noah, rosy in his hues of dewy softness. Up the slope of the eastern side came the celestial king, and surrounded by inflowing tides of light, passed, a great conqueror, through the Gate of the Rockies. Never shall I forget this first sight of these grand old mountains, among whose clefts and caverns my soul has learned to expand, my life to broaden, and my heart to be filled with a new life and joy.

At Great Falls a party boarded the train, an interesting party, too, it was; and soon I found myself engaged in conversation with one of the gentlemen, a doctor by profession, going, as he told me, to St. Peter's Mission to be present at the closing exercises of the school and the religious reception of some young ladies; and immediately I jumped at the conclusion that these latter were friends of his, a false conclusion, as I afterwards learned. Being bound nowhere in particular and extremely anxious to pass some days amid the elevating scenes and invigorating air of the mountains, I managed, through a mutual acquaintance of the doctor and myself, to get an invitation to accompany him to the grand Indian Mission of which he spoke so eloquently.

Most romantically situated is St. Peter's, the novitiate and mother house of the Ursuline Nuns in the Rocky Mountains. It was evening ere we reached the mission, but the sun still lingered, and the drilling road winding in and out among the many-shaped buttes revealed new glories at every turn. A thousand shades of twilight tint lit up the rocks, gleamed in the stream and blazed from the vaulted skies. Wave upon wave on the fragrant breeze drifted the melody of birds, seemingly all fraught with tenderest love and praise; uplifting unawares my thoughts, my soul, to other spheres, where angel voices sing through dawning ages unto eternal years.

Jupiter was rising over the tallest butte as we drew before the convent, where a warm welcome awaited us. The Right Rev. Bishop Bronzed, D.D., who had come to add the dignity of his office to gala day of his sequestered sheep-fold, invited us to spend an hour with him before retiring and entertained us most royally, spilling the sunshine of his rich heart into our hearts, and making us feel a glad response to his admiration of the workings of divine grace which through the daughters of St. Ursula stamp the glory of God on brow and soul of the savage.

Next morning the unclouded ether bent over us, in broad expanse drinking in the tones of love and praise and pleading, which floated from the open casements of the chapel ere the day was one hour old. Inside the convent was a blossom with ferns and flowers; while an arch of the stern mountain growth before an oratory were hung an exquisitely painted Sacred Heart seemed to attune the soul to the spirit of sacrifice with the inner life of those so generously devoting life and talents to the education of the Indian. The morning passed like a sweet dream, and in the afternoon we were invited to the study hall, transformed for the time being into an auditorium. There I was pleased to see representatives from other religious orders, Sisters of Charity and a nun from the order of the Visitation. After the address of welcome came "Cosina," dramatized; it was most perfectly performed by some one hundred Indian girls. The scenery, together with the costumes of the little aborigines, dressed for the drama in all the splendor of buckskin and elk teeth, added not a little to the festive occasion. War-bonnet, conchie, war-hammers, bows and arrows, and the curious tom-tom figures pictured equally at the table or war-dance, where Cosina was a captive at the camp of the Troquois. The peculiar names of the children afforded me intense amusement, not unmixed with a certain pleasure in the tracing of resemblances to some of our modern tongues.

At the close the Bishop addressed the

children in Indian dialects, which brought a joyous delight to eyes not bright from the camp and to dark brows a flush deeper than the sun ever gave. Then addressing them in English, the Bishop said he had been transported out of himself and lived with them for the past hour; among the Algonquins, speeding up and down their swift rivers, gliding over their lakes and listening to the words of their devoted black gown, Father Etienne. The Minnehaha Club, the address of welcome, the recitation, "How He Saved St. Michael's," given by three Cheyenne boys just fifteen months from their tepees, all received a praise which found echo in the mind of each auditor.

After the entertainment I was honored by a few moments with the venerable Superioress, the motive power of all this work so sublime in its object, marvelous in its effects and so divine in its beauty of results and harmony of execution. From this Apostle Ursuline, whose sanctity is truly magnetic, I learned to think of the Indian, not in the gross, nor in the abstract, but as an individual whose life goes with ours to make up the word "humanity." I heard, too, from my gentle hostess, that the little Indian girl's heart is often a most delicate instrument, attunable to that union of melodious sanctity ascending daily from the lips of earth to the ear of Heaven. And as I listened, charmed by the beauty of the thought and the sweetness of expression, I found myself thinking it must be a most unattainable soul indeed which could remain unchristianized, unsanctified under such angelic devotedness and love. The Mother Superioress must have noticed my abstraction and to punish me for it broke off the interview by calling one of the religious to conduct me through the establishment. The building, a gray sandstone, so solid as the Rockies whose quarries built the stately pile. But the unfinished interior bespeaks the sacrifice of holy poverty. I could not help exclaiming, "What, do you live in this unfinished building in winter?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "and we find it much warmer than the log cabins which sheltered us for eight years," and the cheerful voice went on to say that the gifts from kind friends had enabled them to finish their chapel and the children's dormitory; that these same friends kept alive the mission from which all government support had been withdrawn since 1896; that chief among all these benefactors is the Rev. Mother Katharine Drexel, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

"We, here, at St. Peter's," the Sister added, "love to think of her as God's chosen almoner for us who sit without the gate of traffic and of profit. Had we a few Mother Katharines God's work need not languish, nor this unfinished convent laugh at our circumscribed finances."

Again I found myself thinking, and this time I was selling my Spanish castles to ease those windows and doors, to floor these plank halls and rooms and thus shut out the wild winds of a northern winter. Oh, had I but the means the will would not be lacking!

The evening was spent among the hills and canons of the mission, those same blessed hills where Father de Smet had planted the cross of salvation and broke the Bread of Life to the Blackfeet and Flatheads. The exhilarating morning breeze and the exquisite fragrance of the blossoming clover awoke me next morning, just as delicate touches of gold and roseate purple were fading before the vast ocean of light that attends a June day in the mountains. I felt almost sorry that I was awake when the thought came to me that this was my last day, and do, to floor these plank halls and rooms and thus shut out the wild winds of a northern winter. Oh, had I but the means the will would not be lacking!

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Mgr. Conaty to be a Bishop.

It is reported that Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, who is delivering a course of lectures before the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y., this week, on "Christian Education," has received a cablegram from Cardinal Gibbons, who is now in Rome, announcing that the Pope has elevated him to a bishopric.

HIGH CHURCHISM AT ITS HEIGHT.

The Manchester Guardian's London correspondent is responsible for the following rather interesting paragraph: "To-day, the feast of Corpus Christi, a great congregation assembled at St. Alban's, Holborn, for High Mass. The church was full literally to overflowing, for several persons occupied seats in the porch. The music was 'Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart' and under the direction of Mr. Adams the excellent organist, was beautifully rendered, the director himself contributing a striking setting of the 'Lauda Sion.' It is not without point to remark that half the church was filled by men, and that a good portion of these were laymen. I myself counted half a dozen fairly well known barristers amongst those present. Incense was used, and movable lights. The observance of Corpus Christi—so the best Anglican authorities tell me—depends on the permission of the Ordinary, so I presume that the new Bishop of London has given his consent to Mr. Suckling for to-day's doings. The sermon was preached—according to the use of St. Alban, after the service by Dr. Ball, of Cambrai; and while the preacher adopted the strongest view of the real objective Presence, it was noticeable that he guarded himself and his hearers carefully against 'scholastic medievalism' and against any idea that the full benefit of the sacrament could be obtained without Communion."

TRIBUTE FROM DR. GLADDEN.

The Rev. Washington Gladden, a scholarly minister who has often had many fine things to say of the Catholic Church, paid a beautiful tribute to her in a recent article on "The Outlook for Christianity." "Its best gains," said he, "have been made in those countries where it has been free to devote its energies to the spiritual concerns of its adherents. The Roman Catholic Church in the great Protestant countries—in Germany and England and the United States—has been making great progress. With respect to what has been done for the protection of the family against the influences that are threatening its life, the Roman Catholic Church deserves all praise. During a recent lamentable recrudescence of Protestant bigotry on this continent, the moderation and wisdom of the Roman Catholic clergy and the Roman Catholic people won the grateful recognition of all good men. If they had not behaved much more like Christians than the zealots who filled the air with baseless lies about them, the land would have been deluged with blood. Such Roman Catholics as Kenrick and Williams and Gibbons and Ireland and Elder and Kane in this country, and Manning and Newman and Vaughan in England, represent a high order of intelligence and patriotism; and, under their wise leadership, the unhappy alienation between the two great branches of the Western Church is gradually disappearing." Dr. Gladden did more, perhaps, than any other minister to expose the A. P. A. movement in this country, and American Catholics owe him a debt of gratitude for that as well as for other services he has performed in their behalf.

THE KING'S OATH.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Referring to the proposed new form of oath for the sovereign of England, the London Tablet says it will be repudiated by the Catholic Bishops, and commenting on the terms of the document itself it thus remarks:

"It is impossible not to be struck by the apparent liberality of the formula forced upon the Sovereign under penalty of the loss of three kingdoms. It allows him to be a Mohammedan or a Buddhist, or a Parsee or a Unitarian, or a member of any other non-Christian body. The King of England may be a fire worshipper or an Atheist, or a Mohammedan, but he must not believe that 'at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is a transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever.' The King of this realm may be Pagan or Infidel or Protestant, but he must not believe in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. In the second section the words 'superstitious and idolatrous' are omitted, and the King is solemnly committed to the statement that Catholic doctrines are not Protestant doctrines. He might just as usefully point out that black is not white."

Became a Catholic.

The Catholic Advance states that Clay M. Greene, the New York playwright, who arranged the Passion Play that was rendered twice at the recent jubilee commencement at Santa Clara College, California, has become a Catholic—"through the influence upon him of the Jesuits, for whose institution he did the work," adds the Springfield Republican.

The graces we receive are not the reward of our manifold, for the manifold of some would find a roomy grave in a mole hill.—Rev. James H. Cotter.