

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 Catholic Record.

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NEARER TO JESUS.

In the Twentieth Century, says Arch-Bishop Martinelli, the most important task of mankind can be no other than that which has always been mankind's most important business, that is, to draw near to God, man's last end, through Christ the Redeemer.

A MINISTERIAL BUSYBODY.

Dr. Parker has not, we fear, been a brilliant success as a newspaper man. Somehow or other, an ungrateful public failed to appreciate the efforts put forth on its behalf, and the rev. gentleman will continue to gesticulate and to expound as heretofore.

DE WET.

The recent performances of the elusive De Wet must have been extremely trying on the nerves of those who imagined that peace brooded at last over the South African land.

PAUL KRUGER.

Some English newspapers are unduly exercised over the receptions extended by certain peoples to Paul Kruger. Now such a trivial thing should not be allowed to disturb the imperturbable self-possession of the Anglo-Saxon.

Now we should like to have general treatment meted out to a beaten foe. We should wish to see the great newspapers proving to the world that the mud throwing sheets—the correspondents whose little minds exude descriptions of the out-of-date attire of Boer women, etc.—do not represent the public opinion that means anything.

TOLERATION.

"In this age of increasing toleration" is a fine sounding phrase and albeit its air "has been better times," is still eminently respectable and given the entree to the most select society. You always write "Hear, Hear" after it. Why? We do not know, but it is customary.

Some day we hope to meet with this toleration—this vision that makes sunshine in the brains of postprandial orators and illuminates the dreary way of the individuals in quest of a job.

ANGLICAN INCONSISTENCY.

The diocese of Fond du Lac believes in keeping itself before the public. That old humbug Villate gave it some time ago a passing notoriety, and lately the Ritualistic display at the consecration of its auxiliary Bishop made us remember that it was still on the map.

The startling fact in this affair, says the Independent, is the bold rebellion of these Bishops against the authority of their Prayer Book. What they had promised to obey they have spurned. They claim the right to remain in the Church while breaking down its laws.

It has, moreover, repudiated its Prayer-Book so often that any department of it can scarcely at this stage be characterized as a bold rebellion. Having had as its devout adherents men of such widely divergent views as Matthew Arnold and Frederick Danison Maurice—men who, like Littlefield, looked upon the Reformers as villains, and others, as Kingsley, who regarded them as humanity's benefactors—men, in short, who made their own creeds and yet could not be deprived of the title of orthodox, we quite believe that the "Church of England" drives with an exceedingly loose rein: you can do anything you like in it provided you go about it decorously.

THE CHURCH AND THE NEW CENTURY.

What prospects has the new century for the Catholic Church is a question just now agitating the minds of many without the fold. A century ago the schemes and novel ideas that fascinated the multitude seemed to prefigure the returning of the old order of things. The conquests in the material realm, the social transformations and the assertions of those who gloried in their emancipation from creeds, were as signs that would soon ease the feet tired out with long tramping through the wilderness of serfdom and doubt.

The message of the Church is the same now as in the beginning: she

faces the new century with the same assurance of success as when she began her mission. Nay, more, we think the coming years hold out magnificent prospects to Catholicity. Mankind has wearied of its theories and religious conjectures. The needs of the soul, which, despite the trappings of the body that enclose it, and the social conditions that environ it, are ever the same, crying out for relief. And we are satisfied to believe that man, conscious of his wants, and convinced from much experience that they cannot be satisfied by man-made opinions and creeds, must turn to Catholicity.

Wrote Cardinal Manning:—

All that the Church asks is an open field and freedom to act. She will take the world as it comes: nothing but force can repress her. She is the same as she was three centuries ago, and the present religions of the country exist: you know her to be the same: it is the charge brought against her that she does not change: time and place affect her not, because she has her source where there is neither place nor time, because she comes from the throne of the Inimitable, Eternal God.

PROGRESS OR RETROGRESSION?

All sorts and conditions of journalists, including Edwin Markham, are peering into the new century and reading out to their admirers classified lists of the marvels that are as yet invisible to mere ordinary mortals. There will be increased progress, less poverty, more literature, better houses—in fine, a great many things too numerous to mention.

The prophets read so much like advertising notices that we thought the gentlemen of the pen had a corner on the century and were publishing rose colored announcements with the view of persuading the public to invest in it. We hope, however, the good things will be on hand at the proper time, though our ideas of progress may not coincide with those of the individuals who are giving exhibitions of what a trained imagination can accomplish. Still, having faith in human nature, we like to cherish the belief that, some time before the New Zealander happens along, men will have learned to look upon things with saner and clearer eyes, and upon what is now termed progress as retrogression. One consummation we devoutly wish for is a noticeable decrease in "literature." There are too many book-makers abroad in the land. Week after week we have works that are worse than useless. Nobody, of course, is forced to read them, but they are a standing menace to intellectual development and a constant temptation to our novel cursed brothers and sisters. It is far better never to read at all than to depend exclusively for mental pabulum on current literature. It is far wiser to play golf or even solitaire than to pore over pages of sentimental nonsense. And yet there are persons who, whilst taking care to wrap up their bodies in furs and silks, are content to adorn their souls with the tawdry gimcracks of literary modistes.

For adults who are addicted to excess in novel-reading we have but one word: Swear off! Lock yourselves up in a room from time to time with books that are books and bend yourselves to the task of understanding them. You will at the outset find this a matter of no little difficulty, just as a lover of rag-time music may be discouraged at the first brush with Wagner, but persevering work will enable you to appreciate them.

We do hear occasionally of people who assure us they take naturally to the reading of world books. But they are the exceptions—the happy individuals who, in answer to the question demanding what books would be most suitable for a desert island, invariably reply: With most of us the taste for good reading is, however, an acquired one, and years of faithful study elapse before we can honestly say we "only read the Saints."

To see the beauty of chiselled phrase, to comprehend that a great book is a message to us, and the very bone and flesh and blood of a writer, demands time and toil. Once gained, however, we have taken out citizenship papers in another world. Suppose, then, we resolve to make an attempt to read something this year?

pass on, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—Froude.

THE CHURCH OF THE POOR.

Cardinal Gibbons Talks Upon Democratic Principles.

When His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, was in Augusta, Ga., on the occasion of the dedication of the new Church of the Sacred Heart, which ceremony he conducted, he was interviewed by Mr. R. W. McAdam, a representative of the Atlanta Constitution.

"I sat in the parlor of the paragon of the Church of the Immaculate Conception for an hour yesterday afternoon," said Mr. McAdam, "waiting to see Cardinal Gibbons, who, fatigued by his journey, was resting upstairs. Father Bazin had told me he would in a brief interview when he came out of his chamber.

"As I waited I considered for the first time what questions I should ask the great prelate; he gave me an audience. I thought of the many Protestant churches whose architectural grandeur adorns the fashionable quarter of New York that has sold their ancient properties in the lower part of the great metropolis at an enormous financial advantage and moved up town. Their former sites, with their costly tombstones for more than half a century indifferent to the maelstrom of traffic that surged just over the protecting black iron fences, now afford foundations for buildings of the skyscraper variety. The weather-seared old temples and the picturesque graves have been swallowed at a gulp by the Moloch of commercialism. These business transactions made many of the churches rich, but removed them from the region of souls. The teeming hundreds of Manhattan were becoming churchless as the aristocratic heights proceeded northward. The Catholic Church did not sell its downtown properties, no matter how tempting the bids of the real estate agents. It stayed right there and multiplied its houses of worship. I determined to ask the Cardinal some thing about this and the evident demerit of Catholicism.

"Rev. Louis O'Donovan, the Cardinal's secretary, came downstairs at length, and to him I explained briefly why I desired to converse with his eminence. He did not encourage me; that the interview could be had, explaining that Cardinal Gibbons had a very limited time in which to get ready to drive to the depot to take the train for New Orleans. However, the secretary said he would tell the Cardinal of my wishes.

"In a few minutes Cardinal Gibbons and Father O'Donovan entered the parlor together. The distinguished prelate wore the red skullcap of his holy office and held his stick in his hand. He had on his overcoat and was evidently about to leave the parsonage.

Cardinal Gibbons is a man apparently in the median of life, somewhat above medium height, with no superfluous flesh on his frame. His closely trimmed hair is iron gray, and his clean-shaven face is on it lines that stamp the scholar and ascetic. It is a serenely thoughtful face, but not one whose spirituality has held it aloof from the rough and tumble arena of ideas. On the contrary, it is the face of one used to grappling with what are called the problems of the day, in the fashion of the intellectual gladiator. It betokens a strong mentality, alert and resourceful. And above all, it possesses the peculiar dignity of the best Celtic type.

"When he speaks to you, His Eminence looks you through with his penetrating blue gray eyes and seems to have divined your unspoken thought and anticipated your question. He answers with the incisiveness of his glance—directly, clearly, tersely, and with a frankness that puts you at your ease. There is nothing of the secretiveness and suspicion of the diplomat in look or reply. He does not act as though he were guarding a state secret that you were indiscreetly trying to worm out of him. This is no noteworthy, for a reporter meets it so frequently in dignitaries of whatever kind, particularly in ecclesiastics.

"The Cardinal shook my hand with the frankness of his look and speech. 'My secretary has told me your question,' he remarked, with a kindly twinkle in his eye. 'You want an expression on the democracy of Catholicism. That is fundamental and can be answered by him as well as by me. The Catholic Church is nothing if not democratic. You must excuse me, as I am about to leave for the depot and must make some little preparations. My secretary will speak for me.'

"Your eminence," I returned, determined at least get a few words out of him. 'Dr. Madison C. Peters, the well known minister of New York, who is to lecture in Atlanta shortly, has pointed out the fact that Protestantism has virtually abandoned the lower third of New York to the Catholics by moving its churches from among the poorer classes to the fashionable avenues around and above Central Park. Where Protestant churches, with almost the single exception of Trinity, are still represented in the down town and east side districts, they have degenerated into little more than

charitable missions, and many have not even left missions behind them. Of course, the working classes of lower New York do not take kindly to such a situation, and many thousands of them have ceased attending Church altogether. As the Catholic Church has not only remained in this Church-abandoned district, but has built many fine new churches and cathedrals there, I thought you would be willing to tell the readers of The Constitution something about the democracy of Catholicism along the lines I have indicated. The work of such priests as Father Thomas Dacey among the working people and poor of New York has attracted much admiration.'

"The Cardinal touched me kindly on the shoulder and his face lighted up with an interest he had not evinced before. He half pushed me back into the chair from which I had risen.

"Sit down," he said, warmly. 'I must take a few minutes, even at the risk of missing the train, to talk on such a theme as that.'

"First, you must know that the dignity of the soul is the cornerstone of the Catholic Church. With us the soul is everything—the man nothing, socially speaking. From the days of the Disciple Peter, we have been fishers of men. Whether in the slums of a great city or in the wilds of heathenry, the Church has labored with an eye single to snatching humanity as brands from the burning.

"If in America the Christian religion were not made accessible to the people in the mass, and the poor did not have the gospel preached unto them, how strange would be the spectacle of a great foreign mission organization supported by the benevolence of the privileged few who hear the word under imposing steeples of a Sunday. 'Catholicism has never deserted the people. It has, instead, sought them out, whatever their station or walk in life, and planted the cross in the midst of them. The soul is more precious to the Church than gold, though it repose in the breast of a beggar. Nor has the Church been unmindful of the bodies of the least of these our brethren. Catholicism has nothing to blush for when inquiry is made into the extent of its palliatives. If the burden of society's extremely poor and unfortunate ones has been largely resigned to the charity of the Catholic Church in some communities, the Church has met it as becomes a Christian organization with a heart full of pity, mercy and love and a generosity of purse commensurate with the degree of its material stewardship.

"The Catholic Church will never leave the region of souls. If it can afford beauties of architecture, splendors of art and comforts for the worshipper, these are for the high and low, rich and poor alike. A Cathedral will lift its gilded spires and throw wide its sculptured doors, beside tenement house and factory, because among the poor, poverty and sin are the souls more precious in God's eyes than purple and fine linen. The Catholic Church is planted there, regardless of all temporal considerations, and there it will remain.

"The Catholic Church," I ventured, 'has shown itself to be in close sympathy, not only with what is most democratic in republican institutions, but through His Holiness, the Pope, has taken advanced ground on the great social question, particularly the phase of organized labor. I understand Your Eminence's staunch advocacy of trade unionism.'

"Throughout the United States and Great Britain there is to day a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle is controlled by a corporation.

"When corporations thus combine, it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example. It would be as unjust to deny to workingmen the right to band together because of the abuses incident to such combinations as to withhold the same right from capitalists because they sometimes unwarrantably seek to crush or absorb weaker rivals. Another potent reason for encouraging labor union suggests itself to my mind. Secret societies lurking in dark places and plotting the overthrow of existing governments have been the bane of continental Europe. The repressive policy of these governments and their mistrust of the intelligence and virtue of the people have given rise to those mischievous organizations; for men are apt to conspire in secret if not permitted to express their views openly. The public recognition among us of the right to organize implies a confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the masses; it affords them an opportunity of training themselves in the school of self government and in the art of self discipline; it takes away from them every excuse and pretext for the formation of dangerous public scrutiny, the constitution and laws of the association and the deliberations of the members; it inspires them with a sense of their responsibility as citizens and with a laudable desire of meriting the approval of their fellow citizens.'

NON CATHOLIC MISSIONARY WORK.

Miss Eugenia Washington, a grand niece of George Washington, was buried with a Requiem Mass in Washington, D. C., where she died recently. Some years ago she visited a relative in Louisiana and while there attended a mission and was received into the Church.

The New Year is full of hope and promise for the mission work to non-Catholics. It is nothing less than an inspiration that led the Holy Father to point to Jesus Christ the Redeemer as the Saviour of men as well as the Healer of the nations.

There is in the deliverance of this message a situation at once sublime and intensely dramatic.

The Holy Father is the aged watchman on the tower of Israel. His outlook has been over the century. He sums up in his august person the ripest experiences of men and things for the century gone. He speaks with the wisdom of a seer and the foresight of a prophet. His life seems to have been miraculously preserved unto this moment. With one hand parting the veils of eternity he turns back to speak to the children of men the words of wisdom and point to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and to emphasize the fact that there is only one Name in the strength of which we may be saved. The circumstances of this letter, as well as the powerful truths which it enforces, will have the effect of bringing back many a wandering soul to the fountain of truth.

It is not unnatural to expect that there will be a revival of the religious interest during the coming months. The Evangelical Churches have taken hold of the matter and are arousing a great deal of interest and spending thousands of dollars to call their people back to the fold. The effort on their part will serve to intensify the religious interest and prepare the harvest for the reaping that is to be done by our missionaries.

In New York lately a number of distinguished converts came together and founded a "Converts' League." Benjamin F. DeCosta, a recent convert from the Episcopal Ministry, was selected for the presidency; Geo. D. Mackay, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, for the Vice Presidency. Miss Burritt of Bridgeport was elected Secretary, and Mr. S. Coates, a member of the firm of Thread Manufacturing of the same name, was made Treasurer. The purpose of this League was to emphasize the idea of conversion and to make a rallying point for new converts as they come into the Church. It has always been said, and the recent converts coming into the church bear out the idea, that the type of man or woman who comes into the Catholic Church is very high. He has many sacrifices to make for conscience sake, and he comes to secure the peace of heart and contentment of mind that were denied him outside the true Church of Christ.

There is, however, one thing that converts miss when they come into the church. They miss the social side of Church life. They complain that the Catholic Church is so lonely. No one meets them with a warm hand grasp or goes out of the way to make them feel at home. The Converts' League will endeavor to supply to them this desideratum. It will surround them with kindred spirits and supply for them something of the social life to which they were accustomed.

One of the members of the newly-formed league said: "Another important feature of the future work will be the gathering of converts as such, for it will serve to bring to the notice of the world, and of the great body of Catholics and non Catholics, the high character of the men and women who come into the church through intellectual conviction. They have all, though severally and individually, worked their way out from the prejudices of early education and the restraining attachments of friends and relatives, into a position in which very often their only consolations are rest and peace of heart that come in the possession of the truth."

A. P. DOYLE, priest, Sec. Catholic Missionary Union.

OUR MORNING PRAYER.

"How do we make our morning offering?" asked Father Giguam, S. J. "How many of us make it in a drowsy manner, scarcely conscious of what we are saying, or with our mind occupied with thoughts of what is likely to occur during the day? In making our morning offering our words must mean what they say. I offer my prayer, I mean to pray a real, earnest, heartfelt prayer, such as would satisfy the Sacred Heart, and for all the intentions which may please Him. I offer my work, and I mean to work as Mary would teach me, and by my zeal and earnestness in exterior labor to edify and encourage those who come in contact with me.

"Let no one, from false humility, imagine himself too little, too unimportant, to be capable of influencing others. Not one with whom we come in contact escapes without some impression from us, for good or for evil. The morning offering ought to be earnestly meant, so often repeated, that it becomes part of our daily lives."

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap for the Hands and Skin, featuring an image of a woman's face and text describing its benefits for various skin conditions.

Advertisement for 'The Catholic Almanac for 1901' listing various religious events and dates.

Advertisement for 'The Catholic Record' listing subscription rates and contact information.